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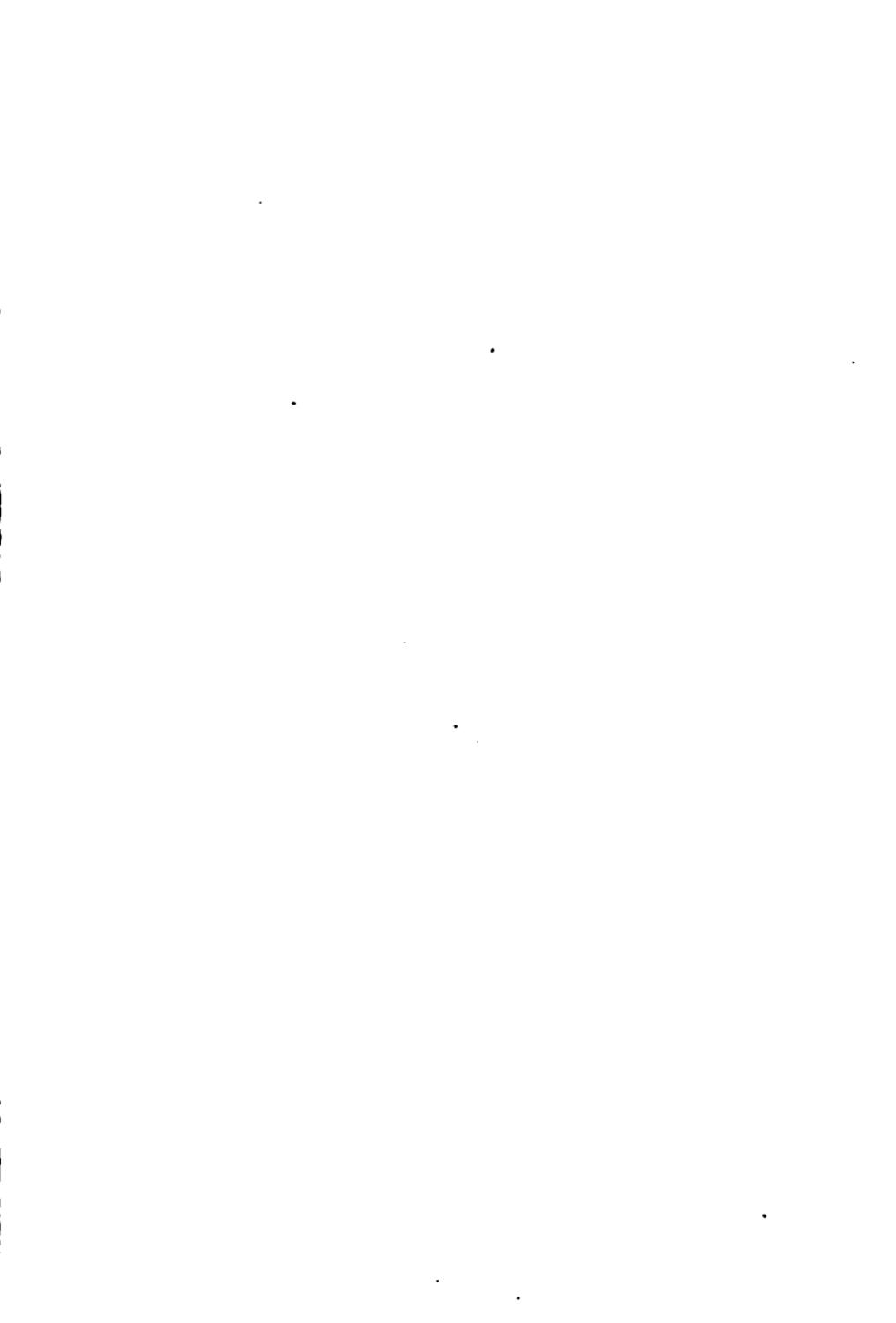
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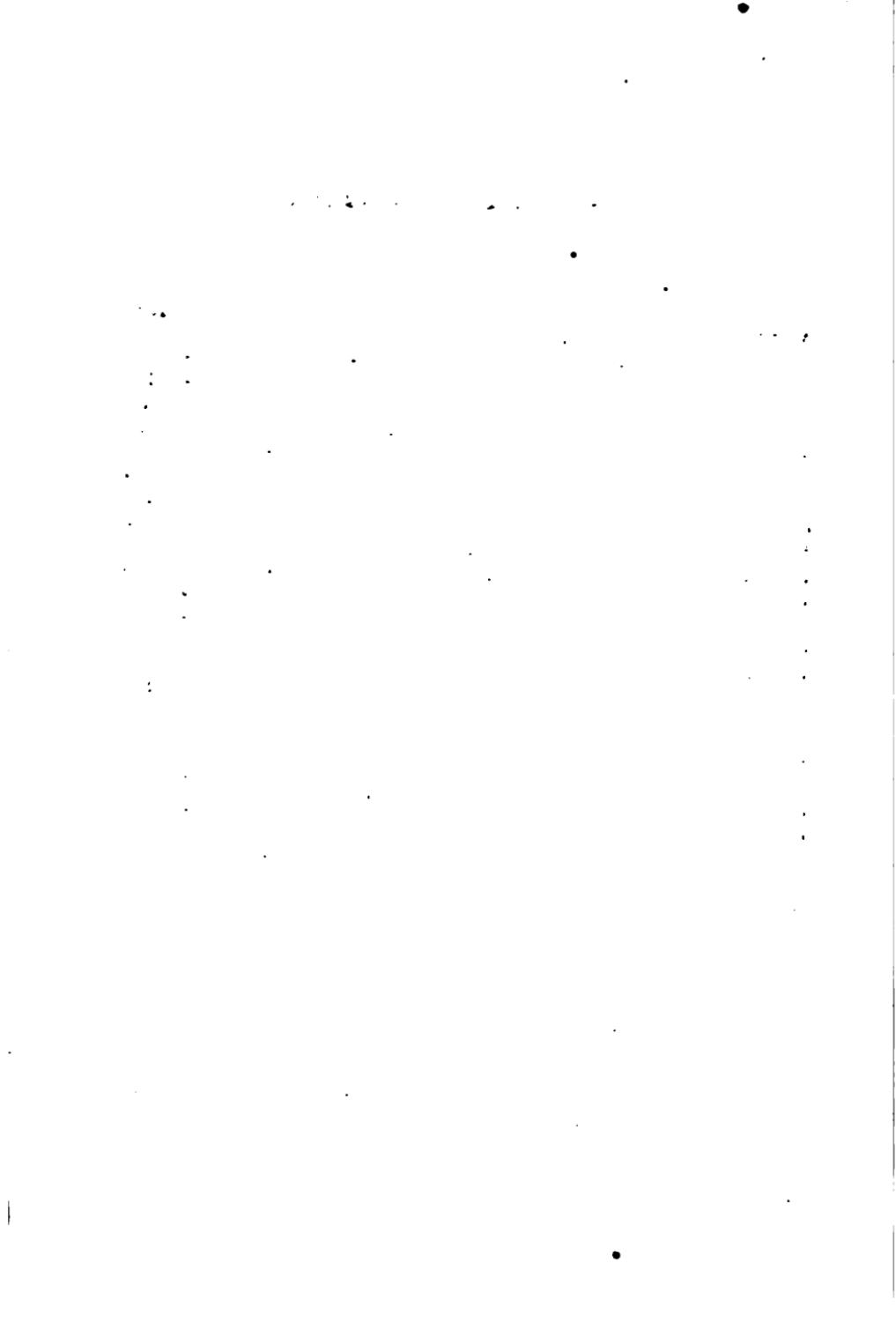
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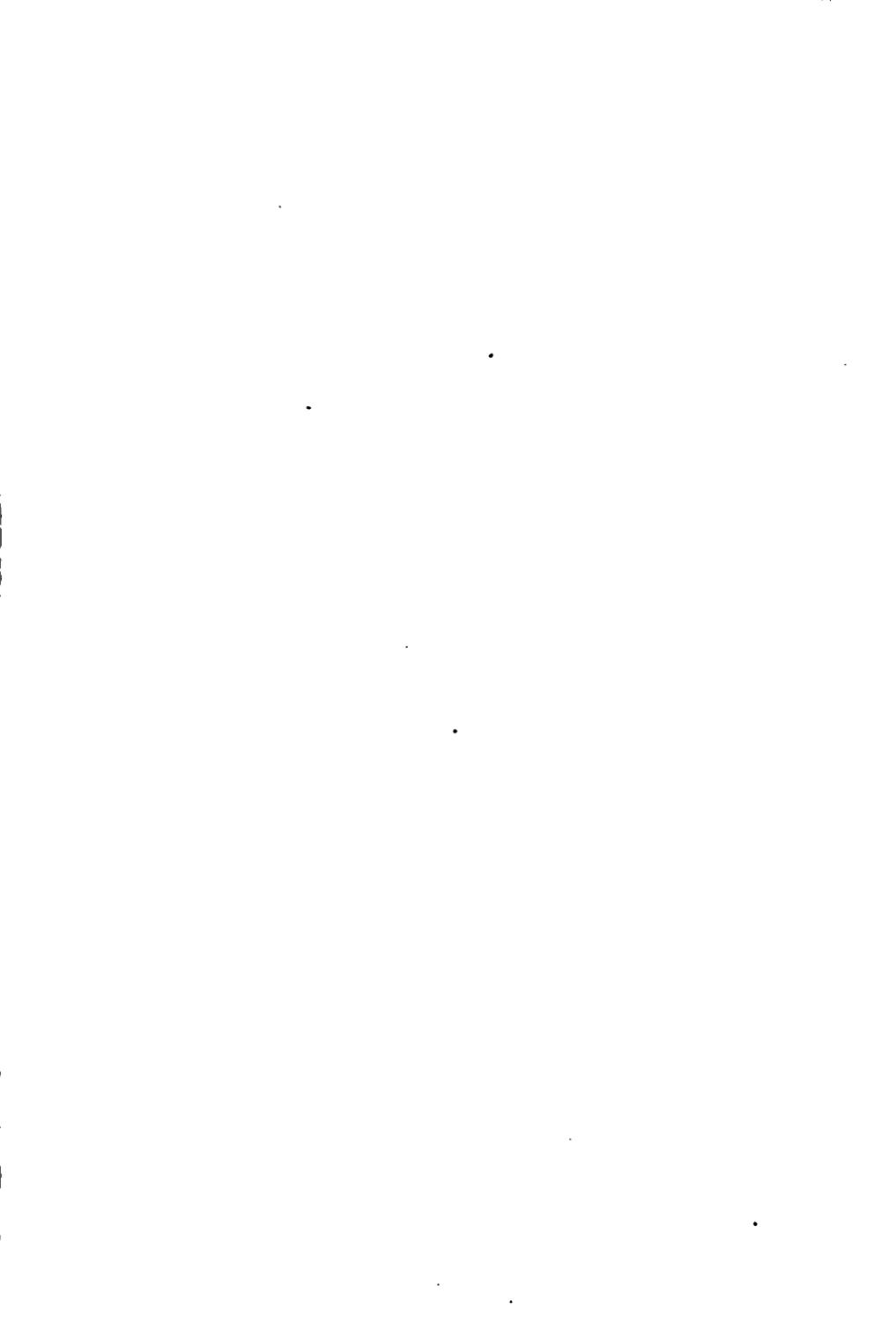
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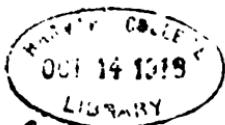
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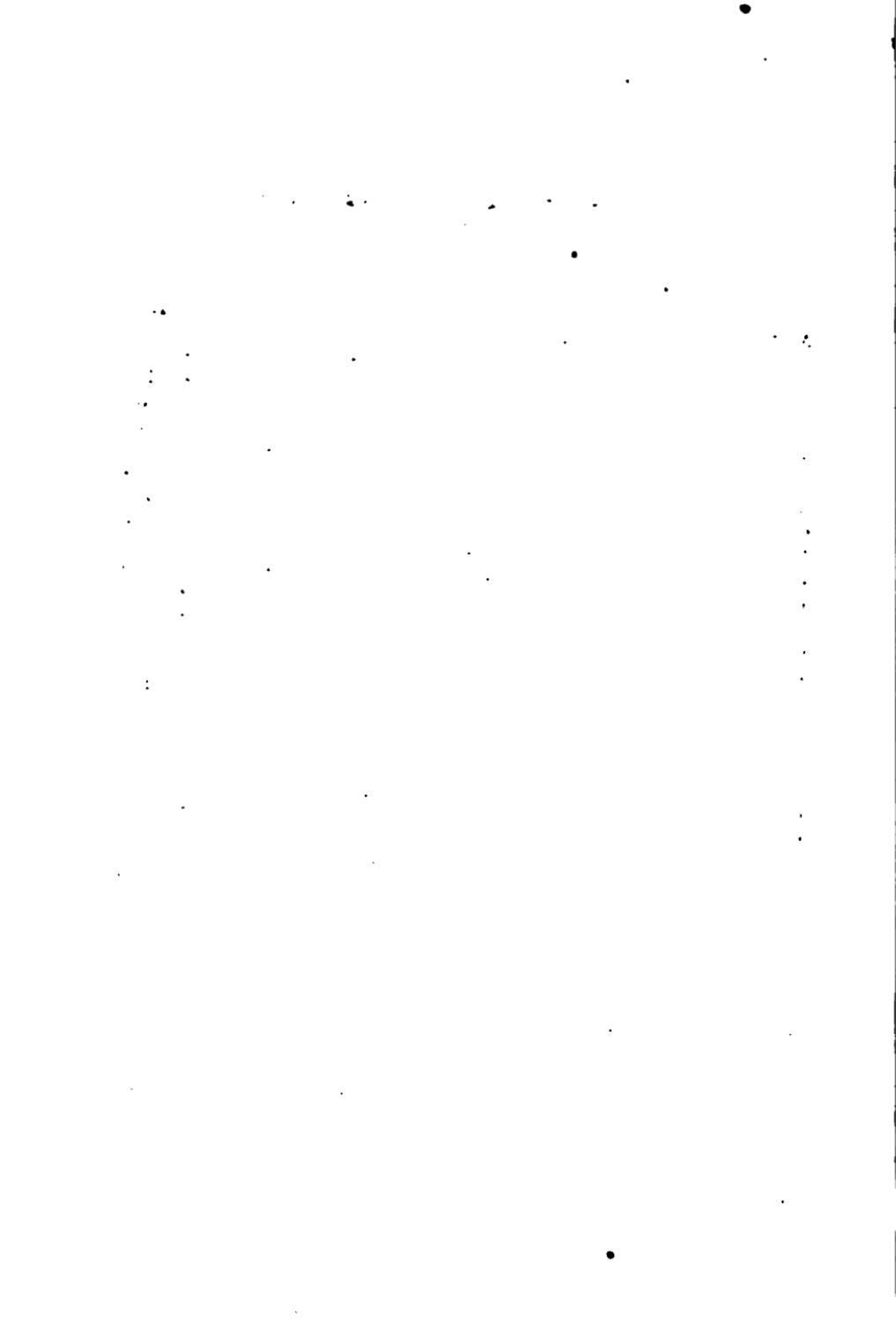
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"Is that the work you're at, Connor?" said the young man gaily as he entered the house, "rocking the cradle?"

"Oh, Mr. Brian, is that you? Where were you this seven years? 'T is then the work I'm at. Their mother is gone down to the cross for something or other, an' here I must stay to have an eye to number five till she comes back".

"Your landlord is out shooting to-day", remarked Brian.

"I wonder did he see you comin' in?" and Connor Shea's look, as he asked the question, betokened something like alarm.

"I dare say he did; for I left him standing above the well".

"I may as well tell you the truth", said Connor Shea; "he says I must summons you".

"Why, what call has he to the mountain any more than I have?"

"We all know that; but where's the use in talking? You know he's my landlord for the few acres I have, barrin' the house and haggart that happens to be on the commonage; an' though I have a lease, the rent is so high I'd never be able to hould, on'y for what he allows me for the caretakin'".

"I'm glad you have explained this to me, Connor; and when I have the dogs with me I'll keep as carefully out of your way as if you were as great a rogue as himself".

"That's a bully hare", said Connor Shea, after a pause; "an' for all I'd bet a thrifie the little chap made a bitther run?"

"You may say that", replied Brian; "Bran was dead beat, and, after no less than a dozen turns single hand, the little chap, as you call him, was just getting in among the rocks, when Gazelle took him".

"What did I tell you? And did 'nt I always say, since she was a month ould, that Gazelle'd be all their daddies?"

"I have her entered for the next coursing match", said Brian.

"Well", said Connor, as he eyed the graceful hound with a knowing look; "'t will be a good one that 'll bate her".

"Do you think so, Connor?" asked the owner, evidently gratified.

Before replying, Connor Shea, with the air of a man who did not wish to commit himself rashly, carefully passed his hand over Gazelle's points, then resuming his seat, he commenced rubbing his chin, with a contemplative look:

"She takes it", said he.

Having uttered this in a somewhat oracular tone, Connor Shea left off rubbing his chin, and commenced to operate upon his poll, glancing all the time from the corners of his half shut eyes at the grayhound with that peculiar expression of countenance which (when seen in an Irishman's face), may be vernacularly translated, "My darling you wor".

At this moment a fair-haired girl, of about five years old, accompanied by two curly headed, rosy-cheeked urchins, of the respective ages of three and four, came running into the house.

"Father", said she, looking abashed on finding he was not alone: "Father, the schoolmaster is after passing down, an' we 'll finish pickin' the stowes in the evening".

"Very well! Get your books an' be off; but first wash the black-

berries off o' that fellow's face. Take your finger out o' your mouth, you young rascal", and Connor shook his fist threateningly at one of the curly-headed, rosy-cheeked urchins.

" You ought to be a happy man, Connor", remarked Brian Purcell, " with such a fine family ; and getting on so well in the world, too".

" We ought to be thankful, Mr. Brian ; moreover, when we see so much poverty around us. When I look down at all them bare walls below, an' think ov ould times, an' the dance an' the hurlin match, an' the ould neighbours that war hunted like wild bastes, 't is enough to break the heart in a man, so it is. But here's the master comin' in, an' if he sees me talkin' to you, an' them lads hangin' on the back o' the chair, there's no knowin' what the end of it might be".

Connor took a peep at the cradle to see that number five was asleep, and slipped into the bed-room.

Mr. Oliver Grindem, who was corpulent and unwieldy, came stamping and puffing into the house. " Any one here ?" he exclaimed, rolling his red eyes around. Brian Purcell did not feel bound to reply to the question, but taking from his pocket a volume (*his inseparable companion in his mountain rambles*), he began to read. Mr. Grindem abstracted a flask (*his inseparable companion*) from his pocket, and taking a teacup from the dresser, nearly filled it from the flask, and gulped down half a pint of whiskey at a draught. He was about leaving the house when he caught a glimpse of Connor Shea's wife approaching it. He drew a chair towards the fire and sat down.

Sally Cavanagh was a remarkably fine specimen of her class. Like all her old acquaintances, we prefer calling her by her maiden name. For Sally Cavanagh had been the belle of the "mountain foot" ; and so great a favourite was she with gentle and simple, and so familiar had her name become to old and young, that we doubt, if her own husband heard any one talk of " Mrs. Shea", or even " Sally Shea", whether he would not be under the impression that the person so designated was outside the circle of his acquaintance.

The glow upon her cheek, and the joyous light in her expressive brown eyes, told of mountain air and exercise, and of a heart untouched by care or sorrow, and unsullied by even a thought at which the most sensitive conscience might take alarm. Having smiled a welcome to Brian Purcell, who looked up from his book, and returned the salutation without speaking, Sally Cavanagh bade " Good morning, sir", with a low courtesy, to the landlord. Then swinging off her cloak with a peculiarly graceful movement, and tucking up the sleeves of her gown, thereby revealing a pair of exquisitely moulded arms, she commenced to occupy herself with her household duties. Mr. Oliver Grindem followed her movements with a stare of admiration which there was no mistaking. Sally Cavanagh was painfully conscious of it—for a truly modest woman never read admiration in the eyes of a libertine without pain.

Brian Purcell had only reached the corner of the house on his way home when he was seized by the arm.



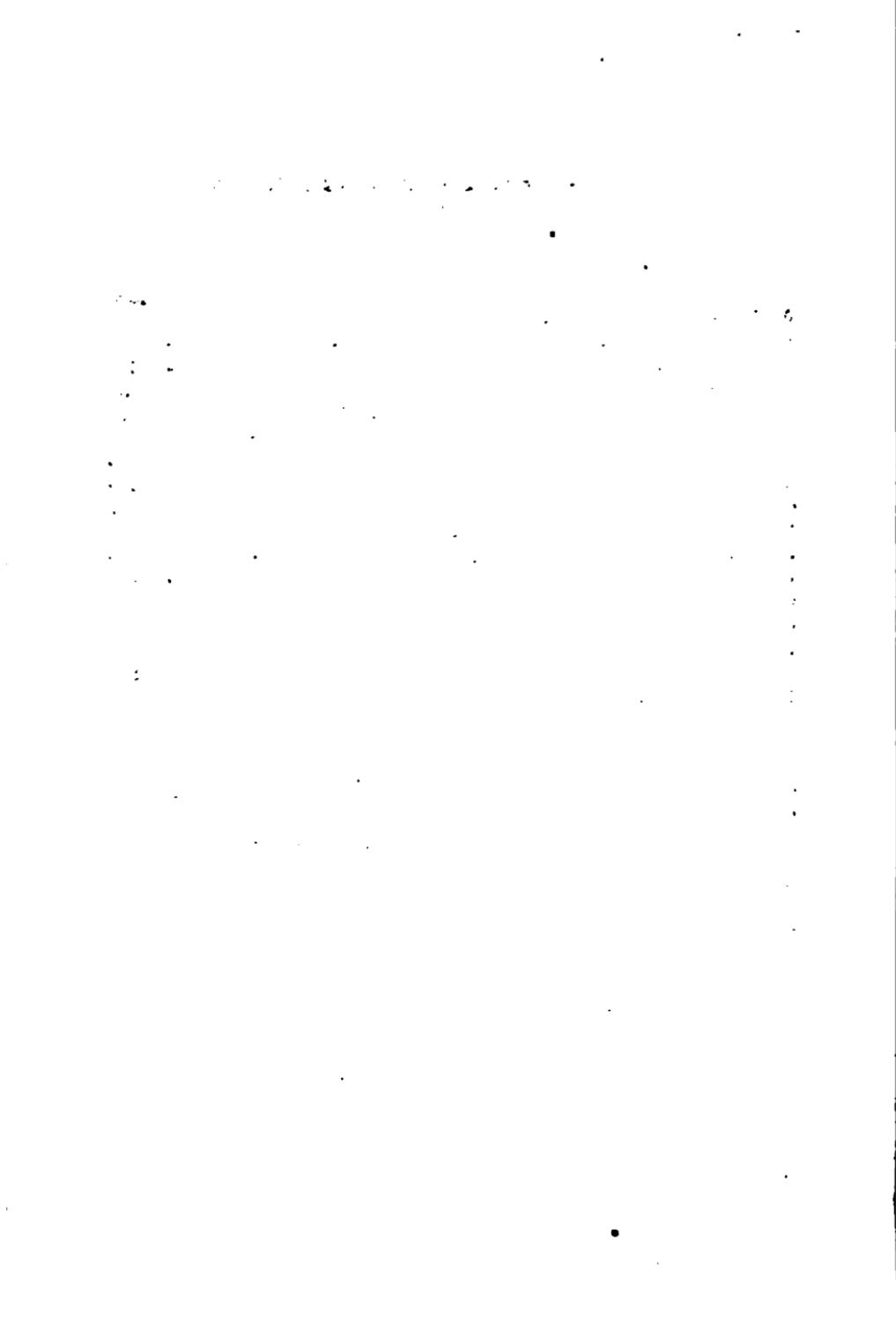
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Literary communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, 3 Crow Street, Dame Street, Dublin; and letters on business to John F. Fowler, to whom all money orders are to be made payable.

THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

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THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER I.

BRIAN PURCELL raised himself upon his elbow and yawned. His eyes wandered lazily over a landscape which, though familiar from childhood, had not lost a single charm for him. It was a secluded valley, with nothing grand or striking about it. But it was green and peaceful, suggestive of comfort, and quiet, and *home*; and it was Brian Purcell's native valley.

Having drowsed over the scene before him for some moments, Brian Purcell glanced at his dogs, then at the sun, and then at his watch. When he flung himself down among the fern on the mountain side, the grayhounds flung themselves down too, panting violently, with their tongues lolling out; the sun was struggling through the mist that rested upon the opposite hill; and his watch pointed to half-past six. Now, the grayhounds were coiled up at his feet, breathing as regularly as if they were on the hearth-stone before the kitchen fire; the sun was mounting high above the cloud-banks piled up around the horizon; and the watch told that it was half-past eight. From which indications Brian Purcell very naturally came to the conclusion, that he had slept two hours among the fern on the mountain side. On leaping to his feet and looking round, he saw that he was not alone. A pair of bloodshot eyes, set in a large, yellow, stolid face, glared at him. They belonged—the face and eyes—to a gentleman whom we shall call Oliver Grindem, Esquire, a landlord, and one of her gracious majesty's justices of the peace. Brian Purcell stretched out his arms and yawned again. Then taking up a brace of hares tied together by the hind legs, he swung them over his shoulder, whistled to his dogs, and bounded down the mountain. Having reached the foot of the hill, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the right up a narrow bye-road that led to a neat whitewashed thatched house, with very tall hollyhocks growing up high above the eave at one end of it.

"Is that the work you're at, Connor?" said the young man gaily as he entered the house, "rocking the cradle?"

"Well, Sally, what's the matter?"

"Don't go, sir".

"Why? Is it anything you have to tell me?"

"No, Mr. Brian; only come in an' sit down for another start". And half embracing him, she tried to draw him towards the house.

Brian had known Sally Cavanagh since his boyhood. He danced with her scores of times at the rustic merry-makings, of which she was always the life and soul. She had been the confidant of his own unhappy love; and when she whom he loved with his whole heart had proved unworthy, he knew that Sally Cavanagh shed tears of indignation at the thought of what "poor Mr. Brian" would suffer. He knew that when he was a hunted outlaw, after the failure of '48, his escape from the ban-dogs of the law—set upon his track by Mr. Oliver Grindem—was principally owing to Sally Cavanagh and her husband. He slept many nights at their house, and when this became unsafe, and he was obliged to keep higher up the mountain, Sally Cavanagh was often by his side in the dead of night, with letters from his friends or some necessaries of food or apparel. Devotedness like this—free from all selfishness—is by no means uncommon among the peasantry of Ireland.

Brian knew all this. But the flutter of her bosom, and the look of confusion which she strove in vain to conceal, contrasted so strongly with her usual free and open manner, that, in spite of him, a half formed thought of, to him, a very painful nature crossed his mind. But it was instantly dissipated by a glimpse of Connor Shea's honest face, who was evidently enjoying the scene from a little window behind the hollyhocks.

"And why are you so anxious that I should go in again?" he asked.

The blood rushed to her face, suffusing even her neck and forehead, as she dropped her eyes, evidently greatly embarrassed by the question. After a moment's pause she raised her eyes with a frightened look, and said, while the glow deepened upon her cheek:

"I don't like to be by myself while *he* is in the house".

It would not be easy to analyze the emotions which this reply shot as it were into the heart of Brian Purcell. Admiration and affection for her were mingled with shame and remorse for having doubted her goodness and virtue even for an instant.

"You know, Sally", said he, "that I would risk my life to save you from insult or injury. But there is no danger of one or the other now. There is one near enough to protect you. And, Sally, I will confess to you that I wish to avoid a quarrel with this worthy landlord of yours; you saw how he attempted to kick my dog a while ago".

"That's true, sir", said she. "I forgot that; 't is better for you to go away". And she returned to the house with slow and reluctant steps.

"Shame upon me", exclaimed Brian Purcell as he wended his way homewards. "Shame upon me for that unworthy thought. The rill

that ripples over these rocks is not more pure than the heart within that graceful form, nor are the rocks more firm than its virtue".

Connor Shea saw his landlord pass the little window frowning savagely. He heard him mutter to himself—"I'll see you tame enough yet".

When Sally Cavanagh saw her husband coming out of the little room, she turned pale, and covered her face with her hands.

"Why, Sally, what's the matter now?" said he, trying good-humouredly to remove her hands. "Don't you know he goes on that way with every woman he meets?"

Oh! he did not know what a martyrdom she was enduring, and how hard was the struggle to keep down that proud, true heart of hers. He did not know that it was the dread of his discovering this, and felling her tormentor to the earth on the instant, that made her cheek blanch when she saw him coming out of the room.

"Sally", said he, in a grave tone, "maybe you think it was watching you I was".

"Oh, no, no, Connor", she hastily replied; "but what would become of us an' the childhre, if we did anything to turn him against us?"

But oh! the agony she suffered, trying to keep that proud, true heart from openly revolting against the insulting persecution!

Connor gazed on her with a sort of admiring astonishment at her forethought and anxiety for their welfare. "The not a wan of me can help laughin'", said he, "when I remember how they used to say to me, 'She's too wild and foolish for you, Connor; take a friend's advice an' marry a studdy, sinsible girl'".

"An' so I was wild an' foolish afore I met wid *you*".

"But I must finish cuttin' that spot o' hay. An' as this is a half day, when the childhre come from school, do ye all come out an' give it a turn. I'd like to have it in grass-cocks, to-morrow being Sunday".

A few minutes after this Connor Shea's voice might have been heard, while he whetted his scythe, rolling up the mountain as he gave melodious utterance to the history of a farmer's daughter,

"Whose parents died, and willed her five hundred pounds in goold".

And in the evening it was a pleasant sight to see the manly peasant, the week's toil over, with his infant in his arms, followed by his wife and his other children, slowly returning from the meadow to their happy though humble home.

CHAPTER II.

We feel prompted to begin this chapter with one or two anecdotes which have little or no business in it. Yet they may help to illustrate—better, perhaps, than a long description—the character of our humble heroine. Perhaps, too, we wish to delay for a little while the sad, sad story of the doom that befel her.

The Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Robert Stephens, was quite an admirer of Sally Cavanagh's. He was wont to tell how, the first Sunday after his arrival in the parish, he was leisurely walking from the glebe to the church, when a young countrywoman tripped lightly by him. He quickened his pace in order to get into conversation with her.

“Good morning”, said his reverence.

“Good Morrow kindly, sir”, said the young woman.

“What a musical voice”, thought Mr. Stephens; “and, by Jove, that foot might serve as a model for a statuary.”

“Why are you in such a hurry?” he inquired aloud.

“Because I’m afraid I’ll be too late for Mass, sir”.

“Oh, don’t fear that; sure I’m the priest of the parish”.

“I may take my time so, sir”, said she, but without slackening her pace.

As they went on in this way, Mr. Stephens called her attention to a very ill-favoured old goat lying by the roadside.

“Now, look at that old rascal”, said he; “hasn’t he the look of a rogue? Wouldn’t he remind you of the parson?”

“Oh, sir”, said Sally Cavanagh, pushing back the hood of her cloak from one side, and surveying her questioner from head to foot, while a look of indescribable merriment lighted up her whole face—“Oh, sir, don’t compare the blessed little baste to *the ugly ould haythen*”.

The flash of her white teeth, and the fun that danced in her dark, lustrous eye gave such point to the repartee, that the good-humoured parson went off in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which exploded again and again, as he attempted to repeat the story to his wife, who overtook him before he reached the church. In fact, the Rev. Robert Stephens had considerable difficulty in assuming a look of decorous gravity as he presented himself for the first time before his new congregation. That was the way Sally Cavanagh first attracted the notice of the parson. And we must say that few among those who knew her were more shocked or more grieved at her misfortunes than the Rev. Mr. Stephens and his kind-hearted lady. We believe, if they had learned the circumstances of her case in time, they would have endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to save her from a fate worse than death.

A widely different, but still characteristic incident won her the regard of the priest, Father O’Gorman.

Connor Shea’s mother was a helpless invalid for several years before his marriage.

"Wisha, Connor", she would say, "is it going to marry that mad thing you are?"

"Wait till you know her betther, mother".

"She 's a droll crather, Connor, an' 'd make any one get fond of her", the old woman would continue, brightening into good humour at the recollection of Sally Cavanagh's light-hearted disposition, and what Connor used to call "her ways of goin' on".

One morning, a short time after Connor Shea's marriage, his mother was sitting by the fire, propped up by pillows, which Sally's careful hands had placed around her. Sally noticed the old woman's head fall helplessly to one side, and on hurrying with a cry to her assistance, she saw that the hand of death was upon her. The poor young woman clasped her hands together in an agony of grief and terror. "Thank God", she exclaimed as a sudden thought struck her; "the station is at Mr. Reilly's to-day, an' maybe 't is not too late yet".

She hurried from the house, and was about running down the narrow bye-road when she caught sight of a horseman, who was just after passing along the public road. She scrambled over the fence, and crossing a field diagonally, with the speed of a frightened hare, flung herself over another high fence, and stood panting before the astonished horseman.

"My mother-in-law is dyin', sir", she exclaimed, catching hold of the bridle.

"Well", said Father O'Gorman, who knew from experience how often the priest is hurried away at all hours of the day and night, to attend "sick calls", when there is no danger of death—"Well", said he, "the other priest is over at Mr. Reilly's, and it won't take you more than ten minutes to run over by the weir for him".

"It might be too late, sir", she pleaded.

"But I can't go with you; I'm going to celebrate Mass down near the Clodagh, and I have not a moment to lose".

The big tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on the priest, and though he had gathered up the reins with the intention of pursuing his way to the Clodagh, he hesitated when he saw the effect his words had upon her. She was so stunned that though her lips moved to supplicate him, she could not utter a word.

"Well, I 'll go with you", said Father O'Gorman.

He was obliged to put his horse to a smart trot to keep up with her till they reached the house.

"Where is the sick woman?" asked the priest, as he crossed the threshold.

Sally Cavanagh pointed to her mother-in-law in mute amazement. If the old lady was at that moment flying up the chimney, mounted upon the broom, her daughter-in-law's astonishment could scarcely be greater. The priest looked angrily at poor Sally, who kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the old woman all the time, and was hastily striding out of the house, when she flung herself on her knees before him.

"No matter, sir", said she, "what I told you is the truth".

"Are you ill, ma'am?" he inquired of the old woman.

"O-yah-wisha! no, your reverence", was her reply; "but that poor fool 'd think I 'd be goin' to be off if on'y a blast o' wind got at me".

"You're a very bold woman", exclaimed Father O'Gorman, turning to Sally, and losing all patience. The fact was, old Mrs. Shea was occupied in "mashing" a roasted potato upon a plate, while a "print" of butter on a smaller plate showed the priest that she was engaged in making "pandy", with a view to breakfast. Sally Cavanagh drew her breath hard, and clenched her teeth like one preparing for some desperate struggle. Steadily, and almost noiselessly, she closed the door, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. But when she turned round and confronted the justly-offended clergyman, he saw by the death-like paleness of her face how much the daring act had cost her.

"If you saw her a while ago, sir", she said, "you 'd believe me".

The intense earnestness of her voice, and the imploring anguish of her look, subdued the good priest and led him captive again. On looking more closely at the old woman he saw how really feeble she was.

"Well", said he, "get her into her bed, and in the name of God I will prepare her".

Sally, lifting the poor old woman in her arms tenderly, as if she were an infant, carried her to her room, and placed her in bed.

"Sally", said Mrs. Shea throwing her withered arms round her daughter-in-law's neck, "I believe, after all, I am going. God's will be done! Send Father Gorman in now; and my blessing, and the blessing of Heaven, be with you, Sally, *a vourneen-machree*".

While the priest was administering the last rites of the Church to the old woman, Sally returned to the kitchen and remained upon her knees praying. She hurried into the room the moment the priest came out.

"How do you feel now, mother?"

There was no reply.

She looked closely into the worn features, placed her hand over the open mouth, and, as if obeying some sudden impulse, hurried out and laid her hand upon the priest's arm. He was trying to open the door which she had locked, and the good man appeared quite bewildered, not to say frightened, at the idea that she was again going to make a prisoner of him.

"She's dead, sir!"

"What!—dead?" exclaimed the priest, in astonishment. He hastened to the bed-side of the old woman, and saw that she had indeed gone to a better world, apparently the very moment after he had administered the last sacrament to her. It was now Father O'Gorman's turn to be agitated, while Sally was quite calm and collected. He stared at her for a moment as if she were something supernatural, and then holding her by both hands, he said, with visible emotion, "You are a good woman: may God bless you". She heard her husband's

step approaching the house and hastened out to meet him. There was something wonderfully expressive in Sally Cavanagh's features. They reflected her thoughts as a clear lake reflects the sky.

"My mother is dead", said Connor Shea, before she had time to speak to him.

The poor fellow's heart became as heavy as lead as he sorrowfully remarked, "An' she went unknown to us as long as we wor watchin' her".

"She got the priest, Connor", exclaimed his wife, throwing her arms round his neck, and looking into his face, as if the sight of his grief was agony to her.

"Yes", said Father O'Gorman, "and *she* is to be thanked for that. You have a good wife, Connor, and I hope you 'll always love and respect her, for she deserves it. I 'll come over and say Mass for you to-morrow morning".

Father O'Gorman had gone several yards away before Connor could call out, "Thank your reverence", after him. Then as the dark thought that his mother "died without the priest" was removed from his mind, and his eye met the upturned face of his noble-hearted wife, so full of love and trust and sympathy, Connor Shea's broad chest heaved, and his eyes moistened, as, tenderly pressing her head against his heart, he said, "Would I doubt you, Sally?"

That was all Connor Shea said.

Would that we could linger over the happy years they spent under the thatched roof of the little white house at the foot of the mountain. But we must not shrink from the task we have undertaken, though its execution will cost us many a sore pang.

CHAPTER III.

"My heart is broke, Mr. Brian", said Connor Shea.

He spoke in a hoarse, hollow voice, while his worn, haggard aspect gave a fearful significance to his words.

"Good God, Connor, how changed you are; and in so short a time!"

"No wonder for me to be changed. I worked like a galley slave. I wore the flesh off my bones. I let my little family go in rags, ay, an' half-starved 'em, but it was no use: I was back a few pounds in the rint".

"And why did n't you apply to me, Connor? Didn't you know I 'd lend you a few pounds, even if I was obliged to borrow it?"

"You done too much before for me", said Connor Shea; "an' besides I saw no chance of paying it back. He was determined to hunt me as well as the rest, an' sure the wonder is why he spared me when he was clearin' 'em all off".

"I 'm after bein' down through the county Kerry", he continued, "jobbin' on a few cows. I never went through such hardship as I did for the last three weeks, travellin' from wan fair to another, strivin' to make up what I was short in the rint. I have it now, and what I

called in for before I go over to the hall, is to axe your advice, whether I ought to give it to him".

"I cannot venture to advise you, one way or the other", replied Brian.

"I know myself 't is to America I ought to go, but I have n't the courage to take them five young crathers to a strange countrry—not knowing what might be afore 'em, an' Sally isn't the stout able woman she was either".

"T is a hard case, Connor, and I wish to Heaven it was in my power to help you".

"I 'll go and pay this gale any way", said Connor Shea, after some deliberation, "though I 'm afeerd the poor-house 'll be the end of it".

He went directly and presented himself in the landlord's office.

"Well, Shea, I hope my indulgence has not been thrown away on you—have you the rent?" asked Mr. Oliver Grindem.

"I have it, sir", replied Connor Shea, and he sighed deeply as he untwisted a faded calico bag and took a bundle of crumpled notes from it.

"Four pounds more, Connor!"

"Why, sir, isn't that the half-year's rint to the penny?"

"Yes, Connor, but the costs—four pounds to pay the bailiffs".

"What bailiffs?" inquired Connor, looking aghast.

"Why the bailiffs I had taking care of your haggard while you were from home", and Mr. Oliver Grindem rubbed his huge yellow hand over his flabby face, and turned his red eyes towards the ceiling.

Connor Shea was literally staggered by this unlooked-for blow. He grasped the back of a chair for support with one hand, while he stretched out the other, and, gasping for breath, exclaimed :

"Give me back the money, an' we 'll give up, an' go to America".

Mr. Grindem sneered coldly. "Pray, Mr. Shea", he said, "do you see any sign of a fool about me this morning?"

"The pueates are blighted", said Connor Shea, as if in soliloquy; "we have nothing to live on but the oats. If that 's taken, they 'll starve—starve", he repeated, while the muscles of his mouth worked convulsively as he fixed his gaze upon Grindem in a way which caused the worthy magistrate to tap in a peculiar manner upon the desk. Immediately a ruffianly-looking member of the Crowbar Brigade entered the office.

"May God direct me what to do", exclaimed Connor Shea, as he moved towards the door. He paused for a moment, and struck his hand vi olently against his forehead.

"Give me back three pounds o' the money", said he, "and say you 'll lave 'em the couple uv stacks uv oats to get over the winther, an' I 'll go myself to America, an' thry an' sind for 'em comin' on spring".

A smile—no it was not a smile—a grin of triumph agitated the heavy, brutal features of Mr. Oliver Grindem as he handed the sum

required to his victim, and said : " Very well, Shea, let it be so ; I really think it is the best thing you can do, and I 'll be glad to hear of your success".

CHAPTER IV.

" Oh ! what harm if we were together—if we were all together, if it was to the poorhouse or to the grave itself, I 'd be satisfied", sobbed Sally Cavanagh, as she clung to her husband.

" Have courage, Sally ; be brave as you always wor, an' with God's blessin' 't will be all for the best. An' now God be with you, Sally, *a gra gal mocroidhe!*" and as he uttered the endearing phrase, he bent fondly over her, while his voice assumed a tone of such melting softness that it fell upon her heart like an echo of their bridal day, for they were the very words that thrilled her with a strange ecstasy when she first entered his home a proud and happy bride. She hid her face in his bosom while her heart swelled almost to bursting. The children crowded round him crying piteously : " Oh ! father, father, are you goin' away from us ? " " O Sally, O childher, childher, will ye break yer father's heart ? " he sobbed, as he took them one by one in his arms and kissed them ; and the strong man's tears fell like rain upon the faces of the little ones.

Some of the neighbours interposed and tore away the heart-broken wife and weeping children by main force ; and Connor Shea staggered like a drunken man out of the house, supported by the arm of Brian Purcell.

Their way lay round a wood that skirted part of the mountain. When they reached the corner of the wood which was to shut out the last glimpse of the valley, Connor Shea paused. " Yes, there it is", he said, looking towards his own house, " lonesome enough now, though there was a day, and I wouldn't change it for a palace ; an' there's a black heart in it that was a bright heart wance". He gazed in silence for some minutes, the working of his face telling too plainly the agony he suffered. He knelt down with his face against a rock and prayed. He rose from his knees with a look of calm resignation. For one moment a dark frown gathered on his brow as his eye caught the glimmer of carriage lamps which went flashing through the trees along the avenue of Grindem Hall.

" There 's a great ball there to-night", he muttered.

" Come, Connor, let us be moving", said Brian.

He made no reply. He was wrestling with a dark thought which he fancied he had for ever driven from his heart, but which at that moment came back to renew the assault with the strength of a legion of fiends. He thrust his hand into his breast as if in search of something. " T is all right", said he at last, " all right. I was afeard I lost the *Agnus Dei* Mrs. James gave me. We may as well be goin' now, Mr.

Brian", and giving one more look at the little white house, they turned the corner of the wood and proceeded on their way in silence. They soon came up with a crowd of other emigrants and their friends who were awaiting Connor Shea's arrival at the finger-post which was the place of rendezvous agreed upon.

" Farewell ! old friend", said Brian Purcell, holding out his hand with a full heart. Connor Shea did not take the proffered hand ; but flinging his arm round the young man's shoulders, he strained him to his breast. Brian stood alone in the mild moonlight leaning against the finger-post. Though winter, the night was calm and even warm. The road, which led through a gap in the mountain, was overhung on one side by large rocks which rose up abruptly, as if nature intended them to keep the wood from sliding from its place, and tumbling down the precipice at the opposite side into the valley. We need hardly say that the finger-post stood where two roads met at an acute angle, one "the mail-coach road", skirting the mountain towards the east, and the other leading directly from the heart of the secluded valley. Here Brian Purcell stood, watching the cars laden with the outcast children of Erin as they toiled wearily up the hill through the gap ; and wail after wail of agony, as if hearts were rent asunder, was borne upon the breeze, as friend after friend turned back after bidding a *last* farewell.

At this moment the last vehicle in the melancholy procession stopped opposite the finger-post. It was a donkey's cart in which were an old woman and two young children, her grandchildren, whose father had "sent for them". Donkeys are not proverbially quick in obeying the rein. The little boy who guided this one, though he pulled with might and main and with both hands, was not able to get out of the middle of the road fast enough. A carriage whirled up the road ; there was a crash ; a wheel rolled away from the donkey's cart, and the poor old woman and her grandchildren tumbled after it.

" Why don't you go on ?" was the impatient exclamation heard from the carriage in a clear and even musical voice, but totally void of that sweetness of tone which is such an " excellent thing in a woman ". The coachman, seeing the mischief he had done, hesitated, and wished to help in remedying it. The glass of the carriage was pulled down by a jewelled hand, and a young lady with shoulders and arms bare leaned forward.

" You horrid old woman", exclaimed the clear, but not sweet voice, " why didn't you keep your nasty old cart out of the way ?"

Brian advanced from the shadow of the finger-post, with the intention of assisting the poor wayfarers. He stood so close to the lady that she might have touched him with her hand. Their eyes met, and the stare of astonishment with which she at first regarded him, gave place to one partly of shame and partly of pain, as she drew back and leaned her head against the soft lining of the carriage.

Brian set about putting the donkey's cart to rights with his own hands. But as he did so he breathed hard and mentally exclaimed,

"Good heavens! how a woman's nature can be changed! I have seen those eyes fill with tears at the sight of distress. I have heard that voice become tremulous as it whispered kindly words into the ear of wretchedness". He was cut short by the old woman who had just found the lynchpin which she had been groping for. "The Lord bless you, Mr. Purcell", she exclaimed, "sure 't is to lose our passage we would on'y for you. An' He will bless you an' reward you, for you wor always ready wud a helpin' hand for the poor".

Here Brian noticed for the first time a little boy who quite in a manly way was helping to "tackle" the ass, and who had just inquired of the boy who was driving "how many links he was to hang in the draught?" Brian could not help smiling at the figure the little fellow cut. His outer garment was a man's waistcoat which reached to the calves of his sturdy little legs. A huge felt hat hung crosswise on his poll, and seemed every moment to threaten to fall down over his face and extinguish him. He held a formidable "blackthorn" under his arm, which, having completed the "tackling" process, he was about applying to the donkey's back to make him pull out of the way for the carriage to pass, when Brian laid hold of him by the shoulders.

"Neddy", said he, in astonishment, "what on earth brought you here?"

"Goin' to America, sir", replied the boy, half frightened, but resolutely.

"But Ned, my man, what will your poor mother do?"

The boy's lip trembled as he replied: "Hasn't she Norah, an' Tom, an' Corney, an' Willie?"

"But you're the biggest, Ned".

"I'll go to America wid my daddy", exclaimed the boy, retreating backwards as if he feared Brian thought of compelling him to return by force. Brian understood the whole case at once. Here was Connor Shea's eldest son, after stealing away from his mother, resolved to follow the father that loved him and was so proud of him, and away from whom the boy thought he could not live even for a month. The waistcoat and the hat and the formidable blackthorn illustrated poor Neddy's notions of equipment for a voyage across the Atlantic. After a moment's reflection Brian put his finger to his lips and whistled. In an instant another whistle as loud and piercing replied from the upper end of the "gap". Brian whistled a second time and many minutes did not elapse when Connor Shea was seen hurrying down the hill.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in some anxiety.

Brian pointed to the little boy who stood bolt upright before him. The father's heart swelled as he looked at him, and turning away his head he dashed the tears repeatedly from his eyes before he was able to speak.

"Now, Neddy", said he, "like a good fellow go back with Mr. Purcell. Would n't you rather stay at home and mind the rest of 'em for

me till I'm sendin' for the whole of ye together—when I'll have the grand new house built an' ready an' all for ye?"

The boy looked at him in silence for a moment, his face swollen with the intensity of his emotion. He then rushed to his father, and locking his arms round his knees, uttered a shriek, so shrill, so piercing, so fraught with the agony of the young creature's heart, that both Brian and his father stood for a moment petrified, not knowing what to do.

The boy clung convulsively to his father's legs. The lady in the carriage forgot the impassiveness upon which she prided herself, and alighted and stood by Brian Purcell's side.

"What am I to do?" said Connor Shea.

"Bring him with you", replied Brian, "and I'll send over and let his mother know what has happened the moment I reach home".

"Come, Neddy", said Connor, "I'll take Mr. Purcell's advice, and let you come with me". The boy let go his hold, and stood by his side, sobbing tremulously, but making great efforts to suppress his emotion.

"Do you know me?" inquired the lady, stooping low, and speaking into his ear.

"No, mam".

"Do you know that Mr. Purcell is your godfather?"

"I do, mam".

"And did you never hear who was your godmother?"

"No, mam", said the boy, taking courage to look into her face.

The lady remained lost in thought for a while. "Poor Sally", said she, half aloud; "she never could forgive me".

When Sally Cavanagh lived with her father, she was a near neighbour and a great favourite of this young lady's family. And the admiration of the warm-hearted peasant girl was divided between her and Brian Purcell, who, in her mind, was the flower, the *ne plus ultra* of creation. She got them to "stand" for her first child. But when she discovered that Miss Evans's extraordinary beauty, together with a fortunate windfall in the shape of a legacy, had lifted her quite above the sphere of her young lover, and that, in fact, to speak mildly, she had given him up, the unsophisticated heart of Sally Cavanagh revolted against the whole proceeding. It was so opposed to all her preconceived notions, and to her very nature, that the fickle beauty's name—which before was the theme of her praises morning, noon, and night—was never heard to pass her lips. Which shows how wofully in the rough poor Sally Cavanagh was, and how sadly ignorant of the world and its ways.

Miss Evans took out her purse, but recollecting that there was only a few shillings in it, she put it back again. She drew a ring from her finger, and placing it in the boy's hand, she whispered to him to keep it safe, and when they reached W—— to give it to his father. There was another hurried leave-taking with Brian; and Connor Shea and his little son trudged briskly up the hill to overtake the melancholy

stream, which slowly, but surely, was creeping on to the sea, and growing as it crept on—for, ever and anon, little tributaries of bruised and bleeding hearts flowed into and on with it, on to the sea!

The collision with the donkey-cart had broken a bolt of one of the carriage-springs. What was to be done? The nearest smithy was two miles off. And it was "*so dreadful*" to remain in that lonely place till the smith should arrive. Brian could not do less than suggest that she could walk to his house, and wait there for the carriage.

"But, at such an unseasonable hour", said Miss Evans.

"That consideration need not influence your decision, Miss Evans", said Brian, "as it happens, our people are stirring by this time; my father and sister are going with a visitor to K——, where she must be before six o'clock to meet the first train".

This decided Miss Evans; she had a great desire to see the visitor.

"Is your friend, Miss O'Gorman, handsome?" she inquired.

"I scarcely can say—but she is very amiable".

She linked her arm in his, but seeing his lip curl as she did so, withdrew it quickly, and bowing her head, walked on in silence. He did her injustice then. It was not coquetry that prompted the act. In fact, the incidents of the last hour had roused her to *feel*; and just then her better nature almost predominated over the calculating worldliness which was the ruling characteristic of her disposition. At this particular time she wavered between two suitors. One was the son of a wealthy tallow-chandler, who had purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, and was "*doing*" the fox-hunting squire in great style. The other was a young officer, who would be the heir-at-law of the Grindem Hall property, if Mr. Oliver Grindem should not marry. That "*if*" made Miss Evans pause. If it were not for it, the young officer's victory over his rival would be easy.

But certain chords in her heart, which she thought she could control at will, began to vibrate unbidden, as she walked along that well-remembered mountain-road, with Brian Purcell for her escort. She almost feared that if he wooed at that moment he would win. And were there no chords vibrating unbidden in his heart? If not, why the compressed lip, and the fixed look, betokening *resolution*? And when her shawl slipped from her shoulder, and he essayed to adjust it, and when she turned round and looked into his eyes, what did she see in them that caused her pale cheek to flush, and made her press her gloved hand over her lips to hide the smile of pleasure and triumph with which they trembled?

The family evinced considerable astonishment on seeing Brian at that hour of the morning, accompanied by one with whom they knew he had not been familiar for years. His sister, Kate, looked troubled too; but his quiet manner of explaining the matter set her at rest. Miss O'Gorman felt quite agitated, and shrank before the penetrating look which the cold, haughty beauty fixed upon her.

"How lonely we'll all be after you, Fanny", said Brian, regarding

the graceful little figure, cosily wrapped up for travelling, with a look of affectionate regret.

Fanny's soft eyes filled with tears, as she tried to say cheerfully: "You know I'm to come soon again". But little Fanny's tears fell down her rounded cheeks for all that.

Miss Evans glanced quickly from one to the other. She moved her chair with an impatient jerk as she fancied that Brian had observed her; and nathless the scornful curl of her lip, disclosing the ivory-white teeth, there was a shadow on her brow as she gazed into the crackling wood fire with that peculiar look betokening deep thought. So absorbed was she that Fanny and Miss Purcell had left the room to see to a refractory travelling-bag that would not shut, without her being aware of their absence. On discovering that she was alone with Brian Purcell, Miss Evans cast one hurried glance around, and rose to her feet. Brian had been standing all the time, with his arms folded.

"Brian!"

He started; for the voice, and the look that accompanied it, were exactly what they *used* to be. She needed no verbal assurance that he was attending to her.

"Am I forgiven?" she asked.

"Yes", he replied, "of course—that is, if there was anything to forgive".

"But—but—may we not meet as we used to do?—as in old times?"

Oh! that rosy smile, and the fond look, quickly veiled by the drooping lids! And, oh! the plaintive music, in which she uttered the heart-swelling words, "old times"! Brian wavered irresolutely; but just then the door opened, and he answered "No". Miss Evans turned quickly towards the door, and the tearful eyes of Fanny O'Gorman met hers. At that moment it was announced that the carriage was ready, and Miss Evans was hastily leaving without saying "Good bye" to any one. Fanny moved aside to let her pass, but she stopped, and held out her hand, Fanny placed her's in it, and the queenly beauty drew the shrinking little maiden towards her, and stooping, kissed her cheek. Before Fanny had recovered from her surprise the carriage was whirling at a rapid pace along the avenue.

"Good bye, Brian".

"Good bye, dear little Fanny, and don't forget Christmas".

He pressed her hand, and was securing the rug about her feet when his father jerked the reins impatiently, touched the horse with the whip, and they were gone. Brian *did* feel lonely; but after *which* vehicle did his thoughts go as he watched the moon going down behind the mountain? Fortunately, he just then remembered his promise to Connor Shea, and ordered his horse to be saddled at daybreak that no time might be lost. He would ride over himself and inform Sally Cavanagh of little Neddy's departure for America, and endeavour to assure her (as Connor begged he would) that, "with the help of God, it was all for the best".

Reflecting upon this changed the current of his thoughts. They turned neither to the right nor to the left of the finger-post to follow the faithless idol of his youth or the gentle little maiden whom, something whispered to him, he had not prized at her real worth, but up the Gap, and on with that sorrowful cavalcade, on to the sea. He pondered over the dismal theme—the Exodus of the Gael—deeply and long. And nothing but trust in an all-wise Providence enabled Brian Purcell to avoid the conclusion that we were a doomed race.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CROSSING THE SPANISH FRONTIER.

IN the afternoon of a certain day, in the early part of the month of February, 1860, I took my seat in the diligence which leaves Bayonne for San Sebastian. The place which I occupied was a corner one in the front *coupé*, which, as the reader may know, is the most comfortable he can get in these huge coaches. These seats, of which there are but two, are greatly prized, and even the French, who are the most polite people in the world, will not scruple to give you a little push aside in order to get before you, muttering the word "pardon". However, I obtained the cherished seat, neither by a scramble, nor even by a manœuvre on this occasion, but simply because there were no other passengers intending to travel in the *coupé*. My fellow travellers all preferred, and no doubt very wisely, a little domestic economy, at the expense of having their neighbour's knees run into theirs, and serving at the same time as a great bulwark to prevent their own extension.

I was alone, as I have said, and could at my ease loll, and change from one corner to the other, just as I liked. I did not, as I sometimes do when travelling, sleep, but I remained awake, and my mind went busy with thoughts—thoughts which I can still recall with the same freshness as if they had been but yesterday.

I remember the day well. It was one of those beautiful days which are not uncommon during the winter in the South of France. It had frozen the night before, and a hard frost still lay on the ground. The sky was cloudless, and presented one vast canopy of blue without even a speck of white. Yet, notwithstanding the cold of the air, for it was cold, the sun made me feel very warm when I came in immediate contact with his rays. It sent a thrill of heat through me, which I would have considered hot, had it been a summer sun in Ireland.

One of the earliest and fondest wishes of my youth was about to be realized. I was to see Spain, I was to tread its soil, I was to mingle with its people. I had often built castles in the air about visiting Spain. They had faded away and come again so frequently, that I could hardly believe the fact that my visit to Spain was now to be a

reality. I had always entertained for the Spaniards feelings unlike those I entertain for any other European people. The French, the Italians, the Germans, all belong to our day. Their ideas are moulded in the groove of our present European thought ; but Spain, the country which I was on the verge of entering, how different she is ; how unlike the other nations of Europe !

Washington Irving, in one of those charming and beautiful pencilings which have made his Sketch Book so much admired, graphically describes the sea voyage from America to Europe, as affording time for reflecting on the dissimilar condition and history of the new world from the old. "It was like", he says, "closing one volume, and you had time to reflect on what you had read before opening the second".

But in passing from France to Spain, this is not so. The boundaries which separate the two countries are not the work of nature. They have been sought for and set up by man. In a geographical sense is it not the same ? Geologically speaking, is it not the same creation, the same mountains and woods, the same climate ; yet one step over a little river, and even in most places not even that—a stick or a stone must suffice where they have nothing better—one step, and you are in a different country.

Whilst rolling along in the diligence, getting nearer and nearer the frontier, the different character, history, and destiny of these two countries rose up visibly to my mind. There was France, from which I was hurrying away as fast as the horses would carry me, erect and strong in her second empire—foremost in thought, and leader of the new democracy, which, as the Count de Montalembert says, exists in half Europe to-day, and will exist in the other half to-morrow. Her modern history has not only been illustrated by the greatest political events of our time, but it is adorned by some of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. Original thinkers, philosophers, historians, poets, statesmen, painters, sculptors, composers, all are there. The members of the Institute of France passed through my mind's eye, and I pictured to myself the varied talents and geniuses brought together in one great valhalla.

As each of these great men passed before my mind's eye, from M. François Guizot to the then latest elected member of the Academy, the Dominican friar Lacordaire, the image of each was associated with what he had done and what he had achieved in the path of knowledge. What a picture these venerable heads would make ! I could hardly help from exclaiming, "The pencil of Raphael or of Michael Angelo shall not hand their names down to us ; but they have given to us, by their own intellects, treasures of far greater value—treasures of wisdom, which speak to thousands of hearts and minds, which are circulated among the nations of the Earth, and which shall be read with profit and delight by generations yet unborn".

The beautiful cultivation of the country and the comfortable look of the peasantry, greeted my eye as I passed along. "There", said

I, "this country is not like Normandy or Touraine. The people do not resemble the Normans or the Tourainese in features or even in complexion, yet the country looks tilled like those of the northern provinces, and the peasants look happy like them, busy and gay, cheerful and occupied ; and there is a true French air about them and their country. What is the reason of all this ? Are they not different races and different people ? Yes they are, but I thought of a reason. The Great Revolution passed before me—not the horrors or the massacres, but the changes which it brought about in France.

France is the only European nation in which the separate laws of a heterogeneous people have passed away and are forgotten. If they recollect them at all, they look upon them in the same light as the geologist looks on the fossils of the mammoth and the megatherium. "These animals", say the geologists, "were well in their generation. They answered wise purposes, no doubt, before the flood went over this planet and banished them from off its face. But if, after man had made his appearance on this world, they were to have cropped up again, poor mankind would not be so far advanced as he now is, for how could he have progressed as he has done, had he to contend with such frightful monstrosities ?" In like manner, say our modern Frenchmen, the different laws and traditional prejudices peculiar to each province, were very well in the old time ; but it is well for us that the storm has gone over our country, and torn up by the roots these old prejudices and traditions ; for had the deluge been less great, they would have found some resting-place, and when the waters had abated, they would have all come out again fresher than ever, to attack with renewed vigour the newly forming opinion of the French mind. The flood had gone over France, and she has emerged out of it, a new people with a new destiny. The great code which the genius of the first Napoleon had built up, has reached from Flanders to the Pyrenees, from Brittany to Marseilles, and is respected by the various races which compose France. The universal character of her institutions, the same government, the same education, all in activity throughout the great empire, tend to bring together the various tints and hues of her people, and combine them in one harmonious whole.

What a contrast all this was, from the condition of the country I was entering ! In Spain there exists not alone the shadow, but the real life of the middle ages. She has decayed and fallen away from the splendid place she once held in Europe ; her name, which was once great and respected among the nations of the world, no longer heard. The geniuses who illustrated her glory in literature, in the arts, in the talent of government and science of war, have left no successors. While other nations have advanced in legislation, she retains the same cumbrous machinery of government which she possessed centuries ago. Each province is possessed of its peculiar character and its old laws, its jealousies, and its absurd notions of things without. An unhealthy chill, that some have thought the forerunner of death, has gathered about her

faculties, notwithstanding the exertions and energies of many able men to arouse her into consciousness of her life and strength.

My thoughts were brought to an abrupt conclusion, the diligence having entered Irun. Irun is a frontier town; part of it belongs to Spain, the other part to France. It is remarkable for no architectural beauty, or for anything I could see. We stopped at the French side of the bridge over the little stream which divides the two countries, when a French gendarme opened the door of the diligence and examined my passport. We passed slowly over to the other side of the river, when two Spanish gendarmes looked at it again, and having ascertained it was all right, allowed us to proceed. We did not go more than a few paces when we came to a halt at the custom-house. Here I had to go through the interesting ordeal of opening my portmanteau, and becoming a spectator to a custom-house officer rummaging and tossing my clothes upside down. There was no help for this, so I bore it all with the patience of a philosopher.

When at length we were permitted to proceed on our journey, and the diligence had left the straggling frontier town, I took a *coup d'oeil* of the country which lay before me. I was forcibly struck by the difference it presented from that of the country on the French side of the river. The natural features were, as I have said, the same; but I was no longer in a highly-cultivated region. I saw no longer the neatness and cleanliness which accompany husbandry in France, and which make one feel so pleased with himself and his neighbour when travelling. Everything I saw seemed old-fashioned and out of date, and wore such an untidy appearance, that there would be no difficulty in imagining that the people had neither interest nor taste in improving, but were satisfied with what nature had bestowed and what their ancestors had established.

The scenery, had I not seen the more beautiful parts of the Pyrenees, I might have considered very handsome, and as it was, I could not help being struck by the multitude and variety of hills, which seemed to be endless. They presented, as in nature abounds, various shapes and characters. Some were all wooded up to the top; others were all covered with grass; and others again were of a barren and rocky description.

I passed through several little villages, and I felt curious to remark their peculiarities as well as I could in the hurried glance which the speed of the diligence allowed me. Some dozen houses composed them, of which the greater part were very small, inhabited, I supposed, by the farm labourers; others, large square stone houses, of one story, in which the comfortable farmers, and perhaps small landowners lived. There is not so much accommodation in them as might be imagined from their exterior, for a foreigner would never suppose that the ground floor is used as stabling for horses and mules, and as housing for goats and cattle. But so they are, and this custom is not only general in the country, but even is of no uncommon existence in the

handsome residences in the city, where some of the oldest nobility reside.

The inhabitants are the same race as the people on the other side of the river. They speak the Basque language in common—that strange tongue which is not akin to any in Europe, the origin of which has, as well as the people, puzzled so many antiquarians.

The Spanish Basques have, of course, peculiarities which have arisen from the different civilization under which they have lived, and which have imbued them with opposite feelings and sentiments, but their general characteristics are the same.

As we passed on through the different villages, on to San Sebastian, the villagers crowded out to see us—the men in their flaming red shirts and blue caps, the women with their black tresses, woven into a long plait behind. Evening closed round us as we journeyed on through the mountains. I could hear the song of the herd and the tinkling bell of his flock, on their way homewards. It was a sound suggestive of peace and rest; so, muffling myself up in my travelling cloak, I endeavoured to combat the fatigue of travelling by sleep.

A VISIT FROM MY MUSE.

As I sate in a mournful muse of care
 By the moonlit door one autumn night,
 Who should I see in the ivy there
 But the delicate shape of a friendly Sprite,
 Who, laughing mellowly, hopped anear,
 And said, as she gently pulled my ear,
 "What! dreaming still on griefs and wrongs,
 When you should be shaping autumn songs
 And moulding many a theme sublime?—
 Come in with me,
 And let me see
 What you have been doing this long, long time".

Then into the dusky room we went,
 Where, near the casement glimmering blue,
 The leafy fire dozed low, and sent
 Its perfumed pillar up into the flue.
 Scarcely then was the old lamp lit,
 Amid the volumes of thought and wit,
 When: "Yes, 't is just as I feared", she cried,
 As she sate on a poem by my side,
 "Though time has traced in the orchard near
 The golden hours
 On fruit and flowers,
 You've idled away the good bright year".

Then first with a gleamy hand she oped
 A roll of manuscript written clear,
 Scann'd it, and cried, "T is more than I hoped:
 You 've turned your heart to music here ;
 In twenty love songs breathing bliss
 In lines that rhyme like kiss to kiss,—
 Some gay, some glowed with passion's heat,
 And vibrating like pulses sweet.
 Thanks, thanks for this labour of love, my son,
 But say, whose the eyes
 That waked those sighs ?
 Come, tell me the name of the darling one".

Laughing, I pointed through the pane
 To the rose-roofed cot in the little vale,
 Where an August drift of moonlit rain
 Tenderly passed on the perfumed gale.
 "Muse, to paint beauty, one must love,
 And the bard must be moved, if he would move.
 That well thou deemest of this wine
 It glads me, but, for the lovely vine
 From which my fancy drew delight"—
 Here archly wild,
 The little muse smiled,
 And carolled, "I 'll visit her dreams to-night,
 And murmur mellowly in her ear
 The lines in which her lip and cheek,
 With its dimple ripple, are painted clear
 As the pouting cherry or scarlet streak
 In the daisy's heart, and the young blue day
 Of her gentle eyes. But say, bard, say
 Whether thou 'st lived in darling dreams
 Alone, or risen to grander themes?"
 "That I in storm no less can sail,
 Than sunshine, muse,
 This scroll peruse
 And say how runs my chivalric tale".

Then turned she over a page or two
 Of tournament gay and combat dread,
 Glanced at my knights in armour blue,
 My love bowers, banquets, and fields of dead —
 When a distant sound of music rare
 Came streaming along the starry air.
 "Hark ! knowest thou not", she cried, "yon strain ?
 'T is the shaping dream of a poet brain,

Who thus evokes my sovereign aid,
 Now adieu till day"—
 And swift away
 She flew to her task o'er the dusky glade.



SONG.

MAKE my tomb beneath a vine,
 On it place a cup of wine,
 That the pilgrim passing there,
 With me still a cup may share,
 When the vale is hushed in rest,
 And baccant purple glows the west ;
 Grave a verse upon the stone,
 Ere with leaves 't is overgrown,
 " All he loved beneath the sky
 Was mirth, and song, and liberty".
 But let no companion mourn
 O'er the poet's silent heart,
 While on the earth of which his part
 The grape shall glow, the stars shall burn.

Mistress mine, come in the morn,
 Thy jet locks crowned with golden corn,
 And musing o'er our love's sweet years,
 Shed a few last radiant tears ;
 One for the night beside the sea
 When first I met with love and thee ;
 One for old songs that many an hour
 I sang thee in some sunset bower ;
 And all for love of one that o'er
 This old green star shall chaunt no more :—
 Then, lest grief thy bosom ache,
 Pluck from the bough that o'er me sings
 The last glad grape the autumn brings,
 And kiss it for a lost lip's sake.

T. I.

TRAITS OF RICHARD STEELE, KNT.

THERE is no such being as a thorough "Bohemian" to be found now-a-days. The species is utterly extinct. It has fallen victim to the Moloch of modern civilization—to telegraphs, and steam-engines, and other such scientific inventions.

If we wish for the palmy days of "Bohemianism", we must go back to Noll Goldsmith and the "Three Jolly Pigeons"; we must look at the "Gooseberry Fool", as the bitter Carlyle—taking him at his word—called him, smoking his yard of clay and drinking small beer at the Red Lion with gruff Dr. Johnson, and Bozzy, and the rest of them; or we must spend a short time with Sterne—not Sterne the "mountebank" and "smiveller", as Thackeray has painted him, but as it appears by an able and accomplished writer of the present day,—Sterne, the eccentric, whimsical lover of fun and pathos, who could laugh so, or weep, as the humour moved him, and revel in all manner of odd pranks and fancies.

The literary men of the present day are staid, sober individuals—the better for themselves and their belongings. They never get tipsy over night—never fight with sharp-edged rapiers—never owe bills—never pink bailiffs—never write love-letters—never dine with noble lords, who shout out in presence of all the company: "Hang saving, bring us a ha'porth of cheese". Those days are gone long since: all their men are shadows, and all their manners matters of history.

One of the most agreeable writers, and wildest spirits, in those days of which we write, was "Dick Steele", as he was popularly known.

Like Goldsmith, he had many faults of the head, and of the heart so many virtues that even his errors endeared him to those about him. He was always sinning and repenting; getting tipsy over night in a tavern, and doing penance afterwards in a virtuous essay, wherein he beats his breast and weeps dismally over the frailties of human nature. A rigid moralist would deem such a person contemptible; a charitable man would separate the dross from the pure ore—think of what was good and gentle and manly in him, and judge of him accordingly.

The charming pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and the letters published in Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, reveal him as clearly as if his character had been drawn with a pencil of light. We see him in the "Tennis-court Coffee-house", and in the "White Chockolate Coffee-house", inditing love-letters over his pint of wine, and growing ardent in his protestations of affection as the night wanes; he begs pardon that his "paper is not finer, but", he says, "I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business!" And at another time the scene changes, and he appears in the light of a divine enthusiasm over his *Christian Hero*, chanting "Sursum corda" with all his might to his fellow-sinners.

There were two Steeles—Dick Steele, the rollicking, boisterous *habitus* of the tavern, with the long jack boots and the slashing sabre,

and Sir Richard Steele, the proper moral knight, who abhorred vice in all its shapes, and discoursed so truly and beautifully of all that was good and virtuous.

Let us glance briefly at some of the lineaments of this man, who flourished a century and a half ago. There is a caricature of him by one Denis, who was remarkable for being a savage fellow and hating everybody, which, although coarse and exaggerated, bears some resemblance to the original. "Sir John Edgar", he says, "of the county of —, in Ireland, is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs—a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chiney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad, flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet, with such a face and such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told that he was ugly than he was by any reflection made upon his honour or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honourable family, certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this, more authentic than the Herald's office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and above all his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue".

Steele replied to this satire, in a pamphlet which contains a vast deal of humour and biting sarcasm. After describing his opponent in his best strain of ridicule, he says: "You see I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimensions with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you".

There is abundant testimony to prove that Steele was not alone Irish by birth but also by blood. We may safely assert this without any fear of the imputation about borrowed plumes, which has been so frequently made against us. He was born in Dublin in 1671, and was the son of a lawyer. Dr. Chalmers, in his biographical preface to *The Tatler*, mentions that his father was of English extraction. There are many Irishmen of English extraction, but Irish nevertheless in every way, in sentiment and manner, and even in blood. Time has eliminated every feature of their origin, and left nothing unless, perhaps, the name. Such was the case with Steele—his failings and his virtues, his genial humour and keen sympathies, were all Irish. At an early age he was left an orphan. His description of his father's death is in his happiest vein; there is a sweet simplicity in it, and a tone of deep hearty pathos, which reminds one of some of Washington Irving's exquisite passages. Irving was an attentive student of the writers of that period, to which, no doubt, may be attributed that purity of style which is his chief characteristic. In this passage, which we shall quote, the bright side of

Steele's character is truly reflected ; he takes you gently by the hand, and leads you to the side of his father's coffin. And what a picture is here presented !—the beautiful young mother, the child, and the dead father. Then in the back-ground is the melancholy fact that he died penniless, leaving them with nothing to depend upon save public benefaction. Here is the passage :

“ The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age ; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember, I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoar in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa ; for, I knew not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, ‘ papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground whence he could never come to us again’. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good nature in me is no merit, but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears, before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions”.

Steele was in the “ yellow leaf ” of life when he wrote this. He had jollified and sentimentalized, and run the gauntlet of innumerable sponging houses ; he had tasted of all the sweets and bitters, and now he pauses to glance backwards into his early years. He was writing of death, and he brings to his aid a personal reminiscence of a most touching character. This is always the way with Steele's writings. They are not very polished nor profound, nor remarkable for extraordinary stretches of thought or any great brilliancy of execution. He says whatever he has to say, quietly and unostentatiously, and writes like a man of natural feeling without much regard to effect. It is with Dick Steele you are conversing, and not with the essayist who weaves his ideas into words, and reasons deeply but coldly. Still can he wake

an echo or touch a chord which comes home to the human heart in sweetest vibrations. The man who does this, and does it without any straining of art, is perhaps, after all, the greatest artist.

To judge from the lecture on Steele in Thackeray's *Humourists*, he was a wild youth in his schoolboy days. He was deep in a tart-woman's books, and loved lollipops out of all bounds, besides he had a precocious facility for getting into debt whenever and wheresoever he could. He was idle too, and, as a matter of consequence, got more whippings than any boy in the school. Thackeray, with all the candour of a veracious historian, admits that he has no authority for these interesting statements, but he reasons it out by a process of induction perfectly satisfactory to us, and we hope to everybody else. He says if the child is father of the man, little Dickey Steele with the black-eyes and the brown curly head, should be all he makes him. At all events, whether Steele was a naughty boy or the contrary, or a stupid or clever, or an idle or industrious, one thing is certain, that he was placed at Charter House School by the first Duke of Ormond, where he knew Addison. He was then a very little boy, and Addison was one of the head pupils. Steele afterwards spoke of the reverence with which Addison inspired him on their first meeting, a feeling which he ever after retained. At Oxford he met Addison again, but Addison was then "one of the best men" in the University. He had written Latin essays and Greek hexameters, and had won innumerable prizes. Poor Steele was a raw fellow, without any thirst for academical honours, or any great love for work. When he did read, it was in fits and starts, but there was no regularity or order in his efforts. The result of this was that he was but an indifferent scholar.

There are agreeable traces left of the early friendship which existed between Steele and Addison. Addison's father was Dean of Lichfield, and Steele used to spend some of his vacations with him. He was very popular there, and used to tell in his later years, with a feeling of pleasure, how the good old man loved him, and how he brought away with him, from those pleasant vacations, back to his college, impressions which gave their cast to whatever he afterwards thought or wrote. For Steele was essentially a moral writer. He was wayward and reckless—*humanum est errare*; but he was, at the same time, the humble philosopher and guide, who traced out the way of rectitude for his fellow-man, and made it cheerful to tread on by his easy wit and his quiet unobtrusive humour. No one knew the secret springs of the human heart more thoroughly, and no one could move them with a more skilful hand.

In those pathetic little pictures which he is so constantly drawing, and those little trivial details which he passes over with so light a touch, there is a deep moral purpose, which is the more effectually attained because of the familiar, pleasant way in which it is urged. The age in which he wrote was by no means remarkable for refinement or morality. On the contrary, with all its claims to being the Augustan

period of England's history, it was a coarse vulgar age. The women of it were uneducated flirts, without manners or morals, and the men were a fighting, drinking lot of rowdies, who led tavern lives, and spent as little of their time as they could in their own homes.

Steele sought to reform this, and he succeeded to a great extent. He did not try to make himself look better than his fellows; for as far at least as his outward conduct was concerned, he was no more free from the spirit of the time than anybody else. It might indeed be said that in his case it was Satan reprobating sin; but certain it is that he did reprove it, and that he did leave his mark on the manners of the age in which he lived.

After scrambling through college, Steele conceived the idea of becoming a soldier. There was, however, a bar to his ambition in this respect. A rich aunt had named him heir to a considerable property in the County Wexford. She was a peaceably inclined lady, and hated arms, and battles, and soldiers; and so she vowed, if Dick mounted a cockade, that she would cut him off. He did join the army as a private soldier, and lost the property. Later on in life, when time had brought with it experience, he discovered that when he joined under the Duke of Ormond's command, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not know that he could handle a pen better than a sword.* Through the influence of the Duke of Ormond, he obtained a cornetcy in the Guards, and a short time afterwards was promoted to a captaincy in Lucas's Fusiliers. While serving in this regiment he produced his *Christian Hero*, which was dedicated to his colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had acted as private secretary. For this devotional work, which it is said he wrote in penance for his sins, he got heartily laughed at. There was an apparent incongruity about such a performance on his part that made the matter look extremely ludicrous. Imagine Dick Steele rising up from the mess-table, tumbling off to his quarters, and sitting down decorously with the solemnity of a half-screwed theologian, to write a pious work! This was the idea which delighted Steele's wild companions, and exposed him to such shafts of ridicule; yet there is nothing at all wonderful in his writing a work of the kind. There is no cant or stiff-necked religion in it; it is an humble work in which there is a moral strain, and in itself it is an exposition of the fact that a man's thoughts may be better than his acts. Some time after the publication of the *Christian Hero*, *The Funeral*, or *Grief a la Mode*, appeared. This work, which has some of the rarest strokes of humour, was written, as Steele informs us, from "a necessity of enlivening his character". He suffered by his last, and now he comes to retrieve himself. The undertaker reviews his employees, and hits upon one who happened not to have the proper funeral look.

Sable—"Ha you!—A little more upon the dismal (forming their countenances); this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the

* *The Theatre*, No. XI.

corpse : that wainscot face must be o' top of the stairs ; that fellow almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery), at the end of the hall. So.—But I 'll fix you all myself. Let 's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder—that hale well-looking puppy ! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages ? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful ? and the more I give you, I think the gladder you are !"

The Tender Husband was Steele's next effort in the dramatic line. Of this play Steele said in after life, that there were "many applauded strokes" from the hand of Addison. The social history of the literary men of that period is fraught with a peculiar interest. Amongst men who are struggling in the same road to fame, the spirit of bitterness and petty jealousy too frequently makes its appearance ; but in reading about Steele's time we get pleasant glimpses of their social reunions, and, except at rare intervals, there appears to have been a very agreeable and frequent intercourse kept up amongst the wits of the day.

Swift's first introduction to Steele and Addison is highly characteristic of the eccentric Dean of St. Patrick's. It was at the St. James's Coffee House, then a great resort of the Whig writers. A remarkable-looking man, with a pair of piercing black eyes scowling out from under a pair of shaggy black eye-brows, walked to and fro across the floor without uttering a sentence to anybody. A "gentleman in boots" just come out of the country entered the door at the time. On making his appearance, the man of the shaggy eye-brows stalked straight up to him, and looking him full in the face, asked this question aloud, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world ?" The country gentleman was of course rather taken aback at such an extraordinary question, and replied, "Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time". To which the other said, "That is more than I can say ; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry ; but however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 't is all very well", and taking up his hat he walked direct out of the Coffee House, leaving those inside to form their own opinion regarding the author of such strange conduct. This was Steele's and Addison's first meeting with Swift. They were afterwards most intimate friends, and when Lord Halifax used to give his *Noctes Coenæque Deorum*, we find mentioned as the pink of the company "Mr. Swift, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the *Gazetteer*".

With all Steele's writing and dining out, he managed to find time to fall in love. The letters written during his courtship and married life are so comic in their way that we are tempted to give some of them. We see Steele through them in every shape and mood, and they are written in so careless a way that there can be no doubt they

were intended not for posterity, as in many instances such letters are, but for the fair "Mrs. Scurlock". His courtship was a very brief one. Let us see how he deports himself whilst passing through that ordeal.

"TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

Aug. 30, 1707.

MADAME,—I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth is love! Love, which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude to the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from such a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender, innocent hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the rites He has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other.—I am for ever your faithful servant,—RICHARD STEELE".

A few hours later, when Steele's affections were enlivened by a not unusual process, he writes again:—

"Saturday Night, Aug. 30, 1707.

DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,—I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of the *woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*.—RICHARD STEELE".

Here are some of his letters, when the charming Mrs. Scurlock had been transformed into Mrs. Steele:

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,—Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a school-fellow from India by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concern your obedient husband, RICHARD STEELE".

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening) as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband".

There are dozens of letters of the same character, on all conceivable subjects, from his *Gazette* down to a saucepan.

"I enclose to you (dear Prue) a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of £23 of Lewis's, which will make up the £50 I promised for your ensuing occasion. I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible

to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to cheerfulness, would not be amiss".

In another letter, excusing his absence from home, he says: "Dear Prue, do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous".

Although Mrs. Steele, according to her husband's account, was the "delightfullest creature on Earth", it appears rather prominently in the curious records which have been so carefully preserved of Steele's inner life, that she was not deficient in her share of faults, and that she contributed in a very sensible degree to the ruinous extravagance which brought so much misery to poor Steele. She had a town house in Bury Street, St. James's, and a country residence at Hampton-court. Here she lived perfectly *en règle*. She had her chariot and four, Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her "own" women, and a boy who can speak Welsh when she goes to Carmarthen. With this grandeur they were constantly receiving annoyances in the shape of butchers' bills and grocers' bills. There are notes of those trifles which show pretty clearly that there was a vast deal of hollow display in keeping up such an establishment. We find Steele sending her a guinea and half for some immediate want; and another day, when he is going to dine with "some great men of the state", he sends her a "quarter of a pound of black tea and the same quantity of green". This looks rather shady for a grand lady with chariots and footmen and "own women". But so it was. Steele was too much engaged with dining out, and politics and literature, to mind mere domestic matters, and Mrs. Steele loved to shine even at the expense of being miserable and poor.

Let us turn from those dull common places of Steele's life, and look at the better part of him, and indeed the only portion with which we are interested—his thoughts. There is scarcely a phase of human life from which he has not drawn striking instances, or a peculiarity which he has not illustrated. There are the wealthy ways for example, Sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith and Giles Twoshoes, who gave one another credit in their discourse according to their purses—who made jests by the pound, and made answers as they honour bills. Steele drank a "quart" upon a time with these worthies, and thought himself the "prettiest fellow of the company"; but all his jokes were dull, and although they smirked at every word spoken by each other, he had no power over the muscles of their faces. They did not know his banker's balance—(*Tatler*, No. 57).

There was the eminent story-teller and sagacious politician, who is indebted to his snuff-box for the regularity and fluency of his dullness—(*Tatler*, No. 35).

There is the young man of the morbid disposition, who desires to be thought worse than he really is, and thinks it intellectual to affect atheism, though it can be proved upon him that he says his prayers regularly every morning and evening—(No. 77).

There is Flyblow, who is received in all the families in town, through

the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners; he cannot listen to praise without whispering detraction, and has by rote and at second-hand all that can be said of any man of figure and virtue in town. "Name a man of worth", says Mrs. Jenny Distaff, in that graphic portraiture of this pest of society, who unfortunately still lives to testify to the truth of the picture—"and this creature tells you the worst passages of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never hear him spoke of with common charity without using my *but* against him, for a friend of mine, saying the other day, 'Mrs. Distaff has wit, good humour, virtue, and friendship', this oaf added. 'But she is not handsome'. Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not"—(*Tatler*, No. 38).

There is Will Courtly, who never spoke but what was said before, and yet who can converse with the wittiest men without appearing ridiculous. He possesses that natural subtilty of mind which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. This Steele holds to be a highly useful quality, and acknowledges, as long as Will Courtly can observe such prudence of demeanour, that, if ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, good breeding must be its opposite expedient of putting wise men and less wise on an equality —(*Tatler*, No. 30).

There is Jack Dimple, who practises positions before a looking-glass, and is so anxious to wear a careless manner; he meditates half an hour in the ante-room to get up a proper look, and is continually running back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness—(*Tatler*, No. 21).

These are but a few out of the many instances which gave such life and spirit to the pages of the *Tatler*.

We must give one more. "There are several persons", says Steele, in that delightful paper in the *Tatler*, No. 98, "who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it, in the opinions of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes". And then he goes on to illustrate it by a story, which for truthfulness and beautiful simplicity has never been surpassed. It is a quiet home picture which Goldsmith or Dickens might have drawn. Had Steele lived a hundred years later, he would have been a great novelist, for he exhibits in an eminent degree that correct appreciation of character, and that faculty of detecting and

describing peculiarities, which are the chief qualities for a writer of fiction. But in his day the only approach to a novel was some interminable story of mayhap an unhappy knight crossed in love, who goes to the wars, and breathes out his soul in a pathetic address to his false one. Steele laughs heartily at one of these dreary attempts in his *Tender Husband*. In this little story to which we have alluded, Mr. Bickerstaff visits an old married friend who had been his school-fellow and his college companion, and with whom, when the family come to town, he is expected to dine as a matter of course. They always have genial memories to wander over, and the past is brought back in a thousand anecdotes of their youth. The opening scene is prettily described. "I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think that it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child that loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father that it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance".

Then Mr. Bickerstaff, who is a benevolent old bachelor, and is a welcome guest wherever he makes his appearance, is taken to task about the reports which are going the rounds of him in the country, his marriage with a young lady there, the hope that he will yet give the preference to our eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary, now only sixteen; and the father tells pleasant anecdotes about Mr. B.'s old love affairs, and the verses he wrote to Teraminta. After dinner the friends are alone, and Mr. Bickerstaff learns with feelings of pain the husband's fears for his wife's health. The children are playing in the next room, and he thinks sorrowfully what the poor things shall do when *she* is gone. Then the wife re-enters the room, and suspecting the nature of their conversation, declares she is determined to have Mr. Bickerstaff for her next husband unless this first will take greater care of himself. The children are again brought in, of whom the noisiest is Mr. Bickerstaff's god-son Dick. He has made deep plunges into the lives and adventures of Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historical works of the day, and he has actually attained to such a degree of proficiency as to be sceptical about the truth of *Æsop's Fables*. But the mother, who thinks that little Dick is carrying off too much attention, is somewhat jealous, and she will have her friend admire little Mrs. Betty's accomplishments, which are fully described. And so Mr. Bickerstaff spends a happy evening, and goes home to ponder over the dissimilar condition of a bachelor and a married man, and to enjoy the society of his dog and his cat and his maid, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to him.

Two months have passed over—it is the last day of the year, and Mr. Bickerstaff is walking about his room cheerfully, when a coach

stops at his door and a youth of fifteen alights. The pleasant thought occurs to his mind as he sees the son of his friend enter the door, that his acquaintance with the father began when he was just such a stripling. The boy seizes him by the hand and sobs out "my mother!" but could go no further for weeping. Mr. Bickerstaff inferred from this that the forebodings of his friend were realized, and hurries off to bring consolation and sympathy. He then describes the scene of anguish which presented itself on his entering the sick room. The only one who seemed resigned and comforted was the dying woman. "This is kindly done", she murmured feebly. "Take care of your friend—do not go from him!" and she closed her eyes in death.

The calm grave reflections which follow this description are supposed to have been written by Addison.

We avail ourselves of that very useful though very ancient apology about space not permitting us to go further—inexorable space!

The story of Steele's life has nothing in it but incidents of the most commonplace character. He was a simple unaffected fellow, who never dreamed that posterity would take any interest in his name, and he never acted a part with an eye to pleasing posterity. Still there are few authors with whom we can get on terms of personal friendship so easily. He is like Goldsmith in that way, who is everybody's favourite—everybody's "poor Goldsmith!" And poor Steele is as sure to win our sympathy and regard, if we only study him and learn to know him as well.

WHAT I SEE IN THE FACES ROUND ME.

QUIET people don't much fancy being caught up in the whirligig of society, and borne hither and thither without the power of pausing to take breath. They love better to be allowed to wander "at their own sweet will" in shady nooks and corners; to be rather spectators than actors, in the crowded theatre of life. They have their own enjoyments, in which they indulge soberly and take much delight. I am one of those retiring individuals, and my chief amusement is to watch the continued play of feature in the faces round me.

From my very childhood, the study of "the human face divine" has had the greatest attraction for me. Every fresh face is a new and interesting book, wherein I read strange matter. Yet I don't profess to know anything of the science of physiognomy; I never read Lavater or any of his followers; and, though I am never weary of perusing the living books from which they drew their theories, I do so solely for pleasure. 'Tis my choicest diversion, and has this advantage over most others, that one can pursue it at all times, in all seasons, the volume is always open, and even "those who run may read" something.

But, not being made up on the subject, of what value can my opinions be? Probably very little; but "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh"; besides, I fancy that this being a subject of universal interest, every body likes to hear what every other body thinks on it.

" When a poet sings of love,
 Excuse exaggeration,
 Blank poesy's half made up
 Of imagination;
 But when a simple rhymer tries
 His hand at love-sick stanzas,
 Never meaning poetry,
 Believe extravaganzas".

So, when one whose knowledge has come upon him unawares, now flashing on him like a gleam of sunlight, now stealing in by slow degrees, steadily but imperceptibly imprinting itself on his mind, desires to impart that knowledge, he, like the rhymer, deserves a hearing, even when he seems to talk at random.

What has always struck me most forcibly is, that there is no face, however hideous, which has not at least one good expression. I have often watched and waited for that look with the feeling that I was about to discover a hidden gem, which less patient eyes than mine would never have discerned. Surely there is a green spot in all hearts, as there is in all faces something which bears the impress of the Maker's hand. The ugliest or most repulsive countenance, which we shrink from with instinctive repugnance, may once have gladdened a mother's eye or softened a father's heart. That frightful leer was once a smile of innocence; those hard staring eyes, so dead to every feeling now, may have shed a flood of tears over the ruins of a house of cards.

A portrait painter once said to me, that he thought there was a certain amount of beauty in extreme ugliness—that he longed to see some one who was irredeemably ugly. I think he added too, that the sight would please him better than to gaze on the handsomest face. I was naturally very much shocked, believing that "a thing of beauty" should be indeed a "joy for ever" to an artist, and wondered at the strange perversity of taste which could make him, of all men, gloat over images of deformity. He seemed to be looking at the matter from an artistic point of view, and considering what a fine picture might be made out of the most hideous monster that the world ever saw. This was an explanation of the paradox. That same painter's face was better worth studying than his pictures; all the features were regular and handsome, but the prevailing expression hard and cynical; the world was cruel and unsympathising to him, and he paid back its scorn with interest. But whenever he met with kindness and consideration, his better nature would at once assert itself. The glorious eyes, which usually shot forth such sharp keen glances, then melted in tenderness; the cold ungenial mouth grew soft and flexible, and a smile of rare

sweetness played round the well cut lips. I have watched him when his admiring gaze rested lovingly on the manly face of a friend, who had been true to him in his need, and no woman could look softer or more tender. I never saw such eyes as his ; they were intensely dark and glowing, and had at times such an earnest, far-away look, as though they strove with might and main to penetrate beyond our mortal ken. Peace be with him ! he is gone where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest". He died, and left little proof of what he was capable of—nothing by which the world might judge fairly of him.

Mais revenons a nos mouton. Whatever one may think of the beauty of ugliness, there can be little doubt of the truth of what Bacon says, "there is no beauty without some strangeness in the proportions". Those faces which linger longest in the memory are not those of regular beauties. 'T is all very well to say such a face must be beautiful. Where you have classical features, a clear colour, perfect harmony in all its parts, what more do you require ? If the soul be wanting, if there is neither intellect nor goodness, it gives no pleasure—'t is not beautiful :—

"I hate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air";

and those breathing statues whose features are as if cast in marble, not made of flesh and blood, however finely shaped, "have no charm for me". The face which refreshes me like a breeze from the sweet south, is one capable of much variety of expression, which beautifully reflects each thought and feeling. I care not whether it be plain or comely, so it shines with the spirit's light or glows with the heart's affection. I don't like faces which are ever changing ; though full of expression, they are not the most pleasing ; the rapid changes, the workings of a hundred different emotions in a minute, betray a restless unstable mind ; they remind one of the continual shifting of scenes in a panorama, where you have hardly time to get a glimpse of one picture when another succeeds it.

Some ingenious friends of mine decide on the characters of their acquaintances the moment they see them. They allow their judgments to be ruled by instinct. I am far too timid to attempt taking in a character at a glance ; but I know from experience that, without thinking of it, the moment I see a new face, it leaves some impression, which I unconsciously retain and am influenced by. I suppose many others retain their first impressions also, but most people, unless the face be a very striking one, quickly forget what they thought in the beginning, and often totally change their opinion on becoming intimately acquainted with the individual. I agree with Hazlitt in thinking that the first impression is likely to be the truest. One is taken unawares, and of course nature has set her seal upon every face, and 't is only the thoughtless who see nothing, or refuse altogether to be guided by what they see. "The eye cannot see more than it brings with

it the faculty of seeing", some writer says, and there is a great deal contained in those words. Some natures are in such direct antipathy, that 't is impossible for them to judge each other without prejudice. Others judge correctly enough; they see the leading traits of character as depicted in the countenance; but the finer shades, which make the whole beauty of the face, which make the person interesting—to these they are blind, because there is nothing in themselves, no corresponding delicacy of feeling or refinement of mind, which could teach them to admire. "The eye cannot see more than it brings with it the faculty of seeing". Of some people it might be said, "They have eyes but see not"; they 're so unobservant they cannot understand what is written plainest on the face. Tell them they should not trust such a one, and they wonder at you; and if after events prove you right, they only wonder on, and ask, who could have thought it? I have known many such people, and they were not very dull either.

Everyone pins his faith upon a particular feature. With some, eyes are everything; others think the mouth more expressive; the nose also has its advocates—no face can be worth anything without a good one, say these. Many people will tell you that the whole strength or weakness of a character is in the chin; and a great number regard every female face as handsome, where the cheeks are nicely rounded, and the colour fresh and clear. Of course the forehead, the throne of intellect, is also highly regarded. Where doctors differ, 't is hard to come to a decision, but my weakness is for the eye. To me, one of the finest objects in nature is a beautiful eye. What do I look for in an eye? what I expect to see in a good painting—depth, strength, and colouring. But there are various degrees of loveliness; all may not charm alike, but still all give real pleasure. There are eyes into which I could gaze for ever, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue", in which such depth of passion sleeps, so much thought and feeling are concentrated, those eyes are not easily read, for the natures to which they belong are hard to fathom. I love those kind, honest, affectionate eyes, dark and almond-shaped, which remind one of the Newfoundland dog's. Their possessors have the same good qualities for which we value the inferior animal—kindness of disposition, fidelity in friendship, and honesty of purpose. The quick, keen, intelligent eye which flashes you back thought for thought with the rapidity of lightning, is indicative of an acute, discerning intellect, unerring in its calculations up to a certain point, but of no great depth or power. 'T is wonderful what attraction even very matter-of-fact people often find in those large gray dreamy orbs which seem constantly floating in seas of imagination. Like a soft summer sky, they fill the soul with an undefinable longing. Black eyes are usually the most subtle and cunning. Clear light brown eyes are handsome to look at, but you tire of them: they are like clear waters—shallow. There are certain brown eyes which have a great deal of softness, are beautiful in colour, and, at the first cursory glance, seem to contain everything you desire; but, on looking closer, one

sees they have no soul really in them. Those green, grayish blue eyes, so like a cat's, are dangerous. Beware of them, do not trust them, or rather trust to your instinct, which bids you avoid them. The open candid eye which meets yours so boldly, and shrinks not before the most penetrating glance, but returns it frankly, is generally met with in a good-hearted truthful boy, who conceals nothing, and expects to find everyone as ingenuous himself.

But I could never tire of describing eyes, yet I do not say they are everything. The forehead, where lordly reason sits enthroned, must come in for a share of my attention. A wide, square forehead, even though it be not over-high, is the most indicative of intellect. Those broad, lofty foreheads which are so much admired, are not always worthy of all the admiration they inspire. My idea is, 't is the width, not the height, of the forehead that is of any importance. A narrow forehead certainly shows mental incapacity; a low forehead does not. We all know the story of Coleridge's immense interest in the man with the magnificently developed forehead whom he met at some hotel; how he listened in breathless expectation for his first words, expecting that, like the princess in the fairy tale, nothing but pearls and diamonds could drop from his mouth; and his extreme disappointment when the stranger exclaimed, looking lovingly at a dish of peas: "Them 's the jockeys for my money".

The mouth is doubtless very expressive, but I confess I am often at sea regarding it. One, in whose judgment and powers of observation I have implicit reliance, sometimes says to me, "Look at the sensual mouth; or, do you see what a cold, cruel mouth?" I am blind and cannot see. Well cut lips denote much decision of character; and straight lines across a face, where the ripe lips ought to be, must impress one unfavourably. I dislike gaping mouths extremely, and yet they are found often enough in faces called handsome. Little bird-mouths are pretty, but show insignificance of character. My chief idea about mouths is, that many human beings are like horses—their mouths require training. They are not always flexible; they don't harmonize with the other features. When one smiles, sometimes the mouth relaxes too much; there is a want of breeding about it. A well bred mouth is agreeable—a mouth that knows what 't is doing, that does not fall about loosely as if 't were never going to shut again. I suppose there is a good deal in the formation; but where a mouth is at variance with the rest of the features, I imagine it might be educated into good behaviour. I was extremely vexed to find the want of proper training in a mouth some short time since, for it belonged to a face in which I felt great interest. The mouth, when in repose, was sweet and placid, quite in keeping with the rest of the countenance; but when its owner began to smile with a languid sort of amusement at something, it parted too much. There was a loose flabby look, accompanying the indolent sense of enjoyment, that despoiled it of all its sweetness. I have not got over that expression in that mouth yet. It

was such a blot on the face, which I had begun to fancy had no look but what was pleasant. I was told once, that the eyes and mouth have the same expression. I can hardly believe this, for I think I have often seen lips smile, while the eyes never softened; and at times, too, you 'll see a sudden light kindle in the eye, while all the other features remain immovable. Scornful mouths have always an air of breeding about them, as though scorn was an aristocratic passion.

But enough. No theory, however subtle, can ever assign a definite meaning to any peculiar cast of features. The science of physiognomy, if indeed it can be called a science, may lay down arbitrary rules to guide our judgments; but it is human instinct alone which draws our hearts to this or that person. Love or hate is a mere sentiment, beyond the influence of conventional rule. We see, and feel, and think, and that is all can be said of it. I am sure my readers will agree with me that I have occupied their time long enough on this subject. It is told by Banim, that he was in the habit of standing at the corner of a street, to watch the faces of the different passers-by. There can be no earthly harm in my indulging a similar humour, and telling "what I see in the faces round me".

AN ADVENTURE.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE summer evening at the commencement of this century, a group of passengers collected on the deck of a large barque, whose crowded canvas wooed the light eastern wind which bore them through the azure levels of the Indian Ocean, across which they had voyaged many days from Bombay, on their course to the Red Sea, Egypt, and England. Among others who were wiling the tedium of the long sea hours—some stretched on the deck in the shadow of an awning, smoking, reading, conversing—might have been seen an old man, whose dusky face indicated a long residence beneath the burning skies of Hindostan, and a youth of some twenty years of age, whose handsome countenance, full of manly candour and courage, proved a striking contrast to that of his companion, in which the lines of age, and the keen, viper-like eyes at times grew vivid with an inner light of passion and an expression of triumphant avarice.

They had been leaning over the bulwark in the prow of the vessel for some time, the youth glancing at the gambols of the fish, whose shoals could be seen diving at a great depth through the transparent blue waters; now gazing with hand-shaded eyes toward the fiery globe of the sun, rapidly sinking beneath the rugged hills of the island of Socotra, which they were approaching, the while putting an occasional question, he listened to his aged companion, as, with senile garrulity,

he narrated his adventurous life in India, his travels, etc., in a voice which rose strong with the passion of pride, the series of occurrences which enabled him, after many years, to accumulate one of those vast fortunes which not unfrequently in those days were acquired in the peninsula.

"Yes", he said, after a long pause had occurred in their conversation, "yes, my young friend, it is just fifty years this very month since I first crossed the ocean, a lad poor as a church mouse, sir, without a friend in the east except one to whom I carried letters of recommendation, and who, as it happened, proved the reverse of one, having no interest to assist me. Favoured by fortune and the circumstances of the country, however, I soon attained a position which I sedulously improved. Again, after an absence of half a century, I revisit my native shores, wealthy enough, thank fate, to compete with all but the wealthiest, and bearing with me the proud satisfaction that, independent of mankind, I will pass my declining years in happy enjoyment of the power which has resulted from my own unaided exertions".

"Have you many friends in England, sir?" asked the young man.

"I can have as many as I wish", returned the other, after a pause, and in a curt, evasive tone.

"And doubtless", said his companion, "many relatives, who will hail your arrival with delight after so long an absence".

"Many! None!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of indifference. Then, after a pause, during which the only sounds audible were the monotonous beat of the billows against the vessel's side, suddenly changing the subject of conversation, he was resuming with—"The government, sir, who recognize my services in the council"—when he was interrupted by a couple of sailors suddenly hurrying forward, one of whom, immediately busying himself with one of the ropes near hand, said, "By your leave, gentlemen, a gale of wind is brewing, and we are going to take in sail".

As he spoke, and swiftly clambered up the ladders, the crew, suddenly put in motion by the boatswain's pipe and the voice of the captain, hurried about the decks and up the rigging. The upper sails already flapped in the prefatory gust of the tempest; nothing was heard but the trampling of feet, and the voices of the men calling to each other while engaged in their hasty occupation.

"Well, it will be something to have experienced a tornado, at least to me, for you, doubtless, have witnessed hundreds of them", said the young man.

"Yes, but not at sea, Alfred", returned his companion, taking his arm, and as they walked to the quarter-deck he became conscious that his old friend trembled violently.

Arrived at the poop, they for some time observed in silence the advance of the storm, and the changing phenomena of the heavens and ocean.

To the west a pale lemon-coloured streak still marked the spot be-

neath which the sun had disappeared. The superincumbent sky, hitherto of the deepest and clearest ultramarine, though as yet unstained by vapour, seemed filled with a strange dry darkness, quite unlike the ordinary result of twilight, through whose still, sombre, and wrathful cope none but the largest stars struggled faintly, while upon the eastern horizon, still remote, appeared a solitary cloud, whose wreathy crests were indurated by lightnings fierce and jagged, and from whose white and ghastly womb a spectral darkness, heralded by sudden gusts of air, which changed the sea to the hue of ink as they driftingly approached and swept past, began to overspread the immense solitude. Then, just as the burrying gloom had filled the circuit of air and ocean, swift and unexpected, a tremendous wind smote the vessel, hurling her on her side, tearing into shreds a couple of the upper sails as yet unreefed, and snapping and wafting into the void some of the smaller spars, like leaves in a gust of autumn.

At this moment, as the captain came aft to give some directions to the helmsman, old Mr. Nowrath, in whose wrinkled face might be traced an expression of anxiety, which one would say had its origin less in any fear for his personal safety than for that of the treasure chests in his cabin, advancing with tottering footsteps, said :

“ What think you, captain?—are we in for a capfull of wind or a tornado? ”

“ We will have a great storm”, the other answered, “ and one, I fear, which will last longer than agreeable”.

“ You think, then, the ship may be in danger? ”

“ No immediate danger”, the captain returned, “ except the wind veers, as our present course is twenty miles, at least, north of Socotra yonder”, and he pointed to the long line of rugged coast to the south which they were passing, whose mountain ridges were faintly distinguishable against a low gleam of dead mysterious light in the sky.

Old Mr. Nowrath uttered an exclamation of thankfulness, and, invigorated by the assurance of the captain, was making his way to rejoin Alfred, who, leaning over the bulwark, was observing how fearfully level the sea had become, pressed down by the great force of the now incessant storm, when he stopped a moment to listen to the chat of two sailors, who, after descending from the rigging, spoke in a low tone together, behind a pile of bales, where, in the thick darkness, they believed themselves unobserved.

“ Thousands! aye, hundreds of thousands! ” said one of them, “ those chests he has in his cabin are full of gold”.

“ Then should anything happen the ship, Bill—and if the wind has us at its mercy a couple of hours hence among the Babelmandel shoals and rocks yonder, there are ten chances to one she 'll go by the board—we may make our fortune. You recollect when you and I were cast ashore in the year '82 on the Mexican coast. Oh! what a time we had in Valparaiso, to be sure, as long as the box of doubloons lasted”.

Here the boatswain's whistle once more set them on the alert, and

old Mr. Nowrath, whose terrors were not diminished by this fragment of gossip, making his way to the captain, was heard to make him a large promise, if he carried the ship safely through the storm, and if in the event of any disaster occurring, he saved his properties. Then he descended to the cabin. "He offers me ten thousand pounds to keep the men from rifling his treasure chest", muttered the captain, as he passed aft, holding one of the bulwarks: "should we drift to land on this coast, my control over the crew would be of little effect".

Alfred stood on deck for an hour or so, watching the increasing violence of the tempest, and the re-assured faces of the sailors, that, as the ship had plenty of sea-room, she would ride out the gale, descended to the cabin, where the roaring of the winds and the monotonous din presently lulled his wearied mind and senses into forgetfulness.

CHAPTER II.

Alfred had passed perhaps a couple of hours in an uneasy slumber, crossed by terrible fragmentary dreams, when he was suddenly awakened as by a blow, and when he recovered his consciousness, he found himself lying in a corner of the dark cabin, whither he had been thrown. Around and above reigned a chaotic tumult of sounds. Feeling his way to the companion ladder, amid a deluge of spray, he hastily ascended to the deck, when a single glance sufficed to show the catastrophe which had befallen the ship, which lay on her beam ends, the yards of the only remaining mast touching the sea. The sky was still black with night, through whose wild and dismal clouds the hurricane raged with increasing violence, propelling enormous masses of waves over her starboard side. Clinging to the solitary mast, it was some time before his eyes could penetrate through the tempest of spray and foam with which he was encompassed, and when at length an interval of a few seconds occurred between the breaking of the billows, looking forward, he perceived a long white drift, like a mass of snow on the black sea, at a little distance from the prow of the vessel, and was instantly aware that she had struck on a reef, and was rapidly sinking. Amid the roar of winds and waves, he presently distinguished the voices of some of the sailors, who were engaged in lowering one of the boats, and with much difficulty made his way towards them.

"All 's over, master", cried one, as he approached; "the ship, as you see, has drifted on one of the dam'd rocks in this here straight; there are twenty feet of water in the hold, and half an hour hence she'll be in pieces. Come, bear a hand here; the boats are our only chance now".

"Where is the captain?" inquired Albert.

"In the cabin. If you have anything you want to save, make to it, and be quick, d 'ye hear, for just now 'every man for himself' is the word".

Just then, a man appeared carrying a torch, by whose light Alfred managed, clinging to the bulwarks, to retrace his steps to the stairs of the chief cabin, into which he descended, when, seeing a light in that, which Mr. Nowrath had secured for the voyage, he hastily entered. Here he found the captain and a couple of the sailors, standing beside the old man, who, pointing to a chest, in which he appeared to have stored his money and jewels, was appealing to them, in accents of despair, to save his property.

"Yes, I promise you a thousand pounds a man", he screamed, "if you succeed in bringing this chest and myself to any shore—any place of safety; yes, a thousand bright guineas. Come, carry it on deck, and seize one of the boats; haste, in the name of Heaven".

"Bear a hand, men", said the captain, gloomily; then, turning to Mr. Nowrath, he said: "We will at least make a trial, and if we find the boat endangered, we can heave the chest over".

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, who appeared half maddened at the suggestion—"that must be a last resource. What! cast away the precious wealth I have passed my life in accumulating! No; it would be a crime, a crime. I will submit to death first. But come", he added, "the danger may not, nay, I am sure it is not, so great as you deem". The men hoisted the heavy chest on their shoulders, and, ascending the stairs, the captain, Mr. Nowrath, and Alfred following, and throwing it on the deck, commenced, under the captain's directions, to launch the largest of the ship's boats, assisted by several of their comrades. The moment it reached the water, several threw themselves into it. Alfred assisted the two sailors, to whom the promise had been made, to rope and lower the chest, and by his aid the old man finally found himself beside his treasure; then the captain leaped in, and Alfred was just preparing to follow, when a huge wave, rushing with irresistible violence along, swept the barge a considerable distance from the side of the vessel. For a little, he stood, expecting the men would pull back; but soon finding, from the fury of the sea, that their return was impossible, he hurried to the other boat, in which the men were just on the point of striking off, and, jumping into her, soon found himself mounting the mighty waves, and bearing away from the reef and vessel.

They had rowed about a couple of miles, possibly, when the wind appeared to lull, and a faint line of dawn, edging the eastern horizon, cast a ghastly light upon the scene. Hitherto they had proceeded in complete darkness, and now, for the first time, Alfred perceived that the boat was so crowded, that it seemed little less than a miracle it had lived so long amid the raging waters. The partial lull in the tempest, however, he hailed as a favourable omen, and said as much to one of the sailors beside him, all of whom had hastened aboard in despairing silence.

"Aye, the wind is lulling", replied the man, "and so much the worse; when it blew strong it kept down the sea, which will now rise

rapidly. In a boat so over-crowded, the chances of being swamped will increase every minute". A brief interval, indeed, proved the truth of the man's remark ; for now the sea, whose power, while repressed, had been but augmented by the tempest, began, on its cessation, to manifest, as it were, its compressed rage, swelling in monstrous billows, now burying the trembling boat in the awful chasm of the ocean—now, lifting it on their crests, seemed threatening to hurl it, light as a leaf, into the void. Ever and anon as they rose on each mountain of water, the increasing light disclosed a shore still at a considerable distance, with here and there near hand a scattered reef, recognized by the masses of boiling foam with which it was crowned—a sight at which the sailors grew suddenly pale, as from the height and power of the billows, such deadly spots on the adjacent sea, were hardly visible until under the very bows of the deeply laden and already water logged boat.

Fluctuating between hope and despair, the men still pulled vigorously forward—the shore which they approached was already so distinct that they could perceive the trees with which it was shadowed, when suddenly, as it descended the slope of a mighty wave, there was a shock—a terrible shriek, and Alfred found himself smothered in the deeps, then on the surface swimming with the strength of despair. For a while a cry here and there broke on his ears, then nothing but the surfy roar and hiss of the great waters through which he smote his way towards a clustre of black rocks, whose crests remained constantly visible among the waves, and which after a desperate and long sustained effort he reached. Clambering to the highest of these, he looked across the watery waste, in the hope of hailing some of his late comrades ; a glance, however, showed him that he alone of the boat's crew survived. The shore of the island, as it appeared, was still a mile distant, and the chances of reaching it seemed well nigh hopeless. He was debating with himself whether he should remain on the desolate reef, in the hope of signalling a ship, or adventure once more across the dread interval between him and land, when he perceived a plank floating at a little distance, and once more plunging into the sea, he was fortunate enough to reach it, and soon, supported by its buoyancy, found himself, slowly, ah! how slowly, but surely approaching the wished-for shore.

Already assured of safety, he was swimming forward, gallantly mounting each great wave, and not more than a hundred yards from the beach on which he heard the thunder of the surge, when suddenly a mountain of water overwhelmed him, wafting away the plank on which he had rested. Again, for a time, he found himself swimming for life ; then wave after wave, in rapid succession, rolled over him, smothering him in spray. The sun disappeared ; and, a helpless prey to the remorseless waters, he sunk into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER III.

How long this trance lasted he never could determine; but when returning consciousness visited his brain, and he opened his eyes, he found himself lying high up the beach of a bay serrating a rocky shore, under a ridge of high cliffs covered with trees and draping foliage. A feeling of dead numbness still pervaded his frame; his thoughts wandered; an intense light—that of the sun rising over the eastern waters—dazzled his vision; and, as yet uncertain whether his confused impressions were not still those of a dream, he once more closed his eyes. After a little, he was aroused by a sound near, like the plaintive cry of some wild animal, and gazing upwards for some moments, believed himself still in a vision. A girl knelt on the sand beside him, earnestly gazing on his countenance the while she felt at his heart for signs of returning life. On the yellow sand, at a little distance, stood a small gazelle, whose cry he had just recognized. Slowly he raised himself on his arm, and gazed at his strange new friend with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration. Her face—of the most perfect oval, and black as ebony was illuminated with an expression of suspense, tenderness, and delight, which enhanced its beauty; her eyes, soft as summer night, beamed with a tropical brilliancy; and as, retreated a step or two, she stood looking on him, her smiling mouth disclosed a row of teeth dazzlingly white. A deluge of dark tresses flowed over her shoulders, almost concealing her bosom; on her head she wore a chaplet of flowers; her small feet were bare, and her only garb consisted of a robe of cotton stuff much worn, which, tightened about her lithe waist by a girdle of silken grasses, descended to her ankles.

Alfred sprang upon his feet, and poured forth an incoherent rhapsody of gratitude and admiration, which a second's reflection showed him she could not comprehend; when, however, he took her hand gently and kissed it, she thanked him with a charming smile, allowing him to retain it, while her head declined in side-long, modest grace on her shoulder; then, after a pause, entered with voluble liveliness into a conversation, of whose language he comprehended nothing but the music, but which was rendered partially intelligible by her gestures, from which he gathered that she had heard the cries of men in a shipwrecked vessel in the previous storm, had remained wandering on the beach all night, and, when the sun rose, had come to the spot where he had lain, washed in by the waves on the spar to which he had clung, which, as it stood where she had lifted it against a rock near, she then approached, and, with innocent grace, impressed her lips on it, as though to express her gratitude for its being the means of his preservation. Presently Alfred pointed inland, and in pantomime made her understand that he wished to learn if the country was inhabited. She understood him at once; and standing a little apart, and making a circle round her in the sand, stood alone, raising her arm to the sun,

then springing forward, with a countenance beaming with joy, seized his hand once more in token of companionship, and forthwith commenced to lead him along the sands to a spot where, between two high wooded cliffs, a path opened into the green tree-covered interior of the hilly island.

While in India, Alfred had learned a little Arabic, and, as they travelled along, it was not without a strange delight that, as he pointed to this and that object, which she immediately named, he recognized, in an occasional word, a resemblance to several in that tongue, and that their representative meaning was verified by the objects indicated. Such words, however, were very few, and he afterwards found that, though a proportion of her vocabulary belonged to the Ethiopian dialect, that the greater number of sounds she uttered were a natural language of her own. Arrived at the summit of a rock, which commanded the round of the sea, he endeavoured to inquire whence she had come to the island, pointing towards the west and north, in the direction of Africa and Arabia, and how long she had, as he gathered, remained alone in this solitary region; upon which, quickly understanding him, she pointed to the west, made a sign as if rowing a boat, and then bent, so as to lessen her stature to that of a child. After which, throwing out her arms, as if to embrace the circuit of the island, she made him understand it was hers; and taking his hand again, made a similar motion to indicate that they were its joint possessors.

As they wandered along, his dark young guide plucked a beautiful flower, which grew in a cleft of one of the grassy cliffs, and presented it to him with a smile full of childish grace; and as, in the expressive pantomime of natural language in which they had already learned to express their thoughts, he inquired its name, she answered, Anulie; upon which, enwreathing it in the rich tresses which flowed from her small brow, he called her Anulie, pointing to her, and his own name pointing to himself; and this basis of recognition being established, they proceeded.

The island, which appeared to be some five miles in circumference, was a beautiful region, surrounded by a wall of high cliffs, some gaunt and bare, some covered with verdure, in the centre of which appeared a valley, partly covered by grass and flowers, partly shaded by clusters of trees and stretches of dark woodland, through which several streams wound to the valley regions, centring in a small lake, whose waters, as he found, were so transparent, that its rocky floor, overspread with aquatic flowery plants, was as visible as those on its border. Not a sound rippled the sunny air, save that of some rivulet singing along its steep insilient path from rock to rock, as it hastened to its transparent reservoir; or that of the arbourage on the heights, massed with cedar, sycamore, olive, and other tropical trees, through which the soft sea wind floating wave after wave, evoked a music of endless whispers, and bore at intervals to the plains beneath a hundred scents of

ripening lime and orange, or white acacia blossom exhaling in the sun. Standing by the clear lake, and looking now upon the delightful prospect which on all sides met the eye, and now on his strange and beautiful companion, who stood smiling beside him, while the perfumed airs murmured of love and plenteousness, and the golden sun looked down upon them like the benignant god of the clime, Alfred for a space almost believed himself still under the power of some dream or spell, which, within a brief interval, had transported him from the horrors of a watery death to this solitary and beauteous Eden of the sea. The reverie into which he had fallen was presently broken by Anulie, who, pointing to a shady cavern which opened in a steep pile of rocks at some distance, shaded by trees of gigantic growth, and draped with a thick coverture of parasitical plants, led the way thither, ever and anon turning her head over her shoulder, and beckoning him to follow. Arrived at the opening, which was narrow and low, the girl motioned him to enter, and then disappeared for a few moments, during which he had time to inspect the interior of, as he concluded, Anulie's island home. The roof, which was covered with emerald moss and trailers, here and there gave forth a sparry sparkle in the glare of light reflected from without. In one place was spread a couch of leaves and dry flowers, in another a few cups and vessels formed of gourds; at one side of the entrance appeared a natural well of coolest water enshrined in the rock; and at the other, leaning against the side of the cavern, a sort of door, rudely formed of interwoven branches. A delightful coolness pervaded the cavern, from whose mouth through the boughs of the great trees with which it was hooded, a pleasant vista opened of the green mead descending to the lake, and the pleasant valley with its varied clusters of trees, backed by the sheltering steeps beyond.

Hardly had he inspected the place when Anulie laughing joyously came bounding in, her arms heaped with abundant fruits, dates, grapes, and pomegranates, covered with the huge leaves of some tropical plant, which, when she had arranged them on the floor of the cave, she signalled him to breakfast, an invitation with which he quickly accorded, faint and hungry as he was after the cold and exhaustion consequent upon the catastrophe of the previous night. While thus engaged, Anulie, couched before him, manifested a silent delight, slenderly partaking herself of the viands, and rising ever and anon to bring him some dried fruit from a store secreted in one of the ledges of the cavern, or a gourd full of pure water from the chill reservoir near.

When this feast, which had refreshed and invigorated his frame, terminated, Anulie pointed to the bed of leaves, and closed her eyes, a pantomime by which he understood she inquired whether he would like to indulge in a sleep after his toil and weariness. Alfred, though still lost in surprise and enchantment at the novelty of the place in which he found himself, and the company of his wild and beau-

tiful savage hostess, was eagerly desirous to take a survey of the sea, conscious that at the part of the strait at which he had been wrecked, the passage of ships was no unfrequent occurrence; and emerging from the cavern, beckoned Anulie to follow. A brief survey showed him the highest point of the island—a pile of cliffs which arose to the east; and thither side by side they proceeded, the young girl pointing now to some lightly-coloured shrub, now to some richly-plumaged bird perched in the branches in whose pleasant twilight they walked, to whom, in her musical language, she appeared to refer as to her special friends—the natural companions of her solitude.

It was already noon when, after passing through a ravine overgrown with tangled herbage, from whose rocky sides a hundred springs trickled, they reached the summit of the highest cliff, which commanded a prospect of the island and the surrounding ocean. To the east, arose dim in the distance, amidst a low range of hills, what Alfred conjectured to be Socotra; and here and there, in other directions, a few rocks or rocky isles remote dotted the azure floor of the sea, around which he strained his sight in expectation of seeing the white sails of some vessel, but without avail; sea, sky, and rock alone met his view. Once, after gazing for some time towards one point, where he fancied he perceived a sail, which however resolved itself into a cloud, as he sat down beside Anulie, and gently passed his fingers through the rich masses of hair which clustered around her, he was surprised to find that she had become silent; and, after looking in the direction to which he had bent his gaze, and then turning a penetrating glance upon him, bent her head amid her long tresses, the while an expression, new and strange, of childish distrust, mingled with melancholy, fell upon her hitherto animated countenance. Sighing and silent, with averted brow, she for some time occupied herself plucking the flowers which sprung in a crevice of the cliff, and when she raised her eyes, it was to gaze on the sea, which one would have said she regarded with a feeling of dislike and sadness. Though hardly trusting to the vague impression he received of the sudden change in the demeanour of the beautiful creature with whom he had become so strangely associated, and whose conduct had naturally awakened a feeling of affection and gratitude, he arose, purposing to revisit the cliffs later in the day, and, taking her hand, pointed to the valley, a signal which she quickly answered, and while her face resumed its previous joyous expression, they again descended the ravine together.

The remainder of the day was passed in collecting fruit from the trees, storing them up in the cavern, and in rambling about the island, where Anulie now brought her friend to some nook or meadow covered with flowers of the richest hues and perfumes—now to some leafy cave where a spring pulsed in its crystal fountain, affording shade and refreshment during the intense heat of the sky—now to some grove where birds flocked around her as she scattered them their favourite

food—now to the lake, whose fish, similarly attracted, thronged in shining shoals to the margin of the waters. Thus many pleasant hours went by. When, however, as the sun was setting, Alfred once more climbed one of the heights to see if a ship was in sight, he found Anulie lagging behind with a disaffected air, and when, his survey of the sea proving nugatory, he descended calling her name, he was surprised she had disappeared. For a time he searched through the leafy ravines whose echoes resounded Anulie, and then proceeded towards the cavern, whither he thought she had preceded him, when, just as he was approaching, she came running towards him, and in playful anger made him understand, that if he persisted in looking after ships, she would hide herself for ever from his view.

Once more in the cavern while partaking of their evening feast, Alfred, who was surprised at not having observed traces of any wild animals in the island natural to the latitude in which it lay, inquired whether Anulie had ever seen any. No; nothing but birds, insects, and fishes; and laughingly she represented the movements and cries of her companions. As however, glancing round at the door which she had formed to barricade the entrance of the cavern, he then inquired why she had formed it if she had no danger to apprehend, he perceived an expression of uneasiness and fear pervade her face; that she shuddered, and evaded the subject as though wishing to conceal from him something which might make the island disagreeable, and so stimulate him to hasten his escape. The repast over, they wiled away the hour of twilight singing alternate songs, an amusement in which they took a reciprocal delight. Alfred long listened with wonder, for Anulie possessed the sweetest voice—a natural melodist whose strains all arising from her experience, imaged the daily tenour of island life—the birds saluting the dawn, the wind whispering through the trees, the murmur of the rivulet through the rock, and of the waves along the shore. The moon had already risen, when she rose, pointing to a cave at some little distance which she purposed to occupy, having resigned her own to her companion. Then both occupied some time in collecting armfulls of leaves and carrying them thither, when Anulie, after bestowing on him an endearing salute, bade him adieu, and retiring to his cavern and throwing himself on his couch of flowers and leaves he was soon wrapped in slumber. Next morning when Anulie arrived at the entrance of the cavern—stretching forth her hands as customary when meeting him—he perceived that she still wore carefully secured in her hair, a flower which he had given her the previous evening. A new light also, as of a bright awakened spirit, beamed in her face; her manner was now more reserved than previously, but still more attractive and endearing; she was more silent, more pensive—while ever and anon in the pauses of their converse or occupation, a sigh heaved her gentle bosom—evincing the birth of a new emotion of whose nature she was ignorant. Alfred's heart beat as he observed those signs of innocent love in this beautiful savage girl; and he felt that the feeling which simultaneously pos-

sessed his heart, was recognized with a secret joy by Anulie, in whom the arts natural to a new state of being were displayed in new graces, new coqueties, new tendernesses. On this day, as they roved side by side through the sunny meadows and leafy walks of the isle, in a novel atmosphere of enchantment, Anulie seemed for the first time to have forgotten her previous companions. Though the fish as usual approached the border of the lake, and the birds hovered round her when she visited the fragrant alleys where they dwelt, she appeared to have ceased to notice them. Sitting beside Alfred under a group of thick-leaved palmetta trees, she passed hours in weaving a great grass hat to shade him from the sun; then busied herself in collecting the sweetest fruit for their evening meal; and as they wandered hither and thither, held his hand between her own, as though fearful—possessed for the first time of a human companion—lest she should lose him.

Six days—days of richly deepening charm—fled away. The novelty of his life, the delightful scenes that the island presented, the wild graces of his lovely companion, the delightful sensation with which his soul expanded under the talismanic power of passion, combined to form a series of impressions like those of some wild enchanted dream, from which he feared to awake. Living in an Eden with one so beautiful, love already possessed him, and resistlessly he abandoned his whole being to its influence.

As the sixth evening of his island life was rounding to its close, and they gazed on the golden sun, whose disk, seen through a green cavern of trees, already touched the waters, a more than usual melancholy saddened Anulie's sweet face, as she looked on the sinking day. When it had disappeared, encircling his head with her arm, she gazed a moment in his eyes with wild tenderness; then Alfred observed a strange expression of awe darkening her declined brow, which he could not comprehend. An hour passed in silence, and darkness had already set in, when Alfred accompanied her to the entrance of her leafy cave, bade her adieu, kissing her lip for the first time, and then regained his accustomed resting place.

Throwing himself on his bed of flowers, he was surprised to find that sleep had forsaken him; he tossed from side to side; his heart beat audibly; a hundred thoughts thronged his brain. He loved and was beloved. Conscience and passion contended in his soul. He felt abandoned to a train of emotions fraught with danger and delight, in which, for the hour, the memory of his distant home was obliterated. Then in a calmer mood he thought—should fortune send a ship to the island, how he would bring his wild and endearing companion to England, have her educated, and placed in a happy condition of life; he thought of her natural graces, beauty, tenderness, the simple strength of the untutored affections she had manifested toward him. The shadowy air which marked the hour of midnight, swept through the trees in the vale, and amid the foliage which hooded the entrance of his resting place, ere sleep visited his brain.

Earlier than usual Anulie's joyous voice awaked him. She had already gathered some clusters of fresh morning fruit for their mutual meal, of which, happier than they had ever been before, they partook; and then walked together through a ravine which led to the shore. There was a mist on the sea; and as they descended the pass, Alfred thought he recognized a ship in the haze of the morning, but the appearance was still vague, and he did not indicate the impression he had received to his companion, whose keen eyes nevertheless had assured her of its presence.

Acting on a quick instinct and encircling his neck with her arm, she led him toward a deep cavern in the steep, at one side of which a rocky promontory shut out the point at which they had mutually and silently directed their attention, and soon entered its portal. The sun glowed hotly into the sparry chamber, while Anulie sought by a hundred gentle graces and endearments to prevent her lover from leaving the cavern, lest he should see the dreaded vessel. Never had she seemed to him so beautiful, so charming, as in the caressing mood she had now assumed, but of whose purpose he was ignorant. His blood bounded through his veins—his head swam, and telling Anulie that he was about to take his customary bath in the sea, he hurried from the cavern where he desired her to await his return.

Arrived some distance off, Alfred plunged into the waves, and swimming out, rounded the rocky promontory—when, O joy! there indeed a vessel met his view, and a boat just lowered seemed approaching the shore. Alfred hailed it, and saw the signal returned, then dressed himself and mounting one of the rocks awaited its approach. While thus filled with emotions of unwonted happiness and excitement, he was watching the boat rapidly nearing, his ear was suddenly startled and pained by a shriek from the cavern where he had left Anulie—succeeded by another and another. Thinking that some accident might have happened her from penetrating into its dark recesses—that she might have fallen into a chasm—he hurried along the sands and rushed into its depths, crying her name in a voice of despairing agony. At first when he had penetrated into its outer winding, all was dark; then, as gradually as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, a terrible spectacle met his view. An immense serpent had seized Anulie, who, enveloped in its monstrous folds, lay suffering the last agonies of death before him. Endowed on the instant with the strength of a giant, he rushed forward, unsheathed his knife, and attacking the monster, cleft and tore its huge coils, and in a little time tearing its head from the body had released the girl from its grasp. Then lifting he carried her to the sands at the mouth of the cavern and gently bent over her in an agony of love and despair. At first she seemed breathless—dead; then, as if the consciousness of his presence had restored her for a moment, she opened her eyes, tried to utter some broken words, raised her lips to his, and sunk on the sands—dead.

How long Alfred remained in the dread senseless stupor of torture

and grief which this event occasioned, he knew not. When he came to himself he found that he was on board the vessel, and that the island was leagues away. His beautiful island companion he heard had been kindly buried on the shore by the men, who knowing the place, whither they had come to water, was uninhabited, had brought him with them to the vessel.

So fearful was the shock produced by the death of Anulie, that months had elapsed before Alfred, after reaching England and home, was restored to his pristine health, bodily and mental. About a year after his arrival, he was amazed one day by encountering in London his fellow passenger, Mr. Nowrath, between whom and him a close intimacy ensued, and who at his death, which took place shortly after, bequeathed him a large legacy. Though, however, fortune smiled on his career, the incident of his life in the island remained for ever fixed in his heart's memory, like a dream of mingled loveliness and terror.

LIFE IN THE TEMPLE.

I AM writing from the classic region of "Brick Court". Intrinsically there is nothing very striking about it; a few old brick houses, brown and shabby, with small windows and doors, and rickety staircases. But there are associations which crowd every nook and corner, and in my mind give this old place an air of solemn beauty. It was here Dr. Oliver Goldsmith lived and died—at No. 2, a few doors from my chambers; and on the first floor underneath him, Sir William Blackstone compiled the materials for his *Commentaries*. Of the two men I prefer Goldsmith. He was my countryman; and apart from all considerations of this kind, I am indebted to him for greater enjoyment and information.

There is a friend of mine who lives now in the chambers which Goldsmith actually occupied. No great change appears to have occurred there. The old mantel-piece and wainscoting are still extant, and altogether it wears the look of being haunted by some erudite spirit. My friend, who is an inveterate dreamer, often sits in his window in the dusk of evening, and conjures up images of the days gone by. I found him, a few evenings since, buried in a capacious easy chair, with a favourite volume. He was in communion with the genius of his predecessor. It enhances the enjoyment of a book wonderfully when you feel that the writer of it once lived in, and breathed the atmosphere of, the very room in which you sit—that the same objects meet the eye—that the old mantel-piece and wainscoting, and tiled roofs over the way, and flagged court-yard underneath, were all as familiar objects to him as they are to you now. Can you not imagine little Goldsmith sitting there, with the sheets of his *Animated Nature* scattered round him, receiving a visit from Burke and Garrick,

and Dr. Johnson puffing his way up the narrow staircase? When you read the thoughts of the dead man, do you not feel the influence of a mysterious presence? There is some secret link which binds you to him more closely, and unlike the mere ordinary reader, his words have such an impressive reality about them as if you were listening to the very sound of his voice. I, at least, have always thought so; and my friend the dreamer, who sits at the window in the twilight of the evenings (and the middle ages), agrees with me fully.

And this house, No. 2 Brick Court, has its melancholy associations also. It was, here death closed the career of one of the gentlest and most gifted of mankind. Forster, in his biography of Goldsmith, gives the following description of the scene which occurred there after his death:—

“The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great solitary wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. He had domestic mourners too: his coffin was re-opened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sisters (such was the regard he was known to have for them!) that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn’s possession when she died, after nearly seventy years”.

I have never heard, though very curious about it, that the ghost of the departed poet at all troubles the present occupiers of those chambers. He never gave much trouble when living to anybody but himself, and probably he has carried that same charitable rule with him to another world.

“Living in chambers” is a distinct phase of existence. Here we are in the very heart of the great city, with the sea of life constantly surging to and fro at our gates, and yet we are as completely isolated, and live a life as unlike that of the rest of our fellow-beings, as if we were the inhabitants of the great Sahara. Within the precincts of the Temple there is a little social republic; it has its own peculiar usages and laws, obedience to which is rigidly enforced; yet the source of authority is unseen, and no one is conscious of the jurisdiction to which he is amenable. The machinery of government in this respect is so perfect, that a violation of any rule is a thing of very rare occurrence. There is, too, a strong *esprit du corps*, and the habit of obedience to particular customs makes social intercourse amongst the Templars extremely agreeable; yet, notwithstanding the terms of easy familiarity upon which they live, there is a very decisive *étiquette* in all their acts.

Brown and I “chum” together—that is to say, Brown, who lives in the west end, pays half the expense of chambers, and I have the advantage of residence.

I take Brown and myself as representing the normal condition of life in the Temple. He comes in the mornings to “look after business”, which, not being over oppressive at present, allows both of us

sufficient leisure for any better engagement we may choose to follow. Brown is of a desultory turn of disposition ; he is sometimes seized with a terrible passion for reading, but the fit is not generally of very long duration, and his enthusiasm goes off into some other channel—boating, or the gloves, or private theatricals. He is never afflicted with ennui, for he has always some project on hands of the most vital importance ; and being a man of universal accomplishments, the variety of his schemes always insures to him a remarkable degree of freshness and interest. He is far more fortunate than I am in this regard, for I find time to hang woefully heavy on my hands sometimes.

I generally read in the mornings down to dinner hour, and attend the courts ; then, in the evenings, a walk in the gardens, an hour or so with a friend, and a little more reading, winds up my day. This, no doubt, must appear a very monotonous programme, but it has its changes and reliefs. There is an occasional night at the "Socials" and "The Codgers' Hall", and a host of other inventions to kill time, too numerous to mention. This Temple, which looks so grave and solemn in the daylight, is betimes roused from its lethargy, and the musty court-yards are made resound with some of their old echoes. Sociability is one of the good customs which the first Templars have bequeathed to their followers, and it is only due to the latter to say that they have guarded it with becoming spirit and reverence. A description of a "Call Party" in the Temple is the best evidence I can adduce of this fact ; but first let me look into some of the records of how they lived here long ago—those venerable worthies, whose terrible implements of warfare still hang fearfully from the walls of the Dining Hall, and whose escutcheons still proudly decorate the pannellings thereof.

In Pearce's History of the Inns of Court, there is an amusing description of "The Revels" at the Temple. It is intended as a grave historical narrative of the things done there ; but, without knowing it, the writer has drawn a picture more replete with humour than if Fielding had imagined and described the scene. "Dinner being ended", he says, "the judges and sergeants were ushered either into the garden or some other retiring place till the hall was cleared and prepared. The judges and sergeants having returned, the ancient reader took his stand at the upper end of the bar table ; the puisne reader placing himself at the cupboard in the middle of the hall, where, as soon as the music had struck up, he called twice for the Master of Revels. The ancient, with his white staff, then advanced and began to lead the measures, followed by barristers and students, all according to their several antiquities, and when one measure was ended, the reader at the cupboard called for another, and so on in order. Before the conclusion of the last dance, the functionary at the cupboard called to one of the gentlemen of the bar to give the judges a song, and the call being responded to, the company joined in chorus". What rare days were those, when the ancient, with his white staff, lead the measures, and judges joined in a chorus. Would n't it be a pretty sight to see the

present Lord Chancellor tripping it on the light fantastic round the hall, followed by barristers and students? But although the *Lord of Misrule* has ceased to be an official personage in the Temple, and draughts of Hippocras are as rare as draughts of Nectar, there is a strong spirit of conviviality still amongst us. It is the essence of a lawyer's education to be sociable; if not, to what purpose is "keeping terms" made a mere matter of drinking so many pints of wine, and eating so many loins of beef and mutton? The study of law, properly so called, is by no means the dry, uninteresting thing which people imagine. You have to learn a great many things, and most especially to be a good fellow, even before the faintest conception of the rule in *Shelby's* case reaches your mind. All the traditions of the place point to the correctness of this statement.

A "call party" at the Temple is perhaps only a faint echo of the boisterous revelry which prevailed there formerly, but, being quietly disposed, it is in most instances sufficiently strong for me. When Brown was called, he gave a party which must ever remain a golden page in the records of Temple Life.

Some call parties, I am sorry to say, are terribly dull, and it is a curious fact in connexion with the philosophy of such things, that the character of the host is reflected through them in a most incomprehensible manner. If he be a real property man, beware! it is certain to be a most leaden reunion. You will have nothing but "shop" the whole night, and the question of contingent remainders discussed in its most minute bearings; but if he be a man devoted to what may be called the light literature of the profession, you need entertain no such apprehensions of being bored. When all guests assembled at Brown's, it was evident to the most superficial observer, that we were in for a jolly night. To speak the language of those gentlemen who draw such eloquent pictures of civic feasts and other feasts, the wine, of which there was an abundant supply, was of the choicest vintage; but, as for the guests, there was the writer of the last sensation novel, there was the celebrated comic author and actor, who was drawing three times a week such crowded houses, and splitting the sides of his audience, "with immense applause", and besides these, an endless variety, consisting of authors, barristers, doctors, artists, men on town, whose occupation was chiefly that of killing time, and who might be officers or young gentlemen from the country, with large incomes and unlimited capacity for spending the same. Of course there were speeches, but not many until late on in the night, when a highly promising amount of eloquence was displayed by those of the legal profession present. If there be any one thing most of all others of which I have a horror, it is after-dinner or after-supper oratory. Some time ago I dined with a friend who, I am sorry to say, is grievously afflicted by an after-dinner speech-making mania; we were exactly twelve, and we had exactly twenty seven speeches, all the grossest rubbish, as a matter of course, and very badly delivered. Now, how can human endurance

stand such an ordeal this? I bore it all very patiently then, but I conceived a silent resolve to be more prudent for the future.

But to return. Brown's health was proposed, and "without the remotest intention to flatter", as it was ingenuously declared by the speaker, he was pronounced to be the epitome of all that was good and great. A path of glory was then traced out, upon which he, Brown, was sure to tread, and a confident vaticination indulged in, rendered still more impressive by repeated blows on the table, that Brown would yet sit on the Bench, if not the Woolsack; "and", concluded the eloquent and learned gentleman, "I am certain that the ermine has never rested, and never will rest, on the shoulders of a man more likely to do honour to his profession and his country". A vehement burst of applause greeted this last effort, and Brown's health was drunk with the conventional enthusiasm of men who call you "a jolly good fellow", and drink your wine with a hip, hip, hurrah! Brown responded with his usual modesty, and then commenced the serious business of the night. There are certain things which, novelists say, can be better imagined than described. Probably, the events of this night may be numbered in such a category. Given a large preponderance of Irishmen, with Englishmen, and Frenchmen from the Mauritius, and a few dusky children of the East and West Indies, and wine *ad libitum*—all united for the purpose of celebrating the event indicated, and you can draw your own conclusions as to its character. There was a perfectly cosmopolitan spirit prevailing. Frenchmen danced the Irish jig, and Irishmen the *can can*, and the swarthy West Indian whirled his long limbs in the rounds of the Highland fling. I draw a discreet veil over the closing scenes of that night's revelry. It was discussed in the hall next day, and it was generally acknowledged that Brown's call party had far surpassed anything of the kind within legal memory—a span of time by no means inconsiderable.

At present the revels at the temple are confined to the junior members of the profession; formerly it was considered by no means *infra dig.* for the gravest and weightiest of the big wigs to join in them. It is recorded that the last "revel" in any of the inns was held in the Inner Temple when Talbot was raised to the Woolsack. It appears that on that occasion the benchers danced, and a play was performed by actors from the Haymarket, "who came in chairs ready dressed".

One is prone to play the part of *laudator temporis acti* when writing of such places and such times: for my part, I don't envy antiquity its honours, and am quite satisfied with things as they stand.

C. F. W.

A LEGEND OF NORSELAND.

[A maiden, charmed by the singing of the elf-king, is lured by him to the mountain, which opens to receive them, and closes again when they have entered. Her relative happening to be near the spot, hears her cry for help. If the church bell be rung beside the hill till sunset, the spell will be broken and the girl rescued. The bell is taken down from the steeple, and, with the assistance of all the village, brought to the mountain and set in motion. Already the sun is setting, when the rope breaks, and the maiden has disappeared for ever.]

THE elfin king was singing,
 Singing a thrilling lay ;
 Aloud the strain was ringing
 Thro' the pines at close of day :

 Thro' the pines of the old Norse forest,
 Which stood beside the sea—
 He was singing a song of the fairy land,
 And the notes rang wild and free ;

 And the breeze which came in from the ocean,
 In at the close of day,
 Bearing the music on its wing
 Carried it far away ;

 Carried it over the mountain,
 Carried it over the glen,
 Carried it under the hollow hill,
 Where the echoes sang it again.

 Now a maiden was wending homeward,
 Home ere the sun went down ;
 And she passed by the forest beside the sea,
 On her way to the old Norse town.

 Fair was the Norseland maiden,
 With her hair of sunny hue—
 With her ruddy cheeks and coral lips,
 And laughing eyes of blue.

 Careless she wandered homeward,
 And loitered by the way,
 When the elfin song came over the hill
 From ever so far away.

 Never were notes so sweet before—
 Will never, I trow, again.
 The maiden paused, and turned, entranced,
 And followed the thrilling strain :

Followed it over the mountain,
 Followed it over the glen,
 Followed it by the hollow hill,
 Where the echoes sang it again;

Followed it into the forest of pines,
 Down to the ocean shore;
 And sweeter thrilled the fairy song,
 And seemed to fly before.

And ever the maiden followed,
 Till she came to the elfin king,
 Where he sate on the side of a barren hill,
 In the midst of a fairy ring.

He sang till she came within the ring,
 Then seized her by the hand,
 And they sank together thro' the earth
 Into the Fairy Land.

There came a man to the old Norse town,
 "Up and awake", cried he;
 "For a maiden is lured by the elfin king,
 To the mountain by the sea.

"If the bell of the village church be rung
 Till sunset by the hill,
 The spells will fail, she may yet be saved—
 'T is an hour to sundown still".

Up rose the men of giant limb—
 The Norsemen of the town,
 They hurried along to the old gray tower,
 And the mighty bell took down.

They bore it away over wold and glen,
 To the mountain by the sea;
 They set it up in a lofty pine,
 And they tolled it loud and free.

The shadows of evening longer grew,
 The sun was touching the sea,
 And still the bell in the lofty pine
 Was tolling loud and free.

Into the breast of the crimson wave
 Slowly sank the sun,
 And still the peal was ringing out—
 The task was nearly done:

When, crashing away through the faithless tree,
 Came down the ponderous bell;
 And, as it was hushed, a solemn fear
 On the stalwart Norsemen fell;

For they heard, as the sun was hidden,
 Come floating o'er the strand,
 The wail of the maiden lost for aye,
 By a spell of fairy land.

ASPECTS OF FRENCH MILITARY LIFE.

“Do you know what glory is?” asked a bronzed veteran of the imperial guard, of a young conscript who had lately left his quiet home in the country to become a soldier, and then proceeded to explain —“If you fall on the field of victory, you will be immortalized in perpetuity”. To us, who have a strong infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood in our veins, think as we will about it, this illustration of glory must seem slightly exaggerated. Posthumous honour is no doubt an agreeable reflection to smooth our way into another life, but its actual enjoyment is beyond the reach of all living men—Frenchmen excepted.

In the military economy of France every influence is present calculated to stimulate the growth of this sentiment, not like England, where a shilling a day pension, and possibly a sergeant’s stripes, form the pinnacle of a soldier’s ambition. And although we do not fully accept the ethnological view of the question, as regards the relative capacities of Englishmen and Frenchmen for military purposes, still there is a vast deal in favour of the theory that the Celtic race is superior in that respect. The men who fought under the banner of the Cæsars were Celts, as well as those who followed Marshal M’Mahon to victory at Magenta and Solferino, and to-day in that fearful American struggle, Celtic blood is lavishly shed, and Celtic valour nobly vindicated. But the influence which makes *La Gloire* ever present to a French soldier’s mind, is the character of the training he receives. He has always before him the possibility of attaining the highest position in his profession, and even a marshal’s baton is by no means an unrealisable hope for the humblest soldier in the ranks.

The Zouave is at present the type of the French soldier, and in treating of this subject we can do no better than give a brief account of the formation of that celebrated corps. The first Zouave force was formed in Algeria, in 1830, under Lamoriciere. They were the *indigènes* or natives of the country, and received their name from a confederation of tribes called in Arabic Zouous, amongst whom the Dey of Algiers was accustomed to recruit his infantry. There were also a great num-

ber of Frenchmen who were obliged, like a great many others, to leave their country for their country's good, drafted into this newly formed army, which still continued to wear the eastern costume, and soon won fame by their exploits against the Arabic guerillas. As the force increased, the natives were withdrawn, and the Zouave battalions became gradually filled with the picked men of France ; out of the natives were formed another force, the terrible Turcos, who have rivalled their predecessors in recklessness and bravery. Still the Zouaves, although now completely French, retain many traces of their first formation ; they have a remarkable Bedouin look about them, and from their dark visages bronzed by long exposure to an African sun, they are frequently mistaken for genuine Arabs.

The following interesting account of a bivouac of Zouaves on duty in the mountains of Algeria, is taken from the history of that corps, by the Duke d'Aumale.

"See them approach the place of bivouac and prepare for the night. Some of the men leave their ranks, and run to the nearest source of water to fill the cans of the detachment before the water shall be rendered muddy by the horses and camels. The faggots for firing have been prepared beforehand, and are ready on the top of the knapsacks. The halt is sounded ; the battalion draws up, and extends out in a line in pre-assigned position ; the company on guard in advance. Whilst the superior officers proceed to place the posts, the little canvas tents are set up, and the fires lighted as if by magic. Then the fatigue company busy themselves with the distribution of victuals and cartridges ; the cooking men set to work ; others cut up wood to provide for the night-fires ; some are cleaning their arms ; others are mending their clothes with the aid of the never-failing '*trousse*' (i.e. housewife's case, whence the *trousseau* of a bride) of French soldiers, which, they say, at first always produced a laugh from their allies in the Crimea. The soup is soon ready, being made without the newly distributed meat, for this is destined to boil all night and figure in the morning repast. The evening soup is made with onions, lard, a little white bread, and whatever else *des vivres* the *ordinaire*, or common stock, contains".

When the French army is campaigning in Algeria, the soldier's live, as they term it, *sont ordinaire ensemble*, that is, each man is allotted his own distinct and separate function. One is to procure fire-wood, another to cook, another to make the coffee, another to look after the tents and the sleeping arrangements, etc. Probably some of our readers have been puzzled by what they consider the absurdity of a private soldier using a pair of bayonets or the sword bayonet and the "*coupe chou*" (i.e. cabbage-cutter) which latter is by no means an implement of warfare, but is simply used for such purposes as are indicated by its name. The Duc d'Aumale goes on to sketch the genius of the Zouave for cooking, and his innumerable expedients for making a good dinner out of nothing, a rare talent for a soldier, and one which the English troops felt the loss of in the Crimea.

"The evening soup is made *au café* ; that is to say, the liquid coffee is thickened with biscuit-dust, and made into a sort of paste, which would, perhaps, not be to every one's taste, but yet is strong and nourishing. Or else, may be, the sportman and the angler of the detachment have helped to furnish the mess with something,

such as a hare, or a tortoise, or a hank of fish; not to mention certain succulent dishes, which are occasionally relished on the sly, such as a fowl or a kid, the origin of which is not always orthodox. The soup has been eaten; the last pipe smoked; and the joyous chorus sung. While the sleeping comrades lie snug in their tents between their two quilts, the guard patrol in silence and change their position, lest it may have been perceived by the watchful enemy. The sentinel that was in sight on the top of the hill has disappeared; but, if you follow the officer of the guard in his rounds, he will point out to you, despite the darkness, on the slope of the hill, a Zouave lying on his stomach close to the summit, which exactly hides him, his eyes on the watch and his finger on the trigger".

The equipments of the Zouaves in active service are as remarkable as everything else connected with them. The "*tente-abris*", or canvas tent, unlike the large lumbersome affairs which form portion of the impediments of an English soldier, is formed of eight pieces, each of which, with a portion of the poling, is carried by every soldier; so that the erection of a tent with the Zouaves is the work of a moment, and the system used completely dispenses with the bother of camp-carts and horses, etc. A Zouave can climb the highest mountain, and pitch his tent, and make himself comfortable, without the slightest trouble. As necessity is the mother of invention, so this very admirable idea sprung from the fact of the 17th Light Regiment being obliged to unsew their knapsacks to make shelter, and tie them together on poles fixed in the ground. The colonel was struck with the experiment, and availed himself of it afterwards in his regiment. A Zouave, in heavy marching order, carries a weight which, under a hot sun and on a long march, requires a strong back; it is no less than sixty pounds. Yet those light-hearted fellows swagger along as gaily as if it were only so many ounces.

The following is a list of the contents of a Zouave's knapsack, not including his cat, which is his inseparable companion, and partner of all his joys and his sorrows: a portion of the tent and poles, a quilt, heavy-hooded cloak, can, ration of bread, small wooden bowl, and tin quart pot. In the interior of the knapsack: a pair of gaiters, two shirts, pair of shoes, an account-book, a little bag (*the trousses*), containing an awl, fine needles, scissors, red, yellow and black thread, and a thimble. Besides this, there were four brushes, a pack of cards, gun-screws, boxes of grease and cosmetics, two pocket-handkerchiefs, five packets of cartridges, and various other little things in the shape of love-letters, *carte-de-visites*, and souvenirs of *home*, which the wild Zouave never forgets.

The Zouave uniform is so well known that it would be superfluous to give any description of it. It is the Algerine costume in the colours of the French infantry, and has the advantage of leaving every movement of the body perfectly free. The Zouaves now form the elite of the French army, and magnificent fellows they are, no doubt. Here is the Zouave's description of himself, as pourtrayed in a popular ballad entitled *La Ronde des Zouaves*:-

“Le Zouave est un vrai lion
 Brûlé par le soleil d’Afrique
 Pour enfoncer un bataillon
 Il possède un’ bagnet magique
 Faut il opérer un razzaïa
 On gaiment vider une cage ?
 Viv’ le Zouave (ter) viv’ le Zouave (bis).”

Look at the Zouave striding along one of the streets in Paris, with his shaved head, his broad shoulders, and his swinging step, and you will be convinced that he is the first soldier in the world. He possesses too, in addition to the desperate valour of his Algerine predecessors, a strong share of their dispositions for plunder. This is a characteristic out of which the Zouave takes an especial pride, and glories in calling himself *un chacal* (jackal).

A Zouave officer describes this corps as follows :—

“Despite an uninterrupted succession of severe labours, in painful marches, terrible fights, and renewed attacks, nothing can lower the gaiety of the Zouave, true type of a French soldier under a foreign name, preserving his light spirits whether he be climbing an arid mountain under the burning sky of Africa, weighed down by his arms, his viatuals, and all his pack of necessaries, or cowering in a muddy trench, under a rigorous Russian winter, the air freezing with snow, he, while seeking to warm his numbed limbs, jokes cheerfully with his companions-in-arms, and aids them sedulously. Or else at the bivouac, after a long march, he sets up his *etta tent*, and, having lit the fire to cook his *turtaise* (a mess composed of biscuit, rice, and lard), and enjoyed a delicious smoke of his *bouffarde*, or pipe, he begins to chant *Le Chacal*.

This ballad, *Le Chacal*, is the war song of the Zouaves, and paints in vivid colours their wild and reckless habits. After having drawn the Zouaves favourite comparison between himself and the jackal, he goes on to sing :—

D’abord montrons—le dans la plaine;
 Pour la marche à lui le pompon;
 S’il faut courir à perdre haleine,
 Il ne vous dira jamais non.
 Il n’a pas appris au gymnase
 L’art de fatiguer un cheval
 Qui ne craint pas qu’ a ou le remasse?
 C’est un chacal.
 Courant, ou fumant la bouffarde
 Il faut le voir en razzia,
 A tout prix, il faut, qu’il chaparde;
 Qui, malgré vous il pillera
 En vrai corsaire on crépuscule
 De l’ Arabo au pied matinal
 Tentes, villages, qui teut brûlé?
 C’est un chacal.
 Au pied de l’ Atlas à l’ armée
 France, tu dois un monument
 A la figure basanée
 Place au Zouave à l’ oeil ardent!
 Qu’ il exprime bien nos misères!
 Et grave sur le piédestal:
 Il vaut ce que valaient nos peres!
 C’est un chacal.

Another remarkable feature of the Zouave regiments, is the great affection which subsists between the officers and men. There is none of that cold and distant demeanour among them, which is a matter of necessity in the British army, and without which no discipline could be retained. You will see the same officers and the privates arm-in-arm when duty is over: but when we remember that that young Zouave may be of the noblest blood of France, who has lost his fortune and his position in the gaieties of Paris life, and joins the army to fight his way back to both again, we must not be surprised. The Zouave officer from whom we have already quoted, gives the following account of his companions in arms:—

"The officers are generally chosen from line regiments, among the most vigorous men, both morally and physically, full of energy, carrying the love of their colours to its furthest boundary; for, always ready to face danger, they seek glory more than advancement. Like all their comrades, they know that, in their noble profession, they ought not to think of fortune. To lead their soldiers, to give them an example in all the military virtues, are their only cares. Our ancestors said: *noblesse oblige*. They voluntarily apply this noble motto to themselves. Their nobility does not consist in old family parchments, but in the uniform they wear, giving them the titles of officer and Zouave, of which they feel justly proud. Attachment to the corps, that religion of the soldier, is carried to its highest pitch amongst this force. Many simple soldiers in it would not consent to change their turbans for the galloon braid of under-officers of other corps. Many under-officers, and even officers, have been known to prefer waiting for their advancement, remaining Zouaves, rather than obtain it by joining other regiments. Between the soldiers and officers of this corps there exists a confraternity, which, instead of breaking down discipline, only fortifies it. The officer sees in the soldier a companion in danger and glory, rather than an inferior. Aware that *stomach-affection* is not an idle word, he unceasingly endeavours to preserve his men from useless privations. In African deserts, where one is exposed to feel the want of the necessaries of life, he does not hesitate to aid his men by all the means in his power, to lend his beasts of burden, and advance money that the porridge pot may not be empty. In return the soldier professes a great affection for his officer; he is devoted to him, and has even a filial respect for him. Although the discipline is severe, he does not oppose the inflicted punishments. In battle he never leaves his chief; guards him; risks his life to protect and save him; and if his captain is wounded, prevents his falling into the hands of the enemy. On bivouac he keeps his officer's fire alight, and takes care of his horse and mule. If he happens to obtain some fruit or game, he brings them to him. Convinced of the wish their captains have of seeing them well fed on expedition, the soldiers often desire that a portion of their pocket-money should be employed to buy provisions for the trou or division. The colonel in a regiment of Zouaves is the respected chief of the general tribe, who see in him the father of the family."

The officers of the French regiments, as a general rule, have by no means a social position equal to that of English officers. They have nothing but their pay, and are therefore unable to move in society. This is another reason why the "tented field" is the home of the French soldier. In time of peace what can he do but play billiards or dominoes? He is too poor for any more expensive amusement. But when *La Guerre* comes he sees before him a bright path glittering with glory and promotion. We shall conclude our notice of this remarkable corps by a concluding paragraph from the Duc d'Aumale's pleasing sketch, which is a perfect embodiment of French feeling on the subject.

They worship the Zouaves, and so well they may, for a more dashing band of heroes never swept over a field of victory.

"And the Zouaves ! What Frenchman can read without joy and pride what the correspondents of the English newspapers said of them ; be it that they follow them (in description) 'climbing like cats' up the cliffs of Alma, or that they depict them 'bounding like panthers' among the bushes of Inkermann. With what hurras were they saluted by Queen Victoria's guard when this heroic brigade, weakened by the magnificent defence it had made, saw 'the well-known uniform of the Algerian troops' appear through the mist.

The vivandière of the French army is worthy of notice. The idea of a woman going about with an army in time of war, and enduring all the perils and fatigues of campaigning, is in itself sufficiently romantic ; but this devotion is considerably enhanced by a belief generally entertained, that the vivandière is a young, pretty, sprightly Frenchwoman, winning the chivalrous homage of the soldiers, and going amongst them with heroic singleness of purpose, an angel ministering to all their wants. We have been accustomed to see them so glowingly described over and over again, in prose and verse, and to hear so many romantic little episodes, and so many strange adventures in connection with their lives, that the brave little vivandière picturesquely attired in the bizarre costume of Louis XIV., has become a creature specially dedicated to the interests of romance. But a *real* vivandière is about as unromantic a looking personage as one could well imagine. She is generally a middle-aged woman of a coarse, swarthy complexion, short and thick, and admirably able to carry her little barrel of *eau de vie* ; she is generally a soldier's wife, and a good, kind, virtuous woman, respected and liked by the men, who are always ready to protect her from insult. A pretty vivandière is not of course an impossible creation ; though very rare indeed, judging from what we have seen of those *figlie dei regimenti*. There are some remarkable instances of bravery on the part of the vivandières, recorded and well authenticated. During the Crimean war, the outposts of the French camp were startled one dark night by a *sortie* from the enemy ; a sharp combat ensued, and after some hard fighting the Russians were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Amongst the foremost ranks in repelling that midnight attack, was a vivandière. She had been with her husband, and when the bugle sounded to arms, she went out with him, and seizing a weapon joined in the fight. Her husband was killed and she was wounded. Afterwards she appeared in Italy in '59, where a chivalrous Zouave pitied her forlorn condition, and took her under his protection. When the French army, after that brilliant campaign, entered Paris with Marshal M'Mahon at their head, the little cantinière tramped proudly under the *torn drapeau* of her regiment.

We have noticed two prominent figures, the Zouave and the vivandière ; at some future time we may endeavour to trace and illustrate more fully some of the leading characteristics incident to a French soldier's life.

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No. II.

AUGUST.

1864.

THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER V.

On the third or fourth day after Fanny's departure, Kate Purcell had a letter from her. After reading it, Kate fixed her eyes on Brian, as if she would read him too. He held a letter, directed to his father, in his hand, trying, as his sister thought, to decipher the motto on the seal.

Kate's scrutinising look deepened to one of displeasure as she said reproachfully: "'Pon my word, the outside of that letter appears to have more interest for you than the contents of this'.

Brian tossed the missive on the table, and placed his hand on his sister's arm to prevent her from putting the little rose-tinted billet into her writing desk.

"Read it for me", said he; "or, if it is not 'crossed', let me read it myself".

"My darling Kate—My worst forebodings, I fear, will be realised. I told you that horrid postscript in aunt Sarah's *unwelcome* letter meant mischief. She has not the least compassion for me, but tells me 'to make up my mind', and 'tis a happy girl I ought to be'. Oh, my own darling Kate, I could find it in my heart to hate her for her want of *sympathy*, and so I would, I think, only for her love for you and every one at dear Ballycorrig. She inquired most particularly about every one. She wanted to know particularly about Coolbawn, and whether the house was kept in repair. She appeared pleased when I told her it was, and that Brian stops there in harvest and spring. I then began to tell her all you told me about your uncle, who died a young man and left this farm to your mamma—when, to my surprise, the dear soul burst out crying. What do you think, Kate? he *proposed* for her, and she says he was the only one of her admirers she ever *cared* for. Now I can understand why dear aunt Sarah rejected so many suitors, and why she loves your mamma so much. We had a party last evening, but I'll give you a full description of it in my next; it is too near post-hour now. Mr. M. was as complimentary as usual. Dear Kate, I don't think it is *entirely* on account of papa's

wealth—but *no matter*. His aristocratic sisters *killed* me with *condescension*. How I *hate* condescension. The servant is going with the letters—I must break off. With fond love to every one at dear Bally-corrig, dearest Kate, your ever affectionate and fondly attached friend,

“FANNY O’GORMAN.

“Templeview, Dublin.

“P.S.—Have you seen Miss Evans since? I thought her *strange*, but she is really beautiful. I hope Brian is quite well”.

“I can’t exactly make out her meaning”, said Brian, laughing, “except that bit of romance about her aunt. I wonder can it be true?”

“Is it about Fanny’s aunt you are talking?” said his mother, who was in the act of placing a cold ham on the breakfast table.

“Yes, mamma”, replied Kate; “she says that uncle Richard proposed for her aunt Sarah”.

“Is it really the fact, mother?” Brian asked with some interest.

Their mother sat down near the window, and pressed her hands gently at each side of her white cap, much after the manner in which Mr. Lorry used to arrange his wig. She was a quiet, handsome, benevolent-looking little woman, who spoke in a clear decided tone of voice, which generally took people by surprise at first.

“It is, then, true”, she began somewhat abruptly. “She was at my wedding; that was the first time he saw her. She was on a visit at Tom Maher’s—father of the present man—and of course they brought her with them to the wedding. I suppose you know that one of the Miss Mahers married your father’s second cousin. I’m told they’re rolling in riches in America. Two of their sons are at school in France. Fine dashing girls the Mahers were—five of them”.

“But what about uncle Richard and Miss Conway?”

“Why”, said Mrs. Purcell, in her decided way, “he fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him. Now, do you know what about them?”

“But why were they not married, then?” said Kate.

“Well, I don’t know”, and Mrs. Purcell compressed her lips and shook her head. “There was foul play somewhere. Anonymous letters were sent to her and her friends, full of lies. She did not believe them, and wrote to Richard to say so, enclosing the letter in one to Henrietta Maher, as her friends intercepted their correspondence. He never got it. The end was, poor Richard died, and she never visited her friends in this part of the country after. What a good little creature that Fanny is! The house is not the same since she left.

“But, Kate, what are you thinking of? Here is your father, and the toast not made yet”.

Kate and her mother set about preparing breakfast, and Brian handed his father the letter with the large seal.

Mr. Purcell put on his spectacles, and throwing back his head, and holding the letter at arm’s length, read the superscription.

“I believe it is from Quill, sir”, said Brian.

"Read it", said his father, tossing the letter towards him, and trying to look unconcerned.

"The money must be paid, sir", said Brian, after glancing at the letter. "There is no use in trying to put it off even for a week".

"Hang the fellow, he 'd be smashed long ago only for me, and there now is my thanks", exclaimed Mr. Purcell. "When does he say he must have the money?"

"On Thursday", said Brian; "and the best thing you can do is to send the sheep to C—— on Wednesday".

"I 'll lose ten shillings a head by selling them now—every farthing of it. I often paid the blackguard a year's rent in advance, and there 's my thanks". Mr. Purcell drew his chair to the breakfast-table, and commenced to cut thin slices from the ham. Kate poured out the tea, while Mrs. Purcell turned over the toast with her knife, and carefully selected the best done cuts for her husband. The meal passed over almost in silence.

"By the way, sir", said Brian, looking through the window, "here is Tom Burke coming up the avenue, and perhaps you could agree with him about the sheep. By offering to keep them for him for a month, he 'll give a higher price than you could expect at the fair".

Tom Burke was a plain simple-looking man, in corduroy breeches and gray woollen stockings—the former always open at the knees, and one of the latter, at least, fallen half-way down his leg. He was the wealthiest cattle-dealer in the district. Mr. Purcell opened the hall-door himself, and ushered him into the parlour. He bowed to Mrs. Purcell and Kate, holding his hat in one hand, while the other was thrust down to the elbow into an inside breast-pocket.

"Good Morrow Tom", said Brian, pushing a chair towards him; "sit down".

"Some commands I have for you from Liverpool", said Tom Burke, pulling a huge purse, or rather bag, from the breast pocket. "Commands" was Tom's word for everything in the shape of a message.

"Poor Connor Shea", he continued, in a very feeling tone, considering the roughness of his appearance, "that kem short o' money to pay his little boy's passage". His listeners waited in some anxiety, while he jumbled at the bag with his clumsy fingers. At length he abstracted a ring, from amongst a bundle of bank-notes, and handed it to Brian.

"I do n't understand", said Brian, examining the ring, which he saw was of some value.

"I do n't know myself what it 's worth", continued Tom Burke; "but as poor Connor was always a man, I took his word for it. A watch-maker offered him nine pounds for it, he towld me, an' sure I know he did n't tell me a lie. So I gave him what he axed—five pounds—on condition of giving you the ring, which he hopes you 'll keep till he 'll be able to release it. At the same time, you needn't hurry yofrself about the five pounds, as it will do whenever you find it convanient".

The ring was examined by every one present, and many surmises were ventured to account for how it could have come into Connor Shea's possession. Brian was more puzzled than any of them. The matter was cut short by Mrs. Purcell, who declared emphatically that Connor Shea "got the ring honestly, however he got it".

"And now, Tom", said Mr. Purcell, "as you're here, come and take a look at a lot of sheep I'm going to send to the fair on Wednesday".

"Who's this in the tax-cart?" Mr. Purcell asked, as he was passing round to the farm-yard.

"This is Captain Dawson about the horse", said Brian in reply. "Do n't sell more than fifty of the sheep".

"Do n't part with your horse", said his father.

"He offered me eighty, and I said he might have him for a hundred. Of course, I won't break my word; and, besides, you know it is unlucky to refuse a good offer". And Brian hurried to the door, and shook hands cordially with a dashing looking young man equipped for the hunting field.

"The governor must be a particular friend of yours", said Captain Dawson laughing.

"Who, Mr. Grindem?"

"Yes. He would n't listen to reason; refused point-blank to let me give a hundred for a hunter, till I told him it was your horse I was buying".

"He knew he was worth the money, and more", said Brian.

But the truth was, Brian Purcell, mounted upon this same horse, was a sight that often disgusted Mr. Grindem, and to this fact his nephew owed the cheque, which he now placed on the table. Connor Shea's ring happened to be on the same table, and Captain Dawson took it up carelessly to look at it. He laid it down hastily, with a look of extreme bewilderment, and his face flushed scarlet as his coat when he saw Brian put the ring in his waistcoat pocket. As Captain Dawson was usually rather taciturn, no one noticed that he never opened his lips while the hunter was being saddled, and that he mounted him and rode away like a man in a dream.

As Brian held Mr. Oliver Grindem's cheque for £100 between his fingers, while Tom Burke was pushing a sheaf of notes towards his father, saying, as he did so, "Your health, Mr. Purcell (for Tom had a tumbler of grog in his left hand); 't is too much I'm giving you"—he could not help thinking of the handsome sum which was to his father's credit in the National Bank five years ago. But as this was a gloomy subject to dwell upon, Brian called his greyhounds, and set out for his farm at Coolbawn.

CHAPTER VI.

His mother and sister, as was their wont, followed him with their eyes till he reached the larch grove above the "high field", beyond which the view from the house did not extend in the direction of Coolbawn.

Whether on foot or on horseback, Brian was thus lovingly watched every time he left home. In fact, Mrs. Purcell was often seen to hurry from her dairy, or wherever else she might be—impatiently breaking from anyone that might chance to interrupt her—for no earthly purpose but to gaze after the manly form of her son. On these occasions she usually stood drawn up to her full height, with her arms akimbo, and altogether, we must admit, with an air of consequence, as if she rather looked down on the world in general.

The larch grove remorselessly swallowed Brian up, and his mother sat down by her daughter's work-table. It was evident there was something on the good woman's mind that troubled her, for she pressed her hands on her cap several times, rubbed the smooth lid of Kate's writing-desk, twisted the thick gold ring on her finger, and at length spoke.

"There 's something on his mind this week past", said Mrs. Purcell. Kate looked up. Mrs. Purcell must have construed the look into an inquiry as to whom she was speaking of, for she went on, emphatically, as usual.

"Brian, Brian, Brian—now do you know? I say there 's something on his mind. Could it be that—that". Mrs. Purcell paused, or rather stopped, for she found herself on the point of uttering something uncharitable.

"That what, mamma?"

"That Miss Evans—now do you know?" Kate now did know very well. Perhaps she had been turning the same subject over in her own mind during the past few days.

"I always thought Brian was too high-spirited to go sneaking after people who gave themselves such airs. The upstarts".

Kate reddened to the temples at the bare notion of Brian's not being "high-spirited". But she felt bound to remonstrate.

"Now, mamma, they are not upstarts, at all events".

"T is all the same", said Mrs. Purcell; "they were poor, and they got rich, and the people they were glad to set their traps for (meaning Mr. Brian Purcell, of course) while they were poor, they forgot that they ever knew, now that they are rich".

"Well, I do n't see that it is so", said Kate. "All we can say is that Brian and Miss Evans have avoided each other. For my part I 'm glad of it for Brian's own sake, for I do n't think he would be happy with her. Perhaps he felt this himself, and was not sorry to break off their intimacy".

This softened Mrs. Purcell considerably, and she went on to tell what a very nice man, a perfect gentleman, indeed, Miss Evans's father was. Mrs. Evans was well enough, but not to be compared to her husband. Sure, she (Mrs Purcell) ought to know them well, for they lived in the cottage "joining our own bounds" at Coolbawn. Sally Cavanagh lived with her father at the other side of the road—a snug little place they had—but there 's no sign of it now. Many an evening Andrew Evans spent at Coolbawn, and pleasant company he was. He was rather old

when he married, and left a young widow and one child to mourn for a good, kind husband and father. When Brian left college and decided on becoming a farmer (Mrs. Purcell was fond of alluding to the fact that her son had been "at college"), he used to spend more of his time at the cottage than was consistent with a close application to business. Then Andrew Evans's brother, who never spoke to him after his marriage with an "inferior", being childless himself, took it into his head to leave the greater part of his property to his poor younger brother's child and widow. Then the shy "lily of the valley", as Brian was pleased to call her, was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, whence she returned after two years and a-half to dazzle by her beauty and talents all who came in her way. Then the cottage was given up for an imposing mansion, called Moorview House ; and it was remarked that the cottage beauty was quite at home in boudoir and drawingroom, and her uncle's old coachman was heard to declare that horses "came as natural to her as if she was bred, born, and reared among 'em". All this Mrs. Purcell said in her own way, and broke off suddenly by asking whether Brian said he would stop for the night at Coolbawn. Kate replied that she was not sure, but probably he would. Whereupon Mrs. Purcell started up and set about packing a hamper with a supply of viands, and Heaven knows what besides, enough to satisfy the wants of any ordinary mortal during a week's residence upon a desert island. The churn-boy was sent round to Coolbawn with the hamper, and divers instructions and warnings to the old housekeeper concerning sheets that were to be "well aired", and stockings and slippers, and a fire in the bed-room.

" You 're sure you won't forget, now", says Mrs. Purcell, thrusting a huge piece of "shell" bread into the churn-boy's hand. " And bring me word did that fox do any more harm".

All this put Mrs. Purcell into such a flurry, that she gave double the usual allowance of meal to six "poor women" who sat, three at each side of the kitchen door, having first told them to "be off out of that" in a most peremptory manner.

CHAPTER VII.

Brian went over his farm, and saw that everything was as it should be. He spoke to the steward about draining a bottom field, and desired him to send round to the labourers of the district, and employ a sufficient number to complete the work before the first of March. This order was given after he had carefully examined a three-year-old colt, and satisfying himself that he was worth at least sixty guineas. Having told the housekeeper *not* to kill a chicken for his dinner, as he had a prejudice in favour of allowing a bird to get cold before the process of cooking commenced, he strolled listlessly about the fields. He felt his cheek flush on finding himself near a certain stile not fifty yards from a thatched cottage, almost hid in evergreens. As it was

the shortest way to Connor Shea's, he would take a run over the hill and call to see Sally Cavanagh and her children. We must admit, however, that this was an after-thought; and that Brian Purcell somehow found himself at that stile before an idea of the little white house at the foot of the mountain occurred to him.

As he passed the clipped privet hedge which separated the cottage garden from his own land, he stopped as if spell-bound.

"I felt such a strange longing to see this old place, Mrs. Hazlitt, I persuaded mamma to drive round this way to-day". These were the words that arrested the steps of Mr. Brian Purcell on the other side of the hedge.

"Won't you come in and sit down, Miss?"

"Oh, no!"

Talk of bells and flutes, organs and cuckoos! Mr. Brian Purcell would at that moment make oath that there was a music in that "Oh, no!" the like of which mortal or immortal ear never heard since the stars first sang together.

"The happiest days I have ever known were spent under that thatched roof, Mrs. Hazlitt".

"I do n't think you'd like to come back to it again, Miss Evans?"

"Well, perhaps you are right; but—". Here there was a break off. Mr. Brian Purcell filling up the blank with the resting of a fair cheek upon a gloved hand, and the falling down of a shower of rich brown ringlets; which ringlets, he, Mr. Brian Purcell, had a dim recollection of having seen, perhaps felt, falling down very close to his own cheek, when the said ringlets were just a shade lighter than they are now.

"Does your neighbour, Mr. Purcell, spend much time here, now?"

"He's off and on, Miss, nearly every week. And a good neighbour he is. T'was only last week he gave us two horses to go to the colliery".

"Does he ever come to see you?"

"Well, no, Miss; but Matt is over with him often, particularly since he began improving the garden; for I suppose you know Matt has a great turn for gardening, and he says Mr. Purcell will have one of the handsomest gardens in the county next year".

"Well, I must bid you good morning now, Mrs. Hazlitt. Or perhaps you would come with me as far as the bridge where the carriage is. I could not prevail on mamma to come any nearer to the old cottage".

"With great pleasure, Miss", said Mrs. Hazlitt.

Brian was about proceeding on his way, when his dogs bounded over the little rustic gate into the garden, and began to frolic and leap round Matt Hazlitt, who, with his coat off, just came round from the back of the house. He opened the rustic gate—the work of his own hands, like almost everything about the cottage—and invited Brian to come in and look at some monster parsnips which he had just dug up. Matt Hazlitt, we may remark, was a staunch Protestant, who used to quote Scripture against Father O'Gorman, and send him presents of

vegetables. After interchanging a few words with Brian, he went out to the middle of the road, and looked in the direction his wife had gone. He then hurried back and spread a "check" apron upon the floor, and with a plate transferred as much meal from a great oaken chest to the apron, as could be conveniently tied up in it. He had just tied his bundle securely, when his wife was heard trying to open the garden gate, which Matt had bolted on the inside.

"Well now", says Matt Hazlitt, continuing the conversation in an unconcerned tone, "take a friend's advice and raise that north wall four feet higher, not an inch less". Here he opened the back window and let the bundle drop through the laurels outside.

"Matt, are you within?" Mrs. Hazlitt rattled at the latch of the little gate, making ineffectual efforts to reach the bolt.

"Bless me", says Mutt Hazlitt, looking surprised and innocent, "I believe I bolted the gate". Mrs. Hazlitt's vexation blew over on seeing Brian; and after saying something about spreading green rushes under his feet, she went on to tell him that if he happened to be five minutes sooner he 'd see something worth looking at; and Mrs. Hazlitt became quite eloquent upon a theme which, of course, had no interest whatever for Mr. Brian Purcell.

"Shut up, woman!" says Matt, "and do n't bother us about her".

"Shut up, yourself, and let no one tell me that that young lady is either proud or haughty; for proud or haughty she is not".

"And who says she is?"

"Who says she is? Every one says she is, and every one says a confounded lie". Mrs. Hazlitt was getting into a towering passion, when Brian stood up to go, remarking that he was on his way to Sally Cavanagh's.

"Ah, poor Sally!" said Mrs. Hazlitt, instantly changing her tone; "there's her dresser there—pewter, and china, and all; and Saint Patrick baptizing the king of Leinster, or Ulster, or Munster, which? pasted on the side of it. I'd like to know"—turning to her husband—"I'd like to know what Mr. Stephens 'll say to that if he takes notice of it. You hung the sieve over it the last time he was here".

"Do n't you mind what Mr. Stephens or any one else says. There's no harm in the picture, and I'm able to prove it from the Bible if he says anything about it".

"We bought the dresser, and a few other things, Mr. Purcell, from poor Connor when he was preparing to go; and bare enough the poor fellow was obliged to go, I'm afraid. Oh! may God help the poor people of this country—what's to become of them?" Brian saw the tears start into Mrs. Hazlitt's eyes, and the sight did not make the clasp of his hand less warm as he bade her good bye.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Why, Brian, is it turning to the poetry you are again ? ”

These words in the mellow tones of Father O’Gorman’s voice roused Brian from a deep reverie as he leant against a rock, under the wood, on the mountain road.

Father O’Gorman made a great mouthful of the “ po-et-three ”, which he rendered in the richest brogue. “ Woong the Nine ”, he continued, reining in his horse, and holding out his hand to Brian :

“ ‘ Tu Tityre, lensus in umbra,
Fermosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas ’.

So you have got rid of that little minx at last ? ” The little minx was our little friend Fanny, and it was plain her uncle connected Brian Purcell’s gloomy looks with the fact to which he alluded. It was plain, too, that the connection was not disagreeable, for the good man’s gray eyes twinkled with pleasure while he spoke. Brian told him of the letter his sister had from Fanny that morning, and Father O’Gorman spoke of paying a long-promised visit to his brother in Dublin as soon as the “ stations were over ”, but on learning that Brian should be in Dublin about some law business in a month or two, it was agreed that they should go together.

“ And knock the deuce out of a dozen or two of Ned’s claret ”, says Father O’Gorman ; “ and that reminds me—when will you come and try some of the last hamper he sent me ? I have n’t unpacked it yet. Father Shanahan is a teetotaller, and you know I keep my wine till I have a friend to share it with ”.

“ Here she is again ! ” he exclaimed, suddenly turning round in his saddle, and looking up the mountain.

“ What, sir ? ” asked Brian in surprise.

“ My heart is broke with that woman, and her Bibles and tracts. I spoke to Parson Stephens, but he could get no good of her. Yet, as she gives something in charity, I do n’t like to fall out with her ”.

A little carriage, drawn by a mule, came rattling down a narrow bye-road, and an old lady, who whipped the mule with considerable energy, bowed stiffly to the priest as she passed, after turning into the main road. The old lady was sister to Mr. Oliver Grindem, and his senior by some twenty years. She had spent her long life in maiden meditation, and now, in her seventy-fifth year, was not over-burdened with the milk of human kindness. There was a warm corner in her heart, however (we suppose there is a warm corner in every heart), which glowed with real affection for her nephew, Captain Dawson, whom we saw ride away from Ballycorrig in a brown study upon his newly purchased hunter. The old lady had taken to proselytizing among her brother’s wretched tenantry, or rather the poor wretches who had been deprived of their patches of ground, but still clung—the Lord knows how—to the mountain side.

"She's after disturbing that poor dying woman now". Father O'Gorman was turning up the bye-road when he pulled up his horse suddenly.

"Could you manage to give a few days' work to Mick Dunphy?" said he. "His wife is dying and his children starving, and, as he says himself, he did n't get a stroke of work these six weeks".

"I can give him work for the winter", said Brian, "as I am just about commencing some draining".

"That's good news for poor Mick, and for the poor woman too", and Father O'Gorman was about putting spurs to his horse to hurry with it to them, when he stopped again.

"Come up yourself", said he, "and hire him at once. 'T will cheer the poor fellow's heart".

They reached Mick Dunphy's miserable cabin, and found four famishing children watching a pot which their father had just placed over a few embers on the hearth. The man was on his knees, trying, with his breath, to kindle the *scraws*. He stood up and bade his visitors welcome. They heard a weak voice ask :

"Is that Father Paul?"

"It is, Kitty, his reverence and Mr. Purcell".

"Come here, Mick, and stan' near me". She was obliged to gasp for breath after every word.

"Father Paul", said she, "I'm goin' to ask a dyin' request of the husband that never gave me a hard word or a black look since the first day I met him, an' I know he won't refuse id".

"What is it, Kitty?" said her husband, stooping over her.

"Mick Dunphy"—raising herself upon her elbow, she spoke in a firm voice that surprised them all—"I want you to promise me, in the presence of the priest of God, that you 'll never let a child of mine into the poor-house".

"Never", he exclaimed in a husky voice, "as God is above me. Let 'em die first".

She fell back upon her bed, with a languid smile upon her face, and holding her husband's hand, she said: "I 'll die aisy now, Mick. I was afeard you war losin' heart".

"Sure here is Mr. Purcell", said Father O'Gorman, "who will give Mick work for the whole winter".

"Yes", said Brian, seeing that poor Mick thought the priest had invented a little fiction to ease his wife's mind. "You may go to work to-morrow, if you choose".

"God is good!" exclaimed the dying woman as fervently as if a miracle had been wrought in her behalf.

At this moment who should step into the cabin but Mrs. Hazlitt. She laid a little white bag upon the floor and tucked up the skirt of her gown. "What's this?" says she, going to the pot on the fire, into which the children were anxiously peering. "O Lord! O Lord!" Here Mrs. Hazlitt took up the pot, carried it outside the door

and flung the contents—a few turnip tops and cabbage stumps—into the dung heap. Coming back she placed the pot on the fire again, poured some clean water into it, and opened her bag.

“Now”, says she, nodding her head at the children; “now for a good big pot of stirabout”. There was not a face there, not even excepting the pallid face on the miserable bed, but was lighted up with a smile as Mrs. Hazlitt proceeded with the stirabout making.

“O Lord! I’m in for it”, exclaimed Mrs. Hazlitt. “What’ll I do?” She looked about her as if she wished to hide herself somewhere. She then seized the bag, apparently with the intention of throwing it under the bed, but before she could do so Matt Hazlitt walked in the door with his back stooped, and his two hands under his coat tails. He appeared considerably confused when he recognized Father O’Gorman and Brian Purcell through the smoke. But when his eye rested upon his wife, Matt Hazlitt started bolt upright with a jerk, and down fell something soft but heavy from under his coat tails. Brian at once recognized the bundle which Matt had dropped out of the back window among the laurels. Mrs. Hazlitt pounced on it immediately.

“Here’s a hypocrite”, she began, opening the knot with her teeth. “An’ my new apron, too. Well, I knew the few little handfulls I’d give away couldn’t empty the chest so often. And I pledge you my word, Mr. O’Gorman, that deceitful man was for ever scolding me about it. And here was the work he was carrying on all the time”.

Mrs. Hazlitt spread out the apron, making the meal look as big as possible. The detected culprit made several attempts to tell her to “shut up”, but his discomfiture was too overwhelming. Just then Father O’Gorman, in obedience to a gesture of Mick Dunphy’s, who continued to hold his wife’s hand, moved softly to the side of the bed, and knelt down. They all knelt down. The priest, after praying for a few minutes, stood up.

“God rest her soul!” said he. And Matt Hazlitt, staunch Protestant though he was, responded “Amen”.

“Amen, amen”, says Matt Hazlitt, rising from his knees and giving a defiant glance at his wife, who used to hint suspicions of his orthodoxy sometimes. But when he saw her eye rest on the little heap of meal, Matt’s countenance fell again, and he shrunk away, completely crushed.

The winter day was drawing near its close when Brian reached the little white house at the foot of the mountain.

“Oh, let them all be talking,
My little boy will soon be walking;
Oh, let them all be talking,
My little boy will soon be walking”.

And so on, over and over again, to the air of “Nora Crena”.

It was Sally Cavanagh, holding her youngest child as high as her arms could reach, and shaking him till the little fellow kicked out his

fat legs, and thumped his nose with his fist in the excess of his delight, while the other children ran round, holding up their hands to "ketch him".

"I'm glad to see you in such good spirits, Sally", said Brian.

She never looked round, till she had tossed the child into the cradle. She knelt by the cradle for a moment, and Brian heard a sob or two. Then Sally Cavanagh threw back her dark hair, which had fallen down, and said, laughing through her tears :

"Spirits! Don't you know, sir, I'm paying a woman in Cork six-pence a week to fret for me?"

"Brian told her that he had news of Connor since his arrival in Liverpool; and that he was able to pay for Neddy's passage. He thought it better to say nothing about the ring. This news was a great comfort to poor Sally, who had been very uneasy lest her husband should be obliged to leave the boy behind him in Liverpool, to the "man-catchers". When Brian asked some questions about the landlord, she showed an evident desire to avoid the subject, which rather surprised him.

On hearing the sound of a horn, Brian hurried away, hoping to meet Captain Dawson, and learn how the hunter did his work. He thought, too, as the transaction of the morning was a "dry bargain", that he would ask Captain Dawson to take pot luck at Coolbawn.

We leave Sally Cavanagh to struggle against her accumulating trials; now battling energetically with despair; now wrapped in such a stupor of woe, that the children were obliged to climb upon her knees, and up the back of her chair, and twine their arms round her neck, to rouse her out of it. Sometimes Mr. Oliver Grindem was heard approaching the house. Then the back-stick would be put to the door, and retiring with her children to the little room, Sally Cavanagh would not reply by a word to the oft-repeated knock of the landlord. When the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in distance, Sally would take her infant in her arms and hush it to sleep, with snatches of Connor's favourite song. And flinging her apron over her head to hide her face from her little ones, the poor woman's overcharged heart would find relief in a flood of tears. But it is not in human nature to bear up long against suffering like this.

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Evans looked at her watch. Miss Evans had looked at her watch ten times within ten minutes. She stamped her foot impatiently, and pretty sharply it would appear, for her little dog, whose tail slid accidentally between her foot and the floor, whined dolefully. Miss Evans did not snatch him up in her arms, and let the brown ringlets mingle with his silky jet black coat, and murmur "poor Carlo!" as Miss Evans well knew how. On the contrary, she sank into an arm-chair,

and pushed the wheezy little animal from her with the offending foot. Of all her perfections the foot was the most perfect; and as her eye rested upon it, another minute passed quicker than any of the preceding ten. She was in the act of looking at her watch again when she heard the sound of wheels.

"Who can it be?" said Miss Evans, evidently not caring much who it might be. Mrs. Evans looked out, and immediately she did so her daughter asked: "What on earth brings her at this hour?"

The young lady had not moved from her reclining position, and no one replied to her first question. But the look of consternation in her mother's face was answer enough. Mrs. Evans having exchanged the look of consternation for one of extreme delight, was in a moment hurrying down the steps to the side of a little carriage drawn by a mule. Miss Grindem *would* "come in". Which announcement well nigh brought the look of consternation back again into Mrs. Evans's face, in spite of her efforts to keep the look of extreme delight in possession. Not that she was not proud of the honour—for she was proud of it. But her terror of the evangelical old lady outweighed every other consideration.

Miss Evans bowed to the old lady without leaving her chair: a want of reverence which both amazed and frightened Mrs. Evans. "My dear", said the old lady, taking the snow-white hand which the young lady held out to her with the air of a duchess. "My dear, George got your note, and I have come over to talk to you. There is some misunderstanding which he will not sufficiently explain to me. He says you know yourself why he has acted as he has done for some time back, and why he cannot comply with the request contained in your note. That's all he would tell me. And now, my dear, do tell me what it is, in order that I may make it up between you. For I can't tell you how anxious I feel that you and George should get on well together".

The young lady felt no gratitude whatever for the old lady's anxiety. She knew that regard for herself had nothing to do with it. In fact, she knew it arose solely from Miss Grindem's fear lest her nephew should exchange into a regiment which had just been ordered to Canada, he having dropped some hints that such was his intention. The old lady saw clearly that Miss Evans's charms were the only bonds by which she could bind her nephew to Grindem Hall.

"I really have no idea of what it is Captain Dawson alludes to", said Miss Evans, "and it is a matter of perfect indifference to me".

"Of course, my dear", said Miss Grindem, "but, now, have you said anything to wound him, or treated him too coldly before anybody, or anything of that kind?"

"No; and I wrote to Captain Dawson, asking him to call and come with me to the hunt to-day, partly because I had nobody else to come with me, and partly to let him see that there was nothing like that to which you have just alluded".

"Well now, my dear, poor George is so sensitive, and has such ridiculous notions about what he calls being jilted—just think now, has there been any one else paying attentions to you, or anything of that kind?"

"Really, Miss Grindem", said Miss Evans, rising, "I feel perfectly at liberty to receive attentions or not, just as I choose".

"Quite right, my dear", the old lady replied. "But you say there is no cause, as far as you are concerned, for whatever has got into George's mind, and I was only trying whether there was anything which might have misled him, in order that I might be able to disabuse him of his error".

A thought of the incident at the finger-post flashed across the young lady's mind, but after a moment's reflection she acquitted Captain Dawson of the meanness which any alteration in his opinion of her, on account of her meeting with Brian Purcell, would involve. Another reason for Captain Dawson's conduct occurred to her, which, while it raised him in her estimation, made her look grave. A report had gone about latterly that Mr. Oliver Grindem intended to marry one of his wives. Could it be that there was foundation for such a report? and that Captain Dawson's altered manner towards her was owing to this threatened alteration in his fortunes? There was no use trying to unravel the mystery, so she only said with a smile:

"I'm not going to lose the hunt in the meantime".

"Quite right, my dear", said Miss Grindem. "The stables are quite full. The marquis's horses came last night, and you have no idea of the numbers that are arriving all the morning. The gentlemen are most anxious to keep up the credit of the county. George and Tom King are to lead his lordship; and if the fox makes for Thullamore—and he is the old fox that always does—when he finds all the earths closed, he'll most likely break away through Ballyowen for Kilshanna, and if he does, George says they'll give the marquis enough of it; though I'm told there's nothing too big or too ugly for him". The evangelical old lady spoke with an enthusiasm which rather astonished Mrs. Evans, to whom, indeed, her words were not quite intelligible.

As Miss Evans reined in her restive horse on the lawn, and whipped him till he plunged again, while the brown ringlets floated on the breeze, and the ivory neck rose graceful from the rounded bust, which the closely-fitting riding-dress displayed to great advantage, the evangelical old lady thought that, if anything could put Canada out of George's head, *that* would.

Miss Evans did not take the direct road to Grindem Hall. She seemed to prefer the more circuitous way by the mountain foot. As she passed the finger-post, her servant rode up, saying, as he caught up the bridle which fell loosely upon her horse's neck: "Take care, Miss; keep a tight rein down the hill". She started, and with something like a scornful smile at her forgetfulness, gathered up the reins, and guided her horse carefully down the rough road. After passing the

corner of the wood the little white house which Connor Shea would not have "changed for a palace" attracted her attention. She pulled up her horse and gazed round her with a look of weariness.

"What is coming over me?" she thought, resting her face upon both hands. The servant, supposing that she felt unwell, dismounted and stood by her horse's head. But she motioned him back, and rode on quickly till the white house was passed and left far behind. What Miss Evans felt "coming over her" was an almost inexpressible longing to fling herself into the arms of Sally Cavanagh, and ask her to talk to her as she used to talk to her long ago; for she was tired and sick of the things which at a distance appeared so dazzlingly attractive, but which experience had proved to be cold and hollow. How unlike the disinterested affection of the warm-hearted peasant girl and the true love of Brian Purcell!

And Miss Evans, amazed at her own weakness, wondered what was "coming over her". But have we not all our moments of weakness? After a quick glance round the lawn at Grindem Hall, Miss Evans is herself again. Miss Evans can see as much with one quick glance as it would take ordinary people hours to see. There is the marquis—a very fine man, but that's all. Captain Dawson rides by his side, pointing out some objects in the distance (the fox covers, of course; his lordship is not likely to feel interested in any thing else). Captain Dawson converses with the marquis in a very natural way—(we are recording what Miss Evans saw and thought)—which makes him contrast favourably with the groups of squires, old and young, by whom they pass, as they ride leisurely from place to place, from which the covers and the lie of the country can be best seen. The squires stare at the marquis sheepishly. One old squire with a florid face, making a desperate attempt to attract the great man's attention, by telling a story—supposed to be humourous, in exaggerated brogue—to another old squire with a florid face, who seconds the attempt by laughing immoderately, and saying, *Na-bockish*. Then both old squires steal a glance at the marquis, with the delightful conviction that he has set them down for jolly fellows. There is Miss Evans's other admirer, at some distance from the crowd, regarding her intently, who, the moment she recognizes him by a very slight but, at the same time, a very gracious inclination of the head, loses all control over himself, and gallops furiously in a figure of eight within a very contracted space, greatly to the surprise and somewhat to the alarm of many persons, and then stops suddenly, immovable as a statue, and stares wildly at vacancy. There is Tim Crook, the cover keeper, with his coat on his arm, and a long wattle in his hand, perspiring with anxiety, as he hurries in a sling trot hither and thither in search of some one he cannot find. There are half a-dozen other ladies on horseback, between whom and Miss Evans it is easy to see there is not much love lost. The little carriage drawn by the mule drives up to the hall door, and the six ladies on horseback crowd around it immediately. But much to the vexation of

the six ladies, Miss Grindem sees Miss Evans under an elm tree (a position which Miss Evans had chosen with a view to effect), and immediately whips the mule in that direction. There is Doctor Forbis, upon his very remarkable mare, whose tail suggested a hair-breadth 'scape like that of Tam O'Shanter. The doctor does not hunt—he is merely a spectator; and when he has bowed profoundly to the evangelical old lady, Miss Evans asks him to be her knight, as she is quite a forlorn damsel, and Doctor Forbis gallantly assents.

"For gad sake, docthor", exclaimed Tim Crook, as he shook the perspiration from his forehead, "did you see Matt Hazlitt?"

"No", said the doctor; "what do you want him for?"

"I want him to put the fox out of the hole in the quarry, and the devil a tarrier we have able to do it but his. You know 't is the ould fox at Coolbawn we 're dependin' on to-day".

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PORTRAIT NEWLY CLEANED.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

Author of the "Life of Sterne", "Bella Donna", etc.

THERE is an English fighting regiment which, curious to say, has been baptized familiarly after a famous odalisque of a Bourbon court. It is known as "The Pompadours", and antiquarians of the line explain this awkward choice of a patroness by the peculiar tint of a portion of their uniform—the same as that brought into fashion by the erring Fatima; through which disreputable ceremony have also passed the dainty teacups of Sévres, held at the font by another light lady. From the demi-monde, came thus illegitimately the exquisite Rose du Barri tint, and the fighting Pompadours. Two naughty ladies are associated with the delicate rose-pink cups, in which no tea should ever be infused, and with a stout battalion of British Grenadiers.

And yet, one was not altogether so naughty—at least so naughty as the popular belief would have her. The guide who takes us round the great gallery of historic personalities, and tells his story, grows embarrassed as he stops before this framed Madame de Pompadour. An awkward cough comes in his throat—"A very sad character, sir, indeed—profligate person—in short, suppose we go on to the next?" We are conscious of a heavy atmosphere of terrible stories—of midnight orgies—of frightful revels—of dim horrors, known as *Parcs-aux-cerfs*, floating before that picture, and so are anxious to get away; which wicked legends, those who have searched into the thing have hunted down to certain scurrilous "Secret Memoirs", "Private Lives", and "True Histories", that came in a flood from the free presses of La

Haye, Amsterdam, and London—the work of fretting and malicious exiles. They are timorously put forth, bearing no printer's name nor place of printing; exhibiting on the title-page some fanciful seat of publication, as "The city of the Great Mogul", "Japan", or other such probable locality. These lying chronicles are strangely coloured up, and have a curious affinity to certain other chronicles of our own day, lying in the lowermost strata of periodic literature.

Of late years, we have seen editorial poles and scaffolding set up about the effigies of defunct personalities, and a sort of moral scraping and cleaning down carried forward diligently, by way of restoration. The psychological result has been sometimes startling. When the boarding has been removed, the old, begrimed figure of Cromwell, which has stood so blackened and sooty under all weathers, within the memory of many generations, is discovered to be in reality of precious metal, and comes out shining silver under the Carlyle burnisher. So, too, is it with the equestrian statue of great William; and, what is more surprising still, with the ugly, coarse, repelling figure of royal Harry the Eighth. This archeological work is a favourite pastime with the age, and the business of restoration goes on briskly. This amiable work of grace has now been attempted with our Madame de Pompadour. Her portrait has lately been successfully cleaned and newly laid down, and the colours now stand out warm and good. She was not all a piece of flaunting and rouge, and meretricious finery; not the coarse, selfish virago we find her written out at length in the trustworthy memoirs. She is proven now to have had a mind delicate, refined, and cultivated; to have loved and fostered art, and the men of art; to have spent the years of her reign in struggling to save France from the degradation to which Bourbon sloth and effeminacy were hurrying it; and to have used the influence arising from her peculiar relation with the royal swine upon the throne, in stimulating that royal swine's feeble energies to some works of good for his country; for which service, France owes her much, and the world a tardy *amende* at the least.

The speculative person who directed the future marquise's education had early observed her taste for art, and was inclined to develop it further by the aid of masters and diligent cultivation. But the calculating parent had also noted those charms of person which were presently to turn out so certain an advancement, and interdicted both clavecin and crayon, as injurious to such exquisitely-formed hands. Calisthenics and dancing are substituted, as less dangerous and more profitable pursuits. Still, the artistic taste grew and strengthened, and she could fearlessly expose those delicate finger-points to the risk of discolouration from the aqua fortis bath and etching needle. For a young lady, whose face—like the maiden's in the song—was to be her fortune and bring her fortune, it was not unnatural that her choice of society would lie among circles where such an offering would be best appreciated. The regency Saturnalia was not so long gone by; the atmosphere still

recked with the fumes and stale smoke of the last night's revel. In such company would Madame Poisson most readily dispose of her pearl, and such company there was still. Curiously enough, the name of Mademoiselle is always turning up, associated with names the most antagonistic to the views of her praiseworthy parent. She emerges from the group of poets, painters, pastoralists, philosophers, musicians, actors of that age; from the ranks of the men of mind and wit, rather than of person and quality. She is free of the great talking hotels, where people came and wore wit and brain instead of diamonds. She had Voltaire bending his wooden nether lip into a sneer for her, instead of the Beau Richelieu; and preferred Marmontel's flourish of his crook to the fascination of any wealthy gallant. The Hotel de Tours and the Hotel de Chenevenières are proud to enrol her in their conversational guilds. One night she sings the grand air from *Armida* to an enraptured audience, and is clasped in the arms of Madame de Mailly, reigning sultana. Strange omen!

Presently Mademoiselle de Poisson becomes Madame Lenormand D'Etiolles, and being raised to the dignity of wife, may now open a hotel of her own. Madame receives on certain nights, and the ball of wit is kept dancing there as successfully as in the older conversational tennis courts. Still is the company of the same order: Voltaire, the king, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Maupertius, Boucher (delicate of brush), Carl Vanloo, and a host of men of the easel; famous Pastel, and Durand, the enameller. The gallants, and dandies, and petit maitres came too; but as all the world came, they could not be decently excluded.

She was ambitious, as was natural with a woman of her genius and position. So when the royal bashaw lost his sultana, and was in sore straits for one to whom he should cast the handkerchief, and all the fine ladies were sighing and thirsting for that piece of cambric as for the highest honour they could reach to on this earth, was it any wonder, when it came tumbling to the feet of this Madame D'Etiolles, that she should stoop and pick it up? That pestilent French court made everything pestilent within its range. There were others who deserved earting process far more richly. But once on that ottoman, in a sort of spurious queenship, see to what uses she turned that power of hers. Now she could have her way unchecked, and now was to be gala time for art, and letters, and music, and all poetic craft. The men who were apprenticed to these respective muses she called about her, and made doubly much of. She had thought for the kingdom—she had thought for the city; but, unhappily, in those respects, was powerless with the "Well Beloved", as he was comically called. Thus she looked round upon the great city, as it was in her day, and its dense slums and noisome alleys—a grand scheme of broad causeways and of imposing avenues, such as have lately been perfected by an imperial hand, began to force itself on her mind. She mapped out wholesale demolition of the blocks of crazy tenements, and, in their stead, projected vast squares—sixteen in number—lungs for the city, almost gasping for breath.

There were to be laid out wide thoroughfares, with handsome footways, balconies over head, and shady trees. She stimulated public enterprise, and got a company formed; but the lazy Sardanapalus on the throne saw no direct bearing on his pleasures in this splendid scheme, and so the thing fell through and collapsed. Had her counsels been followed, there would be now over the gate of the Louvre an inscription to the effect that "Francis the First commenced, and Louis the Fifteenth (instead of Napoleon the Third) completed"; and the plans are actually now to be seen in the archives of the State. The project of a military school, also, she took up earnestly, and pressed repeatedly on the king, going into all the drudgery of detail and practical working.

On the walls of that palace, hang the most magnificent collection in Europe; and the travelling connoisseur finds his limbs failing him before he has near completed his pictorial journey. It is to her France owes the splendid idea of a universal collection. She struggled hard for this pet project; but when an artistic body stepped down from its chair, and protested fiercely, it was hard indeed to go further with the business. The famous Academy—the august Farty—had become obstructive, as other academies have been known to become obstructive and mulish, and the thing had to be dropped for the present.

Her etching needle was all this time very busy. The artistic men were still crowding her saloons. Suddenly, there entered into her mind a brilliant and a serious scheme of art.

Under the Messrs. Christie's fingers pass occasionally grand volumes of engraving, known as "Galleries", copies from the collection of king or noble amateur, and exquisitely engraved at a heavy cost. Presently, a revolution or an exile scatters the famous collection, and the picture chronicle becomes doubly valuable. Of this sort is the gallery of the Due de Choiseul, the Due d'Orleans, the Pitti Palace at Florence, and the well-known Louvre collection. Carving in ivory and gem engraving was much in fashion in this age of Sardanapalus the Second, and it occurred to Madame de Pompadour that a sort of small memorial of the reign—not, indeed, rivalling those left by the greater Louis—might be handed down by collecting and faithfully copying these treasures. It was begun accordingly, and conscientiously accomplished. She, herself, undertook the laborious task of engraving; and the collection, amounting to some seventy plates, remains a memorial of her taste and industry—very rare, too, as the Messrs. Christie will tell us. Please, santez half hour for the virtuoso, with spectacle on nose, turning over the light lady's portfolio. The elderly "Well Beloved" took especial pride in that portfolio, and would go over them many times privately and with a certain vanity, giving impressions grudgingly. There he might be entertained by the strange variety of subjects, and gaze at his own figure represented in many complimentary shapes. There was the "Well Beloved" in the skin of the Nemean lion, and bearing the awful club of Hercules. There was the "Well Beloved" in the character of

Apollo, and other gallant gods; with a curious medley of allegory—heads of satyrs, Egyptian priests, the Genius of France, portraits of priests and cardinals, as well as of King Charles dogs, and the drum-major of the court—all first drawn from precious cornelian and emeralds, by the dainty pencil of Boucher, and then transferred to copper by the light fingers of the light lady.

How do these graceful recreations, spread necessarily over many years, square with that purveying to stag parks and other things, only to be whispered?

Still, the men of wit, and poesy, and painting, and other arts, held fast to her. Voltaire, the king, was never weary of spinning sonnets to her honour and glory. Marmontel sent her his tragedy of *Seastria*, and was proud to receive it back again with suggestions written on the margin. Painters were eager that she should come and take “a private view” of their works. Nor did she content herself with mere cheap praise and unsubstantial annotation. All her influence with the “Well Beloved” was made to fructify in the shape of pensions for these pet men of the pen and of the pencil. She herself could turn verses neatly and with a certain grace; and a French miscellany of the time contains several of these little trifles, which read prettily enough. She was passionately fond of the stage, and lavishly lent her patronage both to author and actor. A highly select theatrical company was organized, when such distinguished persons as the dukes of Orleans, De Duras, D'Ayen, and the Prince de Soubise condescended to walk through parts on those august boards. No wonder, indeed, that worshipping courtiers went into fits of obsequious rapture.

What must have been their gratification when the warrior Marshal Saxe was coaxed into donning the buskin, and filling a minor character in a little comedy! The chorus came from the royal opera, the Duke de la Vallière undertook the serious duties of stage manager and universal director, under Madame's orders, so the whole institution was successful, and flourished exceedingly. The lively directoress herself played leading characters, and was considered to enact *Dorine* with singular grace and spirit. Still, she did not lose sight of that one artistic aim; and Gresset, and Marmontel, and Crebillion, Montrif, and others of her literary *clientèle*, were put to work to write neat little pieces, suited to the company. She herself composed a charming little ballet, which has been likened to the delicate groupings displayed on a Sèvres tea-cup.

Music! yes: she, who had electrified the audience of the fashionable hotel in “the grand air of Arinida”, did not now neglect that divinest of all the arts. In the Lenten season, she ardently encouraged the well-known spiritual concerts; but took especial care that the works of French artists should be brought forward. Curious to say, in the catalogue of her musical library, numbering two hundred and thirty-five pieces, no more than five are by foreign authors. Extravagant laudations exist in print of certain motets written by the same hand, but

which, it may be expected, were of the average amateur quality. Still, it was another of the artistic iron's this unwearied lady delighted to keep in her fire. She even laid herself out to learn printing, and had a private press, on the Strawberry Hill pattern, which, under her supervision, sent out costly exemplars printed delicately, such as now may be searched for hopelessly, save only in the royal libraries to which they were presented. Out of the light lady's printing office came forth a portion of the Scriptures, which the pious Voltaire was said to have put his holy hand to. At all events, it is certain he was presented with a copy for his own private reading. Again, this model light lady, who was so skilful in drawing, and music, and in the dramatic business, and in appreciation of literary works, was not to be found behindhand in the grand arsenal of artistic *matériel*—a choice and magnificent library. Three thousand five hundred and sixty-one works fill the catalogue of Madame de Pompadour's collection, exhibiting in the selection an elegant variety. She was a bibliomaniac too; was nice in her choice of editions, type, and papers, and the binding would rejoice the heart of Grolier and his successors. When the nomad book-stall explorer detects, in the retired corner of the weather-beaten shelves, an odd volume in faded, red morocco, with a shield bearing three gilt towers stamped upon the side, and which, an' he so list, he may take with him for a shilling—a book, in short, that has an air of faded court splendour and reduced gentility in the marshalsea, he may be sure that he is fingering one of the light lady's volumes.

SUMMER WANDERINGS.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

By the old canal that spaces down
In long blue levels, dashed with gray,
To the smoky line of the spirèd town,
 The artist group are wandering slow
Under the still sun's indolent glow,
 And falling leaves of the autumn day:
 A festal day long set apart
 For happy ramble, when the heart
Long cramped and blinded with the light
 Of thought, and energy of will,
Clears for a time its wearied sight,
 And takes each touch its nature round
 From sea and sky and shadowed ground,—
 Giving its long checked pulses play,
 Free as the sunny air, to-day.

One was a youth of vigorous mould,
 With deep bright eyes and flaxen hair,
 Broad chest, and forehead firm and fair,
 Clear smile, and gesture free and bold ;
 A type of intellect and will.
 The other sensitive and still,
 With eyes of rich ideal light,
 And cheek that like the pale north night
 Suffused with faintest fancies changed,—
 A dreamer, but a colourist true,
 Whose spirit amid the rainbow ranged
 As its true home, and like it grew
 Brimful of tears and sunshine too :—
 An April heart, a spacious soul
 With fancy's richest emblems stored ;
 Fantastic, melancholy, mild,
 In brain a king, in heart a child ;
 Yet who, when fired by fancy, poured
 Its gathered glories wild and warm,
 Like to a golden autumn storm.

“Here let us rest”: upon the grass
 Beneath the beech trees’ tinkling dome
 They sate ; far off the moonlight poured
 O'er breadths of stubble, shadow-scored,
 And harrow-levelled tracts of loam ;
 And up and down the wrinkled glass
 Of water gray, the rushes stirred ;
 And silently the swallow skirted ;
 And by the long road lad and lass
 Paced slowly toward their cottage home ;
 And heavy barges, loaded high
 With sheaves of yellow corn and rye,
 Sailed onward toward the rising ridge,
 Where gloomed beneath the spanning bridge
 The dank brown lock, with spirit of foam.

Now as the slumbrous noonlight strews
 The leafy road, the mouldering wall,
 The rushy margined waterfall,
 The inland breadth of harvest plain,
 The massy mountain, blue with rain,—
 Return their spirits back again
 To Grecian forms and Titian’s hues,
 Where deep in town their studios gloom
 With many a face of shade and bloom,—
 Rich many-thoughted waking dreams.

Sicilian scenes of nymphs and trees ;
 Wild spectres floating on the breeze,
 Of inlands desolate at night ;
 Sweet faces touched with lady light
 And timid grace and tender smile,
 The beauties of the Shamrock Isle ;
 Grave brows of council and command,
 Dashed in with Rembrandt's shadowy hand ;
 Angels and saints with snowy wings ;
 And here and there 'mid antique kings,
 And vistad scenes of fairy mirth,
 And groups around the festal hearth, —
 Gazing upon the mystic skies
 Some sumptuous Sybil shape, with eyes
 Of prophet bright imaginings.

But, as upon the bank they lie
 'Mid leaves and grasses, dreamily,
 Full many a picture passes there
 With hues and shadows, quaint and rare : —
 Lo ! down the smoothes of water now
 Slides on some old barge travel worn,
 And thickly heaped with yellow corn,
 From the valley's harvest lands ;
 Beside the helm the steersman stands ;
 While 'mid the heaps of harvest wealth
 Girls with cheeks as red as morn,
 All autumn bronzed on neck and brow,
 Buxom with the sun and wind
 Lie in tumblers : — faint behind,
 The sleeky ripple gurgles slow
 Back to its level calm of glass ;
 Onward as they swiftly pass
 The currents stutter round the prow :
 And as the wearied horses pause
 Beside the hedge of crimson haws,
 The veined water-lights waver and gleam
 In dappling patches over their backs,
 The boat rope whisps, and drippingly slacks
 In lisping plashes into the stream :
 Within a hollow, warmly shrined,
 The crimson apple orchards burn
 With dry mists from Vertumnu's urn ;
 Lengths of white cloud stretch on the wind
 A bridging arch across the sky ;
 Anear them cowslipped meadows lie
 By hedges crossed with gates between ;

Afar the mountain patched with green
 And sloped in lengths of sultry gray :
 And further still beyond the rim
 Of citied lowland, azure dim,
 The faint line of the misty bay.
 In the shade of a mossy orchard wall
 Awhile they lay
 In the autumn day
 Lulled by the leaves of a poplar tall.
 A cloudy fleet sailed in the heat ;
 One little vessel white and dim
 Glimmering on the ocean rim,
 While dimmer still the pale day moon
 Blue glamouring, indistinctly stood
 Above an inland vale—a wood,
 On one side, and on one
 A harvest upland in the sun
 • Yellow with breadths of bronzed wheat.

RETURNING.

Now on the lock of the old canal
 They rest them, looking with evening down
 Where the levels spread in many a fall
 To the low blue line of the spired town ;
 By the skirt of the branchy woods afar,
 Whither the black or rocky crowds
 Push through the air, the swift steam car
 Is surging away to the eastern clouds ;
 And up by the hill side farm the call
 Of the huntsman sounds with the mingling horn,
 And gusts from the fields within the wall
 The windy scent of the winnowing corn.
 Now the globe of day has sunk away
 Under the stretching lands beyond,
 And the cattle drink at the rushy brink
 Of the glimmering stilly pond ;
 Over the ridge of the darkening bridge
 Figures are passing to and fro,
 While down the road with its weary load
 The cart clatters on in the dusky glow ;
 The rain dark avenue upward winds
 Where the mansion stands in the stubble lands
 Tented round by the yellow sheaves ;
 And the dog chained nigh with bursting eye
 Bouncing barks at the beggar who stands
 By the windy gate, 'mid the falling leaves.
 And now from the rise of the lock each sees

In glimpses low the grayish bay
 And village smoke, and hamlet folk
 Pace homeward on the heel of day,
 Where, through green caverns of trees,
 The dim road winding dies away ;
 Then, as home they tread, the earth glows dead
 And silence comes where it may list,
 And from the meadows drenched in shadows
 Drifts the keen chill smell o' the mist,
 Awhile the world in vapour furled
 Narrows, then clears the air on high,
 And brightly now the Starry Plough
 Shelves into the furrows of azure sky.

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

“ On Susquehanna’s side, fair Wyoming,
 Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall
 And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall;
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore!
 Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the pride of Pennsylvania’s shore !”

CAMPBELL.

For half a century the sad story of Wyoming,* embalmed in Campbell’s charming poem, has made the name of that fair valley familiar to the world. In the “advertisement” prefixed to the poem, Campbell briefly refers to the facts upon which it was founded, in the following words : “ Most of the popular histories of England, as well as those of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The scenery and incidents of the following poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence; for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil, and climate. In an evil hour the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated

* In pronouncing this word, the inhabitants of the valley lay the accent on the second syllable, instead of on the last, as Campbell’s rhyme and rhythm suggest. It is an Indian word—Wy-o-ming—and would more properly rhyme to “ roaming”.

with balls, and bearing the marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796".

Even this short reference to the simple facts sufficed to surround Wyoming with an interest for me, which the colouring of poetic fiction could scarcely deepen; and when, one summer day in 1857, I found myself on "Pennsylvania's shore", I rejoiced, as may be supposed, at the opportunity of visiting the scene which imagination was fain to conjure up whilst following the narrative of Campbell's verse. I was curious to track out for myself the vestiges of that desolation, if any still remained, and, amidst the simple homesteads of the valley, listen to the stories and traditions of the event which survived amongst the people. Accordingly one fine evening in the first week of June, 1857, I left "the cars" on the Delaware and Lackawana railroad at Scranton, and surrendered myself and baggage to the omnibus in waiting from the hotel. From this town a small branch railway—a single rail, if my memory serves me—pierces through the defiles of the Delaware Mountains, and penetrates Wyoming. It reaches, I believe, as far as Wilkesbarre, the extreme point at the other end of the valley; but, as I myself quitted it at the entrance to Wyoming, and "pedestrianized" the further distance, I cannot speak positively. I determined to spend the evening in Scranton, and start next morning for the valley, expecting, meantime, to gather some information respecting the district, and possibly, a good deal relating to the events which had made it memorable. "Mine host" has usually been invaluable to travellers bent on such errands as this, which had brought me so far hither; and I could but conclude that an evening would be well spent in Scranton, which may be called the last point on the noisy highway of the busy world, which the tourist quits who enters the Wyoming valley.

After taking possession of "No. 19", and getting the railroad dust off my face, hands, and habiliments, I set forth on my explorations, commencing at the bar. I engaged the manager in conversation. He was full of anxiety about the "Burdell Murder Trial" in New York, just then agitating the United States, from Oneida to Matamoras. I wanted to hear about Wyoming, but he could talk of nothing but the great trial—the murder—the certain guilt of Mrs. Cunningham, and the probable complicity of Mr. Eckles. At last I was able to bring him to the point I wanted to approach. "Wyoming; oh yes"; about twenty miles from this to the near end of the valley; quite a remote place, though; no trade there; the people in the valley raised apples and corn, and were kinder queer and antiquated—quite behind the times. I threw out a hint about "the scene of Campbell's beautiful poem"; but the manager seemed perplexed by my remark. I endeavoured to make my meaning clear. "Campbell!" he had never heard of the gentleman. I was shocked and greatly discouraged. What! not heard of Campbell—not read *Gertrude of Wyoming*—here within a few miles of where the scene of the poem was laid! It seemed almost hopeless to make anything of my Boeotian bar-keeper; still I returned to the endeavour,

saying I was about visiting Wyoming to see the scene of the massacre. "The *massacre!*" Oh, yes; he quite comprehended *that*. Yes; it was there the massacre took place. The Indians and the Britishers came down on the valley when all the young men of fighting age was away. But Colonel Zeb. Butler, he mustered all the old, and the feeble, and they went out, but they were not one to twenty, and the fight stood no time. So then began the bloodiest massacre the world ever yet seen. Fire and sword, slaughter and dismay, all the valley down; scalping women, hatcheting the children, and carrying off prisoners all who were not finished this way. People a great way off used to see the cloud of smoke over Wyoming for three or four days, that the massacre and the burning was a going on; and they say that at night, looking away up the valley, the fires were like signal lights, only larger and closer. Oh, yes; he heard it all many a time, and last Independence Day Ira Aldridge had it in his oration.

At last I had tapped the fountain! I was delighted! I pushed my inquiries, guided by the discovery that, although "Campbell's poem" might be unknown in Scranton, "the massacre" was a great local tradition. I found, however, that my informant, though living for almost a lifetime within twenty miles of Wyoming, and although in other directions he had travelled hundreds of miles on business, had never been to visit the scene of events so tragically associated with a memorable epoch in his country's history. Neither, as far as I could learn from him, did many of his countrymen come to visit the spot; and he seemed marvellously astonished at my having travelled this way merely to see it, and draw "pictures" of it in my sketch-book. Americans, however, are a very practical and matter-of-fact people, especially in their own country. That deep reverence for relics of the past, which is so intense and powerful with the Celtic races, is almost a stranger to them. To me it seemed at least surprising, that Americans should cross the Atlantic in crowds to "do" the (European) continent; and that they should so eagerly and proudly mention that they had been to the Castle Crag of Drachenfels, Chamouni, and Interlachen; while the face of a visitor scarcely was seen from end to end of the year in the Valley of Wyoming. Yet not in the wide expanse of Europe—not by the beautiful Rhine or the sunny Guadalquivir, can scenery be found to compare with it; while to all the charms that nature has given, are added the attractions of historical associations that stir the hearts of distant strangers, and of its story so mournfully interesting, excelling in the pathos of its simple reality all that the poetic fancy of Campbell had wrought.

Particulars of the massacre my informant could not give me: but he assured me it was all engraved on the "Monument" in the valley. This was the first I had heard of any memorial having been raised to commemorate the massacre. On learning that a duty so pious and grateful had been attended to, I mentally made an act of contrition for some of my severe opinions about the utilitarian and matter-of-fact Anglo-Ameri-

cans. "The Monument", he informed me, stood some distance up the valley, exactly where, he could not tell; but it contained all about the Indians and the Britishers, and the names of those who fought and fell in defending the place; though of course not of those who were indiscriminately massacred, after the defenders had been overpowered and slain. In return for all this valuable information I communicated to "mine host" all I knew of the Burdell murder case; gave him the latest gossip from the city thereupon; and gladdened his heart by a sure prospect of Mrs. Cunningham's execution. I sallied out to see the town; a few of the special features of interest which he named to me. Scranton is a considerable town in Western Pennsylvania, in the centre of the vast coal-field, which constitutes this district the colliery of the Northern States. Numerous extensive and actively-worked coal mines and iron mines surround the town; and iron smelting is carried on, I believe, on a very large scale. I was told that the "largest steam-engine in the world" was to be seen at work in Scranton, at a blast-furnace; and through the courtesy of the superintendent of the establishment to which it belonged, I was enabled to see this wonder. It stands in a building specially constructed for its occupation; the house of this giant being very like a fort designed to withstand the heaviest Dahlgren or Armstrong artillery. Massive walls of cut stone, each block of immense size, ponderous doors, bolts and beams, on all sides meet the eye. The chief work of this engine is to blow the Titanic bellows used at the blast-furnaces, and it blows them to some purpose. In one wing of the building are two huge (upright) cylinders of wrought-iron, several inches thick, each cylinder being about fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and probably about twenty-five or thirty feet in height. These are the "bellows"; the chambers where artificial hurricane is manufactured. The top or end of each cylinder slides air-tight within it, to the vertical motion of a large piston rod; the surface of this piston or sliding end being pierced for numerous valves opening inwards. With the *upward* motion these valves open and admit the air into the cylinder; with the *downward* motion they close air-tight; and then with all the strength of "the largest steam-engine in the world", the air in the cylinder is driven with a hundred typhoon power through a large valved pipe at the bottom, into the blast furnace tubes. For the "hot blast" furnaces these tubes pass through heating furnaces in full glow, so that the air blown into the smelting furnaces issues from the blow pipe at a heat sufficient of itself to melt some metals merely by its fiery breath. I ascended by an iron stair to a platform at the top of the cylinders, and watched the working of this ponderous piece of mechanism, which to me was full of wonder. As the pistons rose, and the hundred valves on their surface gasped for breath, the sound was like a storm rushing through a forest, and it seemed as if we must be sucked in with the current of air. But the effect which most startled me was, when the piston came to the descent, and the valves closing, checked, as it were, or tested

the strength of the steam giant. Then! The stroke shook the whole building—made it tremble from the foundation to the roof—though its walls were thick and massive as those of the strongest fortifications.

The number of smelting furnaces all around was very great, and I was assured that a visit to the interior of some of the mines—opportunity for which was kindly offered me—would amply repay the loss of a day. I was however too anxious to push on, and could devote to Scranton but the afternoon and evening of my arrival. An immense structure of curious shape, close by the railway depot, had attracted my attention when disembarking from the cars. The main portion consisted of a vast building of circular shape, capable of containing the Rotunda and the King's Room with a good deal of space to spare. The side-walls were very low, but the roof, which was conical, rose to a great height. On the roof, half-way upward from the eave, rose a gallery sweeping parallel to the circle of the building. From this gallery, pierced close with windows of circular shape, lighting the interior, the roof continued upwards to a handsome cupola and lantern crowning the whole. The sides of the main building were pierced at close intervals with semicircular-headed windows of graceful proportions. In front was a handsomely arched entrance of large dimensions; and from the opposite end of the edifice stretched a long, low, and narrow building, extending perhaps five or six hundred feet to the rear. A line of rail, switching to the railway by which I had arrived, led to and entered this building, which a workman close by informed me was "a railway locomotive hospital". The title sounded very odd. Its appropriateness was supposed to derive from the fact that locomotives damaged or out of order, were therein overhauled and put into repair. I entered and watched the performance of surgical operations. The centre of the floor was occupied by a large "turning-table", whence some thirty or forty lines of rail radiated around the building, being covered with disabled "patients" waiting "hospital" treatment. One track ran on the full length of the great workshop, which stretched away at one end. Here the very bad cases were treated. The din and clatter was of course fearful, and I was glad to make my way out, and after a saunter through the town, return to the hotel. A few hours later, I was "in the dreaming land", amidst a sad confusion of Burdell and Brandt; Wyoming, Dublin, and Scranton; the crash of steam-engines and the rattle of musketry—wandering amid scenes that might be those of my native home, three thousand miles away, or the glades and forests of Alleghanian slopes, "that heard the Indian's song".

At an early hour next morning, I had reached the near end of the valley, at which I meant to quit the cars and commit myself to the fortunes of pedestrian adventure through the country beyond. As the train moved off, and the last puff of the engine faded from my ear, I stood alone on the track, gazing towards the mass of forest and mountain stretching into the distance before me; and for a moment I experienced an unpleasant sense of isolation, loneliness, helplessness—a

doubt of the wisdom, the prudence of trusting myself in this plight on such a venture in such a place. Alone—without companion or guide other than a pocket map,—an unknown stranger, and all around unknown to me, I was setting forth on foot into a tract of country remote and secluded, almost a solitude, without the faintest idea of how I should fare as to shelter, food, or safety, other than my faith in the general character of the simple and hospitable people of whom the valley was the home. At evening, to shape my course for the nearest smoke, and prefer a wayfarer's claim, was my sole reliance, in the event of being unable to make stages, between sunrise and sunset, of any hamlets or villages where, possibly, more regular "entertainment for travellers" might be obtainable. However, I wasted little time in musing. I buckled on my knapsack, grasped firm my staff, and set off. For some distance, clearances had gashed into the dark clothing of forest that covered the hills around; the fields dotted with "stumps" proclaiming the comparatively recent occupation of the ground. Zig-zag fences skirted the road; and now and again a challenge from a vigilant watch-dog gave notice of the farm-house—wooden in every instance, of course, and each one, large or small, set off with a verandah, or "stoup". These wooden, or "frame" houses, as they are called, have a neatness of appearance which it is difficult to convey by description. They are almost invariably painted white, the exterior Venetian shutters to the windows being coloured green. Timber being of little or no value, it costs little to indulge in tasteful and sometimes fantastic construction and ornamentation in these buildings; and the humblest farm-house, accordingly, makes a pretty feature in the landscape. After two or three hours, these homesteads became more few and far between; and I walked for miles without a sound or a sign to indicate that human existence was nigh. But for one very marked sign of civilization, I might have imagined myself thousands of miles from humanity's reach. *The road* was of quite unusual excellence, and by no means to be compared to those wretched waggon tracks which form the highways in the interior districts of America. Yet it bore all the indications of having been constructed long before the present generation was born. For, probably, thirty miles through the valley runs this road, or rather avenue, nearly as wide as Sackville Street; certainly one of the finest highways I have ever travelled, though in some places grass-grown all over save a track in the middle. Onward, right onward, through wild forest and level plain, through solitude and settlement, it winds; for most of the way embowered with foliage of the most beautiful variety, and skirted with trees of gigantic size. But for the consideration that it was laid out when land was of comparatively little value here, I should have considered so wide a thoroughfare in such a place a simple waste of ground; for traffic there was none, now at least, to require it. This road, however, remains a monument of the public spirit, skill, and industry of the first settlers in the valley; and, doubtless, it was to them of the last

importance that, amidst the almost impenetrable forest, there should be a safe, wide, and clear way from fort to fort between Pittstown and Wilkesbarre.

The day was far gone, and already I began to think I had been somewhat misled as to the distance of New Troy, where I was told there was a church, a school, and a rustic inn, beside several farmhouses, amongst which I was certain of accommodation. I still pushed on. It was one of those magnificent evenings which follow a bright glowing day in June. Everything seemed luxuriant with the verdure of summer; the air was cooled by a gentle breeze, and the landscape was suffused with that peculiar tone of colour which the sunset of a clear warm summer day throws over it. The mellow streams of the evening sun came through the trees upon the deeply-shaded road, like gleams of gold; and the fragrance of wild flowers, which clustered in masses along the way, spread a perfume all around. I struck off from the road and pushed my way through lightly-timbered ground, to the crest of a hill on the left hand, which promised to afford me an extensive view. Little more than half-an-hour sufficed to bring me to the top. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I gazed on the scene around me! Below, on the right hand, was the avenue I had quitted; quite close beneath, on the left, in calm majestic grandeur, flowed the Susquehanna! Vain are words to paint the emotions with which a traveller beholds through the forest one of those mighty rivers —so vast, so silent, so solemn; yet conveying the idea of great power and majesty. I had seen the Susquehanna before, a couple of hundred miles farther up, ere its junction with the Tioga swelled it to this size. At Binghamton it seemed a mighty tide, but here it was of twice the width and volume. There was something mysteriously impressive in the steady, calm, but rapid flow of this immense body of water, amidst the wild and solitary but beautiful scene surrounding. Where the river, at a bend, pressed upon the bank, it rose into a “bluff”; but elsewhere the waters laved the branches from the wooded shore. Turning my gaze towards the front, a scene as welcome met my view. Through an opening about two miles ahead, I could see stretching into the dim distance, a valley which I needed little scrutiny to identify with the description given me at Scranton of “Wyoming Flats”, or the valley proper, the scene of the massacre. Woodland scenery more exquisitely beautiful I never beheld, if I except, perhaps, some portions of Killarney. From a long strip of table-land, level as a bowling-green, and probably better than a mile in width, the ground rose at each side. The plain was studded apparently with rich corn fields and meadows, thickly interspersed with groves of trees, which at that distance I thought were hawthorn, but which, on subsequent approach, I found to be fruit trees. In fact the “flats” of the valley, extending for miles, seem to form one vast orchard, broken here and there by corn fields, pasturage, or meadows. Peeping through the orchard groves, and marked by surrounding wood of taller and heavier kind, could be dis-

cerned the snow-white speck which scarcely required the attendant wreath of blue smoke curling upwards to proclaim a Wyoming farmhouse. On the left or east side, divided from the flats by an undulating ridge of ground, flowed the river, behind which hill after hill rose and stretched away, wooded to the summit. On the right or west side of the level land the ground rose gradually, and for a mile or two up the slope, was apparently in occupation. From thence upward, rising somewhat more quickly, the mountains, covered with forest and varied in outline, reached into distance which the eye could not follow—the hues of the forest foliage changing with the distance into misty blue, that grew lighter and lighter, fainter and fainter, until I could not tell where the hills ceased and the sky began. I sat down by the trunk of a huge tree, gnarled with age and fantastic in figure, of massive trunk and crooked limb, and gazed long and wistfully on the picture spread out before me. Immediately at hand, the “trackless shade”, perhaps untrodden since Indian feet had scared the squirrel from his play. Farther on, sylvan scenery, little suggestive in its present seclusion and peacefulness that it could ever have been the theatre of man’s demoniac revenge and ruthless desolation. The mind irrepressibly wandered back to Wyoming’s happy time, and peopled the scene with the glad-some hearts of whom it once was the home.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of Heaven !
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed ;
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o’er the ocean !

The sun had almost touched the summit of the western mountain range ere I rose to regain the road and reach the end of my day’s journey, now happily within view. In less than an hour I had entered the long amphitheatre of which I had just previously obtained a view. I pushed onward still a mile or so further, until a branch road turned off to the right across the valley ; and at this point I found myself amidst human habitations and kindly faces once more. Here stood a neat and unpretending little church, built of wood from base to spire ; and, near at hand, a building which was both the minister’s residence and the district school. Two or three cottages were within view close by ; and, at the junction of the roads, stood a “store” and hotel of very moderate dimensions. Another “hotel”, described to me as larger, and kept by a man who “knew a good deal about the massacre”, stood at the other side of the valley, and to it I directed my steps, not, however, until I had rested awhile on the bench beneath a tree outside the little hostel, finding myself an object of much curiosity to the rustic group attracted by my arrival, and from whom I gathered a great deal that interested me to know. The church, I was informed, was the only

one in this section of the valley, and was "Presbyterian". The school close by, kept by the minister—the Rev. Edward A. Lawrence—a good and amiable man, who baptized, taught, married, preached to, and buried the simple people around him, was the "Luzerne Presbyterial Institute", deriving the topographical portion of its title, not directly from the Swiss canton so called, but from the name of the county in which Wyoming is situate. I experienced ready and polite attention, kindness, and courtesy at the hands of this gentleman, which I should be ungrateful indeed not to remember. With all the quiet, simple, and unaffected manners which became the place, I found him a man of highly educated mind and tastes; and for many particulars of the brief narrative which follows—and in which I compress the results of my several adventures, inquiries, investigations, and conversations throughout the district during my stay—I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Lawrence. The few days I spent in this valley were certainly amongst the happiest of my existence. All I had heard or read of the character of the people was fully realized in their simple, honest nature, and their kindly hospitality. They were indeed "behind the age" in many respects; they lacked many of the luxuries and fashions, and all the vices and deceits of "modern civilization". Were it not for their extremely staid and undemonstrative manner, I should have imagined myself amongst my own countrymen, so cheerful was their welcome—so sincere their pleasure in dispensing the simple hospitality of their home to a stranger. More than once, as evening fell, I have boldly made my way towards the nearest farm-house in view, announced myself as a traveller who had come to see the valley, and instantly I was made at home. The good people seemed, indeed, to regard as quite a treat the appearance of a stranger from the outer world, who could tell all the news of late times. When they learned I had quite recently come from "the old countries", as Europe is always called, their curiosity was heightened; but it was when they found that I had been attracted to Wyoming by the sad story "of what its gentle people did befall", they appeared as if called upon to testify downright gratitude. My sketch book, containing drawings of the most notable spots in the valley, was quite an exhibition in its way; and in the evenings, sitting under the verandah before the door, the whole household would gather around, each one contributing his or her scrap of tradition or hear-say of the great calamity. Sometimes "old Josh" would be sent for—"old Josh" being represented to me as the man who "could tell all about it; for his father was in the battle". At several places old manuscript "accounts", by eyewitnesses, treasured in the family, were cheerfully shown me; and a pamphlet narrative, published in 1784, shown me at New Troy, proved highly useful and interesting, though contradicted in a few particulars by the traditions I found most prevalent.

The very first day of my visit to the valley sufficed to show me that Campbell—unlike Moore, who devoted so great a length of time to reading books of Eastern travel, and familiarizing himself with oriental

manners and customs, before writing *Lalla Rookh*—had apparently neglected to take even the most ordinary precautions against blunders or absurdities of description or allusion in his poem. Whatever excuse, however, may be advanced for the poet, none surely can be imagined for the artists, who, undertaking to “illustrate” the beautiful edition of *Gertrude*, published by Routledge, of London, in 1857, have imported features into their illustrations which make them utterly ridiculous. The artist who would introduce wild elephants browsing in an English landscape, or represent the natives of Otaheite firing at Captain Cook with a Colt’s revolver, could scarcely be guilty of more absurdity than the “illustrators” referred to have committed. The anachronisms and errors of Campbell are more numerous, but more excusable, as may be gathered from the true story of Wyoming, gathered in the valley from the descendants of those who escaped the massacre.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RAMBLING SPECULATIONS ON SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

CELL-CENTRES.

THE first result of the formative law of life in both regions of the universe—material and spiritual—is the shaping of a cell, in which a movement is created by which another globule or cell is developed within it. Thus it is in the seed and the egg, in the first of which the earliest evidence of vital process is seen in the decaying of the surrounding matter in the centre of which appears a root with an ascending stem. In the egg the same thing takes place, with this difference, that the root or head in the ova occupies a reverse position. In both we have the formative law of electricity acting in the different conditions dependent on vegetable and animal chemistry. Thus the life-centre of the vegetable, its root, is adapted to its stationary condition; that of all forms of animal life, the brain, placed at the other end compatible to its condition. In the foetus the liver is first formed, with the object of decarbonizing the venous blood of the matrix rushing to the creative centre, and hence affording freer play to the action of the electric formative law. A granular cell in which, in virtue of an electric condition established producing heat, a centre forms amid surrounding disintegrated matter, from which others develop, is the primary law of all living form, movement, and life. And thus it also is in the physical processes which take place in the brain, whose two connected hemispheres are formed of a mass of white fibres communicating with the double coating of cells with which the convolutions are surrounded. In the brain the rudiments of intellectual action take place in the neighbourhood of the optic thalami, as it is the optic nerve, rather than those of sensation connected with the spinal column, which originates ideas of

external objects and of distinction—the projection of mere sensative life form the region of the animal frame. An impression is conveyed from some nerve of sense through the white fibre to a cell. At first in the infant it is mere sensation; gradually, as the mind becomes familiarized with the complex impressions of the other senses, it begins, in virtue of this optic action, to distinguish and register them, and thus establish the primary action of the rudiments of intellect and will. By degrees this action broadens its boundaries; in other words, the vital consciousness is projected from the posterior-middle portion of the brain—the medulla oblongata, and its nervous adjuncts—to the surface of the hemispheres, between which and the region of animal functions and of sense, the telegraphy slowly progressing becomes complete. Here on the surface of the hemispheres, there is quite a different formation, namely, an exterior coating of neurine or gray granular matter, then an interval of white fibrile conducting matter, and beneath it another coating of gray cellular substance. These three layers become the seat of intellectuation, and this region of the brain becomes the active seat of mind. No longer subject to mere sensual impressions, it is here enabled to isolate itself, accumulate, deduce, abstract, and combine impressions and ideas. All those, in the first instance, have their foundation in sense, and hence it is that every starting point of intellectual action is based on association; hence that every train of thought has its origin in some impression of sense. Without language, the human intellect would remain in the same state as that of an infant—without a series of symbols and signs, reasoning would be impossible. The surface of the brain, small as it is, may be said to embrace a cellular infinitude.

When an impression is conveyed, either by a nerve of sense, or fibre of association, to the double tissue of gray cellular matter surrounding the convolutions of the cerebral hemispheres, an excitation is produced in a cell in the inferior layer of neurine—the conscious impression transmitted through the intervaling telegraphy of white fibre to a cell of the external layer, in which a similar stimulation and associative action is produced, upon which reflection takes place, and according to the region of the cerebrum to whose functional apparatus the will unconsciously directs the streams of conscious nerve force, rendering it active, the mind recalls impressions, compares them, separates them, traces them from cause to consequence, or *vice versa*, according to its laws. In the natural ocell a centre acted on by a current of nerve force, becomes stimulated, and develops another or more from it. In the tissue of the brain the excitation created either develops previous impressions, or establishes a *rappo*rt through the white fibres with others, and leads to a train of thought. The excitement created in the gray cellular tissue, whose result is ideation, wastes the brain in the ratio of its intensity, each fibre undergoes a sort of burning process while conveying the nerve force, and hence the necessity of sleep caused by an extra flow of blood to the cerebral vessels, which, while

interrupting the telegraphy carried on by means of the white fibres with the gray cells, and so terminating intellectual action, nourishes the exhausted cellular tissues, and restores them to their normal state. The term of natural sleep is marked by the completion of this process.

This law of a centre acted on by the imponderable elements or forces innate in matter and throwing off other centres, is a principle fundamental throughout all creation. In the solar system, we see it in its vastest, simplest, but, except in the end to which it conforms, not its grandest phase; for in reality, a single minute cell of a brain, which is the seat of intelligence, is superior, in the order of nature, to the most stupendous magnitude of inert matter.

Some resemblance is traceable between the surfaces of worlds which are the areas of life and spirit, and atmospheres, the photosphere of the sun, on which all creative action and life depend,—and the animal functions of the cerebellum and the granular surface of the convolutions of the cerebrum.

PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY may be defined, the new science of mind based on the observation of external craniological phenomena; like others in their earlier stages, it still remains in the empirical stage, but though doubtless involving a certain amount of general truth, it rests, as yet, on no scientific basis, nor will, until the domain of biology is widened, and the brain rendered subject to the minutest and most exhausting process of microscopic anatomy. On the improvement of the microscope in connection with the increase of our knowledge respecting the nature, production, and action of organized and imponderable matter, must depend the advance made by the human mind in investigating the structural processes and laws of mental phenomena, and as respects the circulatory fluids, an acquaintance with the multitudinous problems, vital and pathological, which, for want of a higher magnifying power, have hitherto eluded the reach of physiological genius.

Gall, we know, mapped out the head in three divisions: the posterior, allotted to the animal passions and forces; the middle, or superior, to the sentiments; and the frontal, to the intellectual powers. Extensive empirical observations of human craniums and those of the inferior animals, led him to assign to each region its respective organic divisions, and Spurzheim, his succedent, added to the number. Of late the French school declines to accept the arbitrary allotments of the phrenologists, dividing the brain into two portions—the alimentative and productive, respectively posterior and anterior; while still later writers have sought to overthrow the theory of the brain being the exclusive sensorium of the mind, there being neither any general arrangement or any particular portion of the mass calculated to fulfil such conditions.

What is known of the brain, and how far does our acquaintance with it accord with the external definitions of the phrenologists?

There are two brains—the cerebellum, or smaller, occupying the inferior back, and the cerebrum, the front and greater portions of the skull, while in front the former the elongations of the spinal column develops into several portions, one called the medulla oblongata, which exercises important functions—several smaller portions of cerebral substance, of whose use nothing is known, save that of one, termed the corpora quadrigemina, which is proved to have a direct instrumentality in the faculty of vision. The cerebrum, or larger brain, is divided into two hemispheres, connected at the base by a sort of bridge of dense white nervous fibre, and by numerous transverse lines of similar substance, which preserve their rapport. Each hemisphere which anterially is divided by a deep, horizontal fissure, is formed into a number of convolutions, and surrounded by two layers, very thin, of gray, granular matter, with a still thinner layer of white matter between them. The gray cellular matter is that in which the force is generated, the white fibrile nervous matter connected therewith, that by which it is conducted. In the centre and at the base of the cerebrum there are also several masses of the gray force-developing substance. The different nerves of sense connected with the different organs pass beneath the cerebrum frontways and edgeways in the direction of the lower and upper part of the continuations of the spinal column included in the encephalon. The cerebellum, or lesser brain, resembles the larger in being surrounded by gray matter and in interior substance, save that the latter is generally of a darker colour; but it differs in its arrangement, for, though divided into two portions, the fissure is not perpendicular, but horizontal. It is also connected with the larger brain by lamina of white, conductile, nervous fibre. Experiment has proved that the cerebellum is the primary recipient of all animal sensations, that it exercises a power of coördinating the muscular movements and over the different animal functions—secretion, etc.—and has been fitly termed the brain of the body. The cerebrum, or brain of the mind, is exclusively devoted to the production of the emotions, intellectual processes, and of the volitions, superiorly and anteriorly, connected with each respectively. While, however, the cerebellum exhibits a comparative degree of sensibility, and, if subjected to injury, leads, according to the part so affected, to various manifestations, such as loss of consciousness, irregularity or cessation of muscular motion, etc.; the cerebrum, or seat of the intellect and sensibility, is in itself wholly insensible. Of both brains the convolutions extend round their masses except at the points of the relative junction. The fissures, of which there are five, are on divisional spaces named ventricles, medially filled with a sort of aqueous fluid in which the parts adjacent are cushioned, and whose presence is found essential to healthy cerebral function.

The brain consumes an immense quantity of blood relatively to the other organs of the frame, and its circulation is differently distributed. While the veins, which differ from those of the body in having no valves, take a circumferal course, thus supplying the gray cineritious

layers of substance surrounding the convolutions of the hemispheres, the arterial circulation is arranged beneath, where it supplies the central masses or ganglia of gray cellular substance in the middle of the cerebral hemispheres and those arranged at the base of the brain. This supply of the two descriptions of blood is essential to the physical process of the intellectual powers, whatever it may be, but is not in itself the sole stimulant; a second, and that of essential importance, being supplied by the nerve current, comprising the sum of animal and muscular sensations, flowing into the brains from the spinal column. If the junction between the latter is separated, although the circulations continue their supply as before, the cerebrum becomes dead—thought and feeling extinct. Thus it appears, that although the matter within the encephalon is the instrument of consciousness and mind, both are the collective result of the collective nerve currents of the system.

What mind is will possibly never be known; the production of a single thought is a perpetual and inscrutable miracle: all that we are acquainted with, and that but limitedly and dimly, is something of the material process going on in the brain. Theories have been suggested to connect mental action with electricity, magnetism, etc.; but the arrangement of nerve branches does not fulfil the conditions for the first, which requires two conductors to join, whereas most of them ramify and are apparently lost in the masses of matter, white and gray.

Of magnetism, little is known save that it is a result of electricity, and tends to alter the atomic condition of substance, not locally, but intrinsically. Electricity, we need not say, is a force inherent in almost all matter; an inherent formative power, whose results, according to the state and quality of matter inorganic or organic, are infinite. Experiment has shown that, when developed under simplest conditions, it exhibits an invariable law of spiral motion, moving from left to right, as regards the magnetic pole. Thus it may be seen manifested in a hundred phenomena in both universes of matter and life, in the spiral nebulae the direction of the sun and planets in the orbits, even in the animal circulation propelled from the heart through the frame. With respect to the brain, its action appears primarily to arise from the impressions of the senses, in the central masses of gray matter at the base of the cerebrum, and in that and in the centre of the cerebellum, regions which seem to be the seats respectively of vital and intellectual consciousness. A force generated in either region may either flow through the masses of white conductile fibre to the external convolutions, or it may be from the latter to the former. During this process, the white fibre undergoes a degree of waste, and appears excited by the stimulus to consume itself in conveying or creating the impressions—thus, as it were, uniting in itself the copper, zinc, and wires of an electric machine. As it has been proved, that a faint but well ascertained stream of electricity is generated in all living bodies, we may conceive that the nerve force, though different in its essential nature, follows

the same law of motion as electricity. In the centre of the larger brain, there is one large mass of gray force-generating matter surrounding a mass of white, which will possibly be found connected with the feelings, and with those strange, but deep and true displays of mind, which we name intuition. It is found that but one hemisphere of the brain is in action, or engaged in the process of ideation at a time; at least such is the phenomena exhibited by persons who have been traphined. From the fact that an injury inflicted on one—say the right—hemisphere, causes paralysis of the opposite side of the body, we are rather disposed to think that, while what may be called the primary exciting material process of intellectuation takes its rise in one hemisphere, its conscious effect is manifested in the other, whose reciprocal action may be somewhat analogous to the union, positive and negative, of the wires of the battery, whose result is heat and light.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER. I.

WHEN Mrs. Elder took her place at the head of her own table, in her own parlour, and drew the speckless napkin slowly from the ivory ring marked No. 1, there was a certain air of quiet dignity about her which was unmistakable. She was a placid matron of forty-five, with gray hair and dark eyes, and wonderfully soft white hands. John and Eleanor were her only children; and they lived in a neat cottage at an easy distance from town. Mrs. Elder being a lady of thrifty habits, and in the enjoyment of a small annuity, the cottage was always comfortably kept. There were, to be sure, none of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her early years. She neither went out nor entertained; and the consequence was, that the circle of her friends diminished gradually, until there were scarcely half a dozen who could be called even acquaintances. But Mrs. Elder was very happy, notwithstanding. She had wherewithal to live independently, and she was blessed with an affectionate daughter and a good and dutiful son. Mr. Elder died seven years before, and was buried under the shadow of the old cathedral. A handsome monument, erected, as the inscription stated, by his sorrowing family, bore testimony to his worth whilst living—"an affectionate husband and father, a true friend, and an esteemed citizen". This was Mr. Elder's character, as engraven on the marble over his remains. The anniversary of his death was always one of gloom to the little family of Hazel Lodge; and to-day the dinner passed over silently, without scarcely a word uttered by any of the three. Eleanor was but seven when her father died, but she had a

vivid recollection of him, and more especially of the time after his death, when she used to sit with her mother up in the room looking out towards the churchyard, and cry away the long dreary evenings. This lasted several months; but after some time Mrs. Elder's grief seemed to moderate and settle down into a feeling of reverence for the memory of her dead husband.

John was much older than Eleanor. He was born two years after their marriage, and then a space of seven years interposed, when, to the astonishment of all Mrs. Elder's friends, who had long since arranged that her family was not to exceed one, it was ascertained that, beyond yea or nay, she was about to augment the household. Eleanor was the fruit of this promise, and was their second and last child.

The late Mr. Elder was always a hard-working man of business, and at the time of his death, which was caused by an apoplectic attack, it was generally believed that his interest in the firm of Bartlett, Elder, and Co., together with some house and land property, secured for his family a tolerable income. As to this, however, there was no means of arriving at a certain conclusion. The house of Bartlett and Co. worked on as prosperously as ever, without any change, unless, indeed, the omission of the name of Elder from the title of the firm; and Mrs. Elder gave up her establishment at Wood Park, sold off the greater portion of her furniture, and went to live in the quiet little cottage at Hazel Lodge. John was at home from school when the melancholy death of his father took place, and as he was a promising, intelligent boy, it was agreed that he should go at once to business under the care of his father's partner. So young John Elder became an apprentice in the house of Bartlett and Co., late Bartlett, Elder, and Co.

"Indeed, Mrs. Elder", said her husband's partner, when the subject of John's going to business was under discussion, "I must say that for the boy's own sake I would prefer that he should adopt some other line of business; but out of respect for his poor father, and as you seem anxious for it, I could not think of disappointing your wishes in this respect"; and Mr. Bartlett, plunging his long bony finger and thumb into the depths of his waistcoat pocket, drew therefrom an embossed silver snuff-box, and having tapped the lid contemplatively several times, took a large pinch of snuff. Mr. Bartlett evidently did not wish to take the boy, and acted like a man under some constraint, but wishing to make it appear that he was conferring a favour.

"I am very grateful for your kindness, Mr. Bartlett", said the sorrow-stricken widow, "and I hope John will earn for himself your confidence by his industry and attention".

Mr. Bartlett was a shrewd, clever man, tall and lank in appearance, with prominent cheek bones and a dry passionless eye. He had, we have said, an objection to receiving young John Elder as an apprentice—so great an objection, that he reflected on it for days with an

amount of serious thought not generally given to transactions of such trifling moment. He could have wished, for reasons best known to himself, that Mrs. Elder and her son were at the bottom of the Red Sea. But he was a clever man, and thought to himself that under the circumstances it might be prudent to take the boy under his own care. "He will be safer with me", thought the clever Mr. Bartlett.

"Eleanor, have you pulled the flowers?"

"Yes, mother".

"Where are they?"

"On the drawing-room table. I have tied them into chaplets with black ribbon, and placed them in the small basket".

"It was this day seven years, children, your poor father was laid in his cold bed in the church-yard yonder. That was a sad day for you, children, and for me, too".

"I have often thought, mother", said John, "that my father's affairs must have been strangely managed. How did it happen that we got

so little out of his share in the house, when I believe his interest must have been considerable, for the business was always good?"

"I don't know, indeed, how it was. Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Powell, the solicitor, arranged it all. I have heard from Mr. Powell that the house was deeply embarrassed at the time of your poor father's death; that their liabilities were enormous, and that it was only by a struggle they were enabled to try and do something for us. Indeed, I must say, I have always found Mr. Bartlett extremely civil; but I haven't troubled him much".

"He always freezes me with his cold look", said Eleanor.

"I must say that I have no particular affection for him", said John; "nor have I any reason to complain of him either. He is singularly polite to me, and never interferes with me in any way".

"He is kind to you, John, out of respect for your father's memory".

"Well, perhaps so, mother".

"I have heard Mr. Bartlett say that he loved your father as much as if he were his own brother".

"Could he love anybody, mother dear, he has such a chill, hard look?"

"Eleanor, my child, you must not always judge of people by their looks", replied her mother.

Mrs. Elder rose from the table soon after, followed by Eleanor, and went back into her own room. John walked out into the tastefully-arranged little flower-garden, which, under his and Eleanor's care, glowed with the varied bloom of the season.

"We are ready, John", said Mrs. Elder, as she made her appearance at the hall door.

"Very well, mother"; and, offering his arm to his mother, they walked down the shaded little lane towards the road leading to the church-yard. Eleanor carried the basket filled with flowers, which

she had pulled that day and woven into wreaths, to deck the tomb of her dead father. As they walked along the road towards the church, an open carriage, drawn by a pair of magnificent bays, whirled past them. It contained a gentleman and two ladies; and as they went by, the gentleman waved his hand to them, and lifted his hat high above his head.

"That is Mr. Bartlett", said John.

"Yes, dear", replied Mrs. Elder, moodily. "They seem very happy. The business, I dare say, has improved of late".

"The business, mother? There is no house in the city doing a better trade".

Mr. Bartlett's carriage was soon out of view, and the three mourners walked on in silence to the church-yard, where lay the bones of the late John Elder.

Whilst Mr. Bartlett rolled away over the smooth, white road to Eden Hall, the little procession which he passed on the way sunk deeply into his mind. He became suddenly silent and gloomy. That evening he had been more cheerful than usual. Some speculations of an important nature had turned out successfully; and, in addition to this, certain negotiations had been opened relative to an alliance between his daughter and the scion of one of the oldest families in the country. This was the very thing which Mr. Bartlett was most anxious for. He loved his only child, and he was an ambitious man. Of mere wealth he had sufficient; but there was yet another position to be purchased by gold, but which gold of itself could not confer. This he wished for his daughter, and this he was determined to have. Miss Bartlett was very beautiful, and was just then fresh from the hands of a Parisian governess. She had all the refinement of thought and manner which an education, scrupulously attended to from infancy, is pretty generally sure to impart. But she had more—she had an open, generous nature, and a heart instinct with truthfulness and kindly feeling. No person could have appreciated those qualities more thoroughly than her father. He was proud of her for her beauty, and he loved her for her goodness with that concentrated affection which a parent always feels for an only child. "She is a noble creature", he would say to himself sometimes, "and fit to grace any position".

When their carriage swept by Mrs. Elder, her son, and daughter, Adelaide Bartlett only half recognized them, and they were gone before she had time to give any token of her recognition. She regretted this. In better days, the families of the two partners were on most intimate terms; and young as John and Adelaide were at that time, there were some little passages of romance in their youthful association which neither of them had yet forgotten. Adelaide remembered well the fairy tales they used read together in the summer days, under the large lime tree at Wood Park, and how they used wish to be fairies,—and the conversation lozenges brought by John from the *repertoire* of Madame

Ju Jupe. The memory of all this came back to her mind, not without a feeling of sadness at the melancholy event which rendered their position in life so dissimilar.

"I am afraid, papa, Mrs. Elder, and Eleanor, and John will feel pained because I did n't bow to them", said Adelaide.

"Do you mean Mr. Elder, my clerk, my dear?"

"Yes, papa", replied Adelaide, blushing.

"Humph—ah, well!" and Mr. Bartlett leaned back against the damask cushionings of his chariot, and relapsed into one of his gloomy fits. Adelaide did not venture another remark on this subject. The appearance of the Elder family, on their way to the tomb of his late partner, was suggestive of a train of thought by no means agreeable; and with his dark brow contracted into almost a scowl, he brooded over it on his way homewards to Eden Hall.

"Hang those people, and their ridiculous grief and rubbish; the sight of them sickens me. And that young blade; there is something about him particularly objectionable to me. So I must get rid of him and all of them, *if I can*". So thought Mr. Bartlett as his bays dashed up the gravelled avenue towards his country mansion.

Meantime, the wreaths of fresh flowers, culled from the little garden at Hazel Lodge, were placed on the tomb of the late John Elder, and the widow and children knelt reverently round it.

"Mother, let us come", said John; "it is nearly night". Mrs. Elder rose up, her pale face suffused with tears, and taking the arm of her son, the three walked slowly back to the little cottage.

CHAPTER II.

Suppose six months after the above to have passed, not without its fruition of the several circumstances proper and necessary for the purposes of our story. John and Adelaide have met, where and how it is needless to mention, but they have met, and old times have been renewed, and old memories conned over; and a mutual understanding established on a most satisfactory basis. The suit of that aristocratic personage, hereinbefore dimly foreshadowed, has also been urged under the approving auspices of Mr. Bartlett, and a very chivalrous amount of anxiety exhibited by the young gentleman to secure the hand and the fortune of the merchant's daughter. Adelaide, however, is unwilling, and Mr. Bartlett, suspecting the cause, is furnished with an additional motive for hating young John Elder.

"Adelaide, my child", said Mr. Bartlett one evening to his daughter, "I hope you have at length made up your mind to accede to my wishes. I am certain, if you consulted your own happiness and your own dignity as much as I do, that you could have no hesitation in accepting so desirable an offer. You are my only child, and, God knows, I have done more for you, and made greater sacrifices for you,

than I trust you will ever know of; but if you now disappoint my wishes, and fling from your hands the certainty of a fine position, my anxiety and toil for your sake will be ill repaid. Do now, my child, act as your father requests of you, and you may be certain you will do what is right".

Mr. Bartlett took his daughter's hand while saying this, and pleaded with all the fervour of one whose mind was fixed upon the accomplishment of a great object. Adelaide hung her head during this appeal, and the tears streamed down her face, pallid as that of a corpse. When he had concluded she drew herself up, and a sudden animation gleamed in her eye and suffused her cheek. She said, almost vehemently:

"Father, I cannot!"

"What! Cannot! You don't mean to say that, Adelaide; you don't mean to confront the will of your father; you do not mean to dispute my authority; you don't mean——"

And Mr. Bartlett, purple with rage, stamped violently up and down his drawing-room.

"Come, madam", he resumed, "I'll stand none of this humbug. I know it all. I know the source and fountain of this abominable conduct. I have marked *him* long since, and he'll pay the penalty of it".

Mr. Bartlett uttered these last words in a hoarse guttural tone, while his face assumed an expression of revolting fierceness. He said no more, but walked out of the room, slamming the door after him.

Adelaide sat in the deep bay window, and looked out on the green velvety lawn, sloping gently down towards the river. She was calm now. The first genuine burst of feeling had passed away. She was sustained in that by her love for John, her abhorrence of the man whom her father had chosen for her, and the natural impulse of resistance which always rises against oppression; but now she had reflected, and reflection brought with it, if not a revulsion of feeling, at least a sincere regret that she should have given her father so much annoyance and pain. He was always so kind, and so thoughtful, and so affectionate towards her, that it was cruel and wrong to displease him so deeply. Yet what was she to do? She loved John Elder, and he loved her in return. She loathed the idea of marrying the other, whom she saw plainly, with a woman's clear vision in such matters, only anxious to secure her for her fortune's sake. Still, her father's wish, her father's happiness, her good, kind, affectionate father, come what may, she cannot and will not allow him to be miserable. She rose from her seat and touched the gong by the mantel piece. A liveried footman immediately obeyed the summons.

"Where is Mr. Bartlett?" she inquired.

"Please ma'am, he is in the library".

"Thank you", she said, and the servant retired.

Now for a sacrifice, thought Adelaide, and without realizing the full extent of it, she passed through the hall to the library where her father sat. He did not perceive her entering the door, and notwithstanding

that she knocked several times before doing so, he was so much absorbed in the perusal of some documents, that it was only when she spoke he became aware of her presence.

"Ah, Adelaide! Well, my dear child, have you anything to say to me?"

"I am sorry, papa", said Adelaide, the tears welling in her large lustrous eyes, "that I gave you so much pain; indeed, I did n't mean it, and I should n't like to do anything to displease you".

"Well, my dear, have you reflected on what I proposed to you?"

"Yes, papa".

"And do you consent to accept the hand of this young gentleman?"

"Yes, if you please, papa", she replied, with terrible calmness.

Mr. Bartlett drew a long breath, like that of a man who had just passed through some awful peril. "I am glad, my child", he said, in a tranquil voice, "your better judgment has pointed out to you the wisdom of this course; and I am sure you will have reason to congratulate yourself on the adoption of your father's advice".

Adelaide was perfectly silent, and remained standing all the time. "Have you anything more to say to me, papa?"

"No, my dear, nothing. We shall have to make some preparations, you know, but I will see to all that". Mr. Bartlett resumed his writing, and Adelaide, pale and statue-like, moved out of the room.

We have not yet given a name to the young gentleman who appears in this brief story as the aspirant to the hand and fortune of Miss Bartlett. Suppose we call him Mr. Alfred Horsley, nephew to Sir Reginald Horsley, of Horsley Dale, and heir presumptive to that old gentleman's title. His estates were not worth the mentioning. To do him simple justice, he was a fine athletic young man, with a delicate fair moustache and a pair of broad shoulders. He had been living that kind of life which is popularly denominated "going it a little fast" for some time, and now, acting on the advice of his friends and the suggestions of innumerable creditors, who evinced a most benevolent solicitude to see him settled in the world, he was about to "wind up" and become a sedate "respectability", to talk of nothing but bank stock, and three per cents, and railway shares, for the future, and, in fine, to turn out a light of the domestic hearth, and a model man in every respect. From the evening when Adelaide had consented to become his wife, he was a constant visitor at Eden Hall, and all the necessaries for the wedding were being got ready with the usual activity displayed on such occasions.

"By the bye, Miss Bartlett", said Mr. Horsley, during one of his visits, "that was rather a narrow escape your father had".

"Escape!" said Adelaide, slightly losing colour, "what escape?"

"You do n't mean to tell me you did n't hear of it".

"No", replied Adelaide, still frightened.

"Ah, well, I suppose your father looks upon such things as trifles. The fact is, he was precious near being done to a considerable amount

by a pet clerk of his". Adelaide was now deadly pale, and Mr. Horsley, without noticing the change, still went on carelessly. "This youth, it appears, was son to a late partner, or something of the kind, and being placed in a confidential position, made good use of it, and forged bills to some enormous amount. Fortunately, however, he has been detected, and is now in custody; but it is probable that it will be some time before the full extent of the fellow's villainy will come out. Stay", said Mr. Horsley, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out a newspaper. "I think there ought to be an account of the whole affair here"; and he read deliberately, from beginning to end, the history of the alleged forgery. He did not notice the bloodless lips and the face of his betrothed, blanched into a complexion of corpse-like pallor; he did not hear the short gasping breathing; he read on calmly, without bestowing the slightest attention to the effect which it had on his hearer. There was the whole story told in the most circumstantial manner, and leaving no possible doubt as to its authenticity. John Elder was in a common jail with a felon's brand upon his name, charged with the crime of forgery. Can he be guilty? was the question which flashed across her mind. No; he is innocent! And the foul suspicion was hurled from her heart before it had got a moment's resting place.

"Are you ill, Miss Bartlett?" asked Mr. Horsley, laying down the newspaper, and startled on noticing for the first time the effect which the news of the forgery had upon her.

"Thank you, no—a little", replied Miss Bartlett, trying to compose herself; "you will excuse me—I don't feel quite strong to-day"; and Adelaide bade him good morning and retired.

"Awfully nervous!" was the mental commentary of Mr. Alfred Horsley, after she had gone. "Hang this fellow, whoever he is, and his infernal forgeries, and hang newspapers for reporting such things and frightening the wits out of nervous young females. Can't they manage to convict and transport or hang those kind of fellows quietly, without letting the world know anything about it? But it was all my own fault. Why did I tell it? What a donkey, to destroy a nice morning's enjoyment! Always putting my foot in it!"

These were Mr. Alfred Horsley's reflections. There was no help for it now, however; so having ordered his trap, he dashed away rapidly back to town.

CHAPTER III.

John Elder sat at a small deal table in Newgate prison, and opposite him sat a man, the most remarkable feature in whose face was his nose. It was a rubicund organ, and this peculiarity, in contrast with the complexion of his face, which was rather pale, considerably enhanced the effect of the former.

"You are quite sure about the amount which your mother received from these parties after your father's death?"

"I only have her own word for it, and I believe what she says. My mother is a simple woman, and never questions the truth of anything that is told to her; but I must say it often appeared remarkable to me, that out of so splendid a business we should have got such a paltry sum for my father's interests".

"You say he was always kind to you?"

"Yes, and especially of late his politeness had become almost painful".

"Of course it had—just like him"; and the man of the red nose, who was nothing more or less than a solicitor, rubbed his knee in the thoughtful manner which he always did when he was disentangling the web of some mystery.

"And those bills?" he inquired.

"I told you all I know of them. I have been in the habit of filling up blank cheques and acceptances up to a certain sum. All I have to say is, that I never exceeded the limits of my authority; but there is the mystery. How I have been brought into this I cannot understand. I am convinced there is some plot at the bottom of it all".

"Of course"; and the man of law relapsed into his contemplative mood again.

"And as to the young lady?"

"I have informed you on that subject also", replied John.

"You have, of course. I imagine we will be able to set it all right, so I will bid you good bye for the present".

As the lawyer walked across the paved court-yard of the prison, he thought to himself the next best step to take in the matter. It was a knotty transaction, cautiously and cleverly conceived, and should be handled with the most extreme delicacy. Somebody had made an effort to ruin young John Elder, that is, if he was not guilty, and things did look unpleasantly suspicious. Who was that person?—there was the puzzle. Mr. Bartlett held a high position in the commercial world. He was known to be a man of great wealth, and his character in his outward dealings had never suffered the slightest imputation. He was regarded as a thoroughly upright and honourable man. To attempt to fasten the suspicion of foul play on him would be repelled by the common sense of every rational being. What possible motive could he have in jeopardising his character for the purpose of doing an injury to a young man, to whom he had always been notoriously kind and indulgent? There was the affair between Miss Bartlett and John Elder, of which Mr. Bartlett was perfectly aware, and to which he had a very natural objection, considering that his daughter's fortune and beauty should induce him to look higher than an humble clerk, no matter how good he might be in other respects; but what reasonable man could suppose that he would adopt a course so dangerous in order to prevent that? Even if there were a probability of it, which there could not be, as it was well known that Miss Bartlett had accepted the proposal of Mr. Horsley, and that their

wedding-day had been fixed. Still, no one else could have done it. Either John Elder had forged the bills, or Mr. Bartlett, notwithstanding all his respectability, was engaged in a foul plot to blast the character of a young man by fixing upon him a crime of which he was innocent. This was the alternative deduced from the lawyer's speculations as he walked listlessly through the bye streets leading to his office.

John Elder's reflections, as he sat in his prison cell, were anything but pleasant. He thought of the shame and agony which his poor mother should endure. To have even the suspicion of dishonesty attached to his name was dreadful; but in this instance there were so many concurring circumstances all tending to establish his guilt with such extraordinary force and consistency that his conviction seemed inevitable. He thought of Miss Bartlett, too, of her marriage with Mr. Horsley, of the letter which he had received from her—the short unsatisfactory letter which simply informed him that she was to be married, and that their "dream must cease for ever". The recollection of this came back to his mind now with a twofold bitterness; he only deserved to be punished for the mad folly of indulging hopes which his poor position and her great wealth put beyond any chance of realization. Yet he could not bring himself to think that Adelaide Bartlett had acted so of her own unbiassed choice. Her father's influence—it might be his coercion—had something to do with it. And then the charge of forgery under which he was a prisoner. "Even supposing", he said to himself, "that my innocence should be proved, and that I should escape the penalties consequent on a conviction for forgery, the very imputation of the offence will leave its sting behind, however groundless, however strongly repudiated, and shown by the most incontestable evidence to be false and malicious. Come what will—whether I shall be proved innocent or guilty—my character must suffer; the stigma of having been once tried for forgery cannot be wiped out by judge or jury, for the world can never regard as all right *a man capable of being charged with such a crime*".

The heavy turning of a key in the door lock, and the entrance of the jailor put an end to John Elder's gloomy reflections.

"There is a young woman wants to see you, sir", said the jailor, who always treated him with a certain share of deference. He thought it was Eleanor, and requested the jailor to show her in.

"This way, ma'am", said the jailor, and the young woman entered the narrow cell where John Elder was confined a prisoner. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw that, instead of his sister, it was Adelaide Bartlett who had come to visit him.

"I am sure, Mr. Elder", she gasped out, "you did not expect a visit from *me*".

"Well, no, Miss Bartlett", replied John in a tranquil voice, "I did not".

"I am sure I am very sorry at what has occurred, and I have come here to—to tell you that I do not believe you guilty of this charge".

"I am much obliged for your sympathy, Miss Bartlett", said John, "and for the good opinion you are kind enough to entertain of my honesty". This was said in a cold, sarcastic tone, and cut sorely.

From the moment that Mr. Horsley had revealed to her the position of danger in which John Elder stood, she felt a determination to tell him from her own lips that her opinion of his integrity and honour was unchanged. She did not stop to inquire whether the accusation was the result of a conspiracy to ruin John Elder. She never thought of the part her father should play in it, or to fathom the possible motives which might prompt him to wish for his disgrace and banishment. She did not wait to investigate the evidences of his innocence or his guilt. She had only one idea strongly rivetted in her mind, and that was—that John Elder was incapable of doing anything unrighteous or dishonourable. With this belief, she made her way to the prison in which he was confined, to lay at his feet her faith in his honour at the moment when the world doubted it. It was only now, when her heart was pierced by the cold sarcasm of John Elder's words, that she felt she was wrong in coming there under the circumstances. What right, she thought, had she to offer him sympathy—she who had betrayed his love and faithlessly abandoned him for another, without even a word of explanation?

"I did not come to mock you, Mr. Elder", she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "I hope you will do me the justice of thinking that at all events".

Then there was an awkward pause, and after a little, Adelaide moved towards the door, and passed silently out again into the court-yard. The jailor, who kept respectfully out of the way during the interview, now returned to his office, and as the dull, rattling sound of the key outside grated on John's ear, he felt his heart sink within him. A week passed over, and no change occurred in the monotonous routine of his prison life, unless, indeed, two or three visits from the solicitor who was to provide for his defence at the coming trial. One day, that personage made his appearance, and seemed to be labouring under terrible excitement.

"You have no business here, sir", he said to John, having first taken time to breathe a little.

"It is n't a very pleasant place certainly", replied John.

"Pleasant! no sir; and, moreover, it is no place for an honest man, as you are".

It was now John's turn to be excited.

"Have you any news?" he said anxiously. "Have you found out anything—have you—?"

"News! What, man, I have ferreted it all out—scented it—traced it all from stem to stern; and I must say, that in the whole course of my professional experience, I have never had the pleasure of meeting so pretty a piece of villainy on the whole".

"Have you discovered—?"

"I have discovered everything ; but be calm—sit down there, and listen to me. First of all, I must tell you that you are here on a charge which has been planned, concocted, and devised for the purpose of ruining you. You are innocent of that charge".

"I am. I know that already ; but who has done it ?"

"Quiet ! Listen to me. I 'll tell you who has done it. Bartlett has done it !"

"Bartlett !"

"Yes, Bartlett, the blackest scoundrel that ever trod the earth. He was not satisfied with robbing you and your family, but he must strive to consummate his rascality by an attempt to bring unmerited ruin and disgrace on your head" ; and he went on to detail the circumstances of the plot to have him convicted for forgery, in which Mr. Bartlett was the sole and prime mover, and also the swindle through which Mr. Bartlett became enriched after the late John Elder's death.

"I always had my suspicions", said John, "that there was some foul play in that matter. He does n't know, I suppose, that you are in possession of the real state of things ?"

"Not he ; he has n't the remotest idea of how neatly I have netted him. We must be extremely cautious ; and now I must go and see to getting you out of this".

The attorney and client shook hands warmly, and John was again left to his own reflections. This time his thoughts bent hopefully towards the future. He was about to be restored to his honest name and to the fortune of which he had been unjustly deprived. He thought of his mother and sister, of their suffering and their humiliation on his account, and the joy which this triumph of his innocence would bring to them, and he thought of Adelaide. The last few moments had wrought a complete change in his feelings. He never ceased to love her, from the time when they played as children together up to the present. When last they met he was reserved and haughty in his manner ; he was then under a cloud, and her sympathy, however kindly meant, had, from their peculiar relations to each other, something in it offensive to his pride. He repelled it coldly ; and when Adelaide came to his prison cell, her true heart filled with sorrow for the wrong which she believed he was unjustly suffering, he received her with a stiff bow and an ungenerous retort. Now he had a more just appreciation of her devotedness, and he regretted that he should have acted so unkindly.

The train of discovery once laid, fresh circumstances came rapidly to light, and events followed upon each other in quick succession. Mr. Bartlett, with the sagacity for which he was always remarkable, soon perceived the real aspect of affairs, and fled the country to avoid the consequences of his dishonest conduct.

Time wore on, and the extraordinary incidents of Mr. Bartlett's attempts to ruin young John Elder had lost all their novelty. Meanwhile he had been liberated from prison, and enjoyed the full benefit

of public and private sympathy. The house of Elder and Co., under the proprietorial charge of John Elder, was more prosperous than ever ; and "all went merry as a marriage bell. But there was one thing more to fill up the measure of John Elder's happiness, and that was the hand of Adelaide Bartlett ; this, too, he gained in good time, not without considerable vexatious delays and difficulties ; and they lived happily in the old house at Wood Park, under the shade of those very lime trees where they first knew and loved each other.

Do the conventionalities of story-telling require that we should say anything of that amiable personage, Mr. Horsley ? When Mr. Bartlett ran off, there appeared to him no longer any necessity for boring the young lady with his melancholy attempts at love-making ; so he gracfully withdrew, protesting that Adelaide was the loveliest and noblest creature living, and anathematizing his stars that he should be compelled "to marry money".

REVIEW.

"APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA". *Being a reply to a Pamphlet entitled "What then does Dr. Newman mean?"* By the Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D. London : Longmans, 1864. By J. B. ROBERTSON.

AFTER a long silence, occasioned partly by ill health, partly by important duties, and which the admirers of his genius and the friends of religion deeply lamented, Dr. Newman has produced a work almost unique in its kind, and portions of which are equal to anything that he has ever written.

In a preceding pamphlet he had exposed with inimitable powers of logic and of satire the calumnies and the contradictions of a rash, careless writer. Mr. Kingsley, unmindful of the castigation he had received, has had the folly to repeat his false imputations, and to aggravate them by excessive insolence. This second pamphlet has called forth the work before us.

In the first two parts Dr. Newman refutes Mr. Kingsley's cavils and sophistries, and repels with just indignation his insulting remarks ; in the succeeding four parts he gives a most clear, graphic, and captivating history of his own religious opinions ; and in the seventh he enters upon the important subject of the relations between Faith and Reason, and proves the necessity of an infallible Church, as well as the great intellectual freedom which Catholicism insures to the individual. In the appendix he explains some nice points of moral divinity, and dispels many misrepresentations of our adversaries.

An autobiography from even an ordinary writer is sure to excite our interest ; but what may we not expect from the psychological analysis of his own religious feelings by a master spirit, who in a most

exciting and momentous period of England's ecclesiastical history, played so conspicuous a part?

We shall now proceed to give a short summary of our author's religious history, cite a few extracts from the work before us, guard our readers against a misconception of one or two statements contained in it, and conclude with an estimate of Dr. Newman's genius.

"Brought up from a child", as he tells us, "to take great delight in the Scriptures", Newman early showed his strong religious instincts. Though he had never come into contact with *Catholica*, the boy of ten years of age would cross himself when he entered his room in the dark, would draw out on his copy book the blessed sign of Redemption, and see under the phenomena of material nature the play of the angels. At the age of fourteen infidel publications, such as the works of Paine, and the *Essays of Hume*, fell into his hands; and religious doubts, like dark clouds, passed over the bright mind of this marvellous boy.. Those doubts, whatever they were, were soon dispelled; and at the age of fifteen the religious works of Thomas Scott, a great favourite with the Evangelicals, and Law's *Serious Call*, and the writings of Jones of Nayland, made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and turned it to religion. Thomas Scott and Jones of Nayland fixed firmly and for ever in his mind the great doctrine of the Trinity. Milner's *Church History* fascinated him by its pictures of the Fathers of the Church; but Bishop Newton's work on the *Prophecies* inspired him with the deepest distrust of the Papacy, which it required the efforts of long years to overcome. At the early age of sixteen, we believe, Newman repaired to Oxford. He was at this time a sincere Evangelical; and we cannot help thinking that the writings of Calvinistic divines, such as Scott and Law, though among the most moderate of their party, gave a tinge of melancholy which has never been effaced, to the character of Newman. At the college of Oriel, in which he matriculated, he became acquainted with Dr. Hawkins, now provost of that house. This divine impresses on Newman's mind the great principle of ecclesiastical Tradition, while another clergyman of the same house convinces him of the truth of an Apostolical Succession. These two doctrines must have rudely shaken his Evangelical theory.

Dr. Whately, afterwards the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, was from the year 1822 on very intimate terms with Newman. From him our author acquired those anti-Erastian principles, which constitute so prominent a feature in the *Tracts for the Times*.

In respect to his intellectual training, Newman was indebted to Dr. Hawkins for more exactness in statement and greater precision in argument; while Whately taught him to exercise his mind in philosophic speculation. The *Analogy* of Butler formed, as in the case of so many others, a turning point in the history of our author's religious opinions. Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, a little later, opened to him the treasures of patristic lore, and stimulated him to prosecute further his researches in Christian antiquity.

About 1823, Newman formed an intimacy with the religious-minded and learned Dr. Pusey—an intimacy which was afterwards to lead to such important results. Richard Hurrell Froude, cut off, alas! at the commencement of the great religious movement, and just as he was hailing the day-star of faith that was rising upon his soul, and the learned Robert Isaac Wilberforce, afterwards archdeacon, and a distinguished convert to our Church, became, about 1826, warm friends and literary associates of our author. Hurrell Froude introduced a distinguished member of the University of Oxford to his friend, Newman. This was the celebrated Mr. John Keble, who had then retired to a country parsonage, and but occasionally came to Oxford. His beautiful poem, *The Christian Year*, forms an era in the religious history of England, and had no little influence in promoting the further growth of more Catholic sentiments in the mind of our author. Newman declares that it brought out, with noble illustrations, two truths laid down by Bishop Butler in his *Analogy*. The first is what may, in a large sense, be called the Sacramental System; namely, "the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen". The second intellectual principle is, that "probability is the guide of life". These two principles, which are the foundations of Butler's philosophy, are somewhat modified by Mr. Keble. The two principles thus laid down by the great Anglican bishop, and modified by the Anglican poet, required, in Dr. Newman's opinion, further explanation and development. This completion of Butler's views is found in the admirable passage we here cite, and which may be considered as forming the key to Dr. Newman's philosophy.

Mr. Keble, he says, seems to wish to strengthen and complete the views of Butler, "by affirming that, in matters of religion, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain, but probability as it is put to account by faith and love. *It is faith and love which give to probability a force, which it has not in itself.*"

* * * * *

"I did not at all dispute this view of the matter, for I made use of it myself; but I was dissatisfied, because it did not go to the root of the difficulty. It was beautiful and religious, but it did not even profess to be logical; and, accordingly, I tried to complete it by considerations of my own, which are implied in my *University Sermons*, *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles*, and *Essay on Development of Doctrine*. My argument is in outline as follows: that that absolute certitude which we were able to possess, whether as to the truths of natural theology or as to the fact of a revelation, was the result of an *assemblage* of concurring and converging probabilities, and that, both according to the constitution of the human mind and the will of its Maker; that certitude was a habit of mind; that certainty was a quality of propositions; that probabilities which did not reach to logical certitude might create a mental certitude; that the certitude thus created

might equal in measure and strength the certitude which was created by the strictest scientific demonstration ; and that to have such certitude might, in given cases and to given individuals, be a plain duty, though not to others in other circumstances. Moreover, that as there were probabilities which sufficed to create certitude, so there were other probabilities which were legitimately adapted to create opinion ; that it might be quite as much a matter of duty, in given cases and to given persons, to have about a fact an opinion of a definite strength and consistency, as in the case of greater or of more numerous probabilities it was a duty to have a certitude ; that, accordingly, we were bound to be more or less sure on a sort of (as it were) graduated scale of assent, viz., according as the probabilities attaching to a professed fact were brought home to us, and, as the case might be, to entertain about it a pious belief, or a pious opinion, or a religious conjecture, or at least a tolerance of such belief, or opinion, or conjecture in others ; that, on the other hand, as it was a duty to have a belief of more or less strong texture in given cases ; so in other cases it was a duty not to believe, not to opine, not to conjecture, not even to tolerate the notion that a professed fact was true, inasmuch as it would be credulity, or superstition, or some other moral fault, to do so. This was the region of private judgment in religion ; that is, of a private judgment not formed arbitrarily and according to one's fancy or liking, but conscientiously, and under a sense of duty"—pp. 80-81.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to present to our readers, as we had intended, the vigorous and life-like portrait which our author has traced of his amiable and gifted friend, Hurrell Froude.

Of that early friend and associate, he says, "It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence"—p. 87.

So we see that the Catholic sentiments of Dr. Newman were the slow growth of time—the result of gradual accretions, rather than of an organic unity of action. In this process, too, we find disturbing elements. If Hawkins, and James, and Keble, and Froude seconded the Catholic influences of the author of the *Analogy*, and of the author of the *Defensio Fidei Nicena*, we find that the prejudices contracted against the true Church in the school of Newman's early Calvinistic teachers, Milner and Thomas Scott, could only after long and arduous efforts be thrown off. The work of intellectual regeneration was now accelerated by a more systematic study of the early fathers—a study to which he was forced by a work undertaken at the request of his friend, the Rev. Hugh Rose. This was the history of the Council of Nicaea, which issued in the work entitled, *The Arians of the Fourth Century*. Dr. Newman, in the work before us, gives a most interesting account of the delight with which he perused the writings of St. Justin, Clemens

Alexandrinus, Origen, and St. Athanasius, and how they awoke in his soul the music of bygone days.

The works of the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century, like Hooker, Laud, Andrewes, Hammond, Jeremy Taylor, Bramhall, Stillingfleet, Pearson, Beveridge, Thorndike, South, and Bull, strengthened his Catholic impressions, and brought him nearer to the true Church. Those learned Anglican theologians, who by their researches had often worked their way so near to the truth, possessed not the advantages enjoyed by their Tractarian successors of the present day. They had little intercourse with Catholic Europe, while the severity of the penal laws estranged them from their Catholic countrymen. Protestant prejudices, too, were at that time far more acrimonious than at present; and among those divines who often made such remarkable approximations towards Catholic doctrine, a tone of schismatical asperity towards the Holy See not unfrequently breaks out. Of all those Anglican theologians of the seventeenth century, none (as Dr. Newman once told the writer of these pages) exerted so great an influence over his mind as Hooker, the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. His great master, Bishop Butler, belonged, we need not say, to the middle of the following century. While our author was engaged on his history of the Arians, great events at home and abroad were taking place. The July Revolution of 1830 had occurred, and given to Europe a shock which is still felt. The Reform Bill was agitating the British empire from one extremity to the other. The cry, "The Church in danger", was everywhere heard, and the Protestant bishops were hooted and insulted in the streets of London.

On the completion of his work in July, 1832, Dr. Newman was requested by his friend Froude and his father to accompany them on a tour to the south of Europe. The sight of so many splendid churches, shrines, and noble monuments of piety made a deep impression on a mind so religious as that of our author's. But, strange to say, though he had such deep admiration for the Catholic Church, and though he held so many of her doctrines, yet he seems to have shunned all intercourse with the natives of Italy, and conversed neither with their clergy nor laity on matters of religion. And even at a later period, when his religious opinions were far more advanced, and though he was ready to subscribe the formularies of the Catholic Church, but still harboured the suspicion that her devotional practices were unsound or exaggerated, he neither reads Catholic books of controversy or piety, nor consults Catholic theologians on his doubts. His learned and revered friend, Dr. Russell, the President of Maynooth, had actually to place in his hands St. Alphonsus Liguori's Sermons, and the devotional tracts of the Roman people, before his eyes were opened, and his last stumbling-block removed.

This is very mysterious. Providence, it would seem, retarded the work of grace on this mighty soul, in order that its conversion might later be attended with more fruitful results to others.

On his return from Italy in 1833, Dr. Newman found that a counter-movement against religious and political Liberalism had set in. On the Sunday following his arrival in England, July 14th, 1833, Mr. Keble preached in the University pulpit a sermon on "National Apostacy". This celebrated sermon our author considers as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of this extraordinary moral revolution, which for twenty years kept the English mind in suspense, which turned aside the current of English thought into new channels, where, though more noiseless, it is now flowing on in a broad and rapid stream.*

Some apparently insignificant circumstances are often the immediate occasion of great movements, intellectual or political; but here the occasion was, indeed, the unlikeliest that could be well conceived for a change that was to issue in such triumphs for the Catholic Church.

The Irish Protestant Establishment, set up as it was on the ruins of the people's church, has long been considered by the most enlightened Protestant statesmen of England as a gross anomaly, which only from motives of political expediency could be for a time tolerated. Yet it was the suppression by Earl Grey's government of a certain number of bishoprics in this Establishment, that gave rise to the semi-Catholic movement of 1833. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!

The chief persons who coöperated with Dr. Newman in stemming the tide of ecclesiastical latitudinarianism were Mr. Hugh Rose, the distinguished opponent of German Rationalism;† Mr. Palmer of Worcester College, the learned author of a Church history; Dr. Pusey, Mr. Arthur Percival, the son of the Prime Minister; Mr. Keble, Mr. Hurrell Froude, and others. These gentlemen met frequently, and concerted measures for the defence of the Church of England. They issued from time to time publications entitled *Tracts for the Times*. The object of these was to defend the Anglican Church against the aggressions, actual or threatened, of the civil power, to combat Erastianism, to uphold the dogmatic principle, the sacramental system, baptismal regeneration, the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist, the utility of Confession, the Apostolic succession, the Divine institution of episcopacy, and to fix the position of the Anglican Church as one intermediate between what was called "Romanism and popular Protestantism". For carrying out

* For the last two years conversions from all classes to the Catholic Church in England have been more numerous than at any former time. For the sake of prudence little is said of them in the newspapers.

† In 1827, when Mr. Rose's Lectures on German Rationalism had just been published, the writer of this paper, then a very young man, said to his friend, Mr. Charles Butler: "This book is likely to have great results". It was in the chambers of this very clergyman the men of the movement first met. Mr. Hugh Rose was the link of connection between the Catholic reaction in Protestant Germany and in England. We wish that Dr. Newman in his beautiful sketch of Rose had brought out this fact.

their views these learned divines and their friends published translations of the Fathers, and gave new editions of the Anglican theologians of the seventeenth century. In the same spirit and with the same object, they preached sermons and published larger works.

Our author speaks of the various antecedents of the men who joined him in his project of religious regeneration. "Dr. Hook and Mr. Churton", he says, "represented the high church dignitaries of the last century; Mr. Perceval, the Tory aristocracy; Mr. Keble came from a country parsonage; Mr. Palmer, from Ireland; Dr. Pusey, from the Universities of Germany, and the study of Arabic MSS.; Mr. Dods-worth, from the study of Prophecy; Mr. Oakeley had gained his views, as he himself expressed it, partly by study, partly by reflection, partly by conversation with one or two friends, inquirers like himself; while I speak of myself as being much indebted to the friendship of Archbishop Whately. * * * What head of a sect is there? What march of opinions can be traced from mind to mind among preachers, such as these? They are one and all in their degree the organs of one sentiment, which has risen up simultaneously, in many places, very mysteriously"—p. 188.

This is very true. These divines recurred only to the teaching of their distinguished predecessors of the seventeenth century. And the fact that the Anglican Church should have exhibited Catholic tendencies more frequently, and more strongly, than the other Protestant communions, is one which her origin and the circumstances of her history may serve to explain. Her Articles, which aimed at the comprehension of opposite parties, her liturgy, so much of which was taken from Catholic sources, and the institution of Episcopacy, brought her nearer to Catholicism than any of her sister communions. From her origin up to the present times, the two elements within her—the semi-Catholic and the Protestant—have been in conflict, and have alternately triumphed. Schismatical under Henry the Eighth; Calvinistic under Edward the Sixth; moderately Calvinistic under Elizabeth; Arminian under James the First; semi-Catholic under Charles the First and his two sons; Latitudinarian under William the Third and the first two Georges; she experienced under the third George a struggle between High-Churchism and a diluted Methodism, called Evangelicalism. This struggle lasted till the Tractarian Movement, of which we have been speaking. How much more propitious were the circumstances of the present age to its happy development, than those of the seventeenth century to the Laudian school, we have already had occasion to observe. But this vast difference of circumstances escaped the observation of Dr. Lingard, a very learned and acute-minded man, but not a profound intellect. To Cardinal, then Dr. Wiseman, who was so instrumental in bringing the movement to a happy issue, who was ever answering the objections, and solving the difficulties of the Tractarians, and throwing out ropes to the mariners struggling with

the waves, and trying to make for port, Dr. Lingard said: "Why are you so sanguine, Wiseman, in this affair? See how the efforts of the Laudian party terminated. They came to nought!" The worthy historian did not perceive that in the seventeenth century Protestantism had yet vitality, but that in the present age, and in every part of Europe, it is in a state of utter decomposition; and that, therefore, the human mind has nothing to choose but between Catholicism and the rankest infidelity. But we must not anticipate.

The *Tracts for the Times*, and the larger publications connected with them, produced an immense sensation in England. The religious feelings dormant in the English mind revived; the Church services were more frequent, and better attended; books of devotion were perused with greater diligence; sermons were more imbued with doctrine; fasting was, after so long an intermission, reintroduced, and confession occasionally practised. The high-and-dry bishops were tickled with the idea of being successors to the apostles, and smiled complacently on the youthful champions of episcopacy. Greater regularity characterized the manners of many of the clergy, while an earnest piety was the mark of others; and even the Evangelicals approved of the greater strictness of discipline recommended by the new school. Many among the laity, too, especially in the higher classes of society, shared the enthusiasm for the new doctrine and the new discipline.

Literature, also, reflected the ideas and the sentiments which were taking such hold on the English mind. Poetry, in which the muse of Keble and of Isaac Williams set so brilliant an example, works of fiction, histories, like Bowden's interesting *Life of Pope Gregory the Seventh*, *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, *Commentaries on the Fathers*, diffused the principles, and enhanced the prestige of the party.

It may well be supposed that all this while Dr. Newman was not idle. He published in succession an *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles*; a *Treatise on Justification*; *The Prophetic Office of the Church of England*; and from 1838 to 1841 was editor of the *British Critic*. It was in this journal the germs of a schism in the Tractarian party were laid, and gradually matured. The vigorous, penetrative mind of our author, sustained by his earnest, conscientious spirit, had been gradually grasping, one after another, the truths of Catholicism. He left behind him some of the originators of the movement, like Keble, Williams, Palmer, and Pusey, but was supported in what were called his Romanizing tendencies by Oakley, Ward, and a number of junior allies. His sympathetic friend, Hurrell Froude, was, alas! no more: for he would have been by his side, and have led rather than followed Dr. Pusey, a pious and learned man, indeed, but, unfortunately of a most illogical mind, who more than once protested against the Catholic tendencies of the *British Critic*.

At length in 1841 our author published his famous Tract, number ninety. It was an attempt to harmonize the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England with the Decrees of the Council of Trent.

This pamphlet produced an immense sensation. Its sale was so great, that the Canon Oakley, in his interesting notes on the Tractarian movement,* declares that out of its proceeds its illustrious author was enabled to purchase a splendid library.

This pamphlet had been written to meet the objections of those who maintained that the views of the Tractarians were inconsistent with the spirit and the letter of the Thirty-nine Articles, and to allay the growing uneasiness of the followers of the new school, as well as to prevent their secession to the Catholic Church. The arguments in this tract, No. 90, are most subtle and ingenious, and the work may indeed be called "*une tour de force*". Yet in the Catholic construction put upon the words of a Protestant formulary, the intentions of the author were most upright and sincere. This sincerity is apparent from the great sacrifices which he made in behalf of his convictions. He exposed himself to a storm of obloquy from almost all parties in the Establishment; he lost his position as leader of a great and rising party in that Church; he was removed from the theatre of his spiritual labours; he lost the confidence and the attachment of some old friends; and, what was of least concern to a mind so noble, he made great pecuniary sacrifices.

Immediately on its appearance the tract was denounced to the University authorities, but no coercive measures were adopted by them against it. It was denounced in pulpits, in episcopal charges, in periodicals, in newspapers, and at public meetings. The bishops wished for the suppression of the tract, but to this Dr. Newman refused his consent. He then agreed to suspend the publication of the series, and giving up the parish of St. Mary's, retired to Littlemore, in the neighbourhood of Oxford. Here, in the company of a few religious friends, mostly his juniors, he gives himself up to prayer and study, and by degrees, like Paul at Damascus, he finds the scales fall from his eyes.

Two years before his retirement to Littlemore, which occurred in the summer of 1841, Newman, in studying the history of the Council of Chalcedon, and the proceedings connected with the Monophysite heresy, had been struck with the authority exercised by the Roman pontiff—the great St. Leo—over the oriental bishops. For the first time the doubt of the tenableness of the Anglican system crossed his mind. These doubts he communicated to two friends. His perplexity was further increased by an article in *The Dublin Review* from the pen of Cardinal, then Doctor, Wiseman, on the Donatist controversy. This celebrated article excited great sensation at Oxford, and made a deep impression on the mind of Newman.

Now while he was engaged at Littlemore in the translation of St. Athanasius, the history of the Arian heresy filled him with even greater perplexities than the Monophysite controversy had occasioned. He now saw clearly that the Arians corresponded to the Protestants,

* See *Dublin Review*, October, 1863.

the semi-Arians to the Anglicans, and that Rome or the Papacy was then what it is now, the enemy of all error, of all compromise in matters of faith.

Secondly, he saw that the Anglican bishops (and even contrary to a tacit agreement with him), were in their charges pronouncing condemnations of Tract No. 90, and thus repudiating a Catholic interpretation of the formularies of their Church.

Thirdly, the establishment of the Jerusalem See, to be ruled alternately by Anglican and Prussian bishops, whereby the supposed orthodox Church of England entered into formal communion with what all High Churchmen called the heretical Church of Prussia, without exacting any renunciation of its errors, or taking precautions for the due reception of baptism and confirmation;—the establishment of this see finally destroyed our author's faith in the Anglican Church. It is to be observed, too, that the modern Church of Prussia, styled the "Evangelical", founded forty years ago by King Frederick William the Third, embraces Lutherans and Calvinists in its bosom, and so being based on an indifference to dogma, is regarded even by the old and strict Lutherans as an heretical community. So, in contracting a formal alliance with this church, the Anglican bishops committed a two-fold error.

"The Anglican Church", well observes Dr. Newman, "was not only forbidding any sympathy or concurrence with the Church of Rome, but it actually was courting an intercommunion with Protestant Prussia and the heresy of the orientals. The Anglican Church might have the Apostolical succession, as had the Monophysites; but such acts as were in progress led me to the gravest suspicion, not that it would soon cease to be a Church, but that it had never been a Church all along"—p. 248.

Dr. Newman drew up and published a formal protest against the Jerusalem bishopric. From this time forward his Catholic convictions grew stronger and stronger; and had it not been for his extreme circumspection of character, his firm resolve not to be actuated by his imagination or his feelings, but to be guided solely by his reason, his conversion, he himself tells us, would have taken place much sooner.

He resolves to write a development of Christian Doctrine. This work, begun at the commencement of 1845, was completed in the autumn of the same year.* The light of faith flashed on him ere he had finished it; and as he was revising the proof sheets, he came to the resolution of being received into the Catholic Church. On the night of St. Bridget's, the 8th of October, 1845, Father Dominic, an Italian Passionist, arrived at Oxford, and received this great man into the fold of Christ. That night future ages, we are convinced, will record as one of the most memorable in the religious history of England. How

* This book, with the exception of two or three slight mistakes, (for it was written while the author was still a Protestant), is allowed to be a most masterly vindication of Catholic doctrine.

mysterious, too, was the agent employed! An Italian priest, whose thoughts had long been turned towards England, and belonging to an order whose founder, Blessed Paul of the Cross, had once in a vision beheld his religious engaged in the work of England's conversion, was sent to open the portals of the true Church to this great Englishman.

Cardinal Wiseman, who had played so important a part in bringing to a favourable issue the Tractarian Movement, had the consolation of receiving the illustrious neophyte into his Vicariate. He had the consolation, too, of seeing his conversion preceded and followed by a number of other very distinguished men, among whom it is surely needless to enumerate the Wards, the Dalgairsts, the Renoufs, the Oakleys, the Fabers, the Mannings, and many others.

In concluding this review of "the history of Dr. Newman's religious opinions" in the Anglican Church, we are struck with the extraordinary retentiveness of his memory in recounting the minute facts of years long past, the graphic portraiture of his literary friends and associates, his great charity towards opponents, his warm, affectionate remembrances of old friends, dead and living, and his extreme modesty and humility in speaking of the important part he acted in the great religious affairs of our time.

In setting foot within the pale of the true Church, Dr. Newman has no longer to give a history of the variations of his religious opinions; but his mind can show a history, and a magnificent history too. What a great German writer said of Count Stolberg, may be applied to him: "The faith which gave repose to his feelings, imparted energy to his genius also". With the exception of the *University Sermons*, delivered at Oxford in 1844, when he was all but Catholic, and which we had forgotten to notice, his Protestant works can, as, we believe, is generally admitted, neither in point of genius nor of learning, be compared with the *Essay on Development*, the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, the two splendid series of *Lectures on University Education*, and portions of this *Apologia*.

We deeply regret that our limits will not allow us to cite any passage from the seventh part of this work, and where the relations between faith and reason are set forth with profound philosophy and splendid eloquence.

Dr. Newman, if we understand him aright, attaches, we think, too much importance to some pretended natural discoveries, militating or appearing to militate against the records of Revelation. He allows that at present the specious objections are most vague, indefinite, and unsubstantial, presenting as yet nothing with which the Christian apologist can grapple. And in his reply to an address from the clergy of the Birmingham diocese, he declares that by their contradictory views and statements the new adversaries of Revelation destroy each other. He says, they may safely be left to themselves.

Our author seems disposed to take too dark a view of human society. A soul so exquisitely pure shudders at the wide spread and

the intensity of sin in the world. The sudden uprising and bold, defying attitude of unbelief, too, in England within the last ten years, has, though he evidently expected it, grieved him to the very heart's core, and led him to exaggerate, we think, its extent and its power. With France and Germany he possesses little personal acquaintance, and seems to be unaware of the prodigious Catholic reaction which, within the last forty years, has taken place in those two countries. "Especially", says he, "for it most concerns us, how sorrowful in the views of religion, even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany!"

To speak first of France, we see that in the moral sciences, in Theology, Metaphysics, Politics, the Belles Lettres, Archæology, all the great intellects have been on the side of the Church. What men had Unbelief to oppose to the great names of Chateaubriand, De Bonald, De Maistre, the Abbé de la Mennais, before his fall, the Père Lacordaire? Where can the infidel Liberalism find orators to match with a Berryer and a Montalembert? All the great orientalists and archæologists of France in the present age (and in this department she has not been surpassed by any other country), all the great orientalists and archæologists of France, such as a Sylvestre de Sacy, an Abel Remusat, a Saint Martin, a Quatremère de Quincy, a Quatremère de Sacy, a Champollion, have been decided Catholics, and some of them men of great piety. The most distinguished adversary of the Church, M. Victor Cousin, has at last submitted to her authority. The same is said of the able orator and statesman, M. Thiers. As to M. Guizot, he is a born Protestant, who has ever evinced in his historical writings great fairness towards the Catholic Church, and has of late years made considerable approximations towards her doctrines.

The only eminent name which in this century French infidelity has been able to oppose to the Catholic Church is that of Comte.

In the mathematical and the physical sciences, the religious progress could not, from the nature of the case, have been so rapid. Yet the Baron Cauchy, the greatest mathematician of France since La Place, M. Binet, her most distinguished mechanician, and the Abbé La Treille, the greatest of all entomologists, were Catholics of very great piety. The celebrated Cuvier, we need not say, was a Protestant, but a firm believer in Revelation.

Had the Church of France under the Restoration and under the government of Louis Philippe been free; had collegiate education been emancipated from the despotic control of an impious university, the progress of Catholic literature and science would have been in our times much more extensive. If the literature of the country improved, the bad colleges still poured every year a flood of irreligion into society.

In Catholic Germany the prospects of the Church are still more satisfactory; for here, while as in France there has been a regenera-

tion of literature and philosophy, the great mass of the people have had the happiness to retain their ancient faith.

What great names have risen above the intellectual horizon of Catholic Germany in the present age! Theology, Philosophy, History, the Belles Lettres, and Physics, have been cultivated, extended, and adorned by men of extraordinary genius and learning! No age and country can show a brighter constellation of intellects than is presented by the names of Stolberg, Frederick Schlegel, Görres, Haller, Molitor, Jarcke, Möhler, Klee, Döllinger, Phillips, Hurter, Baader, Windischmann, Ringseis, and others. A number of lesser but brilliant luminaries cluster around these stars.

In Protestant Germany itself, though there the religious spectacle is most deplorable, there is a partial reaction. A certain number of Protestant divines and laymen have, with great learning and talent, risen up to defend the cause of Revelation against the Rationalists.

As to England, if the recent ravages of impiety are fearful to contemplate, the rich harvest which the Church is daily gathering offers abundant matter for consolation. On this subject our limits will not allow us farther to expatiate.

In conclusion, let us endeavour to form an estimate of the genius of the writer, whose work we have been reviewing.

The most salient feature, perhaps, in this variously gifted mind, is its wonderful accuracy and precision. This quality shows itself in the frequent use of such gratifying expressions as "if so, as such", indicating an almost lawyer-like exactness in the enunciation of opinions. The second characteristic is its great largeness and depth—qualities which rank its possessor among the most philosophic thinkers of his country. The third characteristic of this writer is his matchless power of illustration and of analogy, and his prodigious insight into human nature. The next is his talent for keen satire and delicate irony. Further, we may notice in that gentle nature great depth of sensibility, and an imagination, not gorgeous, indeed, but most refined and majestic. These qualities find expression in a style of singular purity, ease, precision, harmony, and force. And as the illustrious author devoted his great intellect to the cultivation of that science, which is not only the first in point of intrinsic dignity, but the most favourable to the development of the mental powers—we mean Theology,—he, of course, was compelled to exercise and enrich his mind with the acquisition of the most various learning. And, accordingly, he is singularly well versed in the Sacred Scriptures, in the writings of the early Fathers, and in ecclesiastical history. He is quite at home, too, in the Greek and Roman classics, in the literature of his own country, and in modern history.

In fact, we know but of one great prose writer in our language, who for a wonderful combination of transcendent qualities of mind can be placed by the side of Newman, and that is Edmund Burke. The literary pursuits and occupations of the two writers were often very different, and there was a striking diversity in the cast of their

minds, and in the style of their eloquence. And it is only in respect to the magnitude and the variety of their intellectual gifts, we institute a comparison between them. And if Bacon and Butler may, as far as the power of reflection goes, challenge a comparison with these two great masters, who would dream of comparing them in respect to learning and eloquence?

A genius more intensely English than Newman's, has not, we think, appeared since the days of Shakspeare. This national cast of mind shows itself in the wariness of his judgment—in his quiet humour—in his deep, yet subdued tone of feeling—in his lofty, but chastened imagination. To these mental qualities he adds strong feelings of patriotism—another characteristic of the great dramatic poet just named—but a patriotism neither excessive nor morbid, but guided by religion, and tempered by a noble liberality of feeling.* It is these characteristics of mind and sentiment, combined with the various phases of religious opinion through which he has passed, and with the slow, cautious process of his conversion, that have given him such a hold over the English mind, and under the grace of God, will, we believe, render him a great instrument in the moral regeneration of his country.

THE PRAYER OF FATHER DOMINICK.

Saith St. Dominick to his chosen, "If the seed be put to keep,
It will moulder to corruption, and no fruit will any reap".

Saith St. Dominick to his chosen, "If the seed be cast abroad,
It will bring forth in due season for the reaping hand of God".

Then in wonder at his boldness, but all trusting to his word,
His little flock divided for the Mission of the Lord,
And it calmed the grief of parting from their master and their home,
To think upon their Saviour and the harvest time to come.

But one bent down all trembling and beseeching not to go,
For his speech was ever feeble and his thought was ever slow;
He looked to no conversion and he dreamed of no reward,
He feared but to dishonour the high Mission of the Lord.

Then St. Dominick, kindly soothing, laid a blessing on his head,
And "twice before the altar, I will think of thee", he said,
"At the sunrise and the sunset still a father's prayer shall be,
That the God for whom thou strivest may be armour unto thee".

So the young man rose up strengthened, and went forth upon his way,
And he never failed in preaching who dared simply to obey;
But the fervour of his feeling and the grandeur of his word
Still gave proof that Father Dominick was in prayer before the Lord.

MARY.

* For example, he has more than once commended the fine qualities of the French, Italians, and Spaniards. And what eloquent tributes he has paid to the noble Irish character, none surely could have forgotten.

A ROUNDABOUT PAPER.
ON A PIECE OF SCARLET CLOTH.

TO THE LATE WM. M. CORNHILL, ESQ.

WHEN Miss Daffodil has fought out her own personal good fight, not with discredit to herself, and put up carefully her shattered weapons of offence for another tourney next season, it is only reasonable that this young virgin should go down into the pastoral country, and fetching her crook or *hoqueton*, try what a little shepherdessing and piping may do for those faded roses and lilies of hers. If there be a Pastor Fido in the district, of a desirable character, he may combine a grosser and more material aim with that gentle horticulture; and he must be a vile churl who could grudge the tender maid her innocent entertainment. The tender maid has gone forth at about noon to trip it over the verdant meads, armed cap-a-pie, bearing that light morion or helm—the little velvet hat of our time—which I protest is about the most destructive engine of modern warfare. Cased too in impenetrable armour—a coat of *female*—a mantle of rich red drawn into a sort of bunch at the back, and which I am given to understand is extremely fashionable among certain ladies of pronounced fishing habits. No doubt the *hoqueton* is hidden away under the mantle—with the pipe and other properties—(perhaps it is a portable *hoqueton*, and fits neatly in three pieces into a box) and the tender maid is tripping it lightly over the flowery meads, slyly glancing in the direction of Pastor Fido, Esquire, who is on the lawn afar off, splendid in a check shooting coat and miniature waggoner's hat, when suddenly—

It was a roar that would have made the stoutest heart quail. It seemed to split the welkin—*rugitus horribilis*. So does the distant thunder growl and rumble nearer and yet nearer until it culminates in an artillery clap, and makes the bucolic bumpkin crouched under the tree tremble in his brogues. In such a key does old Lord Bagnio rail and shriek at Mr. Jeames, his lordship's confidential man, when that unhappy menial is late in flying express to his lordship's bedroom. In such a key does that awful quadruped, the monster ape—to whom we have recently had the pleasure of being introduced—vent his disapprobation, “advancing”, as we have been told, “upon the traveller”, and beating its breast with wild cries. I fancy these unpleasant creatures are not wholly confined to the limited regions where their ingenious inventor has placed them. I could name you a menagerie or two, of a strictly private nature (where you and I, my dear madam, visit now and then) where an odious monster or so of this species “advances upon the traveller, uttering wild cries”, and strikes a very handsome diapason accompaniment upon his hairy breast. Why, I have seen the Honourable Julia Toffey (she was Lord Lollipop's daughter) actually enter a room leaning upon one of these ogres. Nay, if we are to trust these refined moderators of *The Parafin Review*—and I am informed that there is a

large section of hebdominal patients who place their consciences in the keeping of these holy father confessors—which holds, as we know, the very *Ess.* Bouquet of elegant criticism, *extrait double*, these “first gentlemen” of the Press, and *arbitres elegantium*—the sole patentees and assayers of everything “gentlemanly”—have discovered points of resemblance between this odious ape and your obedient servant. Pray observe, my good sir, or madam, the extraordinary though unnatural monstrosity of the chest, but clumsily disguised by the voluminous shirt. If you could but look up his wrist, you would see such coarse, rough hair; and pray remark that series of ridges in the splay-shaped feet. These are the third and fourth hands of the horrid beast, painfully doubled up; and see, my dear madam, as to the tail, I have the best information in the world.

But all this time the tender maid has been left in the centre of the smiling meads, with something bellowing at her in apparent fury. It is *Taurus* the majestic, disturbed in his browsing; *bos piger* with flaming blood-shot eyes, and all flecked with foam, thundering it along, and making the ground shake with his tread. He lashes his noble flanks with his tail. I protest that I, who am in a safe place, looking over a contiguous hedge, begin to be apprehensive for my personal safety. I tremble for the tender maid, who is no doubt at her prayers; for the horns of the noble beast are kept low and near the ground with a view to a sufficient purchase and a good satisfactory gore. I shut my eyes firmly, desirous of not seeing the approaching impalement, knowing that the rest will follow shortly. I am expecting the short stifled shriek; a rustling, as of garments; a plunging of hoofs; a flying of gravel, and the bloody deed will have been accomplished. As a matter of course the infuriated animal—a really valuable beast from Lord Porkchester’s stalls, and who took the large challenge cup at the great Heiferstone show—will have to pay the forfeit of his crime. A process much to be deplored, he being a fine animal, and much admired in the country.

I begin to think he is rather long over his bloody work, when suddenly—

Now I could swear for Miss Chloe Brown, who is sitting yonder in a corner devouring this little narrative, that she fancies she knows the point to which we are coming. Decency and long established custom requires that there should be something in the nature of a rescue here. It is not unreasonable to expect a prodigy or so of valour. Of course, brave Pastor Fido, Esquire, the official appointed for this duty, will have seen the terrible crisis from afar off; and such is the coolness and even *aplomb* of this really deserving young man, that precisely as the horns were entering the tender maid’s crinoline, at that instant a ball has sped from the unerring rifle of Pastor Fido, Esq., and entered the brain of the infuriated animal. Needless to add that the deserving youth was a *volunteer*, which accounts for the precision of his fire. He was promoted by a grateful country. He was, of course, rewarded

with the hand of the lovely creature he had saved. He reached to the highest offices in the state. He—

Nothing of the kind, madam. And I here protest that no amount of reasonable torture, no, even if I was to be hugged to death by one of the horrible creatures the American gentleman brought over, shall wring the secret from me. You shall never know the upshot of this little business of the tender maid and the noble Pastor Fido and the bull. It shall go into the grave with me. I have my own suspicions, nevertheless, about the youth Pastor Fido, Esquire. I am inclined to believe that he saw the whole affair from behind a tree—being rather a shy and reserved young man, and, in a manner, brought up by hand: so that in the tragedy that followed ——. There, I had nearly let it all out! Was there ever anything so stupid?

The fact is, there is more in this little apologue of Miss Europa Daffodil and the bull, than any one would at first suspect. There is a fine moral, my dear madam, at the bottom of it all; a sort of *homos deloi* after the Æsopian formula, as impressed upon my memory, when *graciles puer*, by the excellent Doctor Swishtail. Pheu! we have all of us sore recollections associated with that smarting *memoria technica* of the doctor's. How is it with you now, son of the night! Does he wield a spectral birch on the banks of Acheron, and "horse" the day boarders of the shades with his accustomed ferocity?

You see, the whole of this little misunderstanding with my Lord Porkchester's animal must be laid to the account of the scarlet cloak, which, I believe, it has been already stated, is of a favourite pattern with the fishing ladies of the west. It was this colour which inflamed the noble animal. These creatures have their constitutional antipathies. There is what I have been coming to all along. Otherwise, I am free to confess the little incidents of the tender maid's catastrophe, and the very deplorable ——. There again, it *will* come out. I say these little matters, though set before the candid reader in a tolerably dramatic way, want the air and freshness of novelty. Observe, it is the piece of scarlet cloth that I would have you keep steadily in view. The moral is, so to speak, wrapped up in that garment of the lovely creature's. It is hidden away in its graceful folds, perhaps near that portable *hoqueton*, which unscrews like a flute, into three pieces. Pray now oblige me by keeping your attention on that bit of scarlet material. Alack! and alack a day! There have been some of us whose hearts have been set a throbbing against our ribs, by an equally vivid colour; but that was when the bloom was on the rye, and the gilding on the gingerbread (it was glorified gingerbread then) and the nightingales were singing by Bendermere's stream.

I cannot think my Lord Porkchester's prize animal so much to blame in the transaction; for this rooted antipathy to scarlet I have known to prevail in some human steers of good breeding and reputation. Shake that fabric in their eyes, and they come thundering by, full tilt, bellowing in a way really quite appalling. They whisk their

tails precisely after the fashion of the original animals. They pierce and gore the wretched material, retire and gore it again—the steel pens on the points of the horns leaving a peculiar, jagged rent. I am informed that the wound produced by an armed horn of this description is particularly hard to heal. Now I think we can see where we are coming to. You can appreciate the prodigious force of my little allegory. There has been all the time a profound satire hidden under the scarlet mantle; else why should I have taken up your time with a foolish legend about a young girl and a bull? And though the tragedy that followed—. There again! I could almost bite my tongue off with vexation.

But to come back to our sheep. You are all bursting to know who is prefigured by the image of the bull. Of course, Messieurs of the *Paraffin Review*—whose leaves I cut every Sunday morning of my life, for the purpose of being instructed in *good manners*—will write down this introduction of the animal as monstrously ungenteel. *N'importe*. There are daily pulpits and weekly pulpits, O my Saturday brethren! and, I suppose, we must fill our churches somehow.

But under this figure of the bull, do tell us, dear, good Mr. Gor— Mr. Roundabout, who is meant? It is clearly a monster, his upper portion being *quilled*—that is to say, *winged*—and therefore the allusion is to Mr. L—y—rd, the member for S—thw—rk. Ah! Mr. Roundabout, you are found out. Down on your knees in this corner and make a clean breast of it. Well, if I must—. What ho! Boy, wreath my brows with myrtle, anoint me with spikenard and other unguents, and bring forth an *amphora* of the old '42 bin, laid in at the consulship of Plancus—that is, during the mayoralty of Firkin. May he be now banqueting at the board of the celestials, for the odour of his fleshpots is still grateful in our nostrils.

Let me begin by a little parable. There is a notorious picture at the Hague representing a dissection, in which all the horrors of that branch of surgery are faithfully portrayed. You see the blood and the raw flesh, and those unpleasant interior arrangements, depicted with a frightful exactness. The lovely Blanche Whithers, old Lady Nero's daughter, was observed to turn pale over the picture, and was about being unwell; and this noble bit of anatomy is by *Rembrandt*. Yet I note the vulgar many prefer a soft madonna by a meaner hand which is not very far away. They do not relish that scarifying and butcher's work, even when done by a skilful flesher. Now there was lately amongst us a writer of great name and prodigious reputation, and often very first-class. He has written copiously, and has introduced us to numbers of noble ladies and brave gentlemen whom we are proud to know, whose acquaintance furnishes us with hours of amusement, and whom it is likely our children shall have the pleasure of knowing also. It hath been whispered that this ingenious faculty brings him in innumerable gold and silver pieces. I should be ashamed to murmur what sum. It would make us, smaller fry in the trade, actually gasp. Up

to yesterday he used monthly to get into that bright flaming orange coat —oh! envied uniform!—and in this conspicuous livery walk up and down the most crowded thoroughfares, dealing out curious rambling gossip to tremendous congregations. At times grown sad and serious, he became the most popular preacher of his day, “drawing” to the full as well as the Rev. M. B—ll—w, the Rev. C. Sp—rg—on, or, indeed, any of the licensed professionals. He could flay the wicked man with scalding words; he could drop maudlin tears over the just man militant and suffering, but finally triumphant; he could hint in a delicately humorous way at the awful pains and penalties of that place which is paved with good intentions; and could dilate on the awfulness of scandal, the unrighteousness of sending round the cruel story “about you and me—O my brother!” In short, could “improve” any decent opening topic. Old Lady Pudgington protests, my dear, he is quite as good as Doctor Cushionthump down at her ladyship’s own parish of Pudgington.

When this divine was not in his pulpit, he was known to take a morbid delight in sketching all the green sores, the gangrenes and suppurations of our moral nature. He used to hang fondly over little bits of corruption with a magnifier and a probe. He had no eye for the healthy. He had a sweet relish for life in the ward of bad cases. He had a museum with glass jars all round, stocked with morbid preparations.

I, for one, profess not to understand this taste. Where there are so many pretty flower-beds, it must be an unhealthy fancy that will take us botanizing in the slime of ditches and extract of sewerage. I cannot admire this odd rage for sticking pins under the nails, boring carious teeth with hot bodkins, laying the lash of the driving whip well upon the raw. I am given to understand, by travellers from the Malay regions, that when one of those singular fits of paroxysm visits a Malay gentleman, he will run down a whole fashionable promenade, or even through a crowded flower show, armed with a knife or other dangerous weapon, and will cut and hack furiously on each side of his passage. This pastime is popularly known as “running a muck”, and yet is tolerated as being of a rare and exceptional character, the bystanders humanely keeping off their excited friend with forked or pronged instruments expressly provided for the purpose. They can be indulgent to this little eccentricity, these good people. But should a gentleman take to this pastime as a constitutional exercise, and run a muck professionally, as it were, every day, I think there would be a very reasonable ground of complaint in the public mind. The thing would not be tolerated an hour. So with this tremendous Mr. William M. Cornhill, late scourge and flail of poor, trembling, foolish, awkward folk. See him stripped on the first day of each revolving month, with his pale yellow covers about his loins, preparing to start upon his murderous race. Ladies and gentlemen will please to stand back and keep the lane clear. Admire his thews and Homeric proportions.

How scornful—how great—how grand and magnificent. *Gare! gare!* He is away. What fearful slashings! What terrific strokes! This for you, madam, across your fair face, who are guilty of a foolish speech now and again; of discoursing insipid *Fudaises*. This handsome gash for you, my good sir, who have outraged in the matter of a drawl, and a boot of a peculiar pattern, and other offensive weaknesses. This for you—this for everybody. Hurroo! Tread somebody on the tail of any orange waistband. Ladies and gentlemen, the performances will be repeated the first of every month until further notice.

No doubt, when Mr. Malay first exhibited himself in these curious pastimes, he showed some discrimination in his strokes. There was a hypocrite here, in a front row; a conspicuous Pharisee, and a marble-hearted Aspasia or two, a little lower down. On these he left enduring and satisfactory marks. The shams and *mauvais sujets* of society are, unhappily, too prominent; and the polite castigator will receive applause and support. But, bye and bye, when he takes the public gardens for his show, and is under contract to furnish so many gashes and strokes, we cannot but suspect the genuineness of the transaction. The business becomes artificial, and a pure manufacture. It suggests very forcibly a passage in Mr. William M. Malay's own writings, those admirable lectures on the humourists of England, at which we have all laughed. "A perilous trade indeed"—he is now tomahawking the Rev. Laurence Sterne—"is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. Does he feign indignation so as to establish a character for virtue? feign originality? affect benevolence or *misanthropy*? How much of his point and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor?"

In the Malay community it would seem only reasonable that there should be complete reciprocity in the matter of this cutting and gashing. The Malay gentleman who had gone down the course could not reasonably object to the other Malay gentleman having his turn. But our late admirable humourist—the whirl and sweet of whose billhook is so terrible, and who from under shelter of his Elder tree used to launch, as the manner of his tribe is, the swift and deadly boomerang—winces, writhes, and stamps as the shower of Lilliputian needles comes flying back and covers his face with prickles. How they sting, and how great Giant Blunderbore stamps and rages! You see, he must have the cutting and maiming all to himself—a patent monopoly, not to be infringed on. It is unfair—unmanly, more particularly on the part of those scurvy knights who skulk so shabbily behind the thick mantlets of the *Superfine Review*.

And now we glide back easily and naturally, into that original little allegory with which we started—the prodigious effect of a piece of scarlet cloth upon an enraged steer, and this a piece of IRISH cloth!

No one can have perused the works of this ingenious writer without taking notice of this curious repulsion. It was an intermittent sickness, and at times fastened on the patient with extraordinary violence. Very often it took the shape of a perfect *rabies* or *phobia*. We are walking over the velvet sward, with eyes bent upon the ground, listening while the smooth, equable current of the narrative runs on. Now we smile; now we laugh outright; now we look grave and sardonic. Now we listen to an agreeable morality or two, or to a pleasant sermon of good sound doctrine; although we have met somewhere in Mr. William M. Cornhill's works, that "things beyond it (the world), as the writer imagines, scarcely belong to the novelist's province. Who is he that he should assume the divine's office, or turn his desk into a preacher's pulpit?" Who, indeed? Well, we are straying over the flowery mead, absorbed in the narrative, when a stupid *gauche* fellow of the company pulls out that unlucky flaming Irish clout. In an instant the smooth agreeable stream is cut off. The ticklesome narrative is suspended, and here is the enraged steer thundering down in a fury, tossing and rending the bit of Irish scarlet into shreds. He tramples it—he pierces it with his tusks. See! this rent the envious horn made! O miserable, ludicrous, contemptible Irish! Take that, and that, and that! This bitter mimicry of your brogue—this savage gibbeting of harmless national peculiarities! What deadly animosity in the splendid animal!

It seemed almost unintelligible this deadly animosity—this vendetta against a whole nation; a nation who certainly has its faults—what nation has not?—but which is yet not to be tomahawked to the death for such imperfection. I look through the whole company of actors whom he has brought on in his pieces, and find that even his humorous stalking-horses, on which are hung his shreds and patches of satire, are dealt with severely yet good humouredly, and sometimes even tenderly. But when the poor Hibernian figure steps on—*ce'st autre chose*—there is a heartiness and good will in the strokes, an earnest savagery, a bitter viperishness, a dancing round the victim with whoops and cries, a lighting of fires in a circle, a relish of every stab and blow, which reaches to the *personal*.

I suppose that in the whole circle of polite reading there cannot be found so curious an instance of a sustained animosity against individuals. We have abundant examples. But in this crusade against a whole nation—a brave, generous people, foolish at times, yet with good instincts, this hunting of them down with wit and sarcasm, and savage humour, all "to make a Roman holiday", and swell the shower of monthly shillings, has in it something specially objectionable. Does he loathe this unhappy nation for the same reason that Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's true British sailor hated the French—because they wear wooden shoes? or for a reason at least as comprehensive—because they speak with a brogue?

At the beginning of this paper I had conceived the idea of collecting

from this author's writings all the paragraphs in which he, so to speak, tossed this hateful piece of scarlet cloth, thereby presenting for the reader's entertainment one of the most confounding piles of vituperation that the human mind can reach to. But such an extract would fill one of Mr. William M. Cornhill's own volumes. That old anti-Hibernian spirit leavens all his works. It trickles through those earlier miscellanies which he wrote in the hey-day of his *callida inventas*, and we detect it in the pages of his own late orange-coloured magazine. Not a page of his writing but is spattered with splashes of this venom. From Captain Costigan downwards he is fresh and untried, even to poor "Pote-Clancy" of "T.C.D".

Shall we offer a solution of this deadly enmity? To say the truth, we can hardly impute to him so insane a temperament. In his own private circle he was accounted a cheerful and amiable companion. He could lay aside his cynical spurs and prickles, and circulate the cheerful glass. He was not wholly so distempered as we would suppose. I would be inclined to think that Mr. William Cornhill, when he first entered on this pursuit, found in his hand a certain skill and cunning in his treatment of this particular subject, and had grown to be so deft in this Irish hanging, drawing, and disembowelling, that he took to the office *professionally*. He found in himself a knack, a readiness at the flayer's and skinner's work, to say nothing of a handsomer flux of monthly shillings; and why, in Heaven's name, should he desist? It was very profitable. This is an age of lucre. We have, all of us, that dear word inscribed upon our flags. *Rex, quo-cunque modo, rex*, is the most precious motto. Do we not sell our hearts, lives, souls, for that fatal medium? And so the brave knight, Sir William Cornhill, continued the good work, and steadily impaled his Irishman.

It was an unmanly trade, after all—unworthy of such powers and so great a name. Contrast with it (in conclusion) that healthier, gentler tone of our first of all living Charleses—Carlo Dolce of novelists—the amiable author of *Great Expectations*. With that name are associated no acrid memories, no rude, savage strokes, no bitterness, no stings, no unkindnesses. In the highways he has set up drinking-fountains which flow not with vinegar, but with milk of the kindness called human. Follies, certainly, he has chastised—not for that love which Dr. Swishtail finds in birching, but for encouragement and promoting amendment. He has worked in love, and not in scorn or contempt. One who, from no lack of power or opportunity, could have been as bitterly personal and satirical—as, indeed, he has proved it in the case of vices and shortcomings lashed with just and merited severity—but who, with conscientious self-denial, has forborne to use such materials. Was not this wallet of Irish oddities lying in the open highway to be picked up by him as by any other skilful traveller? Was there not a sympathising audience ready to welcome with delight the master's science and exquisite handling of a new subject?

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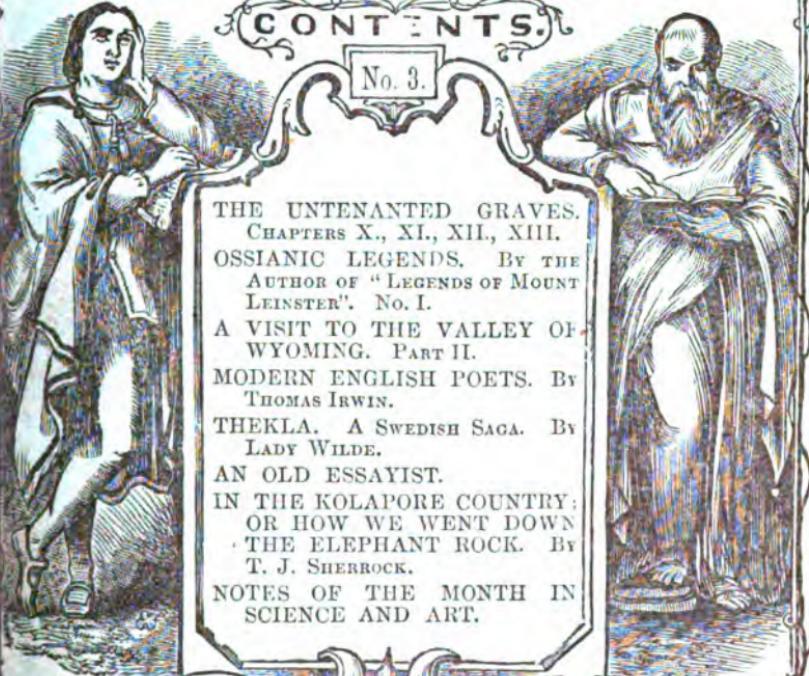
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THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. III.

SEPTEMBER.

1864.

THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER X.

TIM CROAK took his pipe from his waistcoat pocket, and running round the elm tree, rubbed a match against a brown stone at its root. "Doctor", he called out, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and the lady, while he sucked the dhudeen spasmodically, "if you want to see the run, ride up fair and aisly to the whitethorn bush on the top of Knockclough. You can go through Mr. Purcell's avenue; an' you may take your time, as they're goin' to dhraw the new cover first".

Tim Croak, who was in a disturbed state of mind, having tendered this piece of advice with a calmness which was evidently forced, fingered his long wattle, and hurried away in a sling trot, as usual. "I think, doctor", Miss Evans observed, "it would be a good plan. There is a magnificent view from Knockclough".

Miss Evans has not been on Knockclough Hill for some years, but she remembers it very well. The last time was on a St. John's eve, when they went up to see the bonfires. That was the evening they met the pale young schoolmaster whose hair was gray. She asked Brian Purcell was the schoolmaster a poet, he looked so dreamy and unhappy.

"I do n't know", said Brian, "but I believe I could tell you why his hair is gray".

Doctor Forbis has signified his readiness to accompany her. Miss Evans has bowed to the evangelical old lady, who looks round anxiously for her nephew, hoping that he will see Miss Evans to the gate. Miss Evans is conscious that both herself and Doctor Forbis—or rather Doctor Forbis's remarkable mare—attract a good deal of attention. She sees her other admirer become frantic again—a crowd of sportsmen spurring hastily outside the limits of the figure of eight to which he confines himself while the fit lasts. And though last, not least, Miss Evans sees Captain Dawson leave the marquis's side and

canter across the lawn to the gate, which he holds open for them. Miss Evans holds out her hand, and the captain presses it sorrowfully. Ye powers, how beautiful she is! Captain Dawson rides slowly back to his post, considerably damaged.

Miss Evans saw the effect her parting look had produced, and the smile of triumph was in her eyes and on her lips; yet her thoughts went back to that St. John's eve. She replied to the doctor's commonplace remarks about the weather without understanding them, and did not even evince any extraordinary interest when he showed her Matt Hazlitt's old gander, the same that beat the old fox to which Tim Croak alluded a while ago, in a fair fight, which was supposed to have lasted three hours and a half.

"And the devil's own old fox he is—begging your pardon, Miss Evans", observed Doctor Forbis, remembering the many doleful stories he was every day hearing from one or other of his patients concerning reynard's predatory habits—said doleful stories being meant as apologies for the non-appearance of certain feathered bipeds, which, if it were not for the fox, would gladden the heart of Mrs. Forbis, and chase the cloud from the brow of Mrs. Forbis's maid-of-all-work, and have a brightening effect upon the Forbis household generally. "The devil's own old fox", muttered Doctor Forbis, shaking his head severely and solemnly, as he thought of a certain basket in which there *should* have been a fat turkey, but, when the lid was raised, was found to contain only six heads of cabbage and a hank of onions.

Doctor Forbis consoled himself with a pinch of snuff, and rode on in silence. Miss Evans could not get St. John's eve, and the bonfires, and the poor schoolmaster out of her head. Here was the very spot the schoolmaster handed Brian the manuscript, and went away without speaking. Higher up she sees the smooth rock upon which they sat while Brian read the story.

"Hallo!" shouts Doctor Forbis.

Miss Evans looks round, and sees Brian Purcell walking away as if he had not recognized them. He turns round now, and waves his hand to the doctor. But the doctor beckons to him with his whip, and Brian has nothing for it but to come and join them. He shakes hands with the doctor, and raises his hat to Miss Evans, whose horse becomes restive.

"Why are you not mounted?" inquires the doctor, pointing down towards the assembled foxhunters.

"Well", Brian replied, "I do n't care for it unless I can keep my place; and I have sold the only good horse I had to Captain Dawson".

Miss Evans, on hearing this name, turns quickly round and fixes her penetrating look upon him. But he is quite unmoved—has not even glanced towards her; and her horse becomes restive again.

"I wonder what's delaying them", said the doctor.

"It wants five minutes to eleven yet", said Brian, referring to his watch.

"Begging your pardon", observed the doctor, with his severe look, "begging your pardon, Mr. Purcell, 't is three minutes and a half *past* eleven".

"Probably you are right, doctor".

"Probably I am right? Positively I am right, you mean". The doctor's faith in his own watch was not to be shaken. With his eyes fixed on the dial, he continued:

"Are—you—not—standing—by my side?"

"Yes", replied Brian.

"Are we not in juxtaposition?"

"We are".

"Well, as sure as you and I are in juxtaposition, it is now——". Here the doctor paused until the second hand had moved five seconds: "It is now, at this identical moment"—waiting for the hand to move three seconds more—"five minutes *past* eleven". And the doctor returned his watch to his pocket with a look indicating that the question was settled beyond further controversy.

"And by the way, doctor, there they go".

The scarlet coats were seen moving from the lawn towards the rere of Grindem Hall. They caught a glimpse of them again crossing a narrow field, after which hounds, horses, and horsemen were concealed from them by a wood—except the "bosheen" men", among whom was Mr. Oliver Grindem, who might be seen stealing away through open gates and bye-roads towards Thubbermore. Now their attention was attracted to Tim Croak, who came running up the glen, through the furze, towards his own domicile near the fox-earth.

"Are we to see any more of the hunt?" Miss Evans asked.

"Oh! yes", replied Brian; "it is merely as a matter of form they go through the new cover. We shall have them up in this direction immediately".

Soon the pack, followed closely by the whole field—the "bosheen men" excepted—issued from the wood and turned directly towards Coolbawn. But Miss Evans could not help paying more attention to Tim Croak's movements than to anything else. Tim wound up through the furze from the bottom of the glen, never altering his pace till he reached his own door. He remained in the house for a few minutes, and then appeared again. Down through the furze and up the opposite side of the glen went Tim Croak, having stopped for a moment at a clump of brushwood near the bottom. On through the fern along the side of the hill, then across two or three small fields, then through a thick plantation, on to the bank of the river—and now, apparently for the first time that day, Tim Croak begins to walk. Miss Evans remarks that he is taking the path to the cottage—the same that Brian

* "Bosheen" or "boreen", a bye-road.

Purcell took, without knowing it, the day his steps were arrested by the privet hedge. But now the hounds are scouring the glen in every direction, appearing and disappearing among the furze. An old white hound dashes at full speed down by the clump of brushwood at which Tim Croak had stopped for a moment. The old hound checks himself so suddenly that he falls and tumbles over and over. Before he has time to recover himself two more hounds bear down upon the clump, and the moment they reach it give tongue. Immediately the whole pack are in full cry. The "melodious discord" is borne upon the wind, and re-echoed by the woods, and goes pealing along the hill till Miss Evans feels her pulse beat quicker, and Brian Purcell takes hold of her bridle-rein, her horse having tossed his head wildly, and shown other symptoms of becoming unmanageable. Even Doctor Forbis's remarkable mare tossed her head, or rather moved it up and down, and reared her fore feet two several times fully two inches from the ground. At which Dr. Forbis pulls the rein tight and says: "Steady now, old lass!" Brian Purcell is excited too; but not so much so, we should think, as not to be aware that a small hand is resting on his shoulder—and with considerable weight for so small a hand. On go the hounds up the side of the glen, through the fern on the hill, through the fields, the plantation, to the river. Here there is a full stop and evident confusion. The horsemen pull up, and begin to move slowly towards the spot where the hounds are at fault. The old white hound tries back to the clump of brushwood in the glen, and returns, with his nose to the ground, to the river. And now, both Miss Evans and Brian Purcell remark that he has followed every turn of Tim Croak's track, which makes Brian shrewdly suspect that Tim, for some purpose of his own, has played his patrons a trick.

When Tim Croak reached the cottage, for the second time that morning, he brightened up on seeing Matt Hazlitt, who was absent when he had called before.

"Blur-an'-agers", he exclaims, "where is Button?"

"Why so?" says Matt Hazlitt.

"D — n well you know. Kerrymen is in the quarry".

"Humph!" says Matt Hazlitt, but makes no move indicative of an intention to produce Button. This rather astonishes Tim, who has heretofore found Matt Hazlitt very ready to afford Button an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

"The fox is not in the quarry", says Matt.

"Where the devil else would he be?" Tim asks irascibly. "He was sittin' on his rump fornint the door when I opened id at the fust light; an' glad I was to see him, for I was in dhread of my life he 'd give us the slip, on account of the marquis's horses comin' yesterhday. But as luck happened, they come be the back gate, an' me lad never suspected anything".

Matt Hazlitt pulled a large basket from under a table, and began

tossing dead ducks one by one upon the floor till Tim Croak stood aghast at the number.

"He bet the devil", says Tim Croak. "But what wondher he to kill your ducks when he killed mine. I thought you used to lock 'em up in the fowl-house?"

"But it was after letting 'em out in the morning he did this".

"As sure as you're born", Tim observed, after duly considering the matter, "'t was revinge for the skelping he got from the gander".

"They have a fox!" said Matt Hazlitt, on hearing the cry of the hounds.

Tim shook his head, and told Matt confidently that to prevent disappointment he ran a drag from the cover to the river. "An' now", continued Tim, as he lighted his pipe, "let 'em make id out be their larnin', and go look for a fox to Rathcopple".

Captain Dawson rode up to the cottage. A score of gentlemen, without well knowing why, rode after him. Even the hounds beat up in the same direction, and Matt Hazlitt's house was soon invested on all sides. Matt made his appearance with an armful of dead ducks, and was greeted with a storm of laughter.

"Is n't that purty work?" he exclaimed, flinging the ducks at his feet.

"We'll give you satisfaction, Matt, never fear", said Captain Dawson, still laughing.

"What satisfaction?"

"We'll hunt that fox to-day as he was never hunted before". Another general roar greeted this pleasantry, which so nettled Matt Hazlitt that he darted into the fowl-house, and returned holding the Kerry fox by the hind legs.

"You may spare yourself the trouble", he exclaimed, swinging the "varmint" round with the intention of throwing him over the hedge to the hounds. But Tim Croak, with tears in his eyes, snatched Kerryman from him.

"As long as the fox runs, he's caught at last", said Tim; "but I never thought this is the way *he'd* die. An' begob, Matt, you're the last man in Ireland I'd suspect for sich a thing".

"Between ourselves, Tim", replied Matt, in an undertone, "I had no hand in it. I chanced to look into the fowl-house, and there Button had him pinned. I on'y called the dog and shut the door, an' that's all I know about it. But I do n't want to give those fellows any satisfaction".

Horror struggled with incredulity in every face in the red-coated throng. They could not believe their eyes. Matt Hazlitt—a loyal Protestant—to be guilty of such a crime! Miss Evans was just then approaching the scene of the tragedy, and her other admirer becoming dangerous to every one in his vicinity, a diversion was created in Matt Hazlitt's favour. The huntsman dismounted, and was opening the rustic gate, knife in hand, with a view of appropriating Kerryman's

brush, when Captain Dawson called to him to come back, and told Tim to get the old fox stuffed. The huntsman touched his cap sulkily, while Tim was evidently consoled by this mark of respect to the remains of his favourite. The hounds proceeded to Rathcopple, and Matt Hazlitt asked Tim to "come in and sit down".

CHAPTER XI.

Tim Croak laid the fox gently on a bench by the fireside, and drawing a chair so as that he could rest his foot on the hob, lighted his black dhudeen for the twentieth time that day, resolved to have a smoke this time. Matt Hazlitt took a long new pipe—quite a contrast to Tim's—from a shelf, and made himself comfortable on the opposite side of the fire. Button sat between his master's legs, winking at the fire, but showing by occasional twitches of the nose, as his eye turned towards the bench, that his hatred of his old enemy had not died with him.

"The devil an honeste fox in Munster", says Tim.

"The devil a bigger rogue, you mean".

"Well, stay aisy till I tell you now. Wan mornin durin' the hard frost I missed my two white ducks, and though I knew 't was hard for him to get a chance, the people war on their guard so much, the foxes got sich a bad name sence the money got scarce wud the club, and they stopped feedin' 'em reg'lar, still the not a wan of me suspected *him* for takin' the ducks. Any way, I see somethin' white over to the right of the elder bush—where you shot the rabbit the day ——"

"I know the place", says Matt; giving Button, who began to snarl at his defunct enemy, a smart rap on the head with his knuckles.

"Well", Tim continued, "down I went, an' there was the two white heads of my two white ducks, and the wings and feathers in a heap. I thought it was wan o' the Kill foxes that chanced to come serenadin' over this way. I see somethin' movin' through the furze, an' I made a dart, thinkin' to have a pelt at the strange fox, as I thought, at any rate, when he'd be passin' the open. I was just risin' my wattle when he turned round and looked at me. If it was my own father that robbed me I could n't be more surprised."

Matt Hazlitt pointed with his pipe to the dead fox.

"Yes", says Tim Croak, "*t' was him*".

Matt bent back in his chair and laughed.

"Oh, but aisy till I tell y' it all", continued Tim. "I looked at him an' he looked at me. I took the heads of my two white ducks in me hand: 'Be off, you robber', says I, 'an' never let me see the sight o' you, you deavin' vill'in', says I. An' wud that I pelted the ducks' heads at him, an' away wud him as fast as his legs could carry him. The next mornin' when I got up, the first thing I see was two white ducks outside the door, an' the lad on his grug mindin' 'em".

"Were the ducks alive?" inquired Matt.

"Alive! Go up an' look at 'em. An' where he got 'em I can't make out. But maybe 't was twenty miles he travelled for 'em."

"By the law", says Matt Hazlitt, "I'm inclined to believe you after what they did to myself".

"What was that?"

"Did n't I tell you before?"

"No", says Tim; "or if you did, I disremimber".

"Well, one evening last harvest I was securing a few stacks in the five-acre field, as the wind was rising, and I expected we'd have a storm afore mornin'. 'T was just dusk when I was finished. I thought of the fox—he was after taking a lot of young turkeys from Mrs. Purcell the same week—and I thought I might as well turn home the geese that were out on the stubbles. I was drivin' 'em on fair an' aisy by the crab-ditch—and by the same token the crabs were fallin' like hailstones with every strong blast o' wind—when the geese all screeched and clapped their wings, and riz from the ground, and off with 'em like a white cloud over the ditch, towards the house. One goose did n't fly (and no blame to her), and when I see her runnin' along the path afore me, I walked fast to get up with her. When I kem out from the shade of the ditch I saw that the goose was runnin' on four feet instead of two".

"Aye, aye", says Tim Croak, with a grin of delight.

"I had a pitchfork in my hand"; Matt Hazlitt continued, "an' I made at him, but he was too smart for me. Any way I swore he'd never have the satisfaction of picking that goose, and I kept close to him ever till we kem to the rabbit burrow. I was near nabbin' him gettin' over the stile, but he got away from me. Still I was able to keep within a few perches of him, till he came to the deer-park wall. He dropped the goose and made a run at the wall, and got to the top of it. I was nearly out o' breath, and took my time coming up again' the rise—as I was sure of the goose. He gave two or three short barks on the top of the wall, and then leaps down and runs to the goose again. Before I had time to be up he snapped up the goose and made a rush to the wall. I did n't mind, as I knew he'd never be able to get over the wall with the goose. But what do you think? There was another fox on the top of the wall that reached down half way, and after two or three offers—(I was so surprised I stopped up like a fool)—the fox below reached the goose to the fellow on the wall, and then set back and was over it himself before you could cry crack. And so I had my run for nothin'".

"That was Kerrymen as sure as you're born", observed Tim, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Button, who had got tired of winking at the fire and eyeing his defunct enemy on the bench, was now coiled up between his master's legs, perhaps worrying foxes in the land of dreams, for an angry snuffle now and then escaped from him. Matt Hazlitt glanced at the cuckoo clock which ticked over the

meal-chest, and remarked that his "old woman" ought to be at home by this time. Mrs. Hazlitt's arrival was announced in her own voice.

"Matt, Matt. The fox—the fox again!" cried Mrs. Hazlitt from the rustic gate.

Matt and Tim started to their feet. They glanced at the bench on seeing Button make a rush in that direction, but there was no fox on it. They ran outside the door, and were just in time to see Kerrymen slink round the corner and glide through the privet hedge, giving them an expressive look over his shoulder as he disappeared.

"'Pon me sowl, Matt", says Tim, looking as if this last exploit of Kerrymen's was rather too much even for him, "do you know what? He got himself kilt o' purpose in orther to escape the hunt to-day. He was n't rightly recovered from the cloutin' the gandher gave him, an' he was in dhread the marquis's hounds'd be too many for him. I must run up an' open the airth any way. The poor fellow'd want to rest wud an aisy mind asther going through so much".

"Tim", says Matt Hazlitt, who took some time to recover the use of his tongue, "tell me anything you like about that fox, and I'll never doubt a word of it".

"Oh! Matt, why did you let him escape? Why did n't you kill him? Why did n't you knock the daylights out of the villain?"

"Shut up, woman".

"Shut up yourself, and do n't tell me"— But Matt did not wait to hear what it was he was not to tell. He took his way to Coolbawn to astonish Brian Purcell with a circumstantial account of the old fox's stratagem to escape being hunted by the marquis's hounds. The cry of the hounds could be heard from Rathcoppole, so calm was the day. Brian Purcell and Matt strolled up to the top of Knockclough to see the run. Tim Croak soon joined them, and pointed to the old fox sitting on a rock at a little distance. "Watchin'", says Tim, "to see how the marquis's dogs 'ill hunt. I'll be bound he'll be at home for 'em the next day".

"They're going towards the slate quarries", remarked Matt Hazlitt.

"Be gob, aye", says Tim Croak. "An' the master 'll be as mad as a March hare. He's half ways to Thubbermore be this".

Here the churn-boy was seen coming up the hill. On reaching the top he handed Brian a letter. It was an American letter. After looking at it for a moment, Brian walked thoughtfully to the smooth rock—the rock upon which they sat—he and Jane Evans—on the St. John's eve, when he read the "Schoolmaster's Story" for her. He sat down upon the same rock to read the letter.

CHAPTER XII.

The night is remarkably still. Within and without Moorview House the deepest stillness has reigned since nightfall. Mrs. Evans rings for the candles. For fully an hour she has been watching her daughter

from behind her hand-screen. Miss Evans reclines in a lounge chair, her head resting on her hand. Her mother had poked the fire several times, venturing each time to conjecture that it was likely to freeze that night ; but the young lady seemed to feel no interest in the question, and remained silent and motionless. The candles are brought in, and Mrs. Evans takes up a book, ostensibly for the purpose of reading it ; but just as she has opened it, she lays it down again, and looks at her daughter as if she had forgotten the young lady's presence till that moment.

“ You must feel fatigued, Jane ? ”

“ No ”.

“ You say you met Captain Dawson ? ”

“ Yes ”.

“ Do you know, Jane, I think you ought to tell him about that ring ”.

“ I intend it ”.

“ Do you think he has missed it ? ”

“ No ” ; she has thought of that ; but her gloves were on every time he met her since. “ Mamma, do n't you think this a dull place ? ”

“ Well, no, Jane, I think it a pleasant place enough ”.

“ I am sick of it ”.

“ Well, what other place are you thinking of—Dublin ? ”

“ No, not Dublin ”.

“ Perhaps you are thinking of the Continent ? ”

“ No ”, says Miss Evans, leaning back in her chair, and speaking in a calm, matter-of-fact way ; “ I was thinking of Australia or—America ”.

“ Oh, yes—Canada ”, says Mrs. Evans, with a smile.

“ I was not thinking of Canada ”, in the same matter-of-fact tone. “ I mean the United States ”.

“ Really, Jane, you astonish me ”, and Mrs. Evans opened her eyes very wide, and did look as if she *were* astonished.

“ I met Brian Purcell again to-day ”.

Now, Mrs. Evans did not look astonished, but absolutely terrified. She stood up and commenced pacing up and down the room in a state of misery which ought to have inspired any daughter with remorse, but which only brought a smile to the lips of the beauty in the lounge chair. Having thus made her mother quite comfortable, Miss Evans rose, and, bidding her good night, retired to her own room.

Having partly undressed, and gone through some of the mysteries of the toilette, she threw a loose robe around her, and sat by the fire.

She takes up the train of thought with which her brain has been busy all the evening. Yes—she admits to herself—she *could* love him as she could love no other man. Suppose he would fly with her to that great young nation, of which he was so enthusiastic an admirer. With his talents might he not rise to a height that would satisfy even her ambition ? Or if he did not, would she not be happier with him

under an humble roof than she ever could be with another in the lordliest hall? But why not share that humble home with him in Ireland? No! she never could. She, who had already climb so high, and felt as if her foot were on the necks of those who tried to keep her down! A farmer's wife! She clenched her hand as her fancy called up a supercilious nod from a certain carriage to the wife of "one of Mr. Grindem's tenants". It was not to be thought of; yet her thoughts went back to the old happy time. That St. John's eve, when Brian Purcell read for her in the gloaming the manuscript the schoolmaster had given him—how well she remembered it! And now the thought occurs to her—it was the last time she shed tears. What a comment upon her life since then! Brian lent her the manuscript, and she copied every word of into her old scrap-book. She did not weep when she was copying it; so it must have been his manner of reading it that affected her. She takes the old scrap-book from a drawer, and begins turning over the leaves. Some of them contain verses of her own, which she used to so long to show him, but never had the courage. She takes a withered rose-leaf from the book, and touches it with her lips. There must be some tender reminiscence connected with it, for her eyes *almost* moisten.

"Poor fellow", she murmured, "I felt his hand tremble that day; and though my heart fluttered, I was unworthy of him even then. If not, why did my thoughts run, even at *that* moment, upon all my mother had told me about his large farm and his father's wealth? Why did I think of anything but that he *loved* me? Worldliness was born with me".

But here we must venture to interrupt Miss Evans. Worldliness was not born with her; but probably it was early instilled into her. This, we believe, is one of the curses of *discontented* poverty.

"Poor Sally Cavanagh!" she continued; "how she hugged me when I told her!" And she smiled at the recollection of the dark-eyed peasant girl dancing "Haste to the Wedding", till she was out of breath, and then snapping her fingers, and triumphantly exclaiming—"Won't we have a night of it!" She turned over a few more leaves; and, with her elbow resting on the table, and shading her eyes with her hand, she began to read. She had entitled the little story—

Why the Schoolmaster's Hair Grew Gray.

"I was very proud and happy when I got the little school. I thanked God with a full heart that now my widowed mother would have a home, and some of the little comforts to which she had been so long a stranger. My father died when I was twelve years old. Her life since his death had been one long struggle with poverty and want. I had too much reason to believe that she had not been happier as a wife than she had been as a widow; for my father was a drunkard. Yet, she always endeavoured to make me believe that he was a good man; and my own recol-

lection of him led me to believe that he was not a bad man. Strange to say, I loved him far better than I loved my poor mother ; and what is still stranger, his ill treatment of her—I might apply the term brutal to it—never caused me any pain or grief. I believe I thought that everything my father did should be right. My mother confirmed me in this way of thinking ; for she always spoke of him with respect—almost with reverence. I can remember her singing and laughing when he had gone out, after cruelly beating her. I think he must have loved her ; for, one day when he returned home unexpectedly, and found her asleep, with a wound upon her forehead, which his own hand had inflicted, he stooped down and kissed her. I knew she was not asleep, though he thought she was ; for I saw her lips tremble, and the tears stealing down her cheeks. He walked out of the house softly ; and then my mother began to sob, and flung herself upon her knees. I can recall to this day the flutter of her heart as she strained me in her arms after praying fervently.

“ It never occurred to me that there was anything degrading or sinful in drunkenness, until one morning when I went with my father to the public house. He drank two glasses of raw whiskey, and was on his way home, when a wretched sot of his acquaintance stopped him. The man’s face and lips were livid, and his eyes dull and glassy. He was in rage, and when I saw his whole frame trembling, I thought it was cold he was.

“ ‘Are you after having your “morning”?’ said he to my father.

“ ‘I am’, was the reply.

“ The wretched man held his face close to my father’s. ‘Blood-an’-ouns, Mun’, said he, ‘give us a belch’. And opening his mouth he tried to inhale the fumes of the whiskey which my father had drunk.

“ That was the first time I conceived anything like disgust for a drunkard. Perhaps the reason I did so then was because I saw my father was disgusted. I often reflect upon the extraordinary influence a father *must* exercise over the minds of his children. How great is his responsibility if he does not exercise that influence for good !

“ One day my father was dragging my mother by the hair, and calling upon her, with the most frightful oaths, to get him money for more whiskey. In vain the poor woman pleaded that she had no money ; he only dragged and kicked her more savagely.

“ ‘Come, you rip !’ he shouted, ‘get me the money’.

“ ‘Come, you rip !’ I exclaimed, catching her by the hair, too, ‘get my dada the money’. For my sympathies were always at my father’s side.

“ He let her go, and staggered back against the wall, as if a bullet had gone through him.

“ ‘Oh ! God help me !’ he cried, in the most heartbroken tones I have ever heard ; ‘as the old cock crows the young cock learns. Oh ! God help me !’ He said no more, but went into his bedroom, apparently quite sober. He went to Cork next day, and took the pledge from

Father Mathew. And from that day to the hour of his death he never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink. But his constitution was entirely broken by a long course of intemperance, and he lived only one year after becoming a teetotaller. His last words to me were: 'Willy, never be a drunkard'.

"What privation my poor mother suffered for my sake! She took the bit out of her own mouth to give it to me. Her great ambition was to make me 'a scholar', and I was kept constantly at school. My father, who was a good angler, had often sent me with presents of fish to the Protestant clergyman. A few months after my father's death the clergyman's wife met me, and inquired kindly for my mother. She also gave me half a sovereign, which she desired me give my mother to buy clothes for me. And when the clothes were bought we were both to call upon her. We did call upon her; and, to my poor mother's dismay, the lady offered to provide for me if she were allowed to bring me up as a member of the Established Church. The lady was very mild and handsome; and I am sorry to think the half sovereign which made me so happy was only a bribe. But these things have little or nothing to do with what I wish to tell you. I have written them almost unconsciously.

"My health was never very strong, and I scarcely ventured to hope that I could ever be anything but a burden to my dear mother. Judge of my rapture when my kind friend Father O'Gorman gave me the appointment of teacher to one of his schools. For three years after I was as peacefully happy as mortal man could hope to be. The injustice which I suffered from the parents of some of my pupils was very trying. But the love of the children for me made me forget it. The love of children has always been like a blessing from Heaven to me. Latterly I have been sorely persecuted by an inspector—for the school is 'under the Board'—who appears to take pleasure in wounding my feelings in every possible way. But a word of sympathy from Father O'Gorman will heal the worst wound this official can inflict upon me almost instantaneously. For a while I used to feel pained by the sneers of coarse-natured fellows, who would refer to my former poverty in the most offensive manner, because I respected myself and dressed decently. I soon, however, learned to despise this; particularly as none but the most vulgar ever attempted to annoy me in the way I have mentioned. And what need I care? Had I not my dear mother to welcome me with her loving smile every evening, after the day's toil? Had I not the respect and good will of many among my humble neighbours? Yes; and the friendship of a few whom I could look up to, without feeling that I was looked down upon. He for whom I write this was the most valued of these few friends. And here, in one word, let me thank him. His manner towards me was always frank, always kind, *but never patronising*. I thank him with all my heart. He made me feel that I was a man.

"I have not yet touched upon the subject about which I sat

down to write. I find I have been putting it off, almost unconsciously.

"Rose Mulvany came to my school. She was accompanied the first day by her father and mother, who were simple peasants. They told me that Rose had lived with her grandmother high up on the mountain, and that her education was almost entirely neglected; and with tears of entreaty in their eyes, they begged of me to do my best to make up for the lost time, by taking all the pains I could 'to bring her on', as they expressed it. I promised to do my best; and after warning Rose to be 'a good girl', and assuring her that 'the master' would soon make her 'a fine scholar', the good, simple old couple shook me warmly by the hand, and with many a 'God bless you' and 'Good luck to you', took their leave.

"Poor Rose! How she laughed, and cried, and blushed at her deficiency. She was diligent, however, and naturally quick, and soon began to make wonderful progress. Have I said that Rose was strikingly beautiful? I had seen one face which was, perhaps, more regularly handsome. It was that of a young lady whom you know. But you will pardon me for saying that there was a soul, an ever-changing something in the face of Rose Mulvany, which, to my mind, far excelled the still loveliness of the face to which I have alluded. Oh, my friend! may *you* never feel the pang which has torn my wretched heart to pieces!"

Jane Evans's pale face flushed, and her breathing became quick. She closed the book hastily and gazed into the fire.

"Is the difference much?" she thought.

She stood up, with her hair flowing wildly, and opening the window shutters, rested her burning forehead against the glass, and looked out at the stars. The room door opened, and Mrs. Evans, with a most woe-begone face, presented herself.

"O Jane!" she exclaimed, in a tone of utter misery, "what are you thinking of?" Miss Evans turned round quickly.

"What am I thinking of?" she repeated. "Why?"

"I won't allow it", says Mrs. Evans, with feeble determination.

"Allow what?"

"Mrs. Hill came down from the lodge, and told that there was a man on horseback at the gate, and I'm after sending Joe and Philip to arrest him. I'll send for the police, so put it out of your head", exclaimed Mrs. Evans, still feebly energetic.

"For Heaven's sake, mamma, tell me what you mean?"

"Ah, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America?"

Here voices were heard outside, near the front of the house, and Miss Evans hastily pulled down the window-blind. She moved the blind a little aside, and saw the two serving-men leading a horse with somebody on his back. When the hall door was opened, and the light shone out upon the group, Miss Evans smiled.

"Come here, mamma".

Mrs. Evans looked out.

"T is Mr. Mooney", says she faintly.

"And now", her daughter observed, "you know I have retired for the night. I need not say how ridiculously you have acted. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of making the best of it".

"But, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America? - Is it possible that you are still thinking of that man? You know——".

But Jane pointed to the group outside, and waved her hand towards the door.

Mrs. Evans walked away with a look suggestive of smelling salts. She was not a strong-minded lady. And Brian Purcell was the one shadow on her path.

"Mr. Mooney", said Mrs. Evans from the hall door, "there has been some unfortunate mistake. And now, to let me see that you are not offended, come in".

Mr. Mooney alighted with great alacrity. The men having hold of his bridle prevented him from dashing away in a figure of eight.

"Sit down, Mr. Mooney", says the lady of the house.

"Oh! not at all", says Mr. Mooney.

"I 'm sorry my daughter has retired for the night".

"We had a capital hunt", observed Mr. Mooney with his eyes very wide open, and staring at the wall. "After going four miles as the crow flies towards the slate-quarries, he doubled back to Coolbawn cover, where the earth was open. Everything went off splendidly—the marquis was delighted—except a row between Mr. Grindem and a person of the name of Brian Purcell. Mr.—that is Grindem and I are capital friends. 'How are you, Mooney?' says he. 'How do you do, Mr.—ahem!—How do you do, Grindem?' says I. Capital fellow, Grindem. Stood any amount of brandy". Here Mr. Mooney fortified himself with a glass of wine, and with desperate resolution said: "I had the pleasure of seeing, ahem!—Miss Evans there in the morning".

"Oh! yes; she was there".

"The three Miss Plunkets were in at the finish. Why does not Miss Evans ride to hounds? Do n't tell me she can 't do it. For damme", exclaims Mr. Mooney, holding out his hand, and staring at the wall, "there 's nothing *she* can 't do". Mr. Mooney sat bolt upright in his chair, sucking the handle of his hunting whip. He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, as if he could see through it into the room above. "Mrs. Evans", says Mr. Mooney, looking through the ceiling, "I can 't stand it".

"Stand what, Mr. Mooney?"

"Particularly now", continued the young gentleman, "since my mother is down on me".

Mrs. Evans looked surprised; but thought it best to let him go on.

"Down on me", he repeated, "on account of Miss Baker. Not *Miss* Baker, you know, but the fat one".

"Really, Mr. Mooney, I don 't understand you".

"Do n't think, Mrs. Evans", says Mr. Mooney, taking the lady's hand and looking the reverse of cheerful, "don't think it was her beauty. What is beauty? No, Mrs. Evans. It was the sublimity of her disposition. The sublimity, Mrs. Evans. And is it not a sad thing, Mrs. Evans"—here Mr. Mooney became lugubrious to a degree—"is it not a melancholy heart-breaking for a man to have a mother—" Mr. Mooney is obliged to have recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, but not being able to find it, uses the skirt of his scarlet coat instead. "To have a mother, Mrs. Evans, without an atom of sublimity?"

"Really, Mr. Mooney—"

"I do n't say my mother is not grand, for she is grand. Look at her in her violet velvet, and where will you see a grander woman? But, my dear Mrs. Evans, what is grandeur without sublimity?"

"Pon my word, Mr. Mooney, I must beg—"

"Do n't suppose, Mrs. Evans, that I allude to any peculiarities of pronunciation or phraseology, which indeed are common to both my respected parents. No; I refer solely to sublimity. What is a woman without sublimity? And if my mother possessed the smallest particle of sublimity, why talk of the fat one? Is not talking of the fat one utterly incompatible with sublimity?" Mr. Mooney struck the table, and paused for a reply. Taking silence for assent, he continued. "To be called an *omadhaun*—to be desired to have *sinse*, Tom Mooney—to be contemptuously recommended not to be 'the first fool of the family'. All this and more I could have borne. But the fat one, my dear Mrs. Evans, the fat one was too much for me".

"Miss Baker?"

"Not *Miss* Baker, you know. But the fat one".

"And what did they say about her?"

"Say about her", exclaims Mr. Mooney, with his hair standing on end, "why, they have the match made, and I must marry the fat one".

"Oh, yes", says Mrs. Evans.

Mr. Mooney relieved his feelings by swallowing a second glass of wine, and trying to look through the ceiling.

"It was not her beauty", he began again, "no it was not her beauty, my dear Mrs. Evans, it was the sublimity of her disposition. And now tell me, you who are the mother of that most sublime young lady—you who are not deficient in sublimity yourself, like my importunate parent—tell me would there be hope for me, the slightest hope, if I should rebel against parental tyranny?"

"I fear not, Mr. Mooney", replied Mrs. Evans, her pique against her daughter getting the better of her generalship; "for I believe my daughter's affections are already engaged."

"I thought so", said Mr. Mooney; "and just what I said to my mother when she proposed the fat one; 'mother,' says I, 'my affections are already engaged'. But what can you expect from a mother without sublimity? And now", said Mr. Mooney standing up and looking at his boots and buckskin breeches; "farewell, a long farewell to all my

greatness'; 'Othello's occupation's gone'. But remember, my dear Mrs. Evans, it was not her beauty, it was the sublimity, the great sublimity of her disposition".

"You said something", said Mrs. Evans, partly out of curiosity and partly to change the subject, "you said something about a misunderstanding between Mr. Grindem and some person?"

"A misunderstanding", said Mr. Mooney, "a jolly row, very nearly".

"How did it occur?"

"Why, you see Grindem rode round to Thubbermore, thinking the fox would go that way as usual. He was in a jolly passion, and on passing Purcell's house, just as the hounds were drawn off, he accused Purcell of driving away the fox. The fellow paid no attention to him; he was paying a lot of labourers at the time. This set Grindem wild, and he rode up to Purcell and charged him again with driving the fox away. Purcell said it was untrue, and Grindem raised his whip to strike him. Purcell advanced a step towards him, when a fellow named Dunphy made at Grindem with a spade. In fact, only for Dawson there'd be open murder. Purcell insisted that Grindem should apologise, and of course he did; for what else could he do surrounded by such a lot of wild savages? Then Tim Croak came up and told the most extraordinary story about the fox, and so the matter ended; but I'm thinking Grindem will meet Purcell for it yet".

Mrs. Evans held a candle to a bronze time-piece on a side-table, and remarked that it was near eleven o'clock. Mr. Mooney took the hint.

"Good night, Mrs. Evans", said Mr. Mooney; "'tis all over; 'my lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word'; but do me the justice to remember that it was not her beauty—for what is beauty? No, Mrs. Evans, it was the sublimity of her disposition". Having said this, with his eyes turned devoutly to the ceiling, Mr. Mooney bowed low and withdrew.

"I really think", said Mrs. Evans to herself, "that I am troubling myself without cause. Jane is not such a fool as not to have forgotten that girlish attachment long ago. I wish to Heaven she were married".

CHAPTER XIII.

During the foregoing conversation the young lady whose sublimity was so often referred to, sat alone in her chamber. She took up the old scrap-book again, and commenced to read the schoolmaster's story where she had left off:

"It was necessary to have the name and age of each pupil on the roll. When I wrote down the name of Rose Mulvany, I turned to her to inquire what was her age. I hardly knew why, but I could not ask the question, and put up the book without putting down her age. The next week I got two or three 'new scholars', and when asking their

ages I took courage and said: 'And how old are you, Rose?' She looked up, and smiling bashfully, replied: 'I believe I'm seventeen and a bit, sir', and then bending her head she shook down her wavy auburn hair to hide her blushes. She found out a low seat, and always sat upon it, in order, as I saw, to make herself look small among the other girls. I remarked, too, that she always wore her cloak, for the purpose, as I guessed, of concealing her well-developed figure. All this reserve, however, was thrown aside when I was not present. How often did I watch her from the window during play-hours, bounding like a wild young fawn among the children. All the children loved her; and it was so interesting to see some little creature explaining the lesson to poor Rose, who would take her tiny instructress up in her arms and kiss her as a reward for her trouble. But after a few months Rose Mulvany could read and write pretty well, and, in fact, knew as much as most girls of her age and class. Every day I felt more and more interested in her; but I was pained to observe that she became more reserved, and even appeared to stand almost in awe of me. She would check herself suddenly in the midst of her wildest glee on seeing me approach, and shake down her tresses to hide her face. I used to stand by sometimes and encourage the boys and girls at their games in the playground; but the moment I appeared Rose would put on her cloak hastily and steal away.

"After a while I began to call at her father's house on Sunday evenings. How glad the kind old couple were to see me. And Rose, too, was less reserved on these occasions than at the school, but she was still very timid. The thought often occurred to me that she disliked me; but I believe now the contrary was the case. It was very foolish in me to torment myself as I did; for, as I afterwards remembered, her face always lighted up on seeing me; and while I stayed, though she generally remained silent, she looked perfectly happy. I wished very much that my dear mother should see her, but I was quite afraid lest she should feel prejudiced against her. For I noticed that my mother was quite jealous of every one who she imagined might make too deep an impression on me. I believe she thought no one good enough for me!

"So matters stood, when one day John Mulvany came into the school and handed me a letter to read. I read it, and my heart died within me. A relative had paid his daughters' passage to America. Rose had an elder sister, a quiet, good industrious girl. Her father called Rose and told her to come home with him. She did not know what was in the letter, but I believe she guessed it, for as she went out she looked at me, and turning round her head, kept her eyes fixed upon me till her father closed the door. I never saw her look directly at me before while I was looking at her.

"On midsummer's day she came with her father and mother to take leave of the scholars. I shall never forget the scene. The children clung to her, most of them crying passionately. Several of the boys

even were obliged to brush the tears from their eyes as they looked at her. For the first time the poor girl was well dressed; and, surely, a creature more radiantly beautiful was never seen. When they had gone, I went mechanically through the business of the day. I locked the school-room as usual, and turned my steps homeward. Before going into my little cottage, I walked for an hour down by the river. I asked myself should I declare my affection for her, and ask her to stay and be my wife. But what reason had I to hope that she cared for me? And what would my dear mother think? Was I even sure that Rose's parents would consent? For, with all their respect for me, I thought it quite possible that they would not consider me a fit match for their daughter. The schoolmaster is thought so little of in this country. No. I had not the courage to ask Rose Mulvany to be my wife.

"In the evening I went down to the bridge, where the people were assembled round a bonfire. There was a dance, too. The sisters were there, with their arms twined round each other's waists. There was something touchingly sorrowful in their faces. I thought my heart would burst as I looked at Rose. She was so sad, and oh! how lovely! You, Mr. Purcell, were there. A young girl asked you to dance. After dancing with her, you looked round to choose a partner, as is the custom. You asked Rose Mulvany to dance. I saw her eyes flush with pleasure. All gloom was gone in an instant. Surely the pang I felt at that moment was not caused by jealousy? But I did feel a pang; and immediately a gloomy foreboding took possession of my heart. I moved to the side of Rose's sister.

"'Mary', said I, 'take care of Rose'.

"She looked at her sister, and then at me. She took my hand and pressed it without speaking. I knew she understood me.

"I accompanied them home. Oh! the grief of that poor father and mother! For a while it made me forget my own. I bade farewell to Mary and kissed her. I could not do more than take Rose's hand. Her head drooped and her lips parted as I did so. As I let go her cold hand she fell senseless into my arms. Oh, fool, fool! why did I not save her then?

"Mary died of fever on the voyage. Her sister landed in New York. And—oh, my God! how can I write the words? Rose Mulvany, the beautiful, the innocent, the pure, is a lost polluted thing. My life, since I learned her fate, has been one dream of agony. I have endeavoured, but in vain, to tear her from my heart. I know she is lost to me for ever. But the thought that she is lost to virtue and to God—leading a life of sin, and dragging souls to hell—is wearing away my life.

"My dear, good mother is gone to rest. I have laid her beside my father. I leave Ireland to-morrow. I go to save Rose Mulvany. If it be God's will that I shall succeed, you will hear from me. Good-bye, my true friend, and may you be happy!"

Jane Evans closed the book.

“And has he been happy?” she murmured.

She opened the window again, and watched the stars going down. And the gray dawn was creeping up the eastern sky when Jane Evans laid her head upon her pillow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OSSIANIC LEGENDS.

By the Author of “Legends of Mount Leinster”.

No. I.

We propose to give in these pages some of the principal legends which illustrate the early history of our country, and serve as lights to guide us in our speculations as to ancient Ireland. A great many of them we have found scattered in old volumes and obsolete literary fragments, perfectly inaccessible to the general reader, and some we have heard from living lips in localities where they have lingered in unwritten record for centuries.

The first great *fact* which meets us on the very threshold of Irish history is the existence of a large standing army. They were called the Fianna Eirionn, and their special duties, according to the old records, appear to have been of a highly patriotic character, *viz.* : to repress rebellions and guard the coast against invaders. The privilege of admission was not obtained without some training, as will appear from these necessary qualifications. The postulant was required to be a poet, more or less gifted. Armed with a target and hazel stick, he should for a short time defend his body and limbs from being wounded, while nine experienced warriors, at nine ridges distance, were throwing javelins at him. With his long hair tied up, he should run through a wood, with a body of the Fianns at his heels, and not allow himself to be caught, nor his hair to loosen. He should run at full speed under a bough the height of his knee, and jump over one as high as his forehead. He should also be able to draw a thorn from his foot when running at full speed, and tread so lightly as not to break a rotten bough. His moral qualifications were these: He engaged that his choice in marriage should be influenced, not by fortune, but by courtesy, good manners, and virtue; that he would never offer violence to a woman, and that he would relieve the poor as well as his circumstances allowed; finally, that he would not give way to less than ten foreign combatants attacking him at once.

The relatives of every enrolled champion bound themselves not to seek revenge for his death. If he fell in open and fair conflict, no revenge was to be taken; if by foul means, his comrades knew their duty to his memory.

They were billeted on the inhabitants from All-Hallowtide (*Samaan*) to May, and during the other half of the year they supported themselves by fishing and hunting. They took but one meal in the day, viz., in the afternoon ; and this was the order in which the day was got through : In the morning they pursued and caught their game, and conveyed it to one of their stations, where a large square pit was ready for use. Stones were made red-hot in a big fire, and laid on the bottom of this pit ; and then a layer of meat, snugly tied in bands of sedge or rushes, was laid on the stones. Thus were the layers disposed—meat and hot stones alternately—till the pit was full ; then there was a covering of sods applied ; and in time a service of stewed flesh was served up, good enough even for the Fianns of Erin. While it was cooking, the hunters laved their bodies in the limpid waters of some neighbouring stream ; and by the time they were ready to take places at table, their comfortable feelings, their appetites, and their repast, were all in the most perfect unison.

By the time of retiring to rest they had commodious beds prepared in temporary shealings. Over a layer of boughs they laid a couch of moss, and this again was covered with rushes. They were never known to complain of bed or board. Their descendants who fought in the Peninsula and the Crimea, for the most comfort-loving nation under the sun, were scarcely better provided for. These tanks, these cooking-pits, and the burnt earth in their neighbourhood, are still to be seen by the curious in national antiquities. The earth alluded to is called by the country people, “the black clay of the Fenians”.

This standing militia of Erin was composed of two forces which did not harmonize well with each other—to wit, the Clann-Morna, or Conacht warriors, and the Clann-Boisné, or Leinster warriors. In the youth of King Carbry, Goll, the son of Morna, slew Cuil, the father of Fion, in the battle of Castle Knoc, near Dublin. In course of time, Fion, looking to the common good of the island, was reconciled to the slayer of his father. He was married to Gráinne, daughter of Carbry. His son was Oisin, renowned for his poetic powers and the number of stories and poems attributed to him. Osgur was son of Oisin, and the most renowned of the Fians for personal prowess and generosity. With these four chiefs were associated Caelithe MacRonan, the swift and faithful ; Diarmuidh O’Dhuinné, the handsome ; Conan, the bald and bad-tongued, and others.

After Fion’s death, which took place at the Boyne, Carbry found the Leinster portion so overbearing and unmanageable, that he secured the Conacht knights to his interest, and, collecting all his available forces, attacked the Clan Boisné at Gaura, now Garristown, in Meath, where himself, Oscar, and the flower of both armies perished. We hear no more of the Fianna Eirionn after that battle.

Our bards amused and employed themselves, from the fourth or fifth to the twelfth century, composing poems and stories relative to the adventures of Fion and his knights, and attributing them to

Oisin. They devised a convenient framework for their productions. They feigned Oisin as having been carried off to Tir-na-n-oge, and living there till the time of St. Patrick. Through an unfortunate oversight on his part, he was then obliged to return to earth; and the saint, pitying his forlorn condition, supported him and did his best to infuse a Christian spirit into his heathen heart. The old warrior might be truly called a crooked disciple; he did very little credit to his teacher. While the saint would be labouring to infuse humility and resignation into his perverse heart, his thoughts would be dwelling on some superhuman exploits of his former comrades, and would oftentimes find utterance in a manner which showed a very elementary acquaintance with religious things.* So the prudent Apostle, finding him in this mood, would introduce a healthy diversion to the argument, by requesting the recital of some famous adventures of the "King of Greece's Daughter" when she landed at Howth long ago. Then Ossian, mounting his hobby, cantered through the wonderful tale, renewing the old glories of Fion's palace at *Almhuin* (Allen), and reinvesting himself and his lost brothers-in-arms with their perished glory.

With these introductory remarks we may at once carry our readers with us into the region of legendary history.

The life of Fion, when a child, was sought by the enemies of his race, but he was protected by the love and care of two sage women, Fiecal and Bodmin, his father's female couriers, who concealed and nourished him in the recesses of Slieve Blama. His mother, who had been married to the King of Munster after the death of Cuil, did not dare to keep him with her lest his life might be endangered, and came thither all the way from her southern home, and finding him asleep in the little bothy, pressed him to her bosom and sung a lullaby for him, a fragment of which is still preserved. When he became strong enough, he killed game for the support of his nurses, and one day he wandered as far as the plain of the Liffey in the county of Kildare, in the neighbourhood of a dun. He there saw some youths hurling, and joined in their sport. The fourth of their number hurled against him the first day, and he won the game; the half came against him on the next day, and were beaten; and on the next he obtained a victory over them all. They related their discomfiture to the chief of the neighbouring dun, and he asked his name. "He calls himself 'Dhimne'", said they. "What sort of person is he?" "He

* It is the opinion of the editor of these legends, that the gentlemen who are engaged in the praiseworthy task of publishing the Ossianic remains do not make a sufficient use of the scalpel in the dialogues alluded to. What edification can arise from the repetition over and over of such morsels of discussion as the following:—St. Patrick, in explaining the omniscience of the Deity, gives as an instance that the smallest insect could not enter Heaven without His knowledge. "Ah!" returns the old heathen, "how different from Fion MacCuil! A thousand men might enter Alvan in the day, and eat, and drink, and depart, without his taking the least notice".

is a brave, fair (*finn*) youth". "Let him henceforth be called 'Finn': kill him if he joins your sport again". When he entered among them next day, they fell on him with their *cománs*, but he soon disabled seven of them, and then returned home. "Who has disabled you?" said the chief. "Finn", said they; and so he was afterwards called "Finn" or "Fion".

Some old biographers vary in their account of our hero acquiring his name. Bodmin, his faithful nurse, once ventured with him to Tara, notwithstanding the outlawry of his race, at a season when the national sports were celebrating, and he conquered every rival in the athletic exercises. "Who is that fair (*finn*) youth?" said the king, in admiration. "Thanks, O monarch!" said his glad nurse; "he has been up to this time without a name, but you have given him a noble one which will bring luck". "By your hand, O king!" said a stander-by of the Clan Morna,* "he is the son of Cuil, son of Trenmör, and yon woman is the sage Bodmin, the fleet runner of his father". All of the adverse tribe within hearing rushed towards him at once; but the stout woman, throwing him on her shoulder, fled from the assembly, distancing her fleetest pursuers. At last, the brave Bodmin's strength beginning to give way, Fion requested her to let him down. She unwillingly complied, and just then they became aware of the rapid approach of the enemy. She was about flinging up her *dhaltha* again into his place of refuge, but he very adroitly anticipated the manœuvre, and, fixing the devoted woman firmly on his own right shoulder, he sped northwards, and never halted till he reached Lurgan Green in Antrim. His poor burthen was by this time heartily tired of her position, and as her legs had been somewhat incommoded and frayed by her son's rough arms while he held her firm in her seat, she cried out as she touched the welcome sod, "Oh, my poor *lurgain*! (shins)". This expression remained in people's memories, and when Fion's name became famous, they gave the word used by the wearied nurse as an appropriate name to her resting-place.

It must be owned that some of the old story-tellers often severely tried the belief and patience of their hearers. One of this class, not judging the flight from Tara to Lurgan at one breathing sufficiently wonderful, added the rather improbable circumstance that, as the runner had gone ahead through woods, rough heaps of stones, and rivers, without paying any attention to the feelings of his incumbrance, he found in his hands at his journey's end nothing but the shin-bones of poor Bodmin.

He then returned by easy stages to the court of his step-father in Kerry. He entered into his service without revealing his relation-

* Fion's people were the Clan Boisné, of Leinster and Munster extraction; the Clan Morna were of Conacht, and its chief at this time the one-eyed Goll. A long-standing enmity existed between the two races.

ship ; and, at one sitting, he won from him seven games at chess. "Who are you?" said the king. "A poor Leinster peasant", was the answer. "Nay ; but you are Fion, son of my wife Muirrean. If you stay here, you will be sought out by Cormac and Goll, and be put to death". So Fion quitted the court of Kerry.

A terrible demon, in the shape of a black wild boar, ravaged Munster at this time. Fion got two charmed spears forged by a skilful smith ; and, against every one's advice, he engaged and slew the monster. He gave the spear-maker the head of the boar as his guerdon, and the mountain where the fight took place is to this day called *Sieve na Muic* (Hill of the Boar).

After an expedition into Conacht, where he slew one of the assassins of his father, and gave his spoils to an aged uncle of his own, he repaired to the Brugh of the Boyne,* to learn philosophy from a sage, whose name happened to be the same as his own acquired one.

This druid knew by his art that the "salmon of knowledge" frequented the very ford near his dwelling. If he could only catch this wonderful fish, and eat but the smallest bit of it, he would be endowed with a knowledge of everything going on in the island at the time. So he employed his disciples night and day, netting, spearing, and hooking every ill-fated fish having the size and appearance of a salmon. Fion's efforts in this regard were so successful, and his take of fish so enormous, that it became in the end a perfect nuisance. Still, his master's zeal for knowledge was very strong, and he persevered in tasting of all that was caught, in the hope of at last meeting the legendary salmon.

So he intrusted the broiling to his pupils in succession, and merely suffered a small bit to be brought to him from the kitchen, where it was well cooked. One day, as Fion was presenting the loathed morsel, he asked him had he tasted the fish. "No, most sage Fion ; none of your docile and grateful pupils would dare to disobey your orders on that point. The fish cooked to-day was blistered on the side by a ccal that struck it from the fire. I put my thumb on the part to remove the eye-sore, but I felt a severe smart from the burn, and I clapped it to my tongue".

"What is King Cormac doing at this moment?" said the druid.

"How is this?" said Fion, with eyes opened wide in amaze. "Teamhair is not near ; yet I see the king crossing the drawbridge, with his eyes turned this way. His wolf-dogs are bounding about his war-chariot ; he is waving his hand to the queen, who, with her ladies, stands on the summit of the royal rath, and is looking towards her lord. I see the dark-visaged one-eyed Goll, the fair Diarmuidh Dhuinne with his beauty-spot ; I see the bald Conan, I see——"

"Ah ! you see too much for my comfort. But the salmon of knowledge is to be first tasted by a Fion". "I am called Fion, as well as Dheimne" ; and he related how he had obtained his

* Now *Newgrange*, supposed to have been a subterranean academy of the Danaans.

appellation. "Well, well, I am baffled; fate will have it so; be my friend and adviser. Cormac is coming to seize and slay you. Retire out of his reach, and then inform him of your gift. He will be glad enough to avail himself of your valuable aid, and even make you chief of the Fianna Eirion. Whenever you need information, apply the thumb which touched the salmon of knowledge to your tongue or lips, and you will see, as through a transparent screen, the persons, or places, or events you wish to be informed about, just as you beheld the king of Erin and his train just now."

Fion followed his master's advice; and the notion got abroad, that when he felt himself in a difficulty, he got out of it by biting his thumb. He was soon sought after in a friendly spirit by the king, who, finding his clairvoyance very beneficial to his own interests, heaped favours on him, and reconciled Goll and his Conacht clan to the clan Boisné and their now-favoured chief. There were several strongholds round the coasts and through the country for the redoubted militia; but Fion's favourite resort was the great dun at Alvan, from which our great central bog takes the name of Allen.

Fion was now a personage, and as such, subject to the obligation of taking a wife, but he did not conceal from himself the danger incurred in the step. He would, perhaps, make one lady unhappy, and mortally offend some hundreds, and make enemies of their fathers and brothers. So he let it be understood that it was out of his power to make a selection; and he would be grateful to all ladies who set any value on his affection, to assemble at the foot of a certain mountain, and all start for the summit at a given signal. He would be at the top to receive with open arms the "first arrived", and make her mistress of his heart; but while life remained, he would be the devoted champion and admirer of every lady whose white foot would press the turf and heath of the hill on that happy day. This proposal was accepted in the same spirit in which it was made. Fion gained a wife likely to be the mother of healthy sons and daughters, and afforded no grounds for heartburnings or secret enmities. From that day the Hill of Trial was called *Sieve na Bhan*, which means the Hill of the Fair Women, and rises from out the bosom of one of the loveliest valleys in Tipperary.

This was the first recognized marriage of Fion; but a sort of left-handed union had taken place while he was yet a youth, and uneasily shifting his quarters to avoid his enemies. His only available dress for the time was skins of the wild animals which he slew in his wanderings, and from this circumstance he was called *Gilla na Chreckan*,* but, with permission of the Committee of the Ossianic Society, we will avail ourselves of his own account, taken from the second volume of their *Transactions*, page 131:—

"I lost my way, and strayed to Luchar Dhiega, in the south. I saw

* Correctly, *Giolla na g-Croiceann*, the Fellow of the Skins.

two different assemblies met on two high cairns, opposite each other. One was an assembly of comely men, and the other was composed of beautiful, blooming women. There was a high terrific precipice on either side, and a windy, formidable valley between. I inquired the reason why they assumed that separate position. They informed me that Shana Mac Carroll, son of Crovan, King of Kerry Luchra, was seized by a current of affection and a torrent of deep love towards Donæ, daughter of Dairé, and that the condition she required of him was, to leap (over the valley) every year; but that when he came to the brink of the precipice, he balked the leap. I inquired if she would accept the hand of any other person who would perform the leap. She replied that she never saw a man who wore worse clothing than I did; but she found no fault with my personal appearance, and she said that if I would make the leap, she would accept me. Thereupon, I tucked myself up in the midst of my skins, then proceeding to the steep behind me, I took my race to the margin of the precipice, and sprang over in a truly swift, scientific manner to the opposite side. I then made a second leap back, and could have leaped it oftener, if I had chosen. Donæ thereupon came to meet me. She stripped me of my skins, gave me fit clothing, and became my wife, binding me under obligation to perform that leap every year".

The only incident connected with this union worth recording is, that Fion once failed in the dreadful leap, because he happened to meet a red-haired woman on the road as he was approaching the scene of action. The marks of his fingers, where he grasped at the juttings of the rocky sides in his fall, were very apparent in the days of the story-tellers. But time wears out old impressions wonderfully, and Fion's finger-prints are gone long since.

In process of time was born to Fion, Oisin, of poetic gifts; and Oisin, in turn, became the father of the invincible Osgur; and when the three heroes and their associate knights (some of whom have been already mentioned) were not defending the isle at the head of their seven battalions, or hunting the wild deer and wolf, they amused themselves on the plain before their favourite fortress of Alvan. While engaged listening to wild stories, or contending in mimic strife, they were always sure to see approaching either the daughter of the king of Greece, or Iron-bones, son of the king of Thessaly; or a courier from *Fion Tra*, seeking for a champion to face some dangerous adventure, or challenging the best of the Fianns to a race round the island; or summoning the hosts to march to the Fair Strand in Kerry, to oppose the landing of the "King of the World" and all his well-armed soldiers.

Thus Fion became to Ireland what Charlemagne was to France, Arthur to Britain, and Dietrich to Germany—the central knot of interest to many a wild legend. As many story-tellers and story-inventors occupied themselves with his deeds and character, we find an air of ridicule thrown over some of the adventures in which he was concerned; and in one instance, at least, he appears very narrow-minded

and ungenerous. In this respect, Fion and Robin Hood have met similar treatment at the hands of their biographers. In Sherwood, while Robin is thrashed by the miller, or beggar, or tanner, it is Little John, or Will Scarlet that overcomes this dreadful enemy. On the plain of Allen, or Alvan, the brunt of battle is always withstood by *Goll, Diarmuidh, or Osgur.*

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

PART II.

THE STORY OF THE MASSACRE.

WITH the June "fresh" the enemy came down the river from Tioga Point on a flotilla of rafts and boats. They landed not far below the mouth of Bowman's Creek, a small river which flows into the Susquehanna about twenty miles to the north of Wyoming. The river here makes a bend, forming an arc of probably thirty-five or forty miles, the cord of which would be about twenty. It was (British) Butler's plan to march overland by this short way from Bowman's Creek to Wyoming. Accordingly, making secure his boats and leaving a small party in charge of them, his whole expedition crossed the peninsula, and arrived on the mountains overlooking the valley on the western side, on the evening of Monday, the 29th June. More than half, or probably two-thirds, of the force were Indians of the Six Nations; one tribe being led, strange to say, by an Amazonian commander, whose sex did not prevent her mingling in the thickest of the fight, nor cause her one trace of compassion amidst the subsequent butchery. This was the Indian queen, "Queen Esther". Leading a powerful and numerous tribe, however, was the Mohawk chief Gi-en-guah-toh,

"The foe, the monster Brandt,
With all his howling desolating band".*

* Here I am compelled to notice Campbell's published "apology" for introducing Gi-en-guah-toh, or Brandt, into his poem as a leading agent in the massacre of Wyoming. Campbell states: "Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him on which I still look back with pleasure". Young Brandt, the poet says, satisfied him completely that his father "was not even present at that scene of desolation"; and adds. "The name of Brandt therefore remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction". I have no means of judging the evidence by which young Brandt convinced Campbell; but of this I make firm assertion, that the evidence not alone of Brandt's "presence" at, but of his dark complicity in, that scene, is to be gathered abundantly in Wyoming. By every fireside in the valley his name is mentioned as the most savage and merciless of the leaders in the massacre; and, in reply to my repeated inquiries, I was assured that the few survivors of the massacre always referred to him as such when speaking with my informants.

The white troops in the expedition were in great part made up of colonial royalist militia, to which may be ascribed the shocking realisation with literal exactitude of that picture of civil war which depicts "a brother shedding his own brother's blood", exhibited in the course of the proceedings under narration.

Butler, as I have stated, arrived on the mountains overlooking Wyoming on the evening of 29th June. At the head of the valley, a family of settlers named Wintermoot, who were in secret strong partizans of the British, had erected a fort. Onehow or another their neighbours had misgivings about these people; and indeed if the Wyomingers were not the simplest of men, they might have discerned early what the Wintermoots were about. But the latter took care to keep on a smooth face, and do all they could to disarm suspicion. There lived close by, however, an old worthy, referred to always in the fireside traditions of Wyoming as "Old Jenkins". Old Jenkins' mind was not altogether at ease about the Wintermoots and their fort; so he set to work, and erected another close at hand to watch it. This was called Fort Jenkins. Old Jenkins, of course, pretended no suspicion to his neighbours the Wintermoots. He built his fort and kept his mind to himself.

To Fort Wintermoot, as to the other forts in the valley, some of the neighbouring farmers with their families fled for protection; and amongst these was a Mr. Ingersoll. When it became known that the enemy had reached the valley at a point immediately close by, Ingersoll and some of the others commenced preparation for resistance; but now the Wintermoots threw off the mask, and gave Ingersoll to understand that the fort was "held for King George". Ingersoll and his friends were at once put under guard as prisoners; and they found that a perfect understanding existed between the Wintermoots and the enemy. In fact, Butler, on reaching the valley, marched with a small portion of his force directly to Fort Wintermoot, and occupied it, quite evidently by pre-arrangement.

Early next day, Tuesday, some of the party of Fort Jenkins, quite unconscious that the neighbouring fort was now actually in the occupation of the British, had gone out on some duty. Suddenly they found themselves attacked and surrounded on all sides. They made a desperate effort to reach their fort, but failed. They were slaughtered to a man. The noble old hero himself, with two grandchildren—mere boys—reached close to and almost within sight of the fort, but the enemy got between it and them. They stood then to die, since escape there was none. Placing themselves by a tree, they made desperate resistance, until one by one they fell covered with wounds. No attempt was made just then to attack Fort Jenkins. It was only on the next evening, apparently, that the whole of the invading force had come down from their first halting place.

At a fort called "Forty Fort", Colonel Zebulon Butler and the main force of the Wyoming men were under arms. Forty Fort was the

central and chief defence of its kind in the valley, being by far the largest and best constructed. It figures most prominently of all in the events of that time. I devoted a day to visiting its site and taking drawings of and from it, as by far the most interesting point in the valley. Not a vestige of the fort itself now remains, though the name still attaches to the spot. Exactly on the site of Forty Fort two or three small woodhouses, inhabited by very humble people, now stand. The Susquehanna, after passing close by Fort Wintermoot, at the upper end of the valley, flows southward in almost a direct line to the spot whereon Forty Fort stood. A small island, called Maconacee Island, beautifully wooded, rising in the centre of the stream, half way down or about a mile up the river from the fort. At this latter point the river turns at a sharp angle to the left or east, continues this bent for barely a furlong or less, and turns quickly southward once more, thence-forward towards Wilkesbarre making many windings. Where the river after its straight course takes the first sharp turn to the east, the bank against which the full force of the current therefore beats, rises almost precipitously from the water's brink to a height of about forty or fifty feet. On the edge of this brow, looking directly up the river, Forty Fort stood. The main road through the valley passed quite close behind. It would seem to have been a large work, defended with double lines of very high and heavy stockades, clay and stones filling the interstices between the timber. A well, which still remains, stood within the fort; although the river washed beneath its northern face, as already described, and a "water gate" led down to it. Here Col. Zeb. Butler had his head quarters; and here, in fact, the bulk of the population had flocked for safety.

News reached Colonel Butler that the party from Fort Jenkins had been destroyed in the woods. He set out on Wednesday with a strong reconnoitering force, and after some time came up to the scene of the rencontre, where the victims lay unburied. No enemy was in view or could be found just then. Colonel Butler gathered the bodies and buried them, and then returned in the afternoon to Forty Fort without encountering any parties of the enemy. Next day, however, the entire invading force filled the upper end of the valley. Fort Jenkins was assaulted, and after a brief but fierce struggle was captured. All within it were slaughtered by Queen Esther's Indians. Next morning (Friday, 3rd July), British Butler despatched Mr. Ingersoll (who had been made a prisoner at Wintermoot) with a message to Col. Z. Butler, demanding the surrender at discretion of the whole valley with its several forts, etc., from Pittstown to Wilkesbarre. Ingersoll reached Forty Fort with his summons about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He found the place choked with a crowd of women and children, the men being chiefly encamped around the fort on the outside. Col. Butler and his little band heard the summons with emotions that may be imagined. At last the dreaded hour had come! What was meant by surrender "at discretion" to a force composed mainly of Indians,

they but too well knew. A council was held, and every possible contingency, project, and plan was anxiously discussed.

The prevailing opinion was that the enemy would attack the forts piecemeal, and that it was better go out and meet him at once with all the force that could be gathered. Alas, it was the dark alternative! Then began leave-taking, every heart feeling that it was on an almost hopeless chance the little phalanx was setting forth. At twelve o'clock noon they marched out, three hundred in all, not a fifth of the number being between the ages of eighteen and fifty years! The women crowded the pallisades watching their departing footsteps until they could no longer be seen amidst the trees; then in a crowd fell on their knees and prayed and sobbed aloud.

Every movement of Colonel Butler was watched by Indian scouts and quickly reported to British Butler, who, therefore, had full and ample notice of the advance. He instantly sent word to one of his brigades engaged in destroying Fort Jenkins, to come down with all speed, and he himself with his own force marched out of Fort Wintermoot, firing it behind him. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. As the Wyoming troops approached, they saw Fort Wintermoot in flames, and found the enemy in line of battle before them. At this point a bank or slope about fifteen or twenty feet high runs diagonally along the valley, dividing the level into two flats or plains, one so many feet higher than the other. Fort Wintermoot was situate on the edge of this bank, dividing what were called the upper and lower flats. Colonel Butler advanced resting his right on this bank, the left extending across the gravel flat to a morass thick with timber and brush, that separated the bottom land from the mountain. Yellow pitch-pine, firs, and oak shrub were scattered all over the plain. The right wing of the Wyoming party was under Colonel Zebulon Butler himself, the left under Colonel Dennison.

The left of the British force rested on Wintermoot Fort (now in flames), commanded by British Butler himself. This officer was, it would seem, quite a favourite with the Indian natives, with whom he had had a long and close intercourse, and over whom he had acquired great influence. He conformed to their manners and customs to so great an extent as to be looked up to very much as one of their own chiefs, speaking their several languages with fluency, and usually wearing semi-Indian costume, a head-dress of feathers, etc. On this occasion, however, he appeared on the scene of action divested of all his feathers and finery, wearing a cotton or silk handkerchief tied on his head. A strong flanking party of Indian marksmen were concealed among some logs and bushes under the bank. The Indians under Gi-en-guah-toh formed the right wing of the invading force, and extended to the morass or swamp already referred to. Such was the disposition of the battle field. From Wintermoot to the river in a straight line, would be about eighty rods, to Maconacee Island in a southwardly direction, about a mile. The weather was clear and calm.

About four p.m. the battle began. Colonel Z. Butler directed his men to fire and advance, stopping at each discharge. As they pressed on the English line gave way, but the Indian flanking party on the right kept up a galling fire. For about half an hour the battle raged hotly, one continued peal of musketry, the Wyomingers pressing forward with daring ardour, sometimes checked, occasionally though rarely pushed back for a moment; but on the whole driving the British slowly before them. Three-quarters of an hour of this close and desperate musketry work could not but tell on the numbers engaged; and now the vastly superior strength of the enemy began to show. Still fighting with the energy of despair, the Wyoming men maintained the unequal duel without waver or pause. At length the Indians threw a strong body into the swamp on the Wyoming left, stealing along amongst the shrub and brushwood, until suddenly Colonel Dennison found himself completely outflanked. He tried to wheel round his force to a right angle with the main line, so as to front the flanking attack. But here the absence of military discipline was fatal. Unused to the performance of evolutions, the Wyomingers mistook his movement for retreat. They wavered, confusion and uncertainty spread amongst them. Suddenly with a wild yell the whole Indian force rushed in upon them in a compact and resistless torrent — and all was lost! In less time than it takes to relate it, the scene changed from a desperately contested and well maintained struggle, to utter rout, flight, and slaughter. There was little fire-arm work now; it was all hand to hand death struggle with knife and tomahawk. The Indian party rapidly pushed forward in the rear of the Wyomingers, and cut off their retreat to Forty Fort; then on all sides pressed them towards the river.

Volumes might be compiled from the stories related to me of the individual heroism which marked the bloody afterlude that now set in. Tracking all the way with their blood, the Wyomingers, every man selling his life as dearly as possible, fell back towards the river, the stream of flight pouring through the woods towards Maconaoee Island. At the river there opposite the island the Wyomingers say the slaughter was awful. In the water and on the brink the hapless fugitives were struck down right and left, the river for a yard or two from the shore being coloured from the blood. Several, however, succeeded in swimming to Maconacee, and thence to the opposite side, fearing that if they remained on the island the Indians would gather on each shore and capture them. A great many were drowned in the endeavour to reach the island. A Wyoming officer named Bigford, a very active young man, close pressed by an Indian, gained the shore from the woods, and dashed in to swim to Maconacee. The Indian rushed into the river after him. Bigford turned back and faced the Indian. They closed in deadly struggle in the water. Bigford wrenched the spear from the Indian's hand, grasped him by the neck, and threw him. At that instant another Indian rushed up behind him and ran Bigford through the heart, and his dead body floated away. The case of William

Pensil is pretty well known, having found mention, I understand, in some English publications. It is certainly horrible enough. Pensil succeeded in swimming to the island, and hid himself in a clump of willows. Some of the enemy, late in the day, swam over, searching the island for fugitives, finding a few and killing them ; but Pensil was securely concealed. At length he beheld, searching, gun in hand, *his own brother*, who had fought that day in the English ranks, having some time previously joined a loyalist corps in Connecticut. With a cry of joy Pensil jumped out from his concealment, for in his own brother he had found, as he thought, sure protection at least for his life. The brother, however, drew back and cocked his gun. "George, George!" shrieked the unfortunate man, flinging himself on his knees at the other's feet—"it is *I*, it is *I*, William ; oh save me, save me !" "No, *damned rebel*, not *I*", was the answer ; and he *shot him dead*!

All that afternoon and evening the Indian troops, in numerous small scouring parties, occupied themselves in searching the woods for hidden or wounded Wyomingers ; and by nightfall, besides those who had been slain throughout the day, there was a goodly number of prisoners. It is stated that several, taken under solemn promise of quarter by the English troops, were given up also to the Indian allies. When night fell a horrible ceremony commenced. Around a rude pillar-shaped rock, pointed out to this day as "Queen Esther's Rock",* the white prisoners were bound, the materials for a huge fire being piled at their feet. The Indians, with camp-fires all round, were assembled in great array for the spectacle. When all was ready, Queen Esther, decked out in the most profuse finery of beads and feathers, approached at the head of a long file of braves, all chanting songs of triumph, full of taunt against the white captives. Circling round and round the group of bound victims, as she passed "each one her hatchet gave the initiatory stroke, which each of her attendant braves followed, the air resounding alike with the shriek and cry of the dying, and the shout and song of the torturers. Late into the night these orgies continued, while others of like hue companioned them. Parties of the invaders had spread all over the valley, rising and firing the deserted habitations of the settlers, until the midnight air was aglow with the numerous conflagrations. Not a house escaped, not a barn nor a shed. Crops, corn, cattle-fodder—everything was destroyed, not a roof escaped ; nought but bare and blackened walls and charred *debris*, smoking and mouldering for days afterwards marked the once happy homes of Wyoming.

It was an anxious time in Forty Fort after Colonel Butler and his band marched out to give the invaders battle. "When the fight

* I succeeded in making out this rock. The field in which it is situated was tilled to its very base, which rather shocked me, considering that this particular spot was a very shambles of slaughter on the night of the 3rd July. The rock—whether from sinking in the earth, or from the soil being raised in farming operations around it—is now much buried in the soil, barely a few feet of it being visible over ground.

began they could hear the firing", said an old Wyominger to me; "and O heaven! they were wild with excitement and suspense. As long as the firing was steady they had hopes, but when it became straggling, 'Ah, God, God!' was the cry, 'all is lost'. Alas! the river current quickly brought down woful confirmation of their fears. One by one it bore beneath to the very walls of the fort, mangled and bleeding, the corpse of some husband, son, or brother, struck down in the battue near Maconacee. A straggling fugitive or two soon after reached with the terrible news from the battle-field. Then all was agony and despair, and a wail loud and bitter rose from the forlorn crowd. Towards evening the wreck of the Wyoming army that survived the day—a broken, straggling band, "few and faint", weary and despairing—reached the fort. Their brave commander, Colonel Zebulon Butler, who led them out, did not return. He lay on the bloody field, where he fell at the head of his little army in the noblest cause for which a man could fall. Indeed the slaughter of officers was most severe. Every captain who led a company into action was slain, and in every instance fell on or close by the front of the fire, before the line was broken. When Colonel Dennison, on whom now devolved the command, reckoned the remnant who reached the fort, he found barely a few score surviving. That night, however, a welcome reinforcement of thirty-five men, comprising "the Huntingdon and Salem Company", arrived from a neighbouring settlement. This gave some little firmness to the distracted occupants of Forty Fort. No one slept that night; none could sleep; and as they watched through the long hours of that dreadful night they could see in the skies around lurid signs of the deadly work going on all over the valley. A consultation was once more held; such a council as might be held on the deck of a sinking ship—anxious, earnest, distracted. Still the spirit of brave men shone out amidst all the gloom of their position. It was resolved to hold out to the last, concentrating all the strength and resources of the whole settlement at Forty Fort. To this end it was decided to send to Wilkes-barre for the one cannon already referred to, and call in all the parties in smaller forts or stations throughout the valley. Messengers were accordingly sent off with these instructions; but they soon returned announcing that the valley was impassable. The enemy has spread it over on all sides, and a scene of horror and desolation extended for miles around. Fugitives were flying in all directions to the hiding of the almost impenetrable forest, or were daring the wild and hopeless attempt of escaping through its miles of morass and tangled juniper to some friendly settlement beyond. The few paths through the swamp which extended to the south-east, were thronged with the flying settlers. Few took provisions, and all were destitute of everything, save personal clothing. In fine all was lost, and further hope was vain. The Settlement of Wyoming was no more. Then Colonel Dennison and his gallant band at the fort realised the full anguish of their fate—

" As mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die".

Early on the morning after the battle British Butler sent a detachment up the river to Fort Brown, near Pittstown, with a demand for surrender. This was complied with on very fair terms of capitulation. It is said that in order to mark those prisoners from those not thus protected by terms, they were marked by the Indians with paint on the face, and told to carry a bit of white linen in their caps or hats, that they might be known as protected, and not killed.

British Butler now sent messengers to Forty Fort with a summons of capitulation. Colonel Dennison went out to meet him and ascertain and discuss the terms. The meeting took place in Butler's tent at his head quarters at Wintermoots. It is said that Butler really showed himself by no means harsh in the negociation, considering all the circumstances ; and indeed I rejoice to state, as the result of my most diligent inquiries throughout the valley, that, apart from the odium of leading such an expedition at all, the British commander appears to have been a fair and even a humane man. This may seem a strange opinion to express of the leader in one of the most atrocious and barbarous episodes of semi-civilized warfare ; and I myself entered Wyoming with the settled preconceived impression that the British commander was a diabolical wretch, who revelled in the massacre of the helpless and defenceless. But justice is the right of all men ; and I feel bound to state that, from all I heard in the valley, Colonel Butler was personally not a bad man, apart from the fault of consenting at all to undertake for his masters so infamous an errand. Perhaps, like the British commander sent to despoil and disperse the innocent and inoffensive people of Accadia, exactly twenty-two years before, he might have exclaimed :

" To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous ;
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch".

During the night of the massacre after the battle, a wounded Wyominger lying concealed amidst the brushwood on the battlefield near Wintermoots, overheard two officers walking close by conversing. One was the British commander, and the other was alluding to the havoc going on at the moment all around. Butler exclaimed with much emotion : " I cannot help it ; I cannot prevent it. Would to God I could stop it, for there has been already too much blood spilt".

His conduct in the negociations of surrender would seem to corroborate these representations of his character. After better than half an hour's discussion Colonel Dennison and Butler finally agreed upon terms for the surrender of Forty Fort. Butler, however, had no writing materials ; but he said the treaty could be committed to writing in the fort when surrendering.

Colonel Dennison returned to Forty Fort and announced the terms.

The two gates of the fort were now thrown open, and the arms, etc., possessed by the Wyomingers piled in the centre of the space inside. About half-past four in the afternoon, the victors approached with colours flying and music playing : the white men, four abreast, on the left ; the Indians, in four files, led by Queen Esther, on the right. Some previous rencontre must have occurred between her and the settlers ; perhaps she was of the party who some time previously had (as I have elsewhere mentioned) to be driven off from the valley ; for on entering Forty Fort now, Queen Esther turning exclaimed :

“ You told me to bring more Indians, Colonel Dennison ; see here I have brought you all these”.

“ Be silent”, said British Butler in a voice of command (evidently apprehensive of the results of any altercation at that moment)— “ be silent ; ‘ women should be seen, not heard’ ”.

The victors were now drawn up inside the Fort ; British Butler with the Rangers, the Royal Greens, and Tories* at the north gate ; Brandt and Queen Esther with the Indians occupied the south gate. Immediately on entering, the Tories seized the piled arms as trophies ; but Butler instantly ordered them to be replaced every one. Then turning to the Indians with a smile, and pointing to the file of arms, he said : “ See, a present the Yankees have made you ! ” Evidently highly gratified, they seized the arms and divided them amongst themselves. Here, according to a story told me by several residents in the valley (but which I suspect to be a confused tradition of an incident well authenticated as having occurred at quite a different place and at quite a different time), Butler’s eye fell upon Lieutenant Boyd, of the Wyoming army standing in the gateway. Boyd, they say, had once served in a royal corps under Butler, but went across to the rebels.

“ Boyd”, said Butler, “ go to that tree”.

“ I hope, sir, you will consider me a prisoner of war”.

“ Go to that tree, sir ! ”

Boyd walked to the spot appointed ; at a signal from Butler the Indians poured in a volley, and he fell dead, literally riddled with bullets.

The Wyomingers were to have been allowed till next day to leave the place, and take with them everything in the way of property which they could remove. But Butler was dealing with critical elements in his Indian auxiliaries, and he seems himself to have known that it needed the utmost tact and care in managing them to prevent their flinging off his control altogether. So far, they kept to some extent within restraint ; but they could not understand being prevented from plunder. They broke from the ranks despite all Butler could do, and commenced to sack the fort, seizing its disarmed and defenceless occupants, and tearing from them any property they carried on their persons. The scene that ensued may be imagined. Helpless as a flock of sheep amidst an array of butchers, the hapless people rushed from the fort.

* Colonial Loyalist Militia, or Volunteers. All the colonists who aided with the mother country in the struggle, were called “ Tories”.

The white troops under Butler attempted to help and save them as far as possible. Many, however, fell; all were plundered. A great number were kept by the Indians to be carried home as war captives. When morning dawned, of the once numerous population of Wyoming there survived, beside the captives, but the wretched and distracted fugitives who crowded the neighbouring morass and forests. Of this flight the stories and traditions in the valley are numerous enough to make an interesting volume. Old men and women beyond seventy years, tottering along; mothers with infants at their breast, and others carried on their back; fathers with little ones on their arms, and others led by the hand; terror in every face and in every heart. Several perished of exhaustion on the way; and there were instances where births as well as deaths marked the track of the flight. In three or four cases children were born in the swamp during the escape on that night and the days following, fright, fatigue, and hardship having prematurely brought on the pangs of maternity. One woman who had made her way for some miles through the tangled path with a sick child in her arms, at length found the little one was dying. Though "on, on", was the word on every lip, she begged to be allowed to sit down on a stone to see her child die. She laid it on her lap, and in speechless anguish watched its last faint sigh escape; then covering up the little corpse, carried it in her arms through all that dreadful time for thirty miles, till she reached a German settlement, where her sorrowful burden was taken from her hands and decently interred!

The dark forest-swamp through which this flight was made is called to this day, in memory of the event, "The Shades of Death".

My notes, taken in the valley, are full of tragic occurrences of this dispersion, and of the truly curious as well as painful incidents which arose out of the separation of members of families during the flight, etc. Twenty years afterwards there were living amongst the Indian tribes, in the far west, men and women who had been brought away children captives from Wyoming, but of whose parentage, etc., no identification could be effected, notwithstanding many and anxious efforts. In one instance, a father who had spent fifteen years in unbroken endeavours to find out an only and cherished child, whom he had reason to believe was alive and "adopted" amongst the red men, at length found her a grown woman, speaking the Indian language and no other, and remembering nothing of her infant days. Nothing could prevail on her to leave the tribe! Almost by force her father brought her away; but she effected her escape and rejoined her adopted people!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

THE history of English poetry, like that of all other cultivated nations, manifests the alternation of creative and critical periods. To the first belongs Chaucer,* whose fine faculty of observation, in union with an imagination for life, derived a powerful development from an epoch when the new relations of Britain with foreign countries induced numerous classes to travel. To the first also Shakspeare, who, living in an age of action, threw his imagination into the drama, and Milton, whose genius received a stimulus from an epoch characterized by great events and revolutionary ideas. Then succeeded a long interval, beginning with the reign of the Charleses, and continuing down to that of the third George, during which the introduction of French literature led to imitation in several branches of writing, and which, while exercising a marked effect on English prose style as far as claritude was concerned, was attended with disastrous results as respects English poetry, which, meanwhile, losing its originality, attained merely to the tame perfection of works imitated from an inferior class of models. In the following period—that of Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, and Moore—poetry became once more creative; a result partly of individual idiosyncrasies, and the spontaneity of true genius gaining an impulse from special contingencies, to which must be added the revived study and larger appreciation of Shakspeare—a result of German criticism—and of the earlier and cotemporaneous products of English poetic literature. To the latter influence also may be traced much of the excellence produced in the present day, during which, as seen in the volumes of Tennyson, Browning, Smith, and others, the imaginative impetus, evolving themes of beauty and power in poetic language, in no small degree originated from the study of the great ideal productions of the great creative age of Elizabeth. Byron's earliest original work was *Childe Harold*. In this book of travels in verse by a poetic misanthrope, his imagination, narrow but intense, stimulated by the passionate sentimentalism of Rousseau, for which it had a congenial affinity, and brought to bear on the recollections of foreign travel, produced a species of composition which derived not a little of its novelty from the personal spirit by which it and so many of his succeeding essays were animated. In the reflections with which it abounds there is little originality. Though many of the scenic portions are fine, they are more descriptive than poetic; nor does he ever paint like Wordsworth, many of whose depictions of external nature, while perfect photographs of objects, are found to superadd a penetrative faculty of imagination of which Byron was utterly devoid. Where,

* In one respect the fathers of Italian and English poetry, Dante and Chaucer, resemble each other, namely, in the inventive force and accuracy of their painting—in putting as much truth into their pictures as possible—and making this principle predominate over elegance of rhythm or harmony of structural outline.

for instance, in *Childe Harold*, or Byron's other works, can we find a description so pictorially sublime as that in which Wordsworth reveals the mighty panorama of the Alpine world? —

"The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed ;
The stationary blasts of waterfalls ;
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn ;
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky ;
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears ;
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside,
As if a voice were in them ; the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream ;
The unfettered clouds and regions of the Heavens ;
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great *Apocalypse*,
The types and symbols of eternity,
The first and last and midst and without end".

In the genius of Byron wit indeed predominated over imagination ; and hence it was only after he had studied the Italians, Pulci, Ariosto, etc., that he discovered his real power and produced his masterpiece. Had Byron lived, he would — had he continued to devote himself to drama — have doubtless produced works of high, though not the highest excellence, for which an ampler nature and imagination were required than those with which nature had endowed him. No poet of the epoch referred to, however, possessed a sensitive imagination so rich, natural, and various as Keats. Fragmentary as his efforts remain, in the sense of beauty they display they have no rival, including Shakspeare, as regards poetic objective painting—not to speak of the Italians, whose most admired conceptions and passages of this order sink into insignificance when compared with several in his poems. Tasso's enchanted gardens of Armida is merely a piece of didactic description, compared with the imaginative beauty of Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*. That his imagination was capable of attaining the sublime also is evidenced in the fragment of *Hyperion*, which is pervaded by a mighty primæval air, resembling Æschylus and Dante, and manifests all the excellences of the highest epic poesy, with the exception of the dramatic element. Had nature awarded Keats a wider orbit of life, he would perhaps have produced the greatest poetry since Milton, whom he surpasses in the exquisiteness of his sense of beauty, as far as loveliness and majesty of descriptive painting are concerned ; though we think he would have been as little able to equal the speeches in the first two books of *Paradise Lost* as to equal Shakspeare in the idealization of character. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is perhaps the most exquisite specimen of natural imagination dominated by the sense of beauty in any literature—natural, for Keats had little idea of art, though earnestly aiming at the perfection

it confers ; and as a specimen of the highest manifestation of poetic faculty of this order, may be compared with the poetry of wit, in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, just as Beckford's *Vathek* may be with Voltaire's *Zadig*, in the domain of prose.

Although imagination may be named a special faculty—the law of the mind in this mood being combinative, as that of reason deductive—nevertheless the nature of its action is to command all the other faculties as by a magnetic attractive law, sensitive and intellectual. For instance, as the characteristic language by which it is distinguished is that of image, comparison, metaphor, it must thus control and utilize the organs of analogy. In fact, it may be said to represent the entire compass of the mind, determined by its special combinative power for a certain end, and hence it is that it gives a larger sense of perfection than the understanding. To attain perfection in any mental exercise, imagination and reason must act harmoniously. The combinative law which is displayed in imaginative action has been noticed by a writer who defines it, “the power which draws all things to one, which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect”. Dealing with themes of beauty and power, it eclecticises all cognate ideas and impressions, to heighten and vitalize the effect sought to be produced, and in virtue of its larger vision and symmetrical and harmonic grasp, invariably involves in musical utterance. Language, indeed, is an indisputable test of the presence of true imagination : it is always sensitive, passionate, associative, and picturesque ; in illustration of which it is only necessary to contrast one of the best passages of the inferior class of poets, such as Pope and Dryden, with the best of Shakspeare, Milton, and Keats. Ruskin, who in his *Modern Painters* has written the finest analytic dissertation on the faculty of imagination which has yet been produced, divides it into three orders—associative, contemplative, and penetrative. The best examples of each respectively may be taken from Milton, Wordsworth, and Dante. Thus, where the author of *Paradise Lost*, describing Satan struck down in battle, says :

“ Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from its seat
Half sunk with all its pines”.

As in this we have an instance of associative power, we have in Wordsworth's pantheistic passage on the Universal Spirit one of mediative imagination :

“ I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky ; and in the mind of man
 A motion and a spirit which impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things".

Many instances of meditative and penetrative imagination might be selected from Dante and Shakspeare.

Poetry, says Milton, should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. It is its emotive power which distinguishes it from prose. It does not, says Burke, produce its end by raising images of things, but by exciting a passion similar to that which real objects would excite by other means. And Hegel, in his *Aesthetics*, speaking of art, expresses himself to the effect, that it is intended to bring all the emotions, hopes, and aspirations of man before man through the senses. It should employ the manifold richness of its subject matter to supply, on the one hand, the deficiency of actual external life, and on the other excite in us those passions which should cause the actual events of life to move us more deeply, and awaken our susceptibilities for receiving impressions of all kinds. Thus in the domain of power, imagination produces its effect by magnification : in painting and statuary, Angelo is an instance of this ; in poetry, the Prometheus of Æschylus and Satan of Milton. In the region of beauty, by eclecticising into harmony all its elements of form, grace, sentiment, colour, expression, music, as evidenced in a Venus of Appelles, a Madonna of Raphael, an Imogene of Shakspeare. To give adequate examples of beauty as regards imagery, description, music, and colour from the poets, would be endless. Thus Cresside in Chaucer is represented beginning to tell his tale of love like a nightingale commencing with a few first sweet interrupted notes, and then bursting into song, pouring out her whole heart. In Dante the image of the sheep, in the *Purgatorio* ; in Keats the heart of Madeline—

"Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell" ;

and of the same sinking into sleep, where he compares her to a rose closing at evening :

"Shielded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again".

Keats' pictures of Lamia, of the window, and the fruit feast, in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, are supreme instances of beautiful sensuous description ; and as in his line,

"The music yearning like a god in pain",
 he combines grandeur and beauty, so that of Milton,
 "In the bosom of bliss, the light of light",
 unites the extreme of sensuous and intellectual delight.

The charm of Keats, as we have said, is in the naturalness of his sensitive, luxuriant Greek imagination ; but though the poet "who

looked on fine phrases as a lover" is supreme in this respect, he is not so generally picturesque as Tennyson, who is a painter in the highest sense. How wonderfully elemental is the poetry of *Hyperion*! Even here, however, the feeling for beauty predominates over the passion for power, though it presents several superb examples of primeval grandeur and magnificence. Take the opening picture, in which we see the solitary, dethroned Saturn :

"A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade";

of the bright Titan saddened in spirit :

"And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint";

that of the giants, who,

"One here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways, like a dismal cirque
Of druid stones upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
In dull November".

This is very picturesque ; but though as uncouth, is not so terrible, as the glimpse Dante gives us of the giants imprisoned in the sea of ice. Hyperion's palace is magnificent :

"Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries ;
And all its curtains of Aurorean clouds
Flushed angrily".

Shelley's poetry is the reflection of a vague, long-drawn, lovely imaginative dream. Some one said that the domain of the English was the sea, that of the Germans the earth, and that of the French the air ; and truly, reading his compositions, one might be disposed to think that the soul of Shelley was of a nature closely akin to the latter element. Nothing can be more bloodless and unreal—nothing more remotely ideal than his longer poems, the *Revolt of Islam*, *Witch of Atlas*, *Alastor*, etc. ; they are like masses of dark or iridiscent rainbow cloud—versified vapour. Description is his forte, and here and there, while surpassing Byron in energy, he presents us with pictures of external nature in the highest degree imaginative, as that of the ravine in the *Cenci*, and the evening scene in *Alastor* ; but the generality of them are sadly deficient in outline or definition. On the other hand, many of his lyrical compositions are exquisite in feeling, idea, and music, and though he might have possibly excelled in the drama, nature seems to

have formed him *par excellence* for lyric poetry. The *Song of the Skylark* is the most charming and perfect of all his compositions (in this category, but in a subsidiary place, may be ranged the *Cloud*, *Lines written at Naples*, etc.), and may be compared to Keats' *Ode to the Nightingale*, as illustrative of the respective genius of the poets. Shelley is distinguished for a transparent and eloquent poetic diction, finely musical; but, as his imagination was less ample, he was less of a poetic painter than his model Keats, nor was he capable of ascending into the higher regions of sublime conception in which *Hyperion* was composed. Of Shelley's longer compositions the best is possibly *Epipsychedion*. Shelley's poetry is more like the psalm of a disembodied spirit floating through the air and over the earth, than the product of a flesh-shrined intellect *en rapport* with humanity. It is even more remote than that of Spenser, who, though elaborating an allegory, manages to give a stronger interest to his virtues and vices than Shelley to his men and women. The *Endymion* of Keats, though abounding with exquisite specimens of fragmentary fancy and of imaginative expression, is most interesting as an illustration of an untutored imagination developing itself with the most discursive naturalness; it is a perfect study of the flow of fanciful association, and for the examples of sensuous beauty which it affords. *Lamia* and *Isabella* evince greater design and a more symmetrical structure, and contain several exquisite touches of conception and descriptive painting. His fame, however, rests on the *Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Hyperion*, and the *Odes to the Nightingale* and a *Grecian Urn*.

Among the poets of the present epoch whose works display the most shining and distinctive traits are Browning and Tennyson. The genius of the first is preëminently dramatic; action, not contemplation or picturesque conception, is its special element, though no one can be more pictorial when he pleases. Displaying an imagination of the highest order (as that which energizes in dramatic conception, when excellent, necessarily must be), Browning's poems suggest the idea of being sketches merely, thrown off in the first heat of the mind, and never touched afterwards; in a word, while he possesses poetic power in the highest degree, he seems to lack the symmetry of intellect essential to the production of artistic perfections. Nevertheless, it is this very carelessness of finish or added truth, which gives individuality to the vigorous essays of his imagination, and in which so great a charm consists, that one would almost regret should they have been subjected to laborious revision, excision, or second thought, as by any such process the poet, possibly gliding into imitation, would have lost so much of his characteristic originality.

In his tragedies Browning manifests a subtle faculty of character analysis, and a strong scenicceptive power, with great beauty and vigour as regards sentiment, thought, image, etc., in parts; the style, however, is too frequently involved. In the struggle for expression, his diction too often becomes so involved as to approach the dark chaos of unintelligibility; but there are scenes and traits of character

among them, in which perhaps a truer and more spontaneous faculty of poetic dramatization is evinced than in any works of this order since the Shakspearian period. Far more perfect, however, are his minor efforts—such, *par example*, as his dramatic ballads, among which may be noted the charming and vigorous poem, *In a Gondola—How They Brought the Good News to Ghent, to Aix*, a description of a midnight gallop of three horsemen across a portion of the Low Countries. Never were the dramatic and picturesque elements of poetry more admirably united than in these pieces. The latter abounds with vigorous lines, in which sound and sense are struck together onomatopoeically; as, for instance, that in which the horses are described at noon :

"The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath their feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff".

Almost as good as Homer's galloping steeds :

"Οὐ Τροιοὶ ἵπποι επισταμένοι πεδίοιο
Κραυγὰ μαλ' εὐθα καὶ εὐθὰ διοκεμένης φεβεσθαι".

Imagination, as we have said, is the synthetic power which embodies a conception or subject, subjective or objective to the mind in its fullest emotive or visual truth and reality. Unlike Browning, whose sphere is the dramatic, that of Tennyson finds its most congenial exercise in the dominion of the picturesque. Gifted with exquisite fancy and sensibility, his imagination, which is possibly of more ample range, is of a finer quality and more versatile capacity than any poet since Milton, and exists in harmonious balance with his other faculties, a circumstance which even in his earliest essays produced the artistic culture which they display. Browning's poems are powerful and admirable sketches—Tennyson's finished pictures. Unlike the author of *Paradise Lost*, however, his region is not the sublime but the beautiful, in the sense of which, both ideally and executively, he has hardly any rival, and but few in any literature as regards the union of poetic conception and artistic treatment. In his first volumes he exhibits an universalist tendency, having tried most, and perfected essays in most of the departments comprised in the poetic domain ; but here, as in his subsequent efforts, we find that the natural bent of his genius is to the idyll and lyric, ideal picture, feeling, and music. In such poems as *Mariana*, *Adeline*, *The Lady of Shallot*, *Mariana in the South*, *The May Queen*, *The Lotus Eaters*, etc., we see his natural turn—that of working out imaginative moods of mind and situations by the accessory illustration of objective painting ; in the *Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *The Talking Oak*, his love of idyllic themes ; in *Morte D'Arthur* and *Ulysses*, his capacity for epic subjects ; in *Oriana*, *Lady Clara*, *The Lord of Burleigh*, not to mention *Locksley Hall*—the finest ballad ever written, combining the dramatic fluctuations of passion with the richest picture and imagery—his mastery of this class of poem ; in the *Two Voices*, the harmonizing

of philosophic speculation with the richest poetry; in *St. Simeon Stylites*, his imaginative grasp of a peculiar phase of mind; in the *Day Dream*, *The Palace of Art*, *the Dream of Fair Women*, his faculty of representing a series of figures and scenes in the richest hues of painting. One of the most admired characteristics which Tennyson displays, is that which artists call truth of tone; a result of feeling thoroughly the nature of the theme conceived, and carrying it throughout its development. Thus nothing can be more perfect than the tone of *Mariana*, a poem in which a condition of mind is wholly represented by appropriate objective detail, sombre and melancholy. Similar, also, is the style of treatment in the *Lotus Eaters*, in which the description of the lovely lonely land where the mariners find the enchanted fruit which produces oblivion, realises the poetic effect sought to be produced more perfectly than would be possible by the most ideal subjective method. Exquisite in tone, colour, and feeling, this unrivalled imaginative dream seems painted with a magic brush dipped in the peaceful sunset light of some beauteous tropic heaven.

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls
 Than petals of blown roses on the grass,
 Or night dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies;
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.
 * * * * *
 Lo, in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud,
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun steeped at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed: and turning yellow,
 Falls and floats adown the air;
 Lo, sweetened with the summer light
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Falls in the silent autumn night".

There,

"They dream and dream, like yonder amber light
 That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height".

The conclusion of the choric song, with which the poem terminates, in subject and metre appropriately recalls an echo of the *Odyssey*, whence the idea of the piece was derived.

The *Morte d'Arthur*, a noble epic fragment, infused by an air of heroic melancholy cognate with the theme, is based on those old British romances collected and translated by Malory, from which Tennyson has derived the skeleton of a couple of the poems which he has wrought out with such elaborate finish in the *Idylls of the King*.

Had Milton, as he purposed, composed a work on the heroic mythical age of England, he would have rendered it more Homeric and forcible, but not more poetic, than Tennyson has done. That he could completely realize the spirit of Homer, without servilely imitating his manner, is indeed evident from the fragment, *Ulysses*, which unites the primeval simplicity of old Greek poetry with the modern picturesque element. Tennyson, perhaps, derived the idea of representing Ulysses setting off on his last voyage from Dante, who makes him describe his shipwreck in the *Inferno*; but he has treated the subject in a far more imaginative manner, and the only idea imitated from the Italian is in the lines :

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life";

and those in which he speaks of

"Following knowledge like a sinking star".

Thus Dante :

"Fatti non foste a viver come bruti
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza".
Inf., c. xxvi.

The *Talking Oak* is the most fanciful and charming of modern idylls. No one, indeed, has ever surpassed Tennyson in uniting human feelings with paintings of external nature. Many of his landscape passages superadd to the accuracy of the photograph the perfect air and colour of nature;* like, but superior to, those of Chaucer and Wordsworth, not to speak of Byron, who manages invariably to cast the hue of his personal feelings over his landscapes, while those of Tennyson, in virtue of his larger imagination, are treated with pure objectivity, or toned harmoniously to the ideal of his subject.

In Tennyson's earlier volumes, *Locksley Hall* is the poem most likely to be permanently popular, both from its subject and treatment. Ordinarily the ballad is limited to the detail of an action, or, when lyrical, to the evolution of a sentiment, expressed with simplicity and energy. It is the admirable embodiment of a phase of life, the agonizing struggle of a soul with love and sorrow, and its victory, in union with the most splendid imaginings and noblest aspirations, that renders this ballad, so infused with the modern spirit, the first of its class. While the first portions are true to nature, the latter, in which the visions and aspirations of a soul emancipated from the clouds of the past by its innate powers, rises from personality into a majestic

* The English, like all people living in large cities, possess a strong love for rural nature. In old Rome, Pliny tells us, it was the custom of the common people to have rural scenes painted on the blinds of their windows; and to this tendency is perhaps owing much of the popularity of Tennyson. Landscape art is that in which the modern school of English painters has most excelled. In this walk they are unrivalled, though surpassed in many others by the great continental schools.

dream of universal progress, are among the finest bursts of modern poetry :—

“ But I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the glory that would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales”, etc.

“ Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay”, etc.

One of Tennyson's great excellences consists in the truth with which in a few verses he embodies poetically the ideal of a particular age. Thus, in *St. Agnes* and *Sir Galahad* he represents with the purest simplicity the saintly aspiration of early Christianity, and the holy chivalry of Christian knighthood in the middle ages. In the second-named poem, how poetic is the vision of the warrior wandering the world in search of the holy Grail:

“ Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap within—no helmsman steers—
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail,
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah ! blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars ”.

The short poem, *Fatima*, is impregnate with a Sappho-like fervour, and in its oriental passionate fire is superior to the famous ode of the Lesbian.

When some one asked Coleridge how it was that Keats, ignorant of ancient literature, and with but a classical dictionary beside him, managed to embody the ideal of Greek life and poetry, the other replied, “ Why, because he was a Greek”—in other words, that he possessed a symmetrical intellect and sense of beauty. The same remark refers to Tennyson, who in several of his poems has admirably realized the antique spirit. Thus, *Oenone*, uniting the Grecian symmetry of form harmonized with the picturesqueness of modern imagination, resembles a marble statue tinted with the shadows of a Gothic-painted window. Throughout the theme is admirably treated. The strain of passion which runs through the poem in its intensity and directness is thoroughly Greek, like an echo of Sophocles, and the painting in the highest degree pure, chaste, beautiful, and fervid. How fine is the glimpse of Minerva, who with the two other goddesses has come to contest the prize of beauty in the Idæan valley :—

" But Pallas where she stood
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen headed spear,
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while above her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply".

From *Œnone* to *The Miller's Daughter* there is a wide stretch, the latter being a domestic theme, and its poetry pitched in a low key, but charming in its feeling and picture. The *Day Dream* is very finely written and very pleasing—a poem of fancy, not imagination. It reminds us of some legend beautifully embroidered on the arrassed walls of a mediæval castle. In the *Two Voices* reflection and imagination are commingled in a manner rare and original, and it contrasts delightfully with other "poems of thought", such as Pope's *Essay on Man*—a work of the reason merely. The *Two Voices*, on the other hand, while embodying a mood of mind in connection with the problems of advanced speculation—early indication of the themes poetised in the *In Memoriam*—is embellished with picture and colour impossible to the narrow imagination of Pope. The *Vision of Sin* is a ghastly, half grotesque, Dantesque sketch, like some fiendish monologue in an old mystery play. The *Palace of Art* and *Dream of Fair Women* are both highly wrought pieces of imagination, but there is a want of harmony, flow, and unity of interest in those pieces, which renders them—exquisite as the verses are separately—more like mosaics than painting; though the picturesque touches are as fine and condensed as any other of Tennyson's compositions, they are devoid of breadth. In the *Dream of Fair Women* the introduction of Iphigenia and Cleopatra is wrought out with effect, respectively touching and magnificent.

But, for the present, we must conclude our remarks on the fine genius of the Poet Laureate, whose new volume, *Enoch Arden*, we purpose noticing, together with some of the late essays of his cotemporaries, in the next month's number of THE HIBERNIAN.

THEKLA.

A SWEDISH SAGA.

BY LADY WILDE.

On the green sward Thekla 's lying,
 Summer winds are round her sighing,
 At her feet the ocean plays;
 In that mirror idly gazing
 She beholds, with inward praising,
 Her own beauty in amaze.

And with winds and waves attuning,
Her low voice in soft communing

Said : " If truly, I 'm so fair,
Might the best in our Swedish land
Die all for love of my white hand,
 Azure eyes, and golden hair".

And fair Thekla bent down gazing,
Light her golden curls upraising

From her bosom fair to see,
Which, within the azure ocean,
Glittered back in soft commotion,
 Like a lotus tremblingly.

Saying soft, with pleasure trembling,
" If so fair is the resembling,

 How much fairer I must be !
Rose-lipped shadow, smiling brightly,
Are we angels floating lightly
 Through the azure air and sea ?

" Oh ! that beauty never faded,
That years passing never shaded,
 Youthful cheek with hues of age !
Oh ! thou fairest crystal form,
Can we not Time's hand disarm ?"

Hark ! the winds begin to rage ;

And with onward heaving motion,
Rise the waves in wild commotion,

Spirits mournfullest they seem ;
Round the crystal shadow plaining,
Shivered, shattered, fades it waning
 From the maiden like a dream.

And from midst the drooping osiers
Of the sunny banks' enclosures

Rose a woman, weird to see :
Strange her mien and antique vesture,
Yet with friendly look and gesture
 To the trembling girl spake she :—

" As the cruel winds bereft thee
Of the shadow that hath left thee,
 Maiden, will thy children steal
One by one these treasures from thee,
Till all beauty hath foregone thee :
 Mother's woe is children's weal.

“ For the beauty of the mother
 Is the children’s: sister, brother,
 As she fades away, will bloom.
 Mother’s eyes grow dim by weeping,
 Wan her cheek, lone vigils keeping;
 Youthful virgin, ‘ware your doom !

“ Wifely name is sweet from lover,
 Yet, ere many years are over,
 From the fatal day you wed,
 Sore you ’ll rue the holy altar,
 And the salt sea will grow salter
 For the bitter tears you ’ll shed.

“ See the pallid cheek reflected,
 Hollow, sunken eyes dejected,
 Look of weary, wasting pain,
 All changed for thy beauty rarest—
 Maiden, tell me if thou darest
 Then come here and look again.

“ But should lovers’ pleadings gain thee,
 Haste thee quick, and I will sain thee
 Ere the marriage vows are said;
 By the might of magic power
 I can save thee from the hour
 Of a mother’s anguish dread”.

Answered Thekla: “ Save me! save me,
 Witch or woman, then I crave thee,
 From a mother’s fated doom!
 So my beauty never fading,
 Thou canst make with magic aiding.
 Fatal mother, I shall come”.

SECOND PART.

The Sim.

‘Neath the casement-stool a Ritter
 Sings by night with sweetest tone:
 “ Thekla, dearest Thekla, listen,
 Wilt thou be my bride, mine own ?

“ Castles have I, parks and forests,
 Mountains veined with the red gold;
 And a heart that pineth for thee,
 With a wealth of love untold.

“I will deck my love in jewels,
 Gold and pearl on brow and hand,
 ‘Broidered robes and costly girdles
 From the far off Paynim land.

“Here I hang upon the rose tree,
 Love, a little golden ring ;
 Wilt thou take it ? wilt thou wear it,
 Love ?” Thus did the Ritter sing.

Then upon his black steed mounting,
 Kissed his hand and doffed his plume.
 Lovely Thekla stole down gently,
 Sought the gold ring in the gloom.

“Little ring, wilt thou deceive me ?
 Like the rose, dost hide a thorn ?”
 As she takes it, close beside her
 Sounds a ringing laugh of scorn.

And the fatal mother, mocking,
 Points her finger to the ring :
 “What, my maiden ! sold thy beauty
 For that pastry, glittering thing ?

“Plucked the bauble from a rose tree ?
 Ring, and rose, and doom in all ;
 Roses bright, from cheek of beauty,
 Roses bright must fade and fall.”

“Wilt thou follow me ?” They glided
 Over heath, through moor and wood,
 Till beside an ancient windmill,
 In the lone, dark night they stood.

All the mighty wheels were silent,
 All the giant arms lay still.
 “Bride and wife, but never mother—
 Maiden, swear, is such thy will ?

“Dost swear ?” “I swear !” They glided
 Up the stairs and through the door,
 With her wand the magic mother
 Draws a circle on the floor.

Grains of yellow corn, seven,
 Takes she from a sack beside,
 Draws the gold ring of her lover
 From the finger of the bride.

“ Seven children would have stolen
 Light and beauty from thine eyes—
 But as I cast the yellow corn
 Through thy gold ring, each one dies”.

Slowly creaked the mill, then faster
 Whirled the giant arms on high ;
 Shuddering, hears the trembling maiden
 Crushing bones and infant’s cry.

Now there is a death-like silence,
 Thekla hears her heart alone.
 Again the weird one flings the corn,
 Again that plaintive infant’s moan.

Two—three—four—the mill goes faster,
 Whirling, crushing. Ah ! those cries !
 “Bride, thou ‘t never be a mother ;
 Thy beauty’s saved—the seventh dies !”

Seven turns the mill hath taken,
 Seven moans hath Thekla heard ;
 Then all is still. The moon from Heaven
 Shines down calm upon the sward.

“ Now, take back thy ring in safety ;
 Mother’s joy or mother’s woe,
 Wasting pain or fading beauty,
 Maiden, thou shalt never know !

“ Home, before the morning hour !”
 Home in terror Thekla flies,
 Shuddering, she hears behind her
 Laugh of scorn, infants’ cries.

THIRD PART.

The Bridal.

The guests have met in the castle hall.
 Who rides through the castle gate,
 With banner and plume ? The young bridegroom,
 And a hundred knights in state.

The guests have met in procession fair;
 Around the bride they stand;
 The myrtle wreath on her golden hair,
 The bride ring on her hand.

So bright her beauty she dazed men's eyes,
 Like the blinding, glorious sun.
 "Never knight", they murmured, "gained such prize
 Since ever the world begun".

Seven maidens held up her train of white,
 In-wrought with the precious gold,
 And over it flowed in a stream of light
 Her long bright hair unrolled.

Seven pages, each with a lighted torch,
 Precede her as she moves,
 With the long array, to the ancient church
 Within the beechen groves.

The priest stood mute with the holy book,
 And scarce could utter a prayer,
 As that lovely vision of light and youth
 Knelt down before him there.

She vows the vows. Erick bends to place
 The gold ring on her hand,
 Prouder then, as he gazed on her face,
 Than if king of the Swedish land.

The lights were bright in the hall that night,
 But brighter Thekla's glance,
 As in wedded pride by Erick's side
 She led the bridal dance.

"Drink! and wave high the flaming pines;
 God bless the bride so fair!
 May a goodly race, like clustering vines,
 Twine round the wedded pair!"

The "vivas" rung for the noble race
 Till they stirred the banners of gold.
 And the bridegroom rose with a stately grace;
 But the bride sat mute and cold—

For the air seemed heavy, as that of graves,
 And the lights burned lurid and chill ;
 And she hears the dash of the far-off waves,
 And the creak of the mighty mill.

The “*vivas*” sound like an infant’s wail,
 Or a demon’s laugh of scorn.
 “ Oh ! would to God”, she murmured, all pale,
 “ That I had never been born !”

FOURTH PART.

The Punishment.

Full seven years have passed and flown—
 But years o’er Thekla lightly pass—
 As rose leaves, falling one by one
 From roses on the summer grass.

“ It is our bridal day”, she said.
 “ We’re bidden to a christening feast ;
 I’ll wear the robe I had when wed,
 The robe I love of all the best.

“ I’ll wear my crown of jewels rare :
 On brow and bosom let them shine ;
 Yet, diamonds in my golden hair
 Were dull beside those eyes of mine !”

She laughed aloud before the glass.
 “ Some women’s hair would turn to gray
 With cares, ere half the years would pass
 I’ve numbered since my wedding day.

“ But they were mothers—fools, I trow.
 Life’s current all too quickly runs ;
 I would not give my beauty now
 For all their goodly race of sons”.

She sprung upon her palfrey white,
 While Erick held the broidered rein,
 And showered down her veil of light
 Upon the flowing silky mane.

The guests rose up in wonderment—
 Such beauty never had been seen—
 And bowed before her as she went,
 As if she were a crowned queen.

The knights pressed round with words of praise,
 And murmured homage in her ear,
 And swore to serve her all their days,
 E'en die for her—would she but hear.

But vainly, all in vain they sought
 One answering smile of love to win.
 Upon her soul there lieth nought
 Save that one only deadly sin.

“I pray you now, I fain would have
 So fair an angel hold my child”,
 The mother said; and smiling, gave
 To Thekla's arms her infant mild.

Advancing slow with stately air,
 Beside the font she took her place,
 The infant, like a rosebud fair,
 Nestling amid her bosom's lace.

She lays it on the bishop's arm,
 The while he makes the blessed sign,
 And sains it safe from ghostly harm
 By Father, Spirit, Son Divine.

She reaches out her hands again
 To take it—but with moaning sound,
 Like one distraught with sudden pain,
 Falls pale and fainting to the ground.

“She has no children”, Erick said,
 As pleading for the strange mischance.
 “This only grief since we were wed
 Has saddened sore her life, perchance”.

“She has no children”, murmured low
 The happy mothers, gathering near;
 “No child to love her—bitter woe;
 No child to kiss her on her bier!”

But graver matrons shook the head :
 “That witch-like beauty bodes no good;
 Witch hands can never hold, 't is said,
 A child just blessed by holy rood”.

They raised her up ; she spake no word,
 But slowly drooped her tearful eyes ;
 The rushing wave was all she heard,
 The whirling wheels, the infants' cries.

And Erick said with bitter smile :
 " You play the mother all too ill ;
 Madonnas do not suit your style ".
 Her thoughts were by the lonely mill.

They set her on her palfrey white ;
 She heeds not all their taunting sneers,
 But showers down her veil of light,
 To hide the conscious, guilty tears.

They rode through all his vast estate,
 But rode in silence—he behind,
 Sore pondering on his childless fate
 With ruffled brow and moody mind.

They rode through shadowy forest glades,
 By meadows filled with lowing kine,
 By streams that ran like silver threads
 Down from the dark-fringed hills of pine.

" Alas ! " he thought, " no child of mine
 When I am dead shall take my place ;
 Must all the wealth of all my line
 Pass to a hated kinsman's race ?

" Now, by my sword I 'd give up all,
 Wealth, fame, and glory, all I 've won,
 So that within my father's hall
 Beside me stood a noble son ! "

He saw her white veil floating back
 Along the twilight, gray and still,
 Like ghostly shadows on her track.
 Her thoughts were by the lonely mill.

And now they neared the ancient church,
 The ancient church where they were wed ;
 The moonlight full upon the porch
 Shone bright, and Erick raised his head.

O Heaven ! There upon the lawn
 The palfrey's shadow stands out clear,
 But Thekla's shadow—it is gone !
 Nor form nor floating veil is there.

He spurred his steed with bitter cry :
 " Could she have fallen in deathly swoon ?"
 But no, there, slowly riding by
 He sees her by the bright full moon.

With gesture fierce he seized her rein :
 " Woman or fiend ! Look if you dare,
 The palfrey casts a shadow plain,
 But yours—O horror !—is not there !"

She gathered close her silken veil,
 And wrung her hands, and prayed for grace,
 While down from Heaven the calm moon pale
 Looked like God's own accusing face.

He flung aside the 'broidered rein,
 " O woe ! the day that we were wed,
 A witch bride to my arms I 've ta'en,
 Branded by God's own finger dread".

She followed weeping, step by step,
 Led by the unseen hand of Fate,
 Still keeping in the shadows deep,
 Until they reached the castle gate.

He strode across the corridor,
 And rolling back upon its ring
 The curtain of her chamber door,
 He motioned her to enter in.

She laid aside her silken veil,
 The golden circlet from her head,
 And waited motionless and pale,
 Like one uprisen from the dead.

Could she deny, e'en if she would ?
 The moonlight wrapped her like a sheet,
 And in the accusing light she stood,
 As if before God's judgment seat.

Brief were his questions, stern his wrath ;
 A doom seemed laid on her to tell,
 How with the ring of plighted troth
 Her hand had wrought the murd'rous spell.

How she had marred his ancient line,
 And broke the life-chord that should bless,
 And sent the seven fair souls to pine
 Back to the shades of nothingness—

That so her beauty might not wane,
 Her glorious beauty—fatal good ;
 Yet one she would not lose to gain
 The rights of sacred motherhood.

And still she told the tale as cold—
 The witch-fire burning in her eyes—
 As if it were some legend old,
 Drawn from a poet's memories.

He cursed her in his bitter wrath,
 He cursed her by her children dead,
 He cursed the ring of plighted troth,
 He cursed the day when they were wed.

Fierce and more fierce his accents rose :
 “Away !” he cried, “false hag of sin ;
 I see through all this painted gloze
 The black and hideous soul within.

“Oh ! false and foul, thou art to me
 A devil—not a woman fair ;
 Like coiling snakes I seem to see
 Each twisted tress of golden hair.

“I hate thee, as I hate God's foe.
 Forth from my castle halls this night :
 I could not breathe the air, if so
 Thy poison breath were here to blight”.

She cowered, shivered, spake no word,
 But fell before him at his feet,
 As if an angel of the Lord
 Had smote her at the judgment seat.

And on her heart there came at last
The dread, deep consciousness of sin,
That ghastly spectre which had cast
Upon her life this suffering.

And from her hand the gold ring fell—
Her wedding ring—and broke in twain;
The fatal ring that wrought the spell,
The accursed ring of love and pain.

The spell seemed broken then; the word
Came, softly breath'd: "Oh! pardon! grace!"
And pleadingly to her dread lord
She lifted up her angel face—

With golden tresses all unbound,
Still lovely through her shame and loss,
Around his feet her arms she wound,
As sinner might around the cross.

He dashed her twining hands aside,
He spurned her from him as she knelt.
"O hateful beauty!" Erick cried,
"The source of all thy Hellish guilt."

"Pray for a cloud that can eclipse
That long, white streak of moonlight pale.
No word of grace from mortal lips
Can bring a ruined soul from Hell."

"Away! I would not pardon, not
(I swear it by the holy rood)
Unless upon that hated spot
An angel with a lily stood!"

She shuddered in the moonlight pale,
That doomed and banned her from his sight,
Then rose up with a bitter wail,
And fled away into the night!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD ESSAYIST.

THERE is at present in France an enthusiastic party of litterateurs, who have concentrated their energies on the study of one man, his life and writings, and have given to this study the rather absurd title of "Montaignologie". Like the worshippers of Shakespeare in these countries, they are always digging and delving for some "new fact" of the great man's life, and the field of their labours has proved wondrously fruitful. His biography has been traced out with perhaps more diligence than that of any writer who ever lived, and even still every year brings to light some small grain of the precious ore, which is carefully husbanded in the great Montaignesque Museum, until a sufficient quantity is collected to make a volume, and then out comes the wonderful "étude", carefully annotated, digested, and arranged. The world is astonished for a while, and the unwearied Montaigne explorers set out again on fresh voyages of discovery. Sometimes indeed eccentric biographers have taken strange liberties with their subject. They have from time to time dressed him out as a soldier, a statesman, an intriguer and fashionable man about court; and then commentators wrangled fiercely over their disfigured idol; the old essayist was again reduced to his original dimensions, and put back a quiet literary recluse in his Gascon chateau. To say that Montaigne exercised an extraordinary influence over European literature would be to enunciate a very threadbare truism. Shakespeare was an attentive student of him; Pascal knew him by heart; and, coming down to the great era of essay-writers—to Sterne, Steele, and Addison,—his spirit and manner trickle through almost every page of their writings, and produce certain habits of expression, the source of which is unmistakeable.

His life has been written over and over again in England and in France, but we are told that there is really, as yet, no complete biography of him. Dr. Payen, one of his enthusiastic followers, has pronounced it as yet impossible, although the materials have grown to an enormous size, and are every day increasing. The latest in the field is Bayle St. John, who has devoted years to disentombing all the hidden facts of his life, and after having ransacked all the libraries and archives of the sixteenth century, comes out with a solidly built two-volume book, and announces confidently that it is the only biography of the great essayist. "But when", he says in his "note" to the second volume, "we have read all that has been written about Montaigne—a small library in itself—we feel that, although we know multitudes of facts, the true character of the man, as we faintly conceived it when we first read the essays, has been tampered with somewhat. The Montaigne of Pascal and Malebranche is an *esprit fort* of the seventeenth century; the Montaigne of Bayle is a gentlemanly sceptic; the Montaigne of the Voltaireans is a scoffer; the Montaigne of the Abbé Laborde is a Capuchin friar; the Montaigne of Mr. Emerson is Mr.

Emerson himself; the Montaigne of Dr. Payen is the property of Dr. Payen; and the Montaigne of M. Grün is a *Préfet* of the *Gironde*. So we see that for the last two centuries and a half it has been nothing but a succession of building up and tearing down with the author of the "Essais", a sustained wrangle between the critics and the archæologists, a repeated effort at reconstruction, in which the "Gentilhomme Perigourdin" has been constrained to assume various shapes and forms, according to the will of the architect. But we know quite enough of him for all the purposes of literature. What does it matter whether Montaigne lived a court life or shut himself up in his quiet country home? What has the mighty problem whether he was in Rome, or Florence, or Paris, or Bordeaux at a particular time, to say to anything he ever wrote? Yet antiquaries have spent years to unravel some such mystery as this. His essays, on which the fame of Montaigne is based, are quite sufficient for readers. The disputed points of his life are mere matters of dilettante curiosity, of no possible utility to anybody.

A curious experiment is recorded, which was made in the education of Montaigne. Pierre Eyquem, his father, was rather eccentric, and wished that the first lispings of his son should be in the language of Cicero, so he provided a learned professor from one of the German universities, who contracted—subject to heavy penalties if there was a breach—never to speak to the infant in any language but Latin. What an occupation for one of the erudite German dons to be dandling an uninteresting scrap of humanity, and prattling dog Latin to him the whole day long! He was well paid for it, but it was too much, and a colleague was called in; and so the two professors took their nursing in turn, and young Montaigne flourished, and in time spouted Latin with all the fluency of an old Roman. For the first six years of his life he could not understand a word of French, and so perseveringly had the father's idea been carried out, that long before he was six, almost every member of the household spoke Latin. The influence of this teaching communicated itself to the entire neighbourhood, and Latin became as generally known there as it was in the classic region of Kerry a few years ago. Even to this day in the patois of Perigourdin there are abundant traces of Latin idiom and expression.

In Montaigne's essays there is much to shock modern sensibilities. The seigneurs of the sixteenth century had an ugly habit of calling a spade a spade; and he frequently said coarse things for the purpose, as we are informed, of showing his independence, and resisting the female influence which was then beginning to be felt on the style of France.

Still, there are few books from which could be culled a more imposing array of maxims and moral thoughts; but here and there are passages of undoubted coarseness, as if written in a wayward spirit. There are many good and pure men, who oftentimes take a mischievous delight in speaking plainly for the purpose of shocking persons who

affect extraordinary piety. A great deal of Montaigne's coarseness may probably be attributed to something like this. Sterne gives an explanation of it by saying that Montaigne feared his essays would become "a book for a parlour window".

Somebody has said that the best mode of learning a man's habits and character is to look into his study, and see the objects which he has around him, and the books he is in the habit of reading. The archaeologists have communicated to the world a list of the books which filled Montaigne's shelves, and he himself has given a description of his library. It is on the third floor of one of the turrets of the chateau. There are four stories in the turret. The first floor is the chapel; above the chapel is a bed-room with suite appropriated to his own use. From the three bay windows of the library there was a noble view of the surrounding country. The shape of the room was circular, all but one straight side, where the chair and table were placed. He goes on to describe with minute exactness. Opening into the library was a smaller apartment, elegantly furnished, where he used sit in the winter evenings, free from every domestic invasion, and pass away the long hours with his thoughts and his books. Elsewhere he possessed but a divided authority, and for this reason he rejoiced that access to his retreat was difficult, and that when he sat in his chair and surveyed the long line of friends who reposed so quietly on their shelves, and with whom he could commune when he pleased, and draw deep lessons of learning and wisdom, his sway was absolute and undisturbed. Here he lived, not studied; he did not so much read books, he says, as turn them over; he hid not so much meditate, as allow his reverie to take its own course. "Wretched is he", he says, "who in his own home has really no home of his own, where he can pay court to himself, and hide himself when he pleases! Ambition must recompense its followers well, to induce them to remain ever in view, like the statue in the market place. *Magna servitus est magna fortuna!* They have not even their wardrobe for retreat. Verily, I would rather be ever alone than never alone".

In Montaigne's *Essay on Books* there are passages of criticism, which, for discriminating power and correct appreciation, have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. He settles himself down quietly in his easy chair in his library, glances along the well-packed shelves, and taking down a bundle of his old friends, with whom he is acquainted well and long, gives to each, according to his deserts, his meed of praise or censure.

When Montaigne lived in 1571, there were not many great masterpieces. Mechanical science, which reacts so powerfully on intellectual progress, was yet in a very backward condition. In the sixteenth century, printing was a responsible profession, and the printers of those days men of solemn air, who could not be lightly approached; so that, to bring out a book was a matter of extraordinary gravity. How different from the present time, when tons of books issue daily

from the press, on all possible subjects, and of every possible manner, good, bad, and indifferent!

Chaucer had almost a monopoly of fame in England then, and Rabelais in France; but Montaigne went back still farther for materials wherewith to enrich his thoughts; he was an indefatigable student of Greek and Latin literature—more especially of the latter; for, as he himself admitted, he was not sufficient of a Greek to be able to read the great models in the original; so that, when he read them at all, he contented himself with translations. Montaigne has been accused of being nothing more than a compiler from Plutarch and Seneca. No doubt, like Bacon, he availed himself freely of the beauty and wisdom of the ancient writers. Whatever was good in poet, philosopher, or moralist, he gathered carefully, and allowed his mind, as it were, to absorb it, until the time came when he reproduced it in a new dress, not in the manner of a mere compiler, who simply retails other men's thoughts, but as an honest toiler, who uses the fruit of his labour to carry on the work of human reasoning.

It has been said that we can trace in imagination the dust of heroes till we find it stopping a beer-barrel—

“ Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away”.

But the thoughts of the great men which were allowed to filter through the brain of the essayist, only derived fresh strength and beauty from the process.

He always had a great contempt for compilers, and gives some amusing instances of bookmakers who used to beg for extracts among their friends, and make a fagot of them, and be satisfied. “ I have”, he says, “ but to stretch out my hand and take down a dozen books consisting of extracts strung together, if I want to give an appearance of reading to this ‘Essay on Physiognomy’. A single German preface would supply me with a store of learning”.

Montaigne's opinions on literary subjects are extremely valuable, as well for their intrinsic force and truthfulness, as for the means they afford of estimating the character of the man's mind. In poetry he gave Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace the first place. He looked upon the *Georgics* as the best of Virgil's poems, and regretted that he did not devote more time and trouble to the composition of the *Aeneid*. Some of the passages he considered had been hastily written, and required a good deal of brushing up. It was the habit amongst the early critics to endeavour to trace a resemblance between Virgil and Lucretius, and this with some was a subject of complaint. “ What would they have said”, exclaims Montaigne, “ to the absurdity and barbarous stupidity of those who now compare Ariosto with Virgil? What would Ariosto himself have said? Compare the *Aeneid* and the *Orlando Furioso*: the former wings rapidly along with a lofty and firm flight straight to its object; the latter flutters and

hops from story to story, as from branch to branch, trusting to its wings for only a short space, alighting at every moment, for fear that breath and strength may fail". He was a great admirer of Terence, and never could read his works without discovering some fresh vein of beauty; he notices that in his day the comedy writers—especially the Italians, who were very successful at that kind of composition—were in the habit of elaborating their plots from three or four plays of Terence or Plautus, intersprinkled copiously with stories from Boccaccio. "They have nothing of their own to say, and so try to amuse us with the intrigue. But in my anthon it is just the contrary; the perfection and beauties of his style check our appetite for the story, his sweetness and elegance make us linger everywhere". He notices that the style of the best ancient poets was simple and unaffected, without any fantastical straining for effect, and compares the smooth and flowing beauty of Catullus with Martial's *Epigrams*. "The best writers", he says, "can laugh without tickling themselves; but others, as soul fails them, make up for its want by body". They reminded him of the entertainments of persons in the humbler ranks of life, where the guests, unable to imitate successfully the manners of the nobility, sought to attract attention by furious leaps and mountebank contortions. He had seen excellent actors in their every-day dress give all the amusement their art could afford, but it was only inferior artists who required the meretricious aid of daubing and savage grimace to raise laughter. Montaigne studied poetry very closely, and although he could not write it, he had a singularly correct taste in that respect, and has left after him some very striking passages of criticism. "I am not", he says, "of those who think that good rhythm makes good poetry. Let him lengthen a short syllable if he please, we are in 'Liberty Hall': if his invention smiles, if wit and judgment have done their duty, he is a good poet, I will say, but a bad versifier". In another place he wishes fervently that the printers and publishers of his day would write over their doors a warning to mediocre poets not to come near them, and says sententiously, "A man is free to be a fool anywhere else, but not in poetry". He then goes on to relate an anecdote of an acquaintance of his, who would persevere, notwithstanding the warnings of his friends and the unanimous condemnation of all who were capable of forming an opinion. He was convinced that he was a poet, and spent his wretched days in writing wretched rhymes. Montaigne exhibits all the coldness, as well as the precision, of a true critic, in this sneering allusion to the poor poetaster. Goldsmith would not have brushed by him so contemptuously; he would at least have given him a kind word in passing. Although Montaigne's writings bear abundant evidence of the spoil gleaned from the reading of poetry, he says he always read it for pleasure only, and not with any view towards improving his style. Such books as Plutarch and Seneca he acknowledges to have read for profit. These writers were great favourites, and their desultory manner suited him very well, for they did not require

any continuous application. The *Opuscules* of Plutarch and the *Epistles* of Seneca he regarded as the most profitable portion of their works. They inculcate the very cream of philosophy in a simple, unaffected way. Plutarch holds the easy opinions of the Platonic school, which are more accommodated to society ; the other has the iron doctrines of the Stoicks and Epicureans, unfit for the necessities of society and the world, but still admirably adapted for private use from their firmness and inflexibility. "It appears", he says, "in Seneca that he gives way a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time (for I hold it as certain that it was by a forced judgment that he condemned the cause of those generous murderers of Caesar), whilst Plutarch is free everywhere. Seneca is full of points and sallies ; Plutarch of things. The former warms us and moves us more ; the latter gives more content, and repays us best. He leads whilst the other pushes". When Montaigne formed his literary taste there was no literature in France deserving of the title, so that he stands first on that roll of fame where so many great names have since appeared.

We have glanced at the great essayist as a mere critic of books. Let us turn now to an incident of his life. The story of Marie de Gournay is the romance part of Montaigne's biography. She was to him what Vanessa was to Swift, with this exception, that her admiration for him was less vehement and more *spirituel*. Their acquaintance commenced in this way : Montaigne was one day in his lodgings in Paris, brooding gloomly over the cold reception his essays had met amongst his friends, when a messenger came to the door, bearing him a highly flattering letter from a lady to whom personally he was a perfect stranger. He was so much pleased with it that he determined to be the bearer of his thanks the next day. Accordingly, he went, and from that interview the names of Montaigne and Marie de Gournay have been inseparably associated. Mademoiselle le Jars de Gournay was born in the year 1566, at Paris. She was the daughter of a respectable Picard gentleman, an officer in the king's service, and her mother being left a widow at an early age, the family fell into comparative poverty, and was obliged to leave Paris and return to Picardy. Here they lived at Gournay-sur-Aronde, near Compiegne. Marie was the eldest member of the family, and at an early age showed a great taste for learning, greatly to the chagrin of her mother, who preferred that the time spent in acquiring a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages should be devoted to the more practical duties of the household. Nothing, however, could chill her ardour to acquire knowledge, and a translation of the life of Socrates, which she wrote while still very young, bears evidence to how far she succeeded. An edition of Montaigne's *Essays* fell into her hands before she was twenty, and she was so fascinated by it that she determined to know the author. This determination, once fixed in her mind, became every day more absorbing ; and for three years, in that distant little village of Picardy, the idea haunted her day and night. At length she came to Paris

with her mother, and procured the long-wished-for interview with Montaigne in the manner we have described. He was flattered by her enthusiasm, and regarded it as a great intellectual triumph. After an interchange of frequent visits, he accepted an invitation to visit the mother and daughter at Gournay. Here, in their quiet retreat, Marie had an opportunity of enjoying the conversation and society of Montaigne. She was at his feet, and he was pleased by her worship of him. On his return to Paris he wrote of her:

"I have taken great pleasure in publishing in many places the hopes I entertain of Marie de Gournay de Jars, my daughter by adoption".

There was a very voluminous correspondence between the Essayist and his adopted daughter. Some old chateau in Picardy may contain a few of those interesting letters, sacred as yet from the touch of the Montaignolists.



IN THE KOLAPORE COUNTRY;

OR, HOW WE WENT DOWN THE ELEPHANT ROCK.

BY T. J. SHERROCK.

IN the month of September 1844, the— European regiment, to which I belonged, was stationed at Belgaum, in the Southern Mahratta Country. The monsoon was nearly over, and we were all rejoiced at this, for the rain had been falling incessantly since the beginning of June; during the period the sun had been almost invisible, and nothing could be more dispiriting than the aspect of the cantonment, with its deserted parade-ground, and its bungalows from the roof of which the water streamed continuously. Every nullah was converted into a dark red torrent, and the roads leading to the bazaar and fort were covered with a semi-fluid mass of mud, through which we plodded, knee-deep, as we trudged along with huge oilskin capes over our great-coats when we went to relieve the main and arsenal-guards at the fort, which were about two miles distant from our lines. The very bugle calls sounded dismally in the thick atmosphere, and in the barrack-rooms we were obliged to kindle fires of charcoal to enable us to dry our pipe-clayed belts and preserve our arms from being covered with rust from the constant dampness of the air. Active employment was quite out of the question, and the only times at which we seemed to be recalled to life for a period were at midday gunfire, and in the evenings when the Regimental Canteen and Coffee Shop were crowded with thirsty soldiers all execrating the rains and praying for the fine weather. Such being the state of affairs, it was with delight that we heard a rumour that a row was expected up in the Kolapore Country, and that we would probably soon be called out on active service. It was said that the

"Gudkurries" had refused to pay the usual "Kist" or tribute to the "Kaarr" (Queen), and that she had applied to the British resident for aid. These "Gudkurries" were men who were bound to serve under arms when called on, in consideration of certain privileges, something in the same way as petty landholders were in the feudal times in England, and it appeared that they had been for some time in a very dissatisfied state on account of some alleged infringement of their rights. The arrival of the "tappaul (post) runners" from Kolapore was now eagerly watched by us all, as day after day the weather cleared up, and we heard an expedition was determined on as soon as it was possible for troops to move: then it was announced that the rebels had taken possession of some hill forts; and at last an order from the general commanding was published, detailing "the Kolapore field force", and to our intense delight three hundred of our regiment were told off for it, including the two flank companies, to one of which I at that time belonged.

The troops destined for service consisted of about 1,000 European infantry, composed of detachments from the regiments then quartered at Poonah and Belgaum, two companies of European artillery (one from the Madras and one from the Bombay presidency), three regiments of native infantry, a large body of Sowars or irregular horse, some of whom were in our own service, and the rest in the employ of Christumman Raö, the Rajah of Sanglee; together with the usual commissariat equipage of elephants, camels, and bullock-carts, and the countless herd of motley camp followers who are always inevitable in an Indian campaign. When we marched out of Belgaum, the rainy season had ended, but still the surrounding country had been so saturated with water that the heavy guns were brought along with the greatest difficulty. Sometimes we had to march through rice fields where the carriages often sank into the mud up to their axletrees, and we were obliged to lay down rude stages of planks and bring up the elephants to extricate them. It was a most interesting sight to behold these huge animals as they curled their trunks around the imbedded artillery and tried to up-heave them in various directions; evidently clearly understanding the work they had to perform, and anxious to exert their strength in the most advantageous manner. Then when they found out the best way to go to work, they seemed to communicate their ideas to one another. Their drivers shouted to encourage them, there was "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together", the liberated guns were torn out of the mud and held up until planks were placed under their wheels, and then the elephants were rewarded with pieces of sugar cane, and trotted off contentedly. Then the ground was so soft that when we pitched our tents the pegs would not hold, so we had to dig large holes at each corner, and bury bushes in them to which we fastened the tent ropes.

However, we bore all these inconveniences without grumbling, for we were all young soldiers, and eager to have a brush with the enemy, whom we all heartily despised as "Niggers", and in about a fortnight

from the time of our leaving Belgaum, we encamped in front of "Sanumghur", a hill fort, occupied by the rebellious Gudkurries. The fort was quickly invested, the guns placed in position, and the breaching batteries opened fire. Mine was a light infantry regiment, so we had plenty of occupation covering the guns and skirmishing right under the walls of the fort, which (like most others of the same class) was built upon the crest of a hill, having its "pettah" or village outside of the main fortification.

The operations of a siege have been so often narrated, that it is quite unnecessary for me to particularly describe our daily routine of guards, picquets, etc., varied by an occasional reconnoitring party. Suffice it to say, that on the tenth day after our batteries opened, the engineer officer reported that a practicable breach had been made, and an assault was ordered for the ensuing morning. My company was told off for the storming party; so at 2 A.M. we fell in on parade, and were joined by the other detachments, both European and native. I was in the leading section, and, as we marched in silence along through the darkness, thoughts of my distant home and friends rose unbidden to my mind. We seemed like some spectre army stealing noiselessly through the gloom: not a word was spoken except the occasional whispered word of command; and so we glided on out of the encampment, and past the batteries and outlying sentries. The first flush of the false dawn was just visible, and by its dim light we could see the outlines of the grim old fortress standing out in bold relief far above us. Fires were visible at intervals along its rampart, and the sound of tom-toms, with the wild unearthly notes of the colleng-horn, reached us as we advanced.

When we had arrived within a short distance from the foot of the breach, we were ordered to lie down. The darkness was now intense, as is always the case just before daybreak in India; and as we lay on the ground, we took advantage of the halt to slip off our stiff leatheren stocks, and tuck up our sleeves and trousers, ready for a rush. Gradually the shadows of night melted away, and in the gray dawn the huge pile of rubbish called "the breach" was clearly to be seen, having its summit crowned with a moving mass of natives. Then a bugler on our flank sounded the "fire", and from the batteries in quick succession thundered three volleys of grape and canister, which swept down in heaps the rebels on the fort wall. As the last round was fired, and before the echoes of the cannons had died away, the "advance" rang out loud and clear; we sprang to our feet, and with a wild hurrah dashed forward. Shot after shot from matchlock and jingall rattled round us, and vast rocks and pieces of masonry came crashing down amongst us, overthrowing every one in their path, killing some and wounding others. Still up we pressed, firing now and then, and leaping from stone to stone; never looking behind us, but always rushing on, shouting and encouraging each other as we dashed up the steep ascent, till at last the level of the breach was gained.

There were only five of us together as we sprang amongst the Gudkurries, who fought fiercely with us hand to hand, using their two-handed swords with vigour and desperation; but we had no time to hesitate, so the bayonet and the butt of the musket went to work; and as our comrades came swarming up like bees, the natives soon lost heart, first retreating slowly and disputing every inch of ground, and then breaking and scattering, they fled in all directions, hotly pursued by their conquerors.

The five of us who had been first in at the breach kept together: we all belonged to the same company: and now we were determined to do a little on our own account in the "looting" way if we could see a fair opportunity; and with this intention we pushed on as fast as we could towards the other extremity of the fort, driving the flying Gudkurries before us. The noise and tumult of the fight was left behind us as we advanced into the centre of the fortress, and at last we came out into a wide open space, having a large tank in the middle of it, surrounded by spreading tamarind and "neem-trees"; a Hindoo temple or "deival" was on one side of it, and some large houses, belonging apparently to wealthy natives, were scattered about in its vicinity. To one of the latter we first turned our attention; the wide court-yard in front was open and deserted, but the massive door leading into the interior was closed and fastened; this, of course, did not delay us long, for two of my comrades put the muzzles of their pieces to the lock, fired, and the way was clear before us; so in we went, and could plainly see that we were in the house of some rich Hindoo, for the furniture was uncommonly handsome, that is to say, splendid silken quilts or "gudhrees", and brass and copper vessels of all shapes and sizes, were in great abundance. We, however, did not trouble ourselves with these, but roamed on from chamber to chamber in the deserted mansion, until we reached what appeared to be the "sanctum" of its proprietor. In one corner of this stood a large brass-bound chest, and to it we at once rushed; we tried to prise up the lid with our bayonets, but as this failed we had recourse to our old expedient, and blew it open, when to our great joy we discovered that it was nearly full of small canvas bags, one of which we lost no time in opening, and found that it had contained gold mohurs (worth about thirty-six shillings each). Here was a nice little fortune for each of us; but, unfortunately, the report of our muskets had called the attention of one of our officers to the house, and he came in before we had time to secure more than a couple of handfuls each of the booty. He was a lieutenant belonging to our own company, and of course we could do nothing but retire, and pursue our researches elsewhere; so out we went grumbling; but when we emerged into the open air again we found the aspect of affairs quite changed, for the square formerly deserted was now crowded with soldiers half mad with excitement and country liquor, yelling like fiends, and loaded with all sorts of odds and ends which they had taken possession of—arms, clothing, cooking-pots, wadded quilts, colleng-horns, and a regular col-

lection of idols of most extraordinary appearance—all heads and arms. From the temple we could hear the sound of voices crying "Europe"; and when we went to see what was doing there, we found that its pavement was composed of black and white flags, with country rupees placed on their edges between each, and the men were busily engaged digging them out with the points of their bayonets, crying out "Europe" between every stroke, in imitation of the native washermen beating linen. We were told also that a large golden image of Gunputti, with diamond eyes, had been found there and taken possession of by one of the prize agents, and that guards had been placed at the fort-gates to prevent the men taking out any plunder. This did not alter our intentions, for we had determined to leave the fort by a smaller breach which we had discovered, and towards this we now proceeded.

On our way we met several other parties of our comrades, all more or less successful in their pursuit of booty. One of my own company had captured a huge elephant, and was leading it along in triumph, and another had taken possession of a splendid black Arab stallion; but this hero came to grief, for his charger threw him off and bolted, which so enraged Pat Delany that he fired after the flying steed and very nearly shot a Portuguese cook boy instead. Another light-company man had taken charge of a number of Hindoo women, and was making them deposit their baubles, nose-rings, etc., in a small heap for his benefit; in short all we met were engaged in similar pursuits. The bugles were sounding the assembly, so we hurried down the broken ramparts and fell in; the others came straggling up by twos and threes; sentries were posted; we returned to our tents, and the grog was served out in the usual manner. We remained in front of Samunghin for several days, during which we took several expeditions into all the neighbouring villages; then the tents were struck, and we marched away to the forts of Punalla and Paumghur. The former of these we stormed, and the latter surrendered; but the Gudkuries making their escape by night, threw themselves into the jungle which surrounds the "Pam-Ghaut", and there they were joined by Pond Javant, a disaffected chief belonging to the "Jarvant-warra district". They now harassed all the parties proceeding up or down the road from Pinguala to Belgaum, and taking refuge in the almost impenetrable bamboo-jungle, fairly baffled all our efforts for a time; convoys were destroyed and sentries cut off by an invisible foe. The late Sir James Outram with the Bheel Corps now joined us, and though these Bheels were originally themselves jungle robbers, even they could not succeed in penetrating to the strongholds of the rebels. The field force was now divided into two brigades, one of which occupied the table-land at the head of the Ghät, and the other the "Sarvant-Waree" country, whilst the Gudkuries remained in the forest which clothes the range of Ghäts for more than one hundred miles. Our scouts were busy collecting information, and as it was ascertained that a number of the enemy had taken possession of "Munohur Munsontvosh", a detachment was

ordered to attack this stronghold. It was an isolated crag which rose abruptly out of the jungle to almost a level with the neighbouring mountains, from which it had evidently been separated by some strange convulsion of nature in ages long past, and was only accessible by a narrow flight of stairs cut in the face of the rock.

When the party detached on this service arrived at the foot of the rock, it appeared to be deserted, and accordingly a number of the second and twenty-second regiment commenced to ascend at once. All was silent, and the leading files reached the small platform in front of the fort gate without beholding any one. The postern gate was open, and a sergeant and private entered at once, two others were in the act of following, when they were seized and dragged inside, the gate was closed, and from concealed loopholes such a volley of matchlocks was poured on the remainder that the platform was cleared in an instant of all but the dead and dying, and the survivors were glad to hurry away as fast as they could. For some days after this occurrence the men of the detachment were obliged to content themselves with guarding strictly all the approaches whilst waiting for artillery and reinforcements ; but before these arrived a white flag was waved on the summit of Munohur, and when the party came to take possession of it they found standing erect at each side of the gateway the bodies of their comrades, stript of all their clothing, and horribly mutilated ; yet, strange to say, not a living being was to be found within the fort.* Meanwhile those who remained at the camp were constantly engaged in reconnoitring expeditions and skirmishes with our unseen foes. One day a party of us under the command of a lieutenant happened to meet with a dry water course which seemed to lead in the direction of the enemy's camp, and accordingly we proceeded along this for a considerable distance. The nullah had steep precipitous banks, and was so narrow that we could only march in "fours". Still on we went, hoping to make some important discoveries, until we came into a sort of basin which permitted of a wider formation ; here we formed sections and then advanced. There was a man in my company who had a large staghound called "Spring", and the dog always accompanied him on duty, so as usual "Spring" was abreast of the leading files by his master's side when we resumed our march. We had traversed about one-half the open ground, when the hound dashed forward barking furiously. The next instant a volley came crashing among us from a breastwork hidden by the close jungle. The foremost files were literally swept away, and the storm of bullets fairly drove the remainder of us back to the shelter of the nullah which we had just left. Then we rallied, and climbing up the banks of the water-

* A guard was left in charge of "Munohur" with orders to blow it up, and one day about a week after its capture one of the sentries saw a stone move ; he called for assistance, and on the flag being raised, a subterranean chamber was found extending beneath the fort, and in it were thirty armed men, with provisions, etc. They were all secured, and several of them executed eventually.

course, we pressed on ; but when we came abreast of the ambush we found our foes had vanished. Our officer had fallen dead, so bearing his body and those of our dead and wounded comrades, we returned dejectedly to camp. Fortunately for the success of the campaign, the colonel in command of our brigade was an active and enterprising officer, who had the wisdom to despise red tape and routine. He discovered that there was a place called "the Elephant Rock", a spur running out from the mountain, from the extremity of which a precipice went sheer downwards into the jungle, and he considered that by sending a force by this route he would be enabled to fall on the enemy quite unexpectedly, for they would never imagine that any soldiers could surmount the difficulty of this perpendicular descent.

Accordingly he employed two or three soldiers, who had been seamen originally, in making ladders of coir rope, with bamboo rungs, of sufficient length to reach from the summit of the Elephant Rock to the jungle beneath. His preparations were made with speed and secrecy, and at an appointed day and hour a simultaneous attack was made by the troops both above and below the Ghaut. Field-pieces thundered, and volleys of musketry rattled and were answered by the matchlocks and jingalls of the natives, who, confiding in their forest fastnesses, fought fiercely, contesting every inch of ground ; but while their attention was thus occupied three hundred of us, with our muskets slung at our backs and sixty rounds of ammunition in each of our pouches, slipped silently over the edge of the "Elephant Rock" and descended into the abyss. It was by no means a pleasant sensation to be swinging in mid-air, descending step by step, expecting every moment to find that the enemy had discovered us, and that we would be picked off before we could reach the earth, or at any rate that we would meet a very warm reception on our arrival there ; but Fortune favoured us. The rebels were so busy repelling the attacks of our comrades, that our shattering volley was the first notice they had of our approach, and the next instant we were upon them with the bayonet. They were so utterly confounded by our sudden and unexpected attack that they almost immediately scattered and fled amid wild dismay. Many perished miserably in their flight ; for remembering the fate of our comrades at Munohur, we gave no quarter, and the wretched remnant which escaped surrendered in a few days after. These were sent in chains up to Kolapore, where the ring-leaders were tried as rebels and hung. The Kolapore field force was broken up and returned to cantonments. My regiment marched back to Belgaum, where shortly afterwards the colonel I have mentioned was brought to court-martial by his general for daring to conquer the rebels without orders (but in spite of red tape he was honourably acquitted), and we had an open canteen and liberty for three days to celebrate the capture of the Hill Forte, and the descent of the Elephant Rock.

NOTES OF THE MONTH IN SCIENCE AND ART.

Oil Springs.—The discovery of the oil springs in America opened up a new field of speculation, in which men of science fought out their battles, and wrote and talked the great public, who take their information on trust from a select few, into a state of provoking bewilderment. There were the oil springs in Canada, and by the Delaware, bubbling up and pouring their liquid wealth over the surface of the earth. What are they? where do they come from? how formed? these were the questions which rose every where, and the builders of theories set actively to work to allay public curiosity and explain this wonderful mystery of nature. One set of thinkers came to the conclusion that the petroleum is a species of coal oil, and that its geological position is invariably between the bituminous coal beds and above the anthracite. This theory, however, is not in accordance with experience, for it is well known that coal beds underlie nearly the whole of the British Islands and a great portion of Sweden, Germany, and France, while in Italy and the countries along the Mediterranean they are not to be found. Yet in this region oil springs are very abundant; in Italy, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Syria, the Crimea, the plains of Ruban, and farther east in Persia and Siberia.

The experiences of an American writer who has devoted much labour to the investigation of this phenomenon, and has examined the wells of Canada, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, go to show that petroleum is not coal, but coral oil, stored in cells which form coral reefs, and he holds that it was collected from the waters of the early oceans by coral polypes, and driven by heat and pressure into crevices where it has rested until the ingenuity of man has sought it out. The mere fact, however, of the oleaginous fluid being found in coral cells, is by no means conclusive as to the correctness of this hypothesis: the fragments of coral by being a long time steeped in the oil would permit it to penetrate its pores, and in this way become secreted. In the islands of the Southern Pacific there are vast accumulations of this substance, yet no oil springs have ever been found in them, although scientific explorers have searched for them most diligently. Petroleum is generally discovered in connection with volcanic substances, such as bitumen, asphalt, sulphur, and sometimes jet and amber. Rock oil is also found in the vicinity of salt lakes and salt warm springs, and floating on the surface of the water in a thin sheet, sparkles in the sunshine with extraordinary brilliancy and variety of colour. Even in these countries it is by no means unusual to see oily particles floating on the surface of the ocean. When the sea is smooth and calm we are in the habit of comparing it to oil, and this comparison is suggested by the actual presence of oleaginous liquid in the ocean. If oil, like water, springs from the bosom of earth, and is subject to the same laws of supply, we may calculate on a perennial flow of it, whilst if there be only accidental reservoirs, these must in time be exhausted. One spring in America yields at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand gallons a day. A remarkable instance of the perils attending upon this gift of nature occurred some time ago in America. During the drilling and cleansing of one of those wonderful wells, a sudden gush of oil at the rate of seventy barrels an hour took place, the stream ascending fifty or sixty feet above the surface of the earth. From this the gas, or benzine, rose fifty feet higher, and floated through the air in a dense cloud. All the fires in the neighbourhood were immediately extinguished with the exception of one four hundred yards distant, the sparks of which ignited the gas, and in a moment the atmosphere was wrapped in roaring flames. The stream of oil, too, became speedily ignited, and a scene of indescribable horror presented itself. Within the circle of the conflagration were to be seen the bodies of those who had fallen victims boiling in the seething oil. Several days after, the oil stream was still rushing upon the fire at the rate of one hundred barrels an hour, and at a loss to the proprietors of about twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars daily. The petroleum is analogous in many of its properties to naphtha, and is employed very largely in the composition of the Greek fire, which can burn in the water as freely as in air.

At the present time scientific men are engaged in an endeavour to utilize the petro-

leum, but from the excessively explosive, and, consequently, dangerous quality of the gas, it is not likely to become popular until some method be discovered of rendering it more safe.

As to the history of the petroleum, it has been known for ages, and some of the oldest of the Greek legends show that even in those remote periods they had a very excellent idea of its destructive character. There is the myth about the jealous princess, who wished to destroy her rival without being detected, and for that purpose anointed with petroleum the wreath she was to wear on her head during the sacrifice. On the unhappy lady approaching the fire of the altar the gas from the fatal wreath ignited, and in a moment her whole body was encircled by flame and reduced to ashes!

The discoveries in America have given a great impetus to the study of the uses to which petroleum can be turned, and the manner in which those great reservoirs are distributed under the earth's surface. In Canada the oil is discovered by boring fifty or a hundred feet into the earth, the appearance of the country indicating where the oil springs would be likely to be found; and although the substance has been denominated rock oil, it is usually found in morasses and swampy ground, and occasionally, as in Zante, in the neighbourhood of vine gardens and beautiful shrubs.

The American War—if it has done nothing else—has, at least, led to some very remarkable improvements in military science.

A new and peculiar form of gunpowder has been invented by Dr. Paul Swift, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania. This experimenter found that sulphuretted hydrogen in carbon forms a very explosive compound, it having blown a hole in a thick oaken bench upon which the first investigation was being made. The carbon placed under a receiver imbibes from ninety to one hundred times its volume of sulphuretted hydrogen and becomes very explosive. The doctor, aided by his friend Dr. R. Clase, of New York, is now pursuing a course of experiments which have thus far been eminently successful. They are confident of having found a substitute for gunpowder, which can be manufactured at less than half the cost of the article now in use.

An invention for the recovery of sulphur from the waste produced in the manufacture of soda has been provisionally specified by Mr. B. Jones, of Warrington. He allows hot water to flow over "blue waste" placed in a suitable vessel, and in a few hours he draws off the liquor. He precipitates the sulphur with hydrochloric acid, and then filters and evaporates to dryness. The precipitate is then treated in a furnace similar to that commonly used for producing sulphur from sulphur stone. He proposes to condense the sulphuric acid in a water tower, and to collect the sulphur at the bottom.

M. Léon Dufour, one of the oldest members of the zoological section of the French Academy, has communicated the results of his researches upon the anatomy of the lepidoptera. The eight preceding orders of insects have long since come under his scalpel, and the ninth group has now been carefully examined. In one hundred and thirty species which he dissected he found the following organs: 1. A nervous system composed of a brain, ventral ganglia, and pairs of nerves proceeding from them. 2. Organs of respiration, which almost do away with the necessity for circulatory organs, and which consist of external air-holes or *stigmata*, and of air-tubes or *tracheæ*. 3. A digestive apparatus, including salivary glands, alimentary canal, hepatic tubes or liver, and visceral fatty matter. 4. Organs of reproduction, viz.: germ and sperm secreting glands, deferent tubes, vesiculae seminales, ejaculatory ducts, etc. M. Dufour regrets that he has been unable to examine these insects in the larva and chrysalis stages, but observes, *Ars longa, vita brevis*.

That curious fish, or rather embryo of a fish, the *Amphioxus lanceolatus*, has been minutely examined by M. J. Marcusen, who finds, contrary to the ideas of certain naturalists, that the blood is always contained in vessels, and never flows into lacunar cavities. The blood corpuscles measure the two hundred and fiftieth part of a millimetre, and have a more or less rounded form.

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NOTICES.

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THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. IV.

OCTOBER.

1864.

THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "jolly row—very nearly", of which Mr. Mooney informed Mrs. Evans, was very near being an unpleasant affair. When Brian Purcell was cool enough to review the events of the day dispassionately, he congratulated himself upon having escaped the necessity of laying violent hands on Mr. Oliver Grindem. Brian Purcell disliked a quarrel, and kept out of the way of being insulted as much as possible. He did so because he could not help feeling that in the present state of society an interchange of violent language or violent blows with no matter whom, or for what cause, had something disreputable about it. It is so easy for any one to call any one else a scoundrel, and tell him he lied. And then it requires no great heroism to give a man a black eye or lay a cane across his shoulders, when the affair must end in a roll in the gutter and a bloody nose, or in being bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects. Brian dreaded an insult, too, from Mr. Oliver Grindem, because he felt he *should* have satisfaction. And what satisfaction could he have that would not leave a sting behind it almost as sharp as the unavenged insult? The remedy would be almost as bad as the disease. Brian's grand-uncle did horsewhip Mr. Oliver Grindem's father during an election. But that was sixty years ago, and his grand-uncle immediately called upon Frank O'Ryan of Kilnemanagh, when the following short but pithy conversation took place :

"I 'm after horsewhipping Grindem".

"Very good".

"Have you everything in order?"

"All right".

"Of course, if he sends a friend, I 'll refer him to you".

"Very well; I 'll stay at home for the evening to prevent disappointment".

"Good morning. And let it be as early as possible, as I must go out to get in the voters from the mountain".

Brian did not regret those fire-eating times. But he could not help thinking that, as a rule, insulting a man now-a-days was more or less a cowardly proceeding. Therefore, giving or receiving an affront was a thing which he wished to keep clear of. But when he remembered Mr. Oliver Grindem's ashy face while he uttered the necessary apology, with white lips and glaring eyes, Brian felt that he had a deadly enemy.

"I 'm not in his power, thank Heaven", he thought. "I am entirely independent of him".

Yet it was this very independence which made the landlord hate him. His grandfather had given a large sum of money for a lease, renewable for ever, of Coolbawn ; and the idea that there was one tenant on his property whom he could neither get rid of nor make tremble before him, was gall and wormwood to Mr. Oliver Grindem. Brian's father, however, had no lease, and as his landlord was head and ears in debt, he felt a vague sort of alarm lest by some unlucky chance his enemy should get possession of the estate of which Ballycorrig formed a part.

"If he does", he thought, "there will be no mercy for us, and my poor father's heart will be broken. However"—we are almost tempted to suppress the vulgar adage with which Mr. Brian Purcell dismissed the unpleasant subject—"however, 't is time enough to bid the Devil good Morrow when you meet him".

The fire blazed pleasantly, and the blaze was reflected all round the old-fashioned parlour in the old-fashioned mahogany furniture. Here we are again tempted to suppress something, for we dearly wish that this young man should stand well with our readers. Mr. Brian Purcell took an ordinary tobacco-pipe from the chimney-piece, and having lighted it, began to smoke. Moreover, at his elbow was a drinking-glass (commonly called a tumbler), with an amber-coloured mixture in it that smoked too. And now, having made a clean breast of it, we can proceed with our story with a clear conscience.

That half hour or so on Knockclough Hill was fruitful of sweet and bitter fancies. He foolishly twisted his neck into a very grotesque and painful position for the purpose of looking at his left shoulder. However, she was so preoccupied with the hunt, might she not have rested her hand on his shoulder inadvertently? Of course she might. But then, when he looked round at one time, he found that her eyes, instead of following hounds and huntsmen, were bent upon him with a dreamy sort of look, as if she was trying to remember something.

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Brian Purcell, putting his pipe to his lips. But the pipe had gone out, and its bowl was quite cold, so that he must have been brooding deeply for some minutes at least. He had recourse to the pipe for the purpose of driving away a thought which kept hovering round and round him, coming nearer and nearer, as if it would nestle in his bosom. The thought was—that Jane Evans loved

him still. A thought which, we warn our gentleman, is not to be frightened away with a "bah".

Time has so far healed the old wound that he tries to persuade himself that the pain which it used to give him a few years ago was not real—was nothing more than a dream.

"Yet, why should I deny it?" he said to himself. "I did suffer. But I have proved that time and an ordinary share of strength of mind can cure the worst cases of this kind. However", said Brian Purcell, after another pause, "I begin to fear that a relapse is possible".

We know what would render a relapse impossible in his case; and we have some hopes that he will try it. But he certainly has not tried it yet—that is, so far as he knows.

We know a little maiden with such a true heart.

The mastiff in the yard has been growling uneasily for some time back, and now he bays a deep-mouthing warning, his master thinks, to some intruder. Brian goes to the window, and sees a light moving through the glen towards the river. He watches it listlessly, under the impression that some persons are out for the purpose of spearing salmon. He remarks that the light becomes stationary at a certain angle of the river, near which he knows are the ruins of an old house. He goes out to quiet the watch dog, and after walking round the house to see that all was right, returns to the parlour. On going to the window to close the shutters, he observes with some surprise that the light is still in the same place.

"I thought", said Brian to himself, "that it was Matt Hazlitt and Tim Croak looking for a salmon".

For though Matt Hazlitt was a follower of the gentle craft, and could tie a trout fly to perfection, Brian knew he did not scruple to bear a torch by the river bank on occasion, and would plunge his barbed spear into the upturned belly of a salmon without the slightest compunction. But the light near the ruined house was not moving, and evidently was not the light of either a pine torch or a sheaf of straw. After puzzling his brains for some time to account for the phenomenon, Brian put on his hat, and taking a stout stick in his hand, sallied forth with the intention of satisfying his curiosity.

He knew the ground so well, he found little difficulty in making his way to the old house. He got inside the walls cautiously from the rere, and found himself within a few yards of the light. Brian Purcell's nerves were certainly not of the weak sort. But on hearing the delving of a spade and the shovelling up of earth, his heart began to thump unpleasantly against his ribs. He saw the figures of two men, one standing upright, the other kneeling on one knee, looking into what he could not help fancying a deep grave, which a third man was digging. Brian Purcell was as ready as any man to face danger, whenever there was a necessity for so doing. But it is no impeachment of his courage to say that at that moment he wished he had come armed with a better weapon than the stout walking-stick.

The man who was digging, stopped for a moment and said :

“ Which of ye has the black-handle knife ? ”

“ I have ”, replied the man who was standing, in a gruff voice.

“ I feel myself getting some way nervous ”, says the voice from the ground, “ and I ’d like you ’d make sure, for fear of danger ”.

“ There ’s no danger ”, replied the gruff voice again ; “ I did the business right. So go on and be d—— ”.

The man on one knee started up, and clapped his hand on the mouth of him with the gruff voice.

“ Let him alone ”, says this man, in a low, plaintive voice, “ or he ’ll spoil all. I told you he would, and he will ”.

“ Hould your tongue, you angishore ”, growled the gruff one, “ and give us none of your jaw ”. Here Brian could see this person throw back his head and elevate his elbow, and an odour of whiskey became very perceptible immediately. The digging and shovelling went on again in silence for some minutes.

“ Would I doubt you, Betty ? ” the man in the ground exclaimed triumphantly.

“ What is it ? ” asked the man with the plaintive voice.

“ A cave ”, was the reply. “ I have a cave. The spade is after runnin ’ into it ”.

At this moment a hollow, and even, Brian thought, an unearthly sound issued from the river, quite close to the group.

“ I ’m d——d if it is n’t the Devil ”, exclaimed the gruff voice.

“ There now ”, says the other sorrowfully, and in the same low, plaintive tone. “ There now, all is lost. And did n’t I tell you this ’d be the end of it ? ”

“ Josh ”, says the man from below ; “ Josh, are you able to say the ‘ Deprofundish ’ ? ”

“ No ”, was the reply ; “ I never committed it to memory ”.

“ There ’s no use ”, says the other, “ in asking that unfortunate man — ”.

“ What do you mane ? blast you ! ” says the gruff one.

“ But, at any rate, may be ye could manage a few words of the ‘ Prayers for a sowl departin ’ ’ ”. This was said in a faint, gasping way.

“ D——n it, man ”, growled the gruff one, “ try a drop of this ”. And stooping down he appeared to hold a bottle to the mouth of the man below.

“ T is rewivin ’ ”, says he, evidently after a long pull at the bottle. “ T is rewivin ’ ; and now if wan of ye had the ‘ Litany for the Dyin ’ I ’d be able to answer id ”.

Here the hollow noise from the river was repeated. The gruff voice swore again that it was his sable majesty, and no mistake.

“ There now, there is more of it ”, says the man on one knee plaintively. “ And now we may as well give it up. Give me your hand, Tim ”.

"Josh, there 's no use. I 'm a dead man from the hips down".

"None o' your blasted humbug", says the gruff voice,

"Good luck to you, an' let me die like a Christian", faintly implored the man below the surface. "Like a Christian", he repeated—"an' give us another dhrop o' that".

Now, the name "Tim" addressed to the last speaker was a ray of light to Brian Purcell. He began to have a faint glimmering of the real state of things. And he had not long to wait for the full clearing up of the mystery. In order, however, that it may be equally clear to the reader, we must go back a couple of hours, and change the scene to Tim Croak's habitation among the furze.

A dry faggot blazed and crackled pleasantly upon the hearth. Tim's wife, Betty, sat upon a straw "boss" knitting, occasionally stopping to listen for her husband's foot-fall coming up the glen. The door opens and Tim Croak enters. He places his long wattle over the fire-place, and pulls off his coat. Tim never wears his coat inside doors, and generally carries it upon his arm outside.

"Come, Betty", placing a sugar-bottom chair in front of the fire, "have you e'er a little rouser for us to-night? Sit down, Josh". The invitation to sit down was addressed to a mild-looking little man in a worn dress coat and light-coloured trousers of dubious hue and material; but who was chiefly remarkable for being the possessor of the most wonderful white hat ever seen. The proprietor of this unique article was never known to possess another. It was an old hat which it would be impossible to imagine a new one at any period of its existence. Mrs. Hazlitt was heard to declare that it was an old hat the day it came into the world. Dr. Forbiss called it the "last rose of summer", we suppose because it was "left blooming alone". But the idea that it *ever* had a "lovely companion" was utterly preposterous. We may as well stop here, for Josh Reddy's white hat was, and is to this day, a thing impossible to be described.

Mrs. Croak produced a small bottle. "As luck 'd have id", says she, "I *have* a couple". This was in reply to her husband's question as to whether she had "e'er a little rouser".

"Would I doubt you, Betty?" says Tim, taking a small bottle from her hand. Tim filled a glass and emptied it with marvellous celerity. Then handing the empty glass to Josh he filled it again.

"Tight enough", says Tim Croak, as he turned the bottle upside down and let the last drop drain out of it into the glass.

"Here 's luck", says Josh Reddy; and the little rouser disappears in a manner suggestive of the man at the fair who says "presto" and swallows a halfpenny. "And now, Tim", he continues in his quiet, solemn way, "have you everything ready?"

"All right", Tim replies.

"Mrs. Croak, are you sure about the place?"

"Sure an' certain", Mrs. Croak replies.

"Three nights in succession?"

"What?" says Mrs. Croak.

"Three nights running", says Josh Reddy.

"Yes; three nights runnin'", she replies.

"And, Tim, have you the black-handle knife?"

"Shawn Gow is to bring id. He's to be wud us".

"I apprehend—that is, I'm afeard that's a bad job, Tim", says Josh Reddy, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Why so?" inquires Tim.

"His propensity to swearing. The cursing, I mean".

"Be gob, I forgot that", says Tim, quite taken aback.

"And wan curse", Mrs. Croak remarked, "'d spoil all".

"Well, there's no help for id now", says Tim. "We'll warn him. And Josh, as he won't be here sooner than another half hour, give us the 'Fox's Sleep'".

Josh Reddy was the parish musician. We say *the* musician. There was Dinny Maloughney, "the piper", and Billy Devine, "the fiddler". But Josh Reddy was "the musicianer". The two irregular practitioners were content with what they could do in the way of business among the poorest and most humble, or a chance job of a better sort when Josh Reddy was not to be had. When all three happened to be employed on great occasions like Tom Burke's wedding—for Tom has taken unto himself a wife since we met him the morning he brought Brian Purcell the ring—there was then sure to be discord of the most excruciating sort. For Josh Reddy would perform only such pieces as were beyond the powers of his humble rivals, whose epileptic attempts to accompany him were painful to behold. Billy Devine, stopping to screw up his fiddle, would confidentially "own" to some sympathising bystander that he could n't "compare with him". But, anon—driven out of his wits by some wonderful effort of fingering on the part of Josh—Billy Devine would rush into the midst of the dancers, and with a screech and a flourish of his bow, inform all whom it might concern that "he played by *air*, and did n't care a damn for any man". Josh Reddy's contemptuous indifference to these little irregularities was positively sublime.

Josh took his fiddle—he always called it "the instrument"—from its green bag, and laying his white hat beside his chair, took a pinch of powdered resin from a tin box and resined his bow. The instrument was soon tuned, and Tim Croak and his wife Betty were transported beyond all sublunary cares and hopes by the "Fox's Sleep", when the door opened and Shawn Gow presented himself.

"God save all here", says Shawn Gow, in a voice which broke in upon the dulcet melody like the first growl of a thunderstorm on the song of the linnet. Betty placed a chair for him without interrupting the music. Shawn sat down and listened, with bent brows, for a few minutes. He was evidently one of those not-to-be-trusted individuals who are not to be moved by "concord of sweet sounds".

"What are we delayin' for?" he asked, turning to Tim.

Josh Reddy let down the first string and returned the instrument to its green bag.

"Now, Shawn Gow", says he in an impressive manner, "do you understand the business we are about to embark in?" Josh Reddy had the reputation of being the best spoken man in the parish.

Shawn Gow only replied with a scowl.

"Because", Josh continued, "an imprecation, an oath, in fact, a curse of any kind, must prove fatal to the success of our project".

Shawn Gow was evidently bewildered by the fine language addressed to him, but the word "curse" gave him a clue to the rest.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" he growled.

"Very well, Shawn", says Josh; "I only wished to warn you. I hope your presence won't prove unpropitious. But I have my misgivings—I have my misgivings", he repeated in his low, plaintive voice.

Tim Croak handed a lantern to Shawn Gow, and taking a spade and shovel on his shoulder, all three left the house.

"Have you the black-handle knife?" Betty called after them.

A reply in the affirmative came back like the growl of a bear.

When they reached the bank of the river near the ruined house, Shawn laid the lantern upon the ground and cut a circle round it of about four yards in diameter. This was to keep off the Devil, or any number of devils that might appear with hostile intent upon the scene. For Old Nick is supposed to keep watch and ward over buried treasures, and to guard them jealously from mortal hands. This, if true, is a very unreasonable proceeding on the part of Old Nick, seeing that the more gold above ground, the more grist to his mill. However, a buried "crock of gold" is sure to be guarded by a foolish devil; and to guard against danger it is absolutely necessary for the treasure-seeker to draw a ring round him with a black-handle knife, inside which ring no evil spirit can enter. He must also take care not to let a single "curse" pass his lips, or his labour will be in vain.

The intelligent reader will have divined from the foregoing, that Tim Croak's wife Betty dreamt three nights running of a crock of gold hidden in a particular spot near the bank of the river, and that Tim and Shawn Gow and Josh Reddy resolved to "rise" it. Shawn came provided with a bottle of "mountain dew", which made Josh despair of success from the outset. The mountain dew would be sure to draw out Shaw's talent for swearing, and so all would be lost, Josh said. Everything went on well, however, for a time; and success appeared certain when Tim announced that he "had a cave". But then came the hollow noise from the river, which surprised Shawn Gow into letting fly the fatal "curse".

Tim Croak continued to implore his companions to say the "Deprofundish", or "the Prayers for a soul departing", or the "Litany for the Dying", and insisted that he was a dead man from the hips down. Just then there was a crash through the bushes on the bank of the river (from behind which the hollow noise had come), and immediately a

frightful bellow caused Josh Reddy and Shawn Gow to roar "murder" simultaneously; and running forward both fell into the hole where the unfortunate Tim Croak was moaning helplessly. This unexpected descent caused themselves and Tim to roar in chorus, and Brian Purcell, not well knowing what to think of the affair, hastened to their assistance.

"What's the matter?" he cried out, trying to make his voice heard above the din. A series of groans, and moans, and growls was the only reply he could get. He seized Josh by the shoulders and pulled him out of the hole, where he had been wedged in between the other two. He flung him upon the grass at full length, and getting his hands under Tim's arms he hauled him up too. The big blacksmith having room enough now, was able to scramble up without assistance. Shawn sat upon the grass and took a swig from the black bottle. But Josh and Tim remained stretched at full length, apparently incapable of motion.

"Take a pull", says Shawn Gow, presenting the black bottle to Brian.

"No, thank you". The ludicrousness of the scene made Brian laugh outright. He knocked off Josh Reddy's white hat with a tap of his stick, and then gave Tim Croak a poke in the ribs. Tim and Josh rose to a sitting posture. Shawn handed Tim the black bottle, and Tim took a swig. Tim handed Josh the bottle, and Josh took a swig. And Shawn, and Tim, and Josh began to look comfortable, considering. Tim looked down at his lower extremities, and finding them soaked with wet, he dragged himself to the brink of the hole and put his hand into it.

"Be gob", he exclaimed, "'t was n't dead I was at all, but drownded!" There was at least four feet of water in the hole. The fact was, the river had worn away its bank near the bottom, where Tim expected to find the gold. What he thought was a cave was the bed of the river. Of course the water rushed through the opening he had made till it found its level. And so Tim, feeling numbed with the cold, thought he was a dead man from the hips down. The hollow noise and the bellow proceeded from a cow of Brian Purcell's, which had been attracted by the light of the lantern to the place.

"May the Devil fly off wud me in airnest", growled Shawn Gow, "if ever I go digging for goold agin".

"Here's the same", responded Tim Croak, rising to his feet with a groan.

But Josh Reddy put on his white hat and said nothing. He was thoroughly convinced that it was Shawn's cursing spoiled all.

As Brian returned home a horseman rode furiously by him, like the ghost of some unhappy fox hunter who could not rest in his grave. He was able to recognize Mr. Mooney. This brought Knockclough Hill into his head again; and by the time he had got home, that thought which he attempted to banish with a puff of tobacco smoke a while ago, was hovering round and round him.

CHAPTER XV.

Brian Purcell sat alone by the fire in the old fashioned parlour. He thought of many things; but that peculiar look with which she regarded him, while her hand rested on his shoulder, haunted him still. He was far from being a coxcomb; but he could not help thinking that her look had that dreamy fondness in it, which is never seen in a woman's eyes except when they are bent upon the man she loves. Yet when he reflected upon her conduct since the first moment of her becoming an heiress, he pronounced the notion that she loved him still, an utter delusion.

"Perhaps", he thought, "the hill and the scene all around us, carried her back to the past; and for a moment she may have been the Jane Evans whom I knew and loved".

He saw the fair young face softened into loveliness too perfect for Earth, by the grief and pity which made her bosom heave and her beautiful eyes swim in tears, as he read of the poor schoolmaster's sorrow. In imagination he saw her so; and who will blame Brian Purcell for sighing a regretful sigh? He naturally thought of the letter he read in the evening on the rock on Knockclough. He took the letter from his pocket, and read it a second time.

"For the last year scarcely a day has passed that I have not determined to write to you the next day. But I always saw, or fancied I saw, some good reason for delaying the fulfilment of my promise yet another day. The monotony of my life, however, has just been varied a little by meeting accidentally with an old friend; and this has roused me to do what I have been so long thinking of doing. I am writing in my own little wooden house far away in the lonesome prairie. On last Sunday as I was returning home after having heard Mass, at a little village thirty miles from where I live, I saw a man lying on the ground by the side of the road. His arms were resting upon a box and his face buried between his hands. A fine little boy lay near him asleep, with the man's coat folded under his head. I at once saw they were immigrants, and from Ireland, who had left the railway, and were proceeding on foot to some village or farmhouse in this neighbourhood.

"'God save you', I called out, pulling up my horse at the same time.

"'God save you kindly', he replied, raising his head and looking at me.

"'Connor Shea!' I exclaimed; 'surely you are Connor Shea?'

"'That's my name sure enough', said he. 'But you have the advantage of me'.

"'I must be indeed altered', I remarked, 'when my old friend Connor Shea does not know me'.

"When I told him my name, he started to his feet, and was hastening towards me. But as he advanced I saw him reel and stagger, and before I could dismount and come to his assistance, he fell heavily to

the ground. The boy told me that for several days back his father had eaten nothing but a few grapes which a lady had given him; and I at once concluded that Connor Shea had fever. Fortunately my house was not far off, and after bathing his temples and getting him to swallow a cooling draught, he was able to mount my horse, and half an hour's slow walking brought us to the door. The poor fellow is now free from fever, but it will be some days before he will be strong enough to go work. He begs that you will not let his wife know of his illness. Neddy is a fine fellow, and his father has consented to leave him under my care. This is a great boon to me, particularly during winter when all out door-work is suspended here. I hope to have Neddy sufficiently advanced to have him bound to some respectable business in the course of next year. Connor has given me a full account of 'the neighbours', since I left home. Alas, for poor Ireland! And now in as few words as possible let me tell you what has happened to myself since my arrival in this country.

"First of all, I found out the person through whom I had learned Rose Mulvany's fate. He accompanied me to the house where she had lived. With what mingled feelings of rage, and grief, and loathing I passed the threshold! It was one of those places where vice is decked out in tawdry finery. But I shall not disgust you with a description of it. The poor lost creature whom I sought had left the place in ill health some months before. A dissipated looking woman remarked with a laugh, that the pace was too fast for the young "greeny", and she broke down. This account excited my pity for the lost one, against whom I was beginning to feel something like resentment as I looked round on her brazen companions in shame. I was informed that Rose had gone to a city in the far west, and thither I started in search of her on the following day.

"I got employment in the great western city. My days were devoted to work, and from midnight till dawn I spent amid scenes the remembrance of which makes me shudder. Well, I found her at last—found Rose Mulvany in one of the very lowest haunts of crime and debauchery. The scene has left but a confused impression on my mind: music and dancing, the fumes of alcohol and tobacco, oaths and laughter and shrill screams of anger. And in the midst of this pandemonium I saw the once innocent Irish maiden with . . .

"I was quite calm. Do you not wonder that I was so? I even felt a sort of satisfaction, not at having found her, but at seeing her degradation with my own eyes. I felt as if the spell were broken, and my sufferings at an end. The thought that she was what I now saw her had made me miserable for years; yet I felt for a moment an impulse to laugh outright at my folly. I saw before me a creature too low for contempt, too debased for pity, too loathsome to be hated. Turning away, not with disgust, but with utter indifference, I was hurrying out of the polluted atmosphere into the open air, when a thought struck me that made me pause.

"'Is it not my duty', I asked myself—'am I not bound as a Christian to make an effort to save her?'

"My conscience whispered, that not to make the effort would be a crime. I had a message sent to her that a person wished to see her in an adjoining room. The door opened, and, with a smirk on her face, Rose Mulvany approached me. For a moment she looked surprised, but this was only because her reception was different from what she expected. She soon, however, began to retreat slowly backwards, while her eyes were fixed on me with a wild stare. In this way she had reached the door, and was turning the handle behind her back, when I stepped forward and placed my hand against the door.

"'I believe', said I, 'you remember me'.

"She moved away from me again, and asked me in a low hoarse tone to let her out.

"'Not until I have first spoken to you, Rose', I replied.

"'Do n't speak to me', said she.

"'I wish to speak to you for your good'.

"'Do you not see what I am?' she asked.

"'I do', said I, 'and that is the reason I have sent for you'.

"'Am I not lost?'

"'But, Rose, you may be saved—your soul may be saved.'

"She covered her face with her hands, and the bright auburn hair fell down, as I so often saw it fall in the old schoolhouse.

"'Rose', said I, in a softened voice, 'I do not want to reproach you'.

"'Reproach me!' she exclaimed, looking up quickly; 'what right have you to reproach me?'

"The question took me by surprise, for I certainly thought I had the best right in the world.

"She put her hand to her throat as if she were choking, and said: 'If it were not for you, I should not be what I am'.

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'what do you mean?'

"'I mean', said she, 'that when I was young and innocent—but why should I talk of that now?'

"I was confounded; for I thought she meant to accuse me of having led her from the path of virtue in some way.

"'Yes', she continued, after a pause, 'you won my young, innocent heart, before I knew I had a heart. And after winning it you despised it. You let me go, just as if I was a worthless weed. I did not care what would become of me. I joined in every folly I was asked to join in. Poor Mary was gone, and I had no one to warn me. Oh! if I knew the world was so bad, I might be able to take care of myself!'

"You can have no idea of the shock her words gave me. For the first time, the thought occurred to me that in some degree I might be accountable for this poor girl's fall. I was so moved I could not help saying:

“‘O Rose! I never despised you. On the contrary, I loved you better than my life’.

“Her whole face lighted up. I gazed at her with wonder. There was something startling in the transfiguration I beheld. Everything about her—her eyes, her lips, her blushes, her attitude—everything about her was ‘pure womanly’.

“‘And I have come here’, I continued, ‘for no other purpose but to save you’.

“These words reminded her of what she really was, and the poor girl turned deadly pale. I thought she was fainting, and hastened to prevent her from falling.

“‘Do n’t touch me’, she cried, holding out her arms to keep me off, ‘oh! do not touch a thing like me’.

“There was something appalling in the change that had come over her. She appeared to have withered in an instant. I actually saw the wrinkles creeping over her face and forehead. She sank into a chair which I placed near her. After considering for a moment, I decided upon the course I should pursue.

“‘Rose’, said I, ‘here is my address. You know now you have a friend. And may God give you strength to turn back before it is too late’. I laid my card on a table near her, and withdrew.

“It was a moonlight night, and I spent an hour or two looking out on the waters of the great lake. I thought of Ireland, and of the sufferings of her children; and in my desolation I thanked God that there was still something left me—that my heart could yet thrill with mingled love and pride and grief for that dear old land. Then I thought of the peaceful valley and my own home. That same moon looked mildly down upon them! I flung myself down by the shore of the great lake, far, far away, and for the first time since my great sorrow fell upon me, I burst into tears. Since that moment I have been an altered man. Life is no longer a burden to me. There is, to be sure, a shadow upon my path; but it is not the black one that rested on it so long. I dislike crowds, and hence I have exchanged the busy city for the lonesome prairie. But since Connor Shea’s arrival I begin to think that I could enjoy the society of my *old* friends; and I am already longing to see my hermitage lighted up by poor Sally Cavanagh’s bright looks. Connor and I are deep in plans for the future.

“But before I come to the end of my paper, let me tell you the result of my interview with Rose Mulvany. I got a note from her, which I shall copy here:

“‘Never ask to see me again. I am not worthy. I could not bear it. But send some one else to take me away from this place. May God for ever bless you. Something tells me that *I am saved*’.

“I hastened to a good Irish priest and told him the whole story. The result is, that poor Rose Mulvany has been for the last twelve months an inmate of an industrial institution under the superintend-

ence of the Sisters of Charity. I am slow to believe in complete reformation in cases of this kind; but my reverend friend assures me that it would be harder now to tempt Rose Mulvany from the path of virtue than if she had never left it. I wonder—but I shall not trouble you with my speculations, at least not now. How well I remember the evening I gave you that hurriedly-written chapter of my history! I expected to hear of your marriage from Connor. My dear friend, whatever disappointment you may have met with—whatever sorrow you may have to endure—be assured that the bitterest drop has not been poured into the cup so long as there is no *stain* upon the fair fame of the woman you loved".

"I believe him", exclaimed Brian, and he started up as if the thought stung him. "Even now that the struggle is over, and an impassable gulf between us, even now *that* thought would be the bitterest drop in the cup. How this poor fellow has suffered! And my poor friend Connor Shea! What a pang those few words about him would strike to the heart of his brave wife. Good God!" exclaimed Brian Purcell as he put out one of the candles, "what selfish beings we are! How much we think of our own griefs, and how little of the griefs of others!"

The clock at the head of the stairs struck twelve, and Brian Purcell retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, Corney", said Sally Cavanagh, "be a good boy till I come back. Mind your two little brothers, and do n't let 'em down to the road. But ye can go up the hill a start if ye like. Do n't stay too long away, though, for fear poor Norah 'd be lonesome".

Norah had the youngest little boy in her arms, and her mild blue eyes beamed with pleasure as she looked up at her mother. Sally Cavanagh had on her "new cloak" for the first time since Connor left them. While she spoke she was turning back the hood before a piece of looking-glass fixed in the wall, for the purpose of displaying the black silk lining in the most becoming manner. She turned now one cheek and then the other to the glass, looking somewhat sad, as she thought how thin she had grown. Possibly it never occurred to her that, so far as beauty was concerned, the change was a decided improvement; but such was the fact. Notwithstanding her splendid eyes, there was perhaps too little of the spiritual about her when she was in the full flush of health. But now she looked as if she had undergone some purifying process. There was a sweetness in her smile as she stooped to kiss the youngest little boy that was far more captivating than the more radiant look which was wont to light up her face before her "bright heart" had learned what sorrow and want were.

"There 's a drop o' milk in the saucepan for him", she said, speak-

ing to Norah ; " an' warm it for him about dinner-time, as I can 't be home early enough, as I 'll wait for the two Masses".

Giving a look round the bare house, Sally Cavanagh walked quickly out, brushing some dust—which an old hen had shaken from the roost over the door—from the new cloak with a "turkey-red" pocket-handkerchief.

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road, would consider her a contented and a 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 poor Sally 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 the 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 quite. Would n't he have you destroyed on'y for me ?"

But Nancy followed up the attack like a fury.

" There 's nothin' at all 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 "wont you speake to me?"

Shawn coudescended 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 boulster".

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then snatching her shawl from the crook where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shawl, but with a half pint of whiskey 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 b'lieve afther all you 're fond o' me".

"Wisha, Shawn, achora, what else 'd I be but fond av you?"

"I thought, Nancy, you could n't care for a devil that threated you so bad".

"Och, Shawn, Shawn, do n't talk that way to me. Sure I thought my heart was broke when I see you stretched 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' sarry I 'd be to see you in the want av a ddrop o' nourishmint".

"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 please 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 better 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 Devil was in id", says the smith, smiling grimly; "an' there he 's off in a flash o' 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 of '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 first 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' is n't she as young an' as hearty as ever? Bad cess to me but you're the same Sally that danced wud the master at my weddin', next Thursday fortnight 'll be eleven years.

"Begob you're a great woman", says Tim.

The allusion to "the master" was not pleasant to Sally Cavanagh, and to avoid further reference to the disagreeable subject, she described 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 forgot it".

"I'll tell you that, then", said Tim. "Begob aye", he exclaimed abruptly, after thinking for a moment; "'t was this day seven years, for all the world—the year o' the hard frast. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggert the evenin' afore; and when he went out in the mornin' he had a hen blackbird. He put the goulogue on her nick, an' tuck her in his hand; an' wud one smulluck av his finger knocked the life out av her; he walked in an' threw the blackbird on the table".

"'O Shawn', siz Nancy, 'you're after ketchen a fine thrish'. Nancy took the bird in her hand an' began rubbin' the feathers on her breast. 'A fine thrish', siz Nancy.

"'Tis n't a thrish, but a blackbird', siz Shawn.

"'Wisha, inthroth, 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 is n't, but a thrish', siz she.

"Any way wan word borrowed another; and the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an' gev her the father av a batin'.

"The Christmas day after, Nancy opened the dour 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.

"'Whist now, Shawn, 't was a thrish', siz Nancy.

"'I tell you agin 't was a blackbird', siz Shawn.

"'Och', siz Nancy, beginnen' to laugh, 'that was the quare blackbird'. Wud that, one word borrowed another, and Shawn stood up and gev her the father av a batin'. The third Christmas day kem, and they war in the best o' good humour after the tay, and 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 that thrish you caught in the crib, bad cess to her'.

“‘‘T was a blackbird’, siz Shawn.

“‘‘Wisha good luck to you, an’ dont be talkin’ foolish’, siz Nancy; an’ you’re betther not get into a passion agin, account of 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 down a bunnaun he had seasonin’ in the chimley, and whaled at Nancy, and gev her the father av a batin’.

“An’ every Christmas mornin’ 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 after givin’ in ‘t 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”.

Matt Hazlitt was standiug at his garden gate as they passed.

“Did you hear the news?” Tim inquired.

“No, what is it?”

“The masther is after purchasin’ the property”.

“I ‘m sorry to hear it”, Matt Hazlitt observed gravely.

“He went off to Dublin the mornin’ after the hunt”, Tim continued, “and made the bargain. He says he gev thirty years’ purchase for id”.

“T is a bad job for old Mr. Purcell, I ‘m afeard”, said Matt.

“I do ‘nt say he ‘ll do more thin rise the rint”, said Tim. “He ‘s not half as bad as his name”.

But Matt, remembering the altercation between the landlord and Brian Purcell, shook his head.

Sally Cavanagh went quietly into the house, and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Hazlitt, who kicked Button from the hearth, and placed a chair for her visitor. Sally whispered something to her, and Mrs. Hazlitt immediately ran to the door and called her husband.

“Matt”, says she, “is ‘nt this an’ elegant blue cloth cloak Sally has?”

“T is a nice cloak sure enough”, says Matt.

“Twelve an six pence a yard, an’ the same as new. Never wore it five times”, continued Mrs. Hazlitt, taking hold of the cloak and rubbing it with the grain. “T is as fine as silk”. Mrs. Hazlitt whispered some word into her husband’s ear, which made him fix his eyes thoughtfully on Sally Cavanagh’s. He walked with a grave look into his bedroom, and returning, slipped something into his wife’s hand, which something she slipped into Sally Cavanagh’s hand. Sally stood up, just as if nothing unusual had happened, and walked out quickly. After passing the gate she slackend her pace in order not to come up too soon with Tim Croak and his wife. For, in spite of her efforts to re press them, the tears gushed from her eyes. Tim Croak and his wife stopped to wait for her; and the Turkey red kerchief, which she had

held ostentatiously in her hand was thrust hastily into her pocket. They might notice that it was wet. Sally Cavanagh was as hearty as ever till she reached the village. The first bell was ringing, and Sally and Mrs. Croak hurried into the chapel. Tim usually waited till the tinkling of the "little bell" announced that the priest was "on the altar"; and so he remained outside in the yard, to listen to Josh Reddy and Jack Meehan, the tailor, discussing the interesting question, whether weddings were likely to be numerous during the approaching Shrovetide. Jack Meehan, who had already measured some "clever" young fellows for "new shoots", shrewdly conjectured that Father O'Gorman "would not have to sell his horse any way".

"No fear av that, I 'm thinkin'", observed Tim Croak, looking towards the table at the gate, upon which Mr. Purcell was just after placing a pound note. There were two large dishes upon the table; one already heaped up with coppers, while the bottom of the other was covered with a layer of silver. This, we need scarcely observe, was the parish priest's "Christmas collection". Josh raised the unique white hat in acknowledgment of Kate Purcell's bow, and remarked when she had passed—

"That's thirty pounds, sure money, for Father Paul".

"They tell me", said Tim Croak, "that she's to be a nun. But they'll all be nuns—till the man'll come".

"Nothing disrespectful of that young lady in my presence, if you please", observed Josh Reddy with quite a chivalrous air.

"I wonder what is young Brian thinkin' of", said Jack Meehan. "Faith it'd be time for him to stir himself".

"I think I could tell you that same", replied Tim Croak. "Begob 't is an admiration to see the way they're all settin' wan another astray".

"Setting one another astray", said Josh Reddy. "Be good enough to elucidate your meaning".

"What?" says Tim. "The devil a wan o' me knows what you're sayin'".

"You are just after observing that the people are setting one another astray. What do you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you, then. The girl that her mother afore her on'y wanted an industrus man that'd mind his business, nothing less'll do her than a young gag wud a silk hankecher onther his nick, an a jauntin' car; an' the man that'll have the silk hankecher onther his nick an' the jauntin' car, och! the devil a less'll plase him than wan wud a feather in her hat an' a payanna; an' *she* 'll be lookin' for a gentleman, or maybe a counsellor, or a captain in the army. An' that's the way they're settin' wan another astray".

"'Pon me veracity, Tim", observed Josh Reddy, "there's a profundity of truth in what you say. But I do n't see why Mr. Brian Purcell should not aspire to the hand of a lady with a feather in her hat, and whose musical talents have been cultivated".

"Be me sowl, then", said Tim, "I know a hat that he 's the highest feather in, or I 'm mistaken. An' that would n't be pleasant news to some captains in the army. But there 's the little bell".

Tim Croak and Jack Meehan went into the aisle of the chapel, while Josh Reddy ascended to the gallery, where he had "the choir" all to himself. Father O'Gorman had been obliged to give up his choir in despair, for no sooner would Josh have a sufficient number of young men and women duly instructed for the purpose, than the ruin of their parents would compel them to fly in search of a livelihood far away from Father O'Gorman's little chapel. And so Josh Reddy knelt in solitary dignity within the curtained space in the corner of the gallery.

After second Mass Sally Cavanagh called in on some pretext or other to almost every house in the village, and made it a point to wish as many as possible of her acquaintances the compliments of the season. She bought five penny loaves at Mrs. Carey's, and rather surprised that good woman by handing her a pound note in payment. Mrs. Carey was obliged to go up stairs to her box for the change, and the rumour spread about that Sally Cavanagh was after getting money from America; and "would you doubt Connor?" and "was n't it short he was earnin' it?" and similar remarks were heard on every side.

It was after three o'clock when she reached home. The children came running down the boreen to meet her, except Norah, who stood smiling at the door with the infant in her arms, her long, yellow hair shining like gold in the setting sun.

Sally Cavanagh folded her cloak carefully.

"Corney", said she, "I 'm goin' to give the lend of my new cloak to Mrs. Hazlitt, an' you must run over with it to her".

Corney was delighted, and mentally resolved to return by the crab ditch, where he had no doubt of finding the full of his cap of golden crabs among the long grass.

"Go the short cut, Corney", said his mother; "but come home around the road, as it might be dark on you before you could cross the river".

Corney reached the cottage a little after sunset, and delivered his bundle to Mrs. Hazlitt.

"He 's the moral of his father, Matt", Mrs. Hazlitt observed.

Corney was making off for the crab ditch, when Matt suggested the propriety of giving the little boy something to eat, and before he had time to say "yes" or "no", Corney found himself sitting at the table with a plate of cold beef and a loaf of bread before him. Corney commenced operations so shyly that Mrs. Hazlitt beckoned to her husband, and both left the kitchen. When they returned the beef and bread were invisible, and Mrs. Hazlitt, clapping Corney on the back, desired him to hurry home as fast as his legs could carry him, as the night would be pitch dark.

"Did ye get any crabs for us, Corney?" exclaimed Tommy and Nickey, the moment he made his appearance.

"No", says Corney, panting after his race home; "but I have something betther for ye". And thrusting his hand inside his jacket, the boy produced the meat which Mrs. Hazlitt had given him credit for demolishing so quickly.

"Oh! Corney", said his mother, laying her hand upon his head; "an' did n't you ate any of it yourself?"

"I was goin' to ate it", replied the boy, "till I remembered this was Christmas Day, an' we had no mate; but I et all the bread".

Sally Cavanagh laughed to keep herself from crying.

"Hand me a plate an' a knife, Norah", said she. "An' is n't poor Corney a good fellow?" She divided the meat in four parts, and placed it before them.

"If you won't have some for yourself", says Corney, sulkily, "I'm sorry I brought it at all".

Sally laughed again. But this time she rested her elbows on the table, and put her apron to her eyes. After a while she raised her head. "You're the dhroll Corney", said she, cutting a fragment off Corney's own piece, which was the biggest, for herself. The five penny loaves were then produced, and Sally Cavanagh and her children sat down to their Christmas dinner. But, remembering that it was unlucky for an odd number to sit down to a Christmas dinner, little Willie was taken from his cradle and brought to the table, greatly to the delight of his brothers and sister.

"T is the sweetest bit I ever tasted, Corney", said Sally Cavanagh, looking into the face of her generous hearted boy, who was so like his father. The night, as Mrs. Hazlitt expected, was as dark as pitch. A fleak of snow fell down the chimney on Sally Cavanagh's hand, as she sat down after putting the children to bed, thinking.

"God grant", she thought, "we'll soon have a letter. T is little he suspects that the oats was taken from us by that black hearted villain. The neighbours are good, I know; but what could they do? An' there's poor Mr. Purcell that has his own throuble now. The tyrant 'll never stop till he has 'em broke horse and fut. An' t is poor Connor 'd be sorry to hear misfortune fell on that family; an' good right he 'd have to be sorry. Well, God is good! An' whatever happens Connor Shea's childher, I'll never ax for charity at any man's doore".

She knelt down to pray; but starting up suddenly with a frightened look, she made the sign of the cross on her forehead and on her breast, and blew out the rush-light. She heard a step approaching the house. The latch was raised, but the door did not open, as it was fastened with the back-stick.

"Sally", said a voice outside, "you're not in bed. I saw the light".

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

CONCLUSION.

ON Wednesday, the 8th July, Butler and his forces withdrew from Wyoming. The Indians, I believe, remained for a short time longer. They found the valley an earthly paradise : they left it a smoking ruin.

But an Avenger was at hand. Perhaps some tidings of his approach quickened their retreat. News of the destruction of the settlement soon reached Congress, and throughout all the colonies the sensation it occasioned was intense. It was at once determined to considerably enlarge the strength and extend the objects of the expedition which had originally been ordered to Wyoming so tardily ; and as it was late to save, be strong to avenge it. Nothing less than following up the Indians to their own country and "sowing salt" upon their own hearths would appease the storm of grief and indignation which spread from the Carolinas to New England. It was a serious work to undertake the absolute destruction and dispersion of the Six Nations, the most formidable Indian power on the continent ; yet this it was resolved to attempt ; and General Washington himself, it is said, recommended to Congress for command of the expedition, a man on whom has been conferred a glorious title, bravely and nobly won, "General John Sullivan, the Avenger of Wyoming".*

An army of some 4,000 men was rapidly assembled under his command, equipped as fully as the straitened resources of the republic at the moment would allow. On the 31st July, the expedition started, the artillery and military stores, etc., by water, the infantry and cavalry by land. It is said that the line of boats extended two and a-half miles on the river, and that 2,000 pack horses accompanied the army. Before starting, General Sullivan assembled the entire force, and addressed them in a speech which it is said caused strong men to weep like children, yet to clutch their arms and clench their teeth with vengeful resolve. He drew the picture of Wyoming as it had been but one short year before, and how they should find it now. In vivid language he told the tale of the massacre, and reminded them that he and they were setting forth to exact a just and terrible vengeance for that crime. It is easy to understand the powerful effect of a speech like this, spoken under such circumstances, when

"A thousand maddening memories
Steeld each heart and nerved each blow".

The flotilla proceeded up the river, the army following close by

* Few names, next to that of the illustrious commander-in-chief himself, shine out more prominently in the American War of Independence than that of General Sullivan, in honour of whom "Sullivan's Island" in Charleston harbour, and "Sullivan County" in more than one state, have been so named. He was, it is needless to say, an Irishman, and belonged to a family which, from the days of Donal of Dunboy to later times, has produced many gifted, good, and brave men.

through the woods on shore. On reaching Wyoming—now silent and desolate—a mournful and touching ceremonial was observed. The entire army, with reversed arms and drooped colours, and the long line of boats, with flags half-staff high, proceeded with funereal solemnity through the valley, the bands playing a dirge. Passing Maconacee Island, it is said, the procession slowed its pace, and the emotion of the men overpowered all efforts of restraint. It certainly was a spectacle well calculated to touch the sternest heart; for there, moulderling on the shore where they fell in the last struggle, lay the mangled corpses of the ill-fated Wyomingers! The expedition halted to perform the last sad offices of humanity for all that remained of the devoted band, and then pushed rapidly forward to avenge them. The events of the brief but brilliant campaign that ensued do not fairly come within the scope of this narrative. They fill a bright page in the history of the American struggle. General Sullivan literally hewed his way through hundreds of miles of country, destitute of roads or bridges, and defended by a brave, powerful, numerous, and well-equipped force of Indians, numbering nearly three to one of his little army. After two or three lesser encounters, though fierce, desperate, and costly enough, the Indians in all their force stood for a decisive engagement on the 29th August, 1778. The ground was of their own choosing. Fully ten thousand "braves"—trained marksmen, armed with English rifles, and led by skilled British officers—confronted Sullivan. The result may be told in a curt extract from *The State Chronicles of Pennsylvania*:—

"29th August, 1778.—General Sullivan defeats the Six Nations with desperate slaughter; an overthrow which they never afterwards recovered".

Utterly broken and routed, they next day sued for peace. But to every messenger only one word was given in answer, and that word was "Wyoming". What it meant, the Indians but too well knew. Sullivan pushed on to reach the central villages of the Six Nations; and to obstruct this purpose, the broken remnants of the Indian force made the most desperate and bloody endeavours—alternately supplicating (in vain) for peace, and fighting with the madness of despair. But slowly, steadily, mercilessly, the Nemesis of Wyoming advanced, until, early in September, the avenging army encamped in the hitherto inviolate "capital" of the Six Nation territory. The women and children were treated with all possible kindness; but the men were brought away as captives or hostages, their canoes destroyed, their arms seized, their crops burned; and every entreaty to "spare the graves of their fathers" (the sanctity of which seemed dearer to them than life) was refused. The villages were razed to the ground, and not a vestige allowed to remain that could mark the spot as the site of human habitation. In fact, this was the extinction of the Six Nations. They never again "raised their heads" as a power, to threaten or befriend. One might almost sympathise with them under a fate so

severe and sudden, if it were not so just, so manifest, and so direly provoked a retribution.

Having rested a few days to recruit the strength of his men,* and repair his losses of transport appliances, General Sullivan set forth on his return on the 5th October. This time the army was transported wholly by water, the flotilla being easily and rapidly borne down the river by the current. On reaching Wyoming, the expedition halted and remained for a long period, fatigue parties being daily occupied in searching the valley for unburied bodies and bringing them in for interment. All that were thus collected were buried together, and over their remains the "Wyoming Monument" now stands. During this period it was that General Sullivan laid out and had constructed by his army corps a military road, running eastward from the valley, which still bears his name.

Of "the monument" frequent mention has been made. It is not only a prominent feature in the landscape now, but is invariably referred to by the people of the valley whenever they converse on "the massacre". "The monument" of course was one of the first objects which I hastened to see. I had been told that the names of the men who fought and fell would be recorded on the tablets it contained; and at the close of a warm day's rambles spent exploring the scene of the battle, I sighted this sad memorial. It is a plain and simple obelisk, of cut stone, not more than twenty-five or thirty feet in height, springing from a panelled pedestal, perhaps fifteen feet high. It stands in a field, close by the road, on the left hand, about a mile from the little manse and church which I have already mentioned. With my sympathies wrought to the highest pitch for the heroic band whose names it was to reveal, I found myself dwelling earnestly on an unspoken question which had long haunted my mind—"Should I find any of my own countrymen named on that roll of honour?" I felt as

* From the following extract, which I made from an old pamphlet shown me in the valley, it will be seen that the army could improvise "grand festivities" when occasion demanded. It will also be seen that even at that distant date the native country of General Sullivan occupied very much the same place in American sympathies which she fills to-day:—

"Saturday, 25th September, 1778, news reached the expedition of the recognition of the United States by Spain, and the Franco-American alliance. General Sullivan ordered a general rejoicing in the expedition. Bullocks were roasted whole; banners and flags floated from every tent, and were hung on the trees around, the bands performing American, French, Spanish, and *Irish* national airs. The army was drawn up in review, a *feu de joie* fired first from the thirteen cannon with the expedition, and next from the whole line of infantry, the men giving three cheers for 'the friends of American liberty'. In the evening there was a grand banquet, at which the following six toasts were proposed:—

1. " 'The Thirteen States and their Sponsors'.
2. " 'The American Congress'.
3. " 'General Washington and the Army'.
4. " 'The Commander-in-Chief of the Western Expedition (General Sullivan)'.
5. " 'Our faithful allies—the united Houses of France and Spain'.
6. " 'May the Kingdom of Ireland merit a stripe in the American standard'.

if it would be one of the proudest moments of my life if I should discover that amongst the rest *an Irishman* had borne a true man's part in the defence of Wyoming; for that my countrymen, if any were in the district at all in that early time, would side with the weak as against the strong, I felt convinced. But all the probabilities were against any of our people having penetrated to Wyoming at that early period. I had never heard that any had borne a part in the defence of the valley; and I had often noticed that Campbell, in his poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, pictures the settlers as belonging to nearly *every* European country *except Ireland*:

"For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue.
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook:
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung
On plains no sieging mines volcano shook,
The *blue-eyed German* changed his sword to pruning-hook.
* * * * *

Nor far some *Andalusian* saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers 'over hills and far away'?

Alas! poor *Caledonia's* mountaineer,
That Want's stern edict e'er and feudal grief
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear—
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with muckle glee;
And *England* sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be
To plant the tree of life, to plant fair Freedom's tree!

* * * * *

They came of every race the swarm:
* * * * *

Sprung from the wood a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires and liberty combines:
And first the wild *Moravian* yagers pass;
His plumed hosts the dark *Iberian* joins;
And *Scotia's* sword beneath the Highland thistle shines".

Of course I took it to be *the fact*, and only regretted it accordingly, that amongst the "blue-eyed Germans", the "Andalusians", the "men of England", and "Scotia's mountaineers", the Hibernian exile had no place or mention—he of whom, indeed, with sorrowful truth it might be exclaimed, then as now, that "Want's stern edict" had forced him from a home he loved so dear. "Well, well, had he been here, I know where his place would have been", was my only solacing reflection as I walked up to the monument, repeating aloud the verses I have quoted, my mind, however, occupied with the subject I have indicated. But lo! what do I behold? What names are those on the monu-

mental table? Certainly not "blue-eyed German", not "Andalusian", not "Caledonian", certainly not "English" at all:

"Thomas O'Neill".
 "John Murphy".
 "Wm. Dunn".
 "George Downing".
 "James Devine".
 "C. Reynolds".
 "C. MacCarthy".

Ah Campbell! most worthy British poet! you served out most worthy British justice to my poor countrymen who gave their lives for Wyoming! It may have been very foolish of me, but I confess I nearly cried with joy as I read over the names of the poor fellows of whose sacrifice the world had never heard before, and whom the worthy English bard (perhaps more from ignorance than prejudice) had robbed as far as he could of the little requital the world now could give for that sacrifice! I believe a staid and sober-minded farmer, who was, as I afterwards discovered, observing me over the neighbouring fence, half suspected I was "eccentric" to say the least; for I took off my cap, flung it in the air, bounded like a schoolboy, and gave "three cheers". In fine, I found in this instance, as in so many others, that the English poetic and artistic versions of Wyoming were very pretty, but very unreliable; very far from the truth, but, like the razors, "made to sell" amongst the British public.

The western panel on the monument holds a tablet with this inscription:—

"Near this spot was fought,
 On the afternoon of Friday, the 3rd day of July, 1778,
 The Battle of Wyoming:
 In which a small band of patriot Americans,
 Chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged,
 Spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic,
 Led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Dennison,
 With a courage that deserved success,
 Boldly met and bravely fought
 A combined British, Tory, and Indian force
 Of thrice their number.
 Numerical strength alone gave success to the Invader,
 and
 Wide-spread havoc, desolation, and ruin
 Marked his savage and bloodthirsty footsteps through the Valley.

This Monument,
 Commemorative of those events,
 And of the actors in them,
 Has been erected
 Over the bones of the slain
 By their descendants and others, who gratefully appreciated
 The services and sacrifices of their ancestors".

On the north panel is a tablet with the following:

"FIELD OFFICERS:

Lieutenant Colonel George Dorrance,
Major John Garratt.

CAPTAINS:

Robert Durkee,	James Bedlack, jun.
William M'Kerrican,	Lavarus Stewart,
Dethie Hewitt,	Asaph Whittlesey,
Aboliah Buck,	Rein Geer.

Samuel Ransom.

LIEUTENANTS:

James Wells,	Perrin Rose,	Aaron Jaylord,
L. Stewart, jun.,	A. Atherton,	Elijah Shomaker,
S. Bowen,	F. Waterman,	Timothy Pierce,
	Asa Stephens.	

ENSIGNS:

Asa Gore,	Silas Gore,	William White,
Jeremiah Bigford,	Titus Kinman.	

On the southern panel is a tablet with the names of the non-commissioned officers and privates, and of the volunteers who went out to battle with them, and fell. This is a lengthy list; the following names sufficiently attest the native land of the brave fellows who bore them:

William Dunn, Thomas O'Neill, James Devine, Sam. Hutchinson, John Hutchinson, John Murphy, Geo. Downing, Charles MacCarthy, C. Reynolds, etc.

Yes; they were there, those poor exiles; there, as everywhere all over the world, since the dispersion of their nation by misfortune and oppression, they were in the gap of danger, "fearless, frank, and free"—

"Marching to death with military glee".

Enough it was for them that the land of their adoption was to be defended—a stroke to be struck for the cause of liberty and against the sceptre that had driven them from the home of their fathers. How they bore themselves is well attested. If the English poet is silent, the chronicles and traditions of the valley are loud and eloquent in testimony of the cheerful and chivalrous bravery of the Irish defenders of Wyoming. "Captain M'Kerrican", says Hazellon, "was a native of Belfast, in the north part of Ireland". He fell at almost the first volley, bravely leading his men, on the fatal 3rd. He was a man of considerable means, and was greatly revered in the settlement. The chronicler above named concludes a glowing tribute to his worth, as follows: "Farewell to the brave, the generous, the true-hearted Irishman, who in the midst of gathering honours and accumulating

prosperity, in the very prime of manhood, laid down his life for Wyoming".

Of O'Neill, however, I found the most vivid and general traditions. In an old manuscript, *Recollections of the Massacre*, shown me, he is described as "a native of Ireland", and said to be "the most learned and highly educated man in the settlement". Other accounts mention that he was "a devout Roman Catholic", and state that he was a "very handsome man", but "rather vain and particular in his dress", and of "very gentlemanlike manner and deportment". It is very generally told in the valley, that on the morning of the battle, though (why, I cannot understand) he was not at all bound to go out, and might have remained in the fort, he appeared in the ranks with his sword by his side, and dressed as if for some most particular occasion—wearing ruffles, white silk stockings, velvet breeches, silver buckles, and thin shoes. But O'Neill, for all this, was no "vain carpet knight", as those who beheld him owned ere the day was done. Some one remarked to him, while in the ranks and ere they started for the encounter, that *he* was exempt and might remain. O'Neill looked proudly and almost angrily at the speaker, and said: "What! remain behind while these men fight to defend helpless women and children! Sir, *I am an Irishman!*" Of all who fought and fell on that day, it is said, he was the most daring and reckless of life—loading and discharging his rifle with deadly aim in the hottest of the fight, as coolly as if he were only practising at a target. The last seen of him was with his back to a tree, sword in hand, but badly wounded, in desperate encounter with four or five of the enemy. Six weeks after, his body, covered with wounds, was found on the same spot—recognizable only as that of the heroic Irishman O'Neill, by the finery of the dress which he wore!

Several years passed by before Wyoming again became occupied to any great extent. Indeed so recently as fifty years after the events above described "the ruined wall and roofless homes", remained all over the valley, overgrown with grass and wild flowers. A great many of the farms or homesteads returned to a state of nature; and although the population has, comparatively speaking, much increased within the past half century, the place seems never to have completely shaken off an air of loneliness and utter seclusion which is almost suggestive of its sad history. Relics of the struggle are still discovered daily. The Reverend Mr. Laurence showed me some skulls in his little museum, which the farmers close by had turned up in the course of their agricultural operations. Each skull had an ominous cleft, too plainly telling where the Indian tomahawk crushed through. The people inhabiting the houses on the site of Forty Fort told me that quite a store of valuables had recently been found at the bottom of the Well, and had been taken off to a State Museum, either in Philadelphia or Washington. Bullets and Indian spear and arrow-heads are quite frequently found around the site of Wintermoots. The site of Fort

Wintermoot, I should add, is now occupied by a wood house, in which resides an old woman (named Frances Slocumb, I think), daughter of parents who escaped from Forty Fort on the day of capitulation. I talked with her for a long time. She was almost deaf, but seemed very ready to tell all about "the massacre" and "the fight", giving me anecdotes and reminiscences of those events in abundance, gathered from her father and mother, on whose memory terror had engraven them deeply.

A few days later, and I was homeward bound from Wyoming. I had yet the great Niagara to see, and many another scene to visit and explore. But when I had seen them all, had heard the never-ceasing thunders of "the Falls", and admired the panoramic splendours of the Hudson, I but repeated the Indian story, that "from the rising to the setting sun another Wyoming we should never find". Whether it was its scenery alone, its utter seclusion, its peaceful calm, its sylvan shades, its noble river, its aged forests and wooded mountains, or whether it was its tragic story, or yet the simple, kindly, hospitable character of its people, or all these combined, that so wrought upon my feelings, I cannot tell; but when I turned to take my farewell of the valley, I felt regret and sadness to think I might see it no more. To-day I but fulfil a promise made to one of its venerable patriarchs, kindliest where all were kindly to me, that if I lived to see my own country again, I would one day tell to Europe "The True Story of Wyoming!"



MR. SINGLEMAN ON MARRIAGE.

THERE are persons of a hopeful turn of mind, who are fond of repeating that certain contracts—in no degree connected with postal subsidy or mail-packet service—are invariably signed and sealed in a celestial solicitor's office, previous to their being carried out in the ordinary more practical manner below. This view is fortified by a declaration, that marriage is honourable in all, and they repeat with a melancholy sort of admiration, that a man is happy indeed whose quiver is full of arrows: sometimes adding the remark that this is a pleasing but costly species of archery. For those little missiles require abundance of food, and drink, and warm clothing, while lodged in the paternal quiver; but when elongated to their full size, are extremely difficult of discharge. When they come to be young lady shafts, bows are sometimes difficult to be procured. There are other authorities who insist with vehemence that it is not good for man to be alone—that a good wife is a jewel hung at her husband's ear—and who even outrage the common canons of political economy, by the seductive fallacy that it is as easy to keep

two persons as one—that every little makes a mickle—with other encouraging but wholly fallacious aphorisms.

Let us not flatter ourselves that the brave matrimonialists take with them the unanimous voice of the country. There are noisy dissentients to the great nuptial *Marseillaise*—churlish grumbler, mouldy moulder-ing celibataires, who hint in their own gross way that the formal business arrangements just alluded to, the solemn signing and sealing, may possibly take place in a sort of nether solicitor's office, with polite horned clerks and tailed attorneys standing by and attesting. If marriages are made in heaven, why not also at the extremer southern pole, before that antipodean and more flaming registrar, and with the accompani-ments of a fiery scrivenery? Such will insinuate craftily that well-worn saw of Lord Verulam's, which it is doubtful he ever imparted to my Lady Verulam—touching that giving of hostages to fortune, which a married gentleman is presumed to do, in the shape of both wife and consequent offspring, they being, continues my Lord Verulam, “impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief”—a sort of guarded, equivocal, doubtful, and unmanly sentiment. The noble chancellor is afraid to bite, so he indulges in a suppressed snarl.

It is idle concealing that the old headlong tendency to rush into marriage is on the decay. Matrimonial bathers, instead of the once bold header, attended with a loud splash and temporary disappearance, now stand shivering on the spring board, and let themselves down with manifest repugnance. They would seem to shrink from the invigorating plunge in the nuptial briny. The bathing machines—if we may carry out the metaphor—are all tenantless, and present a piteous spectacle of desertion. The bathing men—if it be no irreverence to liken those officers to officiating clergymen—have got no work to do. True, the journals are rife with the usual copious lists of nuptials. The population swells as desirably as could be expected. But we lack the honest old ardour—the thundering impetuosity for the rite. We are shy of the ceremony. We are dragged up to it in a sneaking, shirking, shoplifting sort of fashion, and have to be carefully watched, lest we give the priest or parson, as the case may be, the slip. The contract is held in but mean estimation, and that British Grand Junction enjoys no tumultuous traffic. As we are born and interred, so are we married; yet not with the old confiding, almost simple enthusiasm. Erst we took pride in that abatement of our liberty, that snipping of our Sampsonian locks. Formerly tender youths, on reaching to man's estate, or, more strictly speaking, to whatever species of estate they were entitled, were at once put into matrimony, as it might be into tail coats. A wife was looked out for them contemporaneously with the early razor. The Irish young gentleman specially, who was trained to “make his head” when young, and presumed to have made his nerves by a couple of duels, was held to be incomplete—almost disreputably incomplete—unless fitted with a suitable partner. As it was time that he came of age, so it was time that he were married. The wild-oats crops had all been got

in, and he would be steadied. What palmy days those, sweet daughters of Eve, when the selected one might indeed be dubious, but election was compulsory! There was choice, but he must choose.

Now what a change! Even Law, our anxious mother, once so careful about her children, seems to have grown careless and dissipated. The dame has grown worldly. The old reports are full of arrangements, negatived, crossed-cut down, hindered in every possible way, as being "in restraint of marriage". This covenant, this will, is set aside, because "in restraint of marriage". We have grave old judges, the fine pillars of the law, sermonising for hours concerning "the jealousy" with which the state regards anything that shall hinder the regular growth of matrimonial arrangements. They insisted on that grand old policy of the state always to favour nuptials, straining, wresting the law, to help out a real well-intended effort at matrimony. On intruders, on obstructive bargains, conditions involving sacrifice of money payment on marriage, they looked with disfavour. Your morose hunxes tying up children, or their young widows, with a "so long as they shall remain unmarried", were summarily dealt with. Even those tender little irregularities, violent abduction, elopements in post-chaises and four, and the like justifiable enormities resulting from a too great exuberance of a noble principle,—how venial, how pardonable, how admirable do they seem now, as compared with the dull inaction, the heavy insensibility of *our* novices! Who has spirit to elope now, to have the vehicle in waiting at the street corner, and "relays of horses" all along the road; to have the pistols ready, and the "trusty fellow", well muffled, in waiting? Who has the manly spirit now to enter a roadside inn, late at night, with the veiled lady on his arm, who is crying under her veil, and fearing that she has done very wrong, and whom you reassure and hand over to the landlady? Who elopes now? What business have we with the regulation chaise and the four horses? Why elope indeed, when there is no one to pursue? Our relations are indifferent in the matter; and if we scour half the high roads of the kingdom, post, with the lovely Angelina inside, *her* kindred will be only too much flattered by this condescending mark of attention. Indeed, we know one remarkable instance of parental liberality in this matter. The parents of seven unmarried daughters, having found the marriages of the two eldest, with all the attendant settlements, trousseaux, and breakfast festivities extremely expensive, actually hinted adroitly to the other five, mild and charitable doctrines concerning run-away matches: rope ladders were not actually to be forbidden, but were kept (ostensibly in case of fire) on the premises, should an adventure of that kind take, by any accident, a romantic turn.

Most of us have at some date wandered in these pleasant bowers of Arcadia, under the influence of this grateful intoxication. There is a certain complacent shame-facedness, a bashful hanging of the head, in alluding to these early passages of life, a superfluous modesty in dealing with these little tender places and early softnesses: a tangled yarn

of pain and pleasure, of sweets and sours. Some of us, in days when caps were worn, and the coveted tails had not yet sprouted downwards, have to look back to a page of life, a wretched school vacation, darkened it may be with secret struggle and black despair; for we then were prey to a desperate and consuming passion for a lady of transcendent, but, alas! mature charms. But the depths of an insane admiration bridged over the trifling disparity, and made those five-and-twenty years or so appear but an insignificant interval. A passion desperate because hopeless, and never to be reciprocated. The youthful mind, irrational as it was, could grasp that certainty. Heavens! how like a goddess—albeit a little full in her person—she seemed to walk! Yet even this redundancy seemed only a further hint of her celestial origin. Would we have had an ounce of it reduced? No! that little superfluity seemed to be the highest perfection of female beauty; while others, less perfectly furnished, seemed to be dealt with a little cruelly by nature. Temporarily, that was the standard of perfection. Those were days of general incapacity and miserable inaction out of the presence of the princess! Only yesterday I met her, still blooming, but with a little procession of figures behind her, graduated, from nurse downwards, through the seven ages of man. Alack! now I pass her without a flutter.

When one of our creation's lords holds in his hand that urn wherein are the ashes of an extinct passion, and looks curioualy at it, and wonders how on earth he could have been so affected, and what was over him—that moment, I take it, must bring with it a little twitch of something touching on degradation, a sense of abasement, attended with a reluctance to look in that moral mirror which usually reflects him back so complacently. It is scarcely one of his triumphant moments; not one of those smirking dreams of satisfaction, in which "the worthier blood" revels occasionally. These are some of those awkward blue chambers, the doors of which we pass by with a hasty, nervous step. The pounds of incense burnt before that ancient idol! The hecatombs and whole burnt-offerings in the shape of sighs and prayers, and every personal torment and inconvenience, cast down at the feet of the ancient idol! The substance of that ancient idol was surely some celestial essence; not, indeed, that we could maintain such a theory with gravity, for of course we know that they are no more than frail fleshy tenements, subject to the common law of mortality, but still there was a hint, a bare fancy and suspicion, that here was matter of a more refined and almost celestial admixture—flesh, possibly, but flesh glorified. She walked in a golden and ambrosial cloud. There was grace, beauty, divine purpose and meaning in her most indifferent action, of which it was possible that she had not the faintest suspicion.

To return. Up to the present writing, no advantage has been taken of this parental liberality. For, the truth is, the old genuine nuptial intent and element has dropped out; not the vulgar numerical result which Mr. Malthus tried to curb, but that domestic view with which the

notion of a lovely female was somehow mixed up. This notion of the lovely female had an improper disturbing influence on young minds. But it is now eliminated for ever. No one in his senses would now think of eloping with a lovely female, taken simply as a lovely female. But, strange to say, he runs away with title deeds to estates, with scrip, with New Three per Cent. Consols, with jewels, all in a great heap inside the chaise with him, and of which the lovely female is no more than a figure. We intermarry not with lovely females, but with lands, tenements, and hereditaments. We are joined in lawful wedlock with a House in town and Seat in the country, with well-appointed brougham and a box at the Opera. In this respect the art of love is rife. It flourishes. We suffer deplorably from the *grand passion*. We are consumed with a burning fire, hungering after the loveliness of these things. We would lay lance in rest, take pilgrimages, defy the world, in the cause of these lovely messuages and chattels.

This is the creed in which Edwin is reared. But it is to be suspected that the lovely Angelina is brought up in much the same religious tenets. Her young affections and earnest sympathies cling to the same object. She can love with an absorbing passionate love. She could travel, aye even to the ends of the Earth (first class) with the rich man of her choice. She could wait years, bearding friends, relatives, parents, sooner than resign the rich man of her choice. She is disinterested, the lovely Angelina, and heeds not those meaner qualifications of mind, or person, or morals. Though he were stripped of all these, and had not an intellectual spark, a grace, a virtue left, and though all the world beside, the prudish world, cast him off, she would cling to him! She knows that it is the body that makes the mind rich. Perish those gifts of person, that pure intellectual upholstery, which at the brokers' sales fetches nothing. That other furniture which furnishes the *outside* of a man, its your true virtue that endureth for ever. Who is like unto a "snug" man? happy Irish phrase, thereby signifying a man that is comfortable, well to do, substantial, and in effect "snug". He is beautiful among the sons of men. And this I take to be the greatest jewel in the artless Angelina's crown.

What we admire, too, in the artless Angelina, is her perfect and accurate discrimination of the characters of men. For one so young, she has pierced the profoundest depths of human organization—to those nice and almost imperceptible shades of colour which separate men's dispositions. By character and dispositions, allusion is of course made to those outside influences which do indeed work so effectually on our motives and springs of action as to become in effect a man's real character—those little surroundings—the scenery and decorations, as it were, of birth, estate, place, and such-like. What a sense she has of these, your true intellectuals! With what wonderful philosophic knowledge—profounder than Theophrastus or La Rochefoucauld—she can balance those genuine monetary virtues—weighing one man's store against the other's, and choosing him who has a noble, generous disposition, developed in

broad acres, and all the cardinal virtues securely invested in the Three per Cents. There are a class of abandoned sinners—perfectly penniless in their morals—utter reprobates in fortune—wicked younger sons—whom the sweet saint flees from, as from a plague. They are dissolute of aspect, and are preyed on by a loathsome malady, the *ver impecuniosum*, known to naturalists as “the younger child’s portion”. She walks as in a ring fence, to keep off such fry, who are always forward and intrusive. One of the prettiest things in the world is to see one of these fair saints, in a Return, at an evening party, studying her “Imitation”, and working out her Earthly salvation, as it were, at the feet of some holy man. Mark you! a person of assured pecuniary sanctity, an anchorite who had mortified his “funded” flesh to the highest pitch of perfection—a true fashionable eremite—one of position. To see the docile novice seated beside this good ascetic, drinking in the lessons of wisdom that drop from his lips, while the meaner throng, the great Un sacred, pass and repass up and down stairs, with the great undowried on its arm. This is a sight to move our admiration. Those cells upon the stairs are holy places. Blessed are those that sit! Cupid looks down from above and blesses! Alas, that the elect, the select, rather—the elder born—should be so few! Why do we not all come into the world beautiful in lands, tenements, titles, and hereditaments, and not cursed with that original sin of Younger-Sodom?

What, then, does all this point to? Are we to enforce by moral evasion and legislative enactment the old pastoral discomforts of love in association with a cottage? Are we to set up innumerable pairs, freshly started in house-keeping and living in little suburban tenements, properly thatched, with a window on each side of the hall-door? Are we to bid them enjoy on these premises the inconveniences of enraptured felicity and short commons, of ecstatic loves and deficient larder, of conjugal joys and underdone joints—result of amateur cooking? Would we flood the land with legions of amatory couples, all in all to each other, it is true, but still only affectionate paupers, and presently to become chargeable on the parish? Is there to be inundation of lovers in a state of destitution, with a prospective Lilliputian army crying aloud for nutriment?

Alas, no! ‘T is only too true that there is an implacable hostility between professors of the art of love and what are called circumstances. In this sense the spirit is willing, but the flesh is very weak, and requires sustenance. But there is an opening for reform of some kind; something surely could be done to relieve the present disastrous state of things. There is a famine, a matrimonial famine abroad.

The present tone and low estimation of marriage in society should seriously engage the attention of our legislators, and such as direct the counsels of the nation. I have always considered that a very gratifying incident in the history of the Roman people, where a certain noble matron, on being applied to for the amount of her assessed taxes, tendered in lieu thereof a fine progeny of robust boys. There was a

piquancy and original naïveté in this device, and we may fancy for ourselves the features of the astounded collector, to whom so irregular a circulating medium was offered. It is, however, recorded that the commissioners of the day relaxed the official stringency of their rules, and allowed the noble matron to fill in her schedule with the curious return of "four fine boys". But it is to be feared this accommodating spirit does *not* reign in the high places. The authorities are not inclined to meet us half way in the matter of this substituted shape of payment. Nor can we yet sufficiently stretch our imaginations to conceive of the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer receiving restitution flesh, and acknowledging in a corner of the *Times* the first half of a twenty pound—boy!

How are we to restore confidence in our depreciated nuptial securities? How to raise our funded matrimonial consols to a steady and respectable quotation? They are offered now at a terrible sacrifice; and even at the reduced minimum buyers cannot be found. Young male capitalists hang back and decline to invest. They are shy of the market. They prefer leaving their property to lie fallow in the old-fashioned bachelor banks—in the celibataire stocking, as it were—to the risk of a sound, safe, and judicious laying out to interest in wedding scrip. The caution which guides our youths in these sort of transactions, is indeed crying aloud to Heaven. They are pursued by the unavailing tears of the widow and the orphan, whose little all they despise. They go their way remote, unfriended, solitary, and slow. How it is all to end, Heaven only can tell.

I can fancy this system developed to its very nicest extreme. I can conceive things coming to such a pass, that the youths of the day shall roam about in great droves or herds, utterly segregated, with a great sunken fence between them and the female world. The whole basis of society shall have been remodelled on the strictly separate system. The whole of that married yeast, which in some shape or other leavens society, and is mixed up with balls, parties, flower-shows, and other shows—that little nuptial under-current, with a view to which these ceremonies are organised, shall have been by that time happily swept away. They shall have died out naturally, like many of our older shams, from pure purposelessness, and utter destitution of an object. Men shall be guilty of grand passions for elderly married sexagenarians, and be suspected of a tendresse for their friend's grand-mamma. People shall shake their heads meaningly, and point with pitying finger to certain abandoned specimens of this rule—men utterly lost to shame and decency, who have gone off with—that is to say—married—a vile creature possessed of personal or pecuniary charms. Wretched acred First-Borns—men who must find heirs for their titles and estates—shall be condoled with (as on a domestic affliction) on that cruel compulsion which denies them successors except after their legitimate way. It shall become a disability. The stigma of old maid and bachelor shall be eliminated from our sarcastic personalities; and ladies

will be humorously rallied on being past all hope of advancement, and likely to live and die incurable married ladies.

The evil is assuming stupendous dimensions. It is disturbing the public mind. We think with alarm of what is to be done with a superabundant female population cast upon our hands, like the operatives of English manufacturing districts when the cotton supply shall fail—unemployed, clamorous for work, and dangerous to the public peace. Only consider the peril from such bands of disaffected fair ones, goaded on by infuriated matrons, who may, at any time, rise in the night—like the slaves—and rend the churls who disdained their charms. Something should be done in the way of legislative interference. Some genuine philanthropist—a new-born Clarkson or Wilberforce—should bring the sufferings of this large class of our fellow-subjects before the collective wisdom of both Houses. The great nuptial claims deserve serious consideration. The social disabilities—as grinding as the penal laws—should be repealed, and emancipation granted to the virgins. The proper course would be that a committee should report upon the evil. I would have grave and right reverend matrons of prelatic aspect and long experience summoned to give evidence. I would have witnesses from the more disturbed districts, from decimated drawing-rooms once the scene of a bachelorial abundance, and from wretched dwellings, once sprinkled with a nicely adjusted proportion of both sexes, now overcrowded with a despairing virginity. I would have persons to prove the unequal distribution of the sexes up and down the breadth of the land.

Next, Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor-General should be instructed to prepare a bill, whose provisions should be based upon the report of the committee. Its being *intituled* (that is the appropriate word)—its being intituled, then, “A Bill for the better regulation of certain Fairs and Markets (United Kingdom)”, would, I think, be just matter of offence. It might be, with more propriety, designated “A Bill for the Relief of certain of her Majesty’s subjects”, and it should be taken that the name of MR. SINGLEMAN, M.P., should be also on the back of the bill. Important clauses might be added in committee. We, on behalf of the matrons and the repudiated maidens of these countries, call out loudly for such a bill, and respectfully demand that its provisions be of the most stringent character.

Personally speaking, I should be inclined to put a notice in the paper that I should, in committee, move several important clauses. A return might be moved for of all the unmarried men in the country, without distinction of age. And as the crisis is pressing, a measure might be hurried through committee, laying a heavy and crushing impost, graduated according to the income-tax scale, upon all who can show no reasonable excuse for remaining single. Such a tax was once proposed during the old Roman days, in the Augustine age, and can only be justified by the alarming character of the situation—the desperate character of the disease requiring a desperate remedy. We might

lay them under disabilities in many ways. All unmarried persons might be considered as incomplete citizens, recognized as ratepayers, indeed, but to be sternly refused the right of exercising the franchise until qualified on the matrimonial registry. They might be held incapable of holding the greater offices, and an oath of nuptial qualification should be administered by way of test, like that of supremacy. The law should regard them with a deserved suspicion, as the mere loose waifs and strays of the state, the locusts, without respectable standing, who consume but do not give. They would come in time to be regarded as the disreputable gipsies of the community, and be pointed at with the finger of scorn.

Should not the great philanthropic societies, whose business is the amelioration of the social condition of the various classes—the Royal Agriculturals, the Sanitary and Social Science agitators—have regard in their congresses to this evil? It becomes a serious question when short-horns fall away and grow lean; but the piteous situations of our little elegant drawing-room Kerries and fashionable Alderneys should surely excite compassion. As large silver medals, and, occasionally, small presents of money are given for the best farmstead, the best furrow or show of implements, so it would be judicious to offer a handsome sum, by way of prize or bonus, for the finest specimen of married man known. A fair open competition for such as shall have struggled to that position under most creditable circumstances.

The tone of society might in time be easily altered. We ought to have an honourable emulation excited. The husband should be held out in a beatific vision, as of a glorified husband. They should walk abroad with sanctified halos about their heads, like the holy men of the original pre-Raphaelites. Mothers should point out such to their little children as they pass by, and bid them pray that they, too, may one day become as these—splendid, dazzling, married men. Boys should be trained up from tender years to be eager to get into marriage, as it might be into the army, or one of the great professions. The print-shop windows would teem with pictures of an allegorical nature, typifying men of wedlock already beatified, and with a seraphic expression, striding on clouds, about to receive their crown. In an obscure corner of the picture would be portrayed the sinner bachelors, the outcast unwedded, already judged and cast down to punishment. These terrors would have a wholesome effect, and encourage a correct matrimonial tone in our youths.

Fair sisters, who sit, alas! inconveniently crowding each other behind your pretty stalls, in what I must impertinently call the Grand Bazaar, that mart-nuptial, where there is complaint of there being no customers and no sales—sweet Circassians, offered unavailingly to those young Turkish signors, who admire and flirt, but unhappily do *not* buy—I feel that your case, just now, is very sad indeed. I can see the faint blushes on your tender cheeks, as the wind of these ugly personalities, but lately cast to and fro across your pretty persons in the daily prints, is wafted

past you. What talk is this of pretty horse-breakers? (Pretty house-breakers, suggests some malicious tongue). What bandying of plain speech and outspoken calling of spades, neither more nor less than plain spades, but things, I am afraid, far more naughty than simple agricultural instruments. Fie, ungallant esquires! base knights! Here are the loveliest creatures in the whole market decking themselves for you, smiling for you, singing their simple lay, playing on the lute, the sackbut, and psaltery, and the grand square, and dancing their lilts and fandangos until they drop—all for *you*, my gallant customers. “Buy us”, they say, sadly, and with tearful eyes; “redeem us out of captivity, and we and our dancing and lilting and chanting and thrumming it on the grand square, are all yours”. And yet these haughty churls and purse-proud buyers turn upon those who so sweetly woo them, and revile them in somewhat coarse terms. Why, even for old *Señora Conemara*, well known in the markets, who takes round her pretty pets to all the fashionable Turkish routs, who at once scares and fascinates young *Spooni-Pasha* with her ogress smiles, and well nigh dragoons young *Doodle Bey* into a sale—even for this poor old huckster we can have compassion and toleration: she but follows her calling honestly and with enthusiasm.

Gentle bondwomen, a whisper in your ears. I put it to you humbly, and with all respect—have you not yourselves given the shock to our commercial dealings in this line of business, by a system, if we may so call it, of *overholding*, of a too great nicety in the choice of purchasers—in short, for too extravagant prices? Have you not been, so to speak, greedy for coaches, and horses, and mules, and black slaves, and kiosks, and summer palaces on the Bosphorus, and for dragomans and eunuchs, and nothing short of the vizier himself? Is it not whispered that you do not heed—certainly not the *Señora Conemara*—if there be a wooden lay figure led up—with wit and intellects cut out of box—provided the lay figure be handsomely stuck over with precious stones and gold? Nay, there are crusty carping spirits who say, that if we could conceive a wooden lay figure to have tendencies, and to present itself sticky all over with the fine fresh paint of sin, such decoration will be no impediment, and no questions asked. It is to be feared, too, if honest *Cælebs* comes by, who has only brains at his banker’s, and honesty, and energy, and a hundred such qualities, but who, unhappily, wears only a plain broadcloth not encrusted with jewels, it is to be feared, I say, that such fry are regarded sourly, and flouted contemptuously. Dear, noble, mercenary ladies, if these facts be true, which I cannot believe to be so, it will be difficult to help you through, even by aid of legislation.

Let us see once more what can be done. Could we not restore something of the old pomp and solemnity, the elaborate nuptial magnificence with which it was customary to unite ladies and gentlemen in olden days? There is a mean tendency towards pruning the noble ceremonial of all its trappings and decorations, a cutting down of the

pageant, which has had much to do with bringing the ceremonial into contempt. What means this shabby huggermuggering of it—if we may be forgiven the word—this shabby huggermuggering of it over this cheap curtailment, in what is called a “strictly private” manner, and which only robs the entertainment of its thrilling awe and majesty? I suspect this economic retrenchment; I distrust these “strictly private” views. There is some poor saving at the bottom of all. Yet mark with what fearful power it has recoiled. Alas! these things are as the hem of the garment! Revive for us again, even the musical accompaniment of marrow-bones and cleavers, and all may yet be well. Restore to us our gloves, once distributed lavishly from china dishes—genuine Jouvins—and things may take a favourable turn. Let not the rite be hurried on indecently, as it is now, but let it be approached gently from afar off, with a publicity in open places, a suitable exhibition of the persons of the parties at shows, to all whom it may concern—a proper concession to public curiosity. That prenuptial interval should be protracted to the extremest limits. The way should be made smooth and strewn with flowers. The surrounding acquaintances should compete with little attentions, and hang them round with presents. As they go abroad together in the thoroughfares, people should look after them, and point with exultation and even envy. It should be a temporary elysium, so that others, inflamed by these anticipatory joys, should rush frantically and precipitate themselves into—engagements. Let the doors be thrown open, and the whole round of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances be bidden to the feast. There should be carousing after the manner of the old heroes, from the rising to the going down of the sun. Monster Gunters should be sliced up, and rich unwholesome cubes of cake should be scattered broadcast over the face of the land.

By this artful system a sort of nuptial enthusiasm might be stimulated. I do not know but that grants from the public moneys might be applied in a private, unostentatious way, for these extra expenses.

But 't is vain to help those who will not help themselves. Once more it may be whispered among the lone sisters, waiting like a huge white army in their convents to be taken forth. The old deportment will not do. We must give up swooping at those lordly falcons, and that other game of molten gold, who, in truth, as can be proved by statistics, are to your numbers as the ears of corn after a diligent gleaner. Why embark in this foolishness? Why, as we peep into your oratories, do we always find you on your knees before a golden calf, or but too often, ass, of the same precious metal? I will give you a talisman which you should have found out for yourselves long since. We of the greater sex have a gross leaven in the stuff we are built of. When you seek us with smiles, we grow proud, and take your homage with conceit. Flout us, scorn us—better still, display a cool unconsciousness and indifference—and we pursue. Be barbarous, and we hold forth our necks for you to step on. For text and chapter turn a

song of Mrs. Lockit's, in the Beggar's Opera, and when found make a note on. Our heads—such of our heads as you deem worth it—are turned by too much worship. Voilà tout. Verb. sap. There is the key. Be happy.

But there are more little bonbons of advice—dainty nuts, as it were, from the *Fidèle Berger*, with a sweetmeat and a motto inside—which I will take leave to administer. A faithful shepherd proffers his counsel. Let me plead a little for those creatures whose misfortune it was to be born a little later than their brethren, and who have raced into this world beaten only by a neck. When such honest squires, passably good-looking, reputable, furnished with brain and with a decent capital, which yet will not bear the strain of broughams, saddle-horses, opera-boxes, and continental touring, approach you diffidently, be not in too fierce a hurry to rout them. Surely, in this drought, this season when the earth is dried up and yields no man produce, it is utter foolishness, this wild casting away of what may prove a useful resource. Nay, keep them for that trusty walking-stick of *passé* existence, a pis aller. These things may be useful one day. This wholesale proscription of second-class goods has alienated the human race. Nor can we pass by those tricks of your more cruel sisters, who, for pastime, draw on these more unprofitable suitors to the thinner portions of the ice with sweet words and encouraging demeanour, when of a sudden it gives way, and they are plunged into a freezing rejection. Down goes that unfair victory in the little register, and a roll of such comes to be a consolation and balm of Gilead for later and lonelier days. Were I Minister of the Interior, I would have a sort of private registry, where for a small fee the victims of this artifice might register *their* particular instances of heartless treatment—as it were a deed or memorial. Parties about to marry a particular young virgin might then direct searches, as they would for judgments or charges, and thus form a tolerable estimate of the property they were investing in.

These are sorrowful truths, yet spoken in no spirit of levity. It is time that the preacher gather up his texts and papers, and descend from his pulpit. Yet though, for decency's sake, he has preached at the whole congregation, still, now in the vestry, and taking off his surplice, he confesses to you that he has had in his eye only those first few rows of pews, that selecter quarter of the church where sat patrician quality. When he shrieked aloud "My brethren!" he was looking straight at those fair Pharisees just below him, in the Corinthian pews, who have their own by-laws for their own marriage markets. In their pockets—rather in their mothers'—are carried the elegant pair of scales (troy weight) in which the proffered wares are nicely tested. Their powdered menials sit behind, leaning on their poles of office, and plethoric coachman sits on the box waiting, sure to direct his horses towards the estate of Squire Jones or Brown, or mayhap the Hon. Robinson, a distinguished Militia Captain of remarkable "eligibility". No; happily there is a huge congregation outside these elegant traders,

which spreads away to the right and to the left, and down the great aisles—the vast bone and sinew of the land—who do not buy, and yet do not sell; who do not turn their drawing-rooms into auction-rooms, with mamma in the rostrum, furnished with a hammer to take the bids, but who somehow cling to the absurd old principles, and love and marry for that ridiculous reason, that they like each other. O foolish ones, whose wisdom is not of this world! O laughable seventy-five per-cent of the great British world! why not imitate the elect? Your light is not the flare of a thousand waxlights, in preference to the broad healthy blaze of sunlight; your atmosphere is not the extract of wood violet, and the overpowering breaths of bouquet; the fan is not too familiar to your hand as an instrument of manipulation; you do not walk, a rustling hill of lace and festoons, and silk and satin, and ribbons and steel; and, to crown all, you marry, and give in marriage, on the comic principles of the old *ars amoris*! Long may the aristocratic fairs and markets be fenced off jealously with a strict iron paling. Let, then, the fair Circassians and their auctioneers be confined within their own nuptial Ghetto.

These, I say again, are sorrowful truths. There is a violent disruption of the union impending, and by-and-by there will be no United States. The Southern slave-holding men will break off from the Northern women. There will be an irreconcileable breach. The star-spangled matrimonial banner will be torn in twain.

THEKLA.

A SWEDISH SAGA.

BY LADY WILDE.

PART FIFTH.

The Crispion.

Full seven times the summer sun
 Had waked the dreaming summer flowers,
 And seven times they slept again
 Beneath the winter snow and showers;
 And still through summer's parching heat,
 Through winter's storm and rain and snow,
 Had Thekla dragged her weary feet
 In one long pilgrimage of woe.

The beasts fled back at her approach,
 The sunshine ceased to flicker round,
 The flowers withered at her touch,
 And fell like corpses to the ground.

Where'er she passed there lay a gloom,
 The young birds shivered in the nest,
 All nature echoed back her doom,
 And spurned the sinner from her breast.

She flung her sighs out to the wind :
 The peasants heard that mournful wail,
 And crouching down by winter fires
 Said : "T is the witch fiend in the vale".
 They laid down food beneath the trees,
 And waited trembling till she came,
 Then fled away, for none would speak
 To one so bann'd by sin and shame.

She gathered autumn leaves and moss
 Within a cavern lone and deep,
 And there she crept each night to rest,
 To rest, but never more to sleep.
 No human voice came near to soothe,
 Her anguish dimm'd no human eye,
 The bond of sisterhood was rent
 Between her and humanity.

But ever when the moon was full,
 All in the moonlight weird and still
 Came evermore upon her ear
 The moanings by the lonely mill ;
 And seven dread shadows entered in
 And gathered round her lowly bed,
 The ghastly witnesses of sin,
 A silent, freezing sight of dread.

All night they stayed, those phantoms pale,
 Those formless phantoms dim and drear,
 And looked at her with fixed cold eyes,
 That chilled her very blood with fear.
 In vain she tried to hide her face ;
 She felt their presence still around,
 And well she knew no pitying grace
 From these dread beings could be found.

She could not weep, she dare not pray,
 But lay like one in coffined clay,
 Till those weir'd phantoms, one by one,
 Melted away in the morning sun,
 Which fell like the light of the judgment day,
 When the doom of the Lord is done.

She wandered round the ancient church,
 The ruined church where they were wed,
 And vainly tried to cross the porch
 And lay therein her weary head,
 And her weary load of shame and sin
 Upon the altar steps within.

But never since the fatal night
 She fled away from Erick's sight,
 Curs'd with his ban of deepest hate,
 Had human hand unbarred the gate,
 Nor priest nor chorister was there,
 Nor sacred rite nor holy prayer:
 Accurs'd and desolate it stood
 All in the lonely beechen wood.

God's curse it is a bitter thing
 To fall on a human soul,
 Alone with its awful suffering,
 With its deadly sin and dole.
 'Mid the ghastly wrecks of a human life,
 And memories of shame,
 When thoughts of a past that would not sleep
 Like barbèd arrows came.

SIXTH PART.

Conclusion.

And Erick roamed in distant lands,
 But cannot fly his weary fate,
 Before him in the lonely night—
 Before him in the noonday bright,
 His guilty wife for ever stands
 A thing of loathing and of hate,
 Alone, as under blight and ban,
 He roams, a saddened, weary man.

Yet, yearnings came to him at last,
 And, drawn as by a spirit hand,
 He homeward turned, his wanderings passed,
 To his own distant Swedish land.
 And rose up with a spirit grace,
 As pleading to him for her life,
 Before him with her angel face,
 His beautiful, his sinning wife.

The ship sailed fast through storm and wrack,
 The ship sailed slow the isles between,
 And Erick watching on the deck,
 Saw rise before him low and green
 The Swedish shores in level lines,
 The fringed shores of lordly pines :
 A spirit's touch, a spirit's power,
 Seemed on him at that magic hour.

* * * * *

He stood within his castle halls,
 The grass grew rank around the gate,
 The weeds hung from the mouldering walls,
 And all around was desolate.
 The bridal room was closed from sight,
 For none had dared to enter in,
 Since by God's awful, searching light
 The sinner had confessed her sin.

Her golden ring of Hellish ban
 Still lay upon the marble floor,
 Her broken ring—the fatal sign
 Of love that could return no more.
 And nought the purple curtains stirred
 Save the drear night wind's mournful gust,
 And golden crown and silken veil
 Lay mouldering in the silent dust.

A bitter cry, a mournful cry
 Was wrung by grief from Erick's breast.
 She sinned, he said, but suffered too,
 Could penitence the sin undo,
 Her sinning soul had rest.
 If God can pity, why should I
 Relentless doom a soul to die
 Unpardoned and unblest?

Christ did not scorn the sinner's touch :
 Shall man avenge sin overmuch,
 And crush the heart woe-riven ?
 Fain would I say one word of grace
 Ere yet I meet her face to face
 Before the throne in Heaven.

Then led as by a spirit's might,
 He wandered forth into the night,
 And rested not until he stood
 By the lone chapel in the wood.

And she that night in bitter woe,
 Low kneeling by the closed gate,
 Poured out the grief those only know
 By God and man left desolate.
 Nought but the scared owl heard her moan
 Of inarticulate agony,
 As down upon the threshold stone
 She sank, and prayed that she might die.

O piteous sound of vain despair,
 That mournful wailing by the gate,
 That wailing of a ruined soul,
 Down-fallen from its high estate !
 She wrung her wasted hands the while,
 And pressed her forehead to the bar,
 As if within that holy aisle
 God's pardon yet might come to her.

The cruel moon lit up the sward,
 And pierced the guilty soul within
 That blighted form all seared and marred
 With deadly consciousness of sin ;
 The form that threw no shadow more
 Beside God's holy temple door ;
 And the awful moon, sharp, cold, and clear,
 Struck through her like the Avenger's spear.

O saddest sight beneath its light,
 That humbled, suffering creature !
 For all too heavy lay the doom
 Upon her human nature.
 The curse of sin that none forego
 The agony, the pain, the strife,
 The sullied soul, the wasted life,
 Sin's endless heritage of woe.

She prayed as only those can pray
 Who pray to be forgiven ;
 She wept as only those can weep
 Who fear to forfeit Heaven.
 With outstretched hands and streaming eyes
 She pleads to Heaven, imploring
 As if her cries could pierce the skies,
 Where angels stand adoring.

O writhing hands ! O wasted hands !
 Flung out with frenzied gesture,
 As if they fain would touch the hem
 Of Christ's fair flowing vesture.

Bitter the dole of that sinning soul
 Outcast of Earth and Heaven,
 And her cry went up like a wail from Hell,
 Across the night wind driven.

* * * * *

A form stood by her in the night,
 A human presence near her
 Spoke one low word of pitying grace—
 A name once uttered face to face
 When none was ever dearer.
 Like oil upon the raging flame
 That burned within her heart, it came
 That word of soft approving ;
 The first soft word that struck her ears
 Through all the long and dreary years
 Of human or of loving.

At once the barred gate opens wide,
 They pass within it, side by side,
 The human hand still leading—
 Up through the ruined aisle they go,
 When from the altar still and slow,
 Like angels onward treading,
 Came seven fair spirits robed in white,
 Each holding high a torch, whose light
 Lit all the dark with splendour ;
 And the heavy air around was stirred,
 As if from an *Æolian* chord,
 With music low and tender.

“ We come from God”, they murmured low,
 “ Thy unborn children, seven,
 To break the bonds of thy bitter woe
 And lead thee back to Heaven.
 Thy tears have washed away thy crime,
 Thou hast repented while ‘t is time,
 The sinner is forgiven.

“ The bond is loosed, the doom is done,
 We come to thee, thou sinning one,
 With words of peace and pardon,
 And as a sign of mercy lay
 Upon thee on thy dying day
 A lily as God’s guerdon”.

She sank before them on the ground,
 With folded palms and hair unbound,
 And eyes upraised to Heaven.
 Her pale lips moved as if to pray,
 But one low murmured word they say—
 “Forgiven ! oh, forgiven !”

And lo ! while yet the shadows speak,
 A dove with lily in its beak,
 A snow white dove, came floating in
 Along the silver line of light,
 And laid upon that breast of sin
 A spotless lily pure and white.

Then bending low at Erick's feet,
 As if before the mercy seat,
 “Pardon !” she said, “ by God's own sign,
 I claim from thee that word divine
 Before the judgment day ;
 Bend lower down, and yet more low,
 That I may feel thy soft tears flow
 To wash my sin away”.

He took her hand as an angel might,
 A dying soul to save,
 And his tears fell fast as a holy chrism,
 Anointing her for the grave—
 He kissed her brow to still her fears
 Ere yet her eyes grew dim :
 The curse is broken, she but hears
 His pardon—sees but him.

The damp of death is on her brow,
 The last death-strain is over now,
 The suffering soul hath fled.
 The solemn shadows slowly wane,
 And nought within the church remain
 Save Erick and the dead.

* * * * *

They laid her 'neath the altar stair,
 Thus Erick gave command,
 Wrapped in her shroud of golden hair,
 The lily in her hand.
 And standing in the holy place,
 With solemn voice he said :
 “ I do recall the bitter curse
 I poured upon her head”.

Let dead bells toll for the sinning soul,
 Repentant, saved, forgiven,
 By the dread remorse of that pallid corpse,
 We feel that her sin is shiven.
 She stands before the Mercy seat,
 If human prayers can waft her,
 And by that angel sign 't is meet
 We trust in God hereafter.

Moral.

God give us grace, each in his place,
 To keep from sin and sinning :
 Our souls we sell for gifts from Hell,
 That are not worth the winning.
 False smiles that lure but to betray,
 False gold some demon flashes,
 False hopes that lead from Heaven astray,
 False fruit that turns to ashes.

OSSIANIC LEGENDS.

By the Author of "Legends of Mount Leinster".

No. II.

THE EXPLOITS OF DIARMUIDH O'DEWINNE.

In these matter-of-fact days the exploits of Fion MacCuil will, we fear, be a little too much for the credulity of most readers. Like the early history of all countries, that of Ireland can only be extracted from a mass of old legends, where the respective faculties of poet and chronicler seem to blend. Yet those old legends, notwithstanding their exaggerated colouring, are valuable historical records, and afford a highly graphic portraiture of the manners and habits, the social and political life, of the remote period to which they point.

Fion MacCuil was the Achilles of Ireland; he bore the brunt of every conflict, and went on his eventful way winning from every quarter the homage of man and woman. To endeavour to separate the authentic from the purely mythical in his history would be rudely to invade an old sanctuary of romance.

The heroes of Homer would sink into insignificance if we were to subject their achievements to a test of this kind; and what would become of those warriors of the Rhine, whose exploits form the theme of many a weird legend, if we were to break inside the magic circle and

despoil them of their spectral honours? In the same way, the legends of this country will not bear to be put under the knife; and without entering into anything like a critical analysis of how far they may or may not be true, we shall content ourselves with passing them in review, adopting in a great measure the simple manner of narrative, which is so characteristic of the old records. And now we shall come to tell the story of that renowned hero Diarmuidh O'Dhuinné.

Maghneis, the fair and stately wife of Fion, having been taken from him by death, and the sorrow of loneliness pressing on him, he was advised by his chiefs, viz., Oisin and Caeilthe MacRonan, to ask in marriage Grainne, the beauteous and proud daughter of Cormac, son of Art, son of Con, king of Erinn. Consent was given by the father, and not refused by the daughter, but she had long loved Diarmuidh, from the day on which she had seen him defeat at hurling the most active men of the Fianna. So, while they kept high state and feasting at Tara, she gave to all that sat at table drink from an enchanted cup, which had the effect of inducing a deep slumber, but to Diarmuidh she did not offer it; and now she laid *Geasa* on him that he should depart from the palace with her and make her his wife. This brought grief and woe into the heart of the faithful partizan, but to refuse the demand of the princess would deprive him of the name of hero. The gates were guarded, and he would not leave the fortress through the wicket of the ladies; so with his two tall, strong spears to aid, he bounded over the ramparts, and met the princess on the plain.

Fion, when he awoke and heard of what had occurred, was filled with grief and rage, and pursued the fugitives, but he could not get sympathy from Oisin, from Osgur, from Diorrhing, from MacLuchæ, or Caeilthe. They knew the reluctance of Diarmuidh to what he was obliged by the *Geasa* of Granné, and that he did not make the princess his wife till stung to deep resentment by the vengeful pursuit of his chief.

After many combats and escapes, they approached the coast of Kerry, and there Diarmuidh beheld a fleet approaching the shore. This fleet, as the legend has it, was commanded by three chiefs called respectively *Black Foot*, *White Foot*, and *Strong Foot*, and their object was to take himself living or dead. They asked him had he seen the outlaw, and he answered that he had seen him yesterday, and proposed that they should bring out a hogshead of wine till he would show them a trick. He stood on the hogshead, and drove it to the top of a hill, and then rolled it back to the shore, himself still standing as at first, straight on it as it rolled. "Bah!" said one of the captains, "that trick is not worth showing; I'll do the same". He got the cask to the top of the hill, mounted on it, and with the first motion of the vessel he fell forward, and was killed by the cask plunging over him. Fifty captains tried the exploit that day, and in the evening, they were numbered among the dead.

Next day he came to the shore again; and on being asked his news,

he said, he had seen a man who had seen Diarmuidh that morning, and proposed another game to pass the day. He set the yellow spear of *Lir* upright in the ground, point upwards, and springing aloft, he came down straight on the point with the sole of his right foot, and bounded lightly to the earth.

"That trick is only fit to be shown to children", said a young warrior; "behold how easily it is done!" and springing up, he came down heavily on the enchanted spear-point. Fifty stout men were lost on that day to Fion, because they would contend in the dangerous game of the yellow spear.

Next day, he presented himself with two long forked poles, which he set upright; and between the forks, with its edge upwards, he placed the great and fierce Sword of Angus of the Brugh, the *Moraltha*.* Springing from the turf, he lighted on it, walked from hilt to point along its edge, and then leaping to the ground, he asked whether it was a feat worth imitation. It was disparaged as before, and fifty lives were lost showing how easy it was in the doing. This day he promised to show them Diarmuidh on the morrow.

The following account of what occurred is taken from Transactions of the Ossianic Society, vol. iii.: "Diarmuidh rose at early dawn, and girt about him his suit of battle and conflict, under which, through which, or over which, it was not possible to wound him. And he took the *Moraltha*, which left no stroke nor blow unfinished. He took likewise his two thick shafted javelins of battle, the *Ga-buie* (yellow dart) and the *Ga-dherg* (red dart), from which no man or woman that had been wounded by them, recovered. . . . When *Grainné* beheld Diarmuidh with bravery and daring (clothed) in his suit of anger and of battle, fear and great dread seized her. . . . Then he drew near to the host of the green Fenians, and began to slaughter and discomfit them heroically and with swift valour, so that he rushed under them, and through them, and over them, as a hawk would go through small birds, or a wolf through a large flock of small sheep. Even thus it was that Diarmuidh hewed crossways, the glittering, very beautiful mail of the men of *Lochlann*.† So that there went not a man from that spot without having the grievousness of death and the final end of life executed upon him, but the three green chiefs and a small number of their people.

"And the three green chiefs, and their three enchanted hounds, and all that could be sent against Diarmuidh, perished either by a squeeze of his strong arms, or the edge of the *Moraltha*, or the points of the yellow javelin or the red javelin; and at last Fion was obliged to apply to the great witch his nurse. She came above Diarmuidh when he was hunting, and seated on a huge water lily, she poured through a gap in its middle, resembling the hole in a quern stone, darts and rocks, till he was deeply exasperated, so much so indeed that he was forced to the extreme measure of lying on his back, and making a

* Great Bitter one.

† Scandinavians.

powerful cast of the Ga-dherg at his tormentor. She fell headlong through the hole, and no more is told of her.

"The father of Diarmuidh was Donn, son of Donagh, by whom, when young, he was committed to the care of the great enchanter of the Danaan race, Angus of the Brugheen (New Grange). A son of a vassal or farmer of Donn's was also committed to the care of the good and sage Angus's people, and this circumstance gave some annoyance to the father of Diarmuidh.

"Anciently in Ireland kings and chiefs were endowed with singular privileges, and placed under very singular restraints or geasachs, such as eating or not eating of fish caught in such and such lakes or streams, or walking or not walking in certain meadows.* One restriction laid on the Chief of the Fenians was, that he should never sleep ten nights in succession in his palace of Almhuin; and one day he was reminded of the unpleasant predicament of being obliged to go look for lodgings that very evening. While he was debating where he should take his rest, Donn invited him to the Brugh on the Boyne, to visit Angus, and thither they went. They were welcomed and entertained, and the son of Donn and the son of the farmer played together; and as fond as Angus seemed of Diarmuidh, the servants were already so of the farmer's child. Two of the stag hounds quarrelled about the bones, and some of those at the feast went to part them, and the women and domestics were frightened, and there was great disturbance, and the child of the farmer was between Donn's knees, and either through inadvertence or design he was squeezed to death.

"When the father found his child no more, he uttered cries of sorrow, and demanded of Fion eric† for his loss, which he agreed to give, provided the mark of a hound's tooth or paw was found on him. There was none, and then he laid the dire injunction of the Druid's Cave of Cruachan on him (Fion) that he should reveal the slayer. Fion called for a chess-board and water, and put his thumb between his teeth, and distinctly saw the circumstances of the child's death. Then, without revealing the slayer, he offered to pay the eric himself, but the father refused, and obliged him to name the perpetrator. When he heard the name, he said it was easy for Donn to pay him by giving up his son Diarmuidh to himself to be served in the same way. This request annoyed Angus and enraged Donn, but the bereaved father would not be otherwise appeased. He drew forth a wand of sorcery, and striking the lifeless body of his son, it became a living green pig, without ears or tail, and rushed forth through the open door. 'I lay the spell of power on thee', said the enchanter, 'that thou live as long as the son of Donn, and that thou destroy him at last'. He departed; discomfort

* See the "Book of Rights" (Celtic Society).

† Compensation. Nearly all offences (including manslaughter) were condoned by erics paid in cows, mantles, swords, shields, slaves, etc.

and sorrow staid behind, and Angus laid *geasa* on Diarmuidh that he should never hunt a boar by day or night".

During the pursuit of himself and Gráinne by Fion, Angus had never deserted them for a day. When besieged in a thicket, or beset in the branches of the tree of magic berries, he always conveyed Gráinne away in his cloak, leaving the knight to free himself by lance and sword. Fion at last, dismayed by the havoc made among his allies by the weapons of Diarmuidh and the estrangement of Osgur and the other well-wishers of the hero, proposed peace. It was accepted, and the barony in which the Dowse mountain of Wicklow stands, and the barony of Corca-Dhuinné, in Kerry, and the barony of Kish-Coran, in Sligo, were granted to the hard-hunted pair, and in the last locality they settled to repose from their fears and fatigues; and their resting-places* during their wanderings are still pointed out by our peasantry.

But even in this Elysian epoch of glory, human happiness was not without its alloy in Erinn. Gráinne, at the head of a princely table, with the second best champion in the world for her loving husband (Osgur being the first), with brave sons and fair daughters, should in an evil hour invite Cormac, her father, and Fion, the rejected of her youth, to witness her happiness and her triumph. Diarmudh gave an unwilling consent, though he yearned for the society of his tried brothers in arms, Oisin, Osgur, Caeilthe, Dhiorrинг, MacLuchæ, and Fœlan. The festival was a year in preparation, and they spent a year in enjoying it.

On the last night of that year Diarmuidh was awaked three times by the yelling of a hound, heard only by him, and at dawn he quitted the rath against Gráinne's wish. She requested that he would at least take with him the Moraltha and the Ga-dherg, but he would only take the Begalthat† and the Ga-buie, and the "Son of the Hazel", his favourite hound. Nothing is said of his journey till he came to the Hill of Ben-Gulban, and there he met Fion alone. Fion informed him that his people were chasing the green cropped boar of Ben-Gulban, and that he had already slain thirty of them since the chase had begun. He then gave an account of the entertainment at the Brugh of the Boyne when Diarmuidh was a boy, of the transformation of the dead child to a boar, and of the prohibition laid on him (Diarmuidh) never to follow swine in any shape in the chase. Oddly enough, Diarmuidh knew nothing of the *geasa* under which he lay, and though unfurnished with the sword or spear of power, he was firmly resolved to give battle to the enchanted enemy of his house.

Just then the shouts of the hunters, the baying of the hounds, and the rushing of the furious beast up the *tulach* (mound), were plainly heard; and as the furious and fell savage was rushing on the doomed hero, he put his finger in the silken loop of the yellow-hasted javelin,

* These are the *Leaba Caillches* (Beds of the Hag) or *Leaba Dhíarmuda agus Ghrainne* (Diarmudh and Gráinne's beds).

† Little Bitter One, a less effective one than the Moraltha.

and smote him unerringly in the mid forehead. It glanced off as from a hard stone wall, and when he struck the boar a furious blow with the Begaltha, the blade of inferior power flew in two pieces.

The enchanted boar rushed wildly in on him, and seizing him with his savage tusks, tore his flesh and inflicted wounds on his body; but with strength more than human, he flung the hilt of his faithless blade against its forehead, and sent it rolling lifeless down the *tulach*. And from that day the spot is called the "Mound of the Sword-hilt".

Then Diarmuidh, feeling the signs of dissolution coming on him, besought Fion to give him a drink from the palms of his hands, and restore him to strength and vigorous life; for Fion had received that power along with the gift of clear knowledge. Fion, in reply, reproached him for the wrong he had wrought him; but Diarmuidh defended his conduct by the impossibility of denying the princess's request, and reminded him of several occasions on which he had saved the lives of himself and the Fenians. Oisin, Osgur, and the others having arrived, earnestly pressed their chief to save the life of Diarmuidh, their dear brother in arms and love. He said no water was nigh; but a well was shown him nine ridges off. He went slowly, he returned more slowly, and the water was out of his fingers into the grass before he had retraced four steps. Then did the mournful shouts of the Fenians fill his heart with fear and anger, and he returned to the spring. Hundreds of eyes were darting rays of eagerness and intense fear on his hands, as he returned the second time to the expiring hero; but when he stood by his side, his palms were dry as the brown leaves at Samaan. Then cried Osgur, and his voice shook the rocks on the opposite hill: "O Fion, if you bring not the life-giving draught, one or both of us will never see the bottom of this *tulach* in life". Diarmuidh turned his dying looks in love on the noble-hearted Osgur; but when the hard-hearted chief was holding the draught of life in mockery to his lips, they were closed in cold and rigid death.

The faithful Fians raised three shouts of heavy sorrow over the body of their lost brother, and then covered it decently with their mantles. The woe and resentment of Gráinne cannot be told. She uttered a heart-rending caoine over her brave and faithful lord; and in time, her sons brought forces countless as the sands against the ungenerous chief who had suffered him to perish.

And Fion and his forces would have fallen before the sons of Diarmuidh, Donoch, Achy, Connda, Silshara, and Iollan, but for the sagacity of the clear minded chief. Unbidden and unexpected, he presented himself to the sight of Gráinne in one of her lonely walks of sadness. She bitterly reproached him, but he answered not in justification. Twice seven times did he endure her wrath; but she tired of resentment before he tired of abiding it. With wise words he justified himself against some charges, and on love for herself he laid the blame of the rest.

* * * * * * *

The gallant sons of Diarmuidh returned from collecting and mustering their forces and their allies; and on the plain before the dun they were received by the right hand of Grainné, while her left grasped that of the chief of the Fenians. They burned to revenge the death of their father; but how could they seek the life of their mother's husband?

The remains of the gallant Diarmuidh were not left to the care of wife nor children. The sage Angus had them conveyed to the Brugheen over the Boyne, and there they were preserved for long centuries.*

OSSIAN IN TIR NA-N-OGE.

Most of the great Fenians were dead and gone—Fion slain by treachery at the Boyne, Diarmuidh slain by the green boar of Ben Gulban, and Mac Luchæ and the peerless Osgur slain in the fatal fight of Gaura.† While Oisin, with a remnant of his tribe, was enjoying the excitement of the chase among the mist-covered hills that surround Loch Lene, a beauteous fawn started before the hounds, and led them westwards, through deep defiles, over mountains, and through woods, till all the hunters were left far behind Oisin and the faithful and fleet hounds, Brann and Sceolling. They were drawn on, not by desire of the death of the beautiful fawn, but a wish to secure her to come and play with them round the dun. They were near her traces as they pushed on through a thick forest, but when they emerged on a plain which bordered a sheltered bay, no trace of their deer was to be descried. A maiden of the most rare beauty, mounted on a white steed, was seen advancing towards them. Her hair was the colour of red gold, her robes of green and azure silk, and wreaths of diamonds and pearls decked her head, and encircled her neck and shoulders.

Oisin stood wrapped in an ecstasy of love and wonder, while, in words of enchanting power and sweetness, she told him that she was the daughter of the king of the "Land of Youth", that lay under the great western sea, where Diarmuidh, Osgur, Mac Luchæ, and the six brave sons of Cæilthe Mac Ronan, were now resting from their fatigues. She then acknowledged that she had heard so much of his valour, his poetic powers, and his present loneliness, that she had come up to

* The princely house of Argyle boast Brown Diarmaid as their ancestor. Scenes of the incidents of his life are pointed out in the west of Scotland, as well as in Ireland. A hill in the county Wexford bears the name *Cullachdiarmid* (Diarmuidh's Boar).

† It is a matter of history that Fion was treacherously slain by Aileach and the two sons of Uirgreen at Ath Bres, on the Boyne, in the reign of Cairbre Liffeschair, a short time previous to the great battle of Garristown, in A.D. 288. The Fians of Leinster and Munster assailed King Cairbre on that memorable field. He was aided by the Conacht and Ulster Fenians; and himself and Osgur of the Clan Morna, and the brave son of Oisin of the same name, and the flower of both armies perished, and the glory of the Fians was at an end.

Earth to see him with her own eyes, and to convey him with her to Tir na-n-Oge, if he thought her worthy to be his wife. She had scarcely done speaking when Oisin was standing by the side of the white steed, and kissing the rosy-tipped fingers of the sea-maid.

Little persuasion was needed for the gallant and bereaved hero. He was soon seated before her on the docile steed, and its head was turned to the setting sun, when the cries of the poor dogs sent a sharp pang through his heart. He turned his head in misery, and stretched out his hand to caress their heads ; but the fair and considerate princess had no wish that their happy journey should begin in sorrow. She lightly struck their heads with a wand of witch hazel, and with joyful cries they bounded along their path, and chased each other in joyful springs around the graceful horse. When the hunters arrived at the edge of the wood, the waves were just touching the silver shoes of the steed, and when they reached the strand the hounds and horse were on the open ocean, pacing as over a firm grassy plain ; and their lost brother chief, and the fair princess seated behind him, were waving adieux of affection and regret.

They rode a hundred miles along the dancing waves, and the distance seemed not a field's length, nor the time the counting of half a hundred ; and then the waves rose round them in green transparent walls, and formed a sparkling roof of emerald and amethyst above their heads, and they were in the palace of the king of the " Land of Youth". They were encircled by youths and maidens with joy on their tongues, smiles on their faces, and youth and beauty in their graceful forms ; and Oisin became the husband of the princess, and the loved and esteemed chief of the happy dwellers of the paradise under the sea. Great was the enjoyment of the son of Fion, but in one respect he had been deceived. He hoped to find the loved companions of his earthly pleasures, chases, and battles before him, and when he spoke to his devoted princess about them he got but confused and evasive replies. After some efforts he ceased to make enquiry, as he saw that he only gave pain, and obtained no intelligence.

And now for a space the happiness of Oisin was perfect. His wife was all that an amiable wife should be, watching his every wish, allowing him freely to ramble through the land even without her society, but ever marking his return with the smile and embrace of a heart-welcome. After a lapse of what seemed a quarter of the ever-varying year, he found himself growing insensible to the happiness he knew he possessed, even as delight in the bright sunshine on earth would be unfelt if the dark intervals of night did not interfere. He longed for the fatigues of the chase, that he might enjoy the hours of rest. He felt no hunger, therefore the sight of the splendid feast gave him no pleasure. He feared not an invasion to wrest away his land, nor an ambitious or successful rival in the affections of his wife. If he were obliged to put on armour, and wield sword or spear, to guard for himself his beauteous and affectionate princess or his delightful

land, then he would value them as they deserved. Even Brann and Sceolling gave him no comfort. If not leisurely taking their ever-ready food, they slumbered lazily on their soft beds; and when their master gathered resolution to walk to their huts, and caress their silky heads or backs, they moved their tails and ears with trouble, and just opening their eyes to recognize their lord, they closed them again in weak and unrefreshing sleep. He grew so disheartened at last that he inquired no more for the Fenian heroes; but he vaguely cherished a hope that they might have returned to Erinn, and be now engaged as of old, in chase, in fight, at the feast, or listening to the bards. No chagrin or pœvishness of his ever drew complaint or reproach from the princess; and at times he endeavoured to repay her unvarying sweeteness and cordiality by an outward show of strong affection.

At last his desire of a change and of hearing of his former comrades grew so strong, that he requested his princess to allow him to revisit his former haunts in Erinn, promising to return with speed, and repay her compliance with tenfold love and tenderness. Tears fell from the eyes of the loving woman. She said that her soul was chilled with fear that if he once quitted her she would never see him again, that obstacles which he could not surmount would prevent his return to Tir-na-n-oge. His love for his wife and his eagerness to depart strengthened with every word, and at last she thought better to let him depart, in hope of rekindling their once enjoyed felicity, than to render his existence pleasureless by retaining him against his will.

So she commanded the white steed which had borne them across the sea to be brought forth; and while her eyes overflowed with tears, she addressed her lord: "My only happiness, you are leaving me in misery, and my heart tells me that we shall never meet again. Love is only asleep in your heart, not dead, and the memory of the days we have passed together will torture you while you are allowed to feel. Mount our trusty, charmed steed, and dismount not till your return for any cause or motive; for if your foot, or hand, or body, touch the soil of Erinn, there you will remain with a burthen of years and weakness on your frame till relieved by a lingering death. Oh! my sorrow! mo chuma! Oh! my heart's pulse! how shall I endure existence without you!" The affection which was only slumbering in the heart of the hero now flowed forth on the devoted woman, and he half resolved to give up his journey; but old memories, love of change, and desire to break up the uniformity of his quiet unruffled felicity prevailed. He mounted the white charger, folded his wife in one parting embrace, shot upwards, and was presently moving in the free upper air, along the sparkling surface of ocean.

Oh! how enchanting was the view of the old island of his youth! How delightful the varied surface of forest, meadow, rock, mountain, and lake, as they once more blessed his eyes! Not only was his sight, but his hearing, and even his smell entranced by the recovered sounds and scents of former days. He would have sprung to the turf and

kissed it, only for the charge now faintly remembered. But he became soon aware of many changes. He repaired to a near fort of the Fenians, and found nothing but a grassy hillock, except where a building of rough stone, with a pinnacle surmounted by a cross, stood on the once site of the great hall. He saw men and women kneeling before the door; he heard the tinkle of bells, and soon beheld a procession with silk canopy, cross, pastoral staff, and richly-wrought banners, and a man clothed in gorgeous vestments holding an object of adoration in a golden shrine. He heard the music of sweet hymns as they slowly moved round an enclosure, and saw all the assisting crowd bend their heads in adoration to the earth. He involuntarily stooped his head to the horse's mane, and moved not till the procession had reentered the building, till the bells had ceased to sound, and the crowds had begun to disperse. He then accosted one who passed close by where he stood, and who, with all in the assembly, was now admiringly scanning the mighty form, the quaint equipments, and the charmed steed of the warrior: "I pray, to which of the divinities have you been paying your devotional duties—to Baal, to Samuin," to Lir, or to the spirits of the hills, the lakes, or the woods?" "We adore not these creatures or spirits, noble stranger. We adore the Creator of Earth and men, of Baal and of Samuin, and of those spirits, if such there be, who watch over the surface or the depths of earth and ocean!" "But how long has this new worship prevailed, O courteous informant?" "In the manhood of Patrick the Cleric it commenced, and now the holy man's steps are feeble with age, and his hair is white. The world's Lord sent him to us from the land of the Gaul". "And why did not the Fenians of Erinn prevent the approach of himself and his troops with spear and buckler?" "Ah! he came unattended with spearman or shield-bearer. His only arms were a charmed book, and a cross, a shamrock, and what I may not name to pagan ears; and against these, shield and helm were as the leaves of the dock-weed, and spear and sword as the pointed rush of the marsh". "Oh! mo chuma! but where dwell the Fenians of Faðl, who held watch within this fort when the sacred fires were lighted on the last feast of Samuin?" "Fenians! No Fenian heroes have trod this ground for three times fifty years. Fion was slain, so was the noble Osgur, so was the son of Luchæ, and since the bloody field of Guara, no chief of the tribes of Boisné or Mac Morna has made himself spoken of. The last known of Oisín, the noble, the poetic, is that he was seen on a white steed, which also bore a lady brighter than Baal in beauty, and that their course, together with the trusty hounds of Fion, was towards the happy island of 'Hy Breasil'".

It was the eve of May,[†] and as he approached a lofty pillar tower, the work of the Fomorians of old days, he beheld a crowd advancing with garlands of flowers and green boughs, to a building which had

* The Sun, Heaven.

† The chief pagan festivals were held on May eve, at Midsummer, on 1st of November, and in Midwinter.

not been there when he last went by in pursuit of the wild deer. "I am not a thorough stranger", said he; "the old worship is here; they are going to light the Baal fire". Just then a venerable looking man with long coarse gown girt round him by a cord, approached, and to Oisin's question he answered that the people were not about to worship the sun, nor light fires in his honour. "They are entering the church to sing the praises of the Lord, the Creator of sun and moon". "And what of the mid-season of light and heat, and of the time of Samuin, when the fruits are gathered?" "These are changed to Christian festivals, O knight; but, to our sorrow, the people still jump through fires, and consult evil spirits for their future fortunes". "And this building with the cross crowning its sloping tower?" "The church in which we offer prayer and praise to the Creator". "And why place it so near the relic of the old worship?" "We come to change no custom, nor destroy any long-cherished memory, harmless in its nature".

So the son of Fion traversed the island, and found fewer swords and spears than in the days of his youth, but sickles, ploughshares, and scythes had much increased. He stood on the fatal field of Gaura, and his heart was covered with desolation as he called on the spirits of the heroes that slept beneath to reveal their abiding place, and comfort his saddened spirit.

In the Bay of Ben Hedit he found barks entering and passing out, laden with the peaceful products of the soil, or of the fashioning of man's hands, for the purposes of traffic, and he felt that further research would but deepen the gloom of his spirit. A desire to return to his princess and her happy realm seized on his soul, and he said: "I will forget my former existence; I will return my wife's true affection, and I will be happy. When her loving eyes are bent on me, when I look on the smiling and happy faces of her people, who love me for her sake, I will recall my present desolation and say to my heart, 'Take thy fill of comfort'".

He passed the Liffey at the "Bridge of Wattles",* and heard the clang of trowel and hammer in the centre of the swampy village on its banks, where a building was rising for the purpose of divine worship; and as he passed up the "Glen of Thrushes",† he beheld a crowd endeavouring to remove a mighty stone from the quarry, to the rough vehicle on which it was to be conveyed to the building near the river. The unwieldy mass was too much for the unskilful men to get it raised on the low machine, and they painfully heaved and tugged as Oisin looked on for the result. At last the unsuitable tackle gave way, and the mighty stone, fast slipping, would have crushed five of the artizans, when the knight, stooping, seized the mass, and flung it heavily on the wheeled platform. Alas! as he did so, the girths of the saddle snapped with the violent strain of his body, down came the rider,

* *Baile atha chath*, Dublin.

† *Gleann a Smol*.

away flew the white steed, and a withered, blind, and feeble old man, lay helpless on the side of Glan-a-Smol.

The cart with its heavy load was painfully conveyed to Bal' a Clia', where the stone was to form part of the rising temple ; and the apostle, hearing of the strange event, got the weakly old hero conveyed to an adjoining house of religious men, and looked to his every comfort. He explained to him the principles of Christianity, and urgently besought him to embrace them ; but his memory was filled with the exploits and the fame of the passed-away race of heroes, and pride held the approaches of his heart so well, that Christian humility could get no entrance. The saint turned the conversation at times to the subject of his early life, and then he related the stories of the chase of Slieve Guillin, the flight of Diarmuidh and Gráinne, or the slaughter of Knockan-air, or Gaura ; and these recitals were thenceforth preserved in the memory of the bards and storytellers, and afterwards carefully written in the famous old books of the scribes.

It grieved the noble old warrior when his hearers seemed to distrust his veracity on the subject of the superiority of things in his younger days, such as the great size of the fruits, the leaves, and the animals. The head cook of the religious house, not calculating on the appetite of the great militia men of the days of Cormac, sometimes stinted the surviving member of that superhuman body, and the only revenge he would condescend to take was, to declare that in the days of the Fianna the ivy leaves were the size of a warrior's shield, the rowan-tree berries as large as a sheep, and a lark's leg as bulky as the hind quarter of an ox. The cook uttered an irreverent laugh, and the old knight did not condescend to repeat his assertion.

Next day, however, he took a trusty guide, and they set out on their travels with a wolf hound, and nothing is told of their adventures till they came to the great plain of Allen, in Kildare. They stopped by an upright Dallan stone,* and the guide, digging by its side, soon discovered a rusted spear, a bit of bog-butter, and the great war-bugle of Oisin's father, the Dord Fion. By the directions of the old champion he blew a blast on the instrument, but had scarcely done so when he dropped it in fright, so unearthly and terrible was the sound. Then said Oisin, "What do you see towards the north?" "Oh! I see a troop of huge birds as black as night ; they are hastening towards us ; the dog is tugging at the leash ; I am unable to hold him". "Then give him liberty". Off bounded the noble hound, and after a few moments, during which the fleet heavy tramp of the birds was heard shaking the earth, the giolla shouted, "Oh! the brave dog has the largest of the fierce fowl on the ground, and is throttling it". "Noble hound!" cried the blind warrior, "worthy to be the son of Bránn or Sceolling ! What now?" A wild unearthly roar was heard, and the attendant cried, "Oh, chief! the black fowl is quiet, his companions

* Some of these Dallans were objects of worship, others memorials of old exploits, and others boundary stones.

have fled to the three winds, and the hound is rushing towards us with eyes on flame, and bloody jaws wide open. We shall be destroyed". "Kneel on one knee; plant the spear firm, and receive the furious beast on its point". It was done, and the career of the dog was soon at an end: the fated weapon entering his breast, transfixed him, and with a wild unearthly howl he fell forward on the earth, forcing the spear out of the grasp of the terrified giolla.

Agreeable to his master's directions the attendant hewed off the thigh of the slain bird, and then restored the spear and the war horn to their resting place. On their return they fetched with them a rowan-tree berry from Glan-a-Smol, and an ivy leaf from Chapel Izod, and the three spoils exceeded in size the boast of Oisin to the thrifty housekeeper.

Afterwards the noble old warrior was treated with more deference by the household, and a more liberal allowance of provisions was accorded. His long and unprofitable discussions with the saint—are they not to be read at full length in the *Transactions of the Ossianic Society*? Let us hope that his conversion, though not recorded in these faithful annals, was effected, and the apostle thus recompensed for all the time devoted to that meritorious object.

THE LAUREATE'S LAST VOLUME.*

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

IN the September number of the HIBERNIAN we glanced at some of the salient points which distinguish the genius of Tennyson, and intimated our intention of briefly reviewing his latest volume, *Enoch Arden*, and other poems. Before so doing, however, it may be appropriate to say a few words respecting the cluster of cotemporary writers of poetry, whom, severally surpassing him in a few departments, though vastly inferior in most, posterity will recognize as the brightest stars in the poetic galaxy of the current age; and indicate the differences which exist between them and its highest illustrative type of poet, artist, and philosopher.

Browning excels Tennyson in spontaneity and variety of conception as a dramatic poet, and in several of his works, such as *Paracelsus*, *The Blot on the Scutcheon*, and *Luria*, has certainly displayed great imaginative power and originality in a variety of scenes of beauty, passion, and pathos. So generally involved, however, is his style—though intervalled with occasional passages which leave nothing to be desired—that his popularity seems destined to be restricted, now and always, to that narrow circle of readers who will not shrink from undergoing the frequently rather severe study of his pages, in order to

* *Enoch Arden, and other Poems.* Moxon, 1864.

elicit from the cloudy confusion of his diction a meaning often profound, and bring to the surface those pearls of ideal beauty which lie hidden beneath the turbid and chaotic medium in which they are enshrined. With an extensive range of thought and a mind richly stored with knowledge, whose resources he works up and utilizes in the tissue of his writing, and a creative power ready to grapple with any theme, we know no poems which realize so completely as those of Browning, an illustration of conceptional power in its primitive and rudest state. A subject once conceived appears with him to be worked out in its first heat, and never touched afterwards. The struggle for expression, manifested, unhappily, but too often, leaves the confused result referred to ; the firmament of ideas is shrouded in vapour, the rich ore of fancy shines confusedly mingled with baser elements, the sketch vigorously drawn and finely tinted in parts, with its occasional life-like lines, is inchoate and incomplete. While recognizing the strength of his imaginative faculty, we miss the artist ; and in reading his works, are inclined to compare them rather to the rude potential efforts of one of the aspiring gods of the old Titanic world, than to the supreme symmetrical perfections of their superior succedents, in whose labours a higher knowledge harmoniously disposed the elements, and in which, while the power exhibited is as great or greater, the appearance of effort is lost in the ease of all-comprehensive and cultivated art.

After Browning comes the author of *Festus*, a poem written on the old Faust legend, but rather original in treatment. As a poem it evinces a want of the dramatic faculty, and is essentially one of thought, image, and discursive fancy. Possessing some fine scenes, it abounds with many false views of conception, an incessant desire to utter fine ideas, or what the author—who seems to think that every idea which occurs in an imaginative mood is worthy of poetic print—considers as such. Equally fine and false in parts is Alexander Smith's *Life Drama*, and equally undramatic ; but it contains lines which for beauty have few rivals in current or any poetry, and passages evolved in a style of blank verse, which for spontaneity, beauty, energy, and flow, is more like that of Shakspeare than any succedent writer. The excess and love of imagery for its own sake, and the frequently tasteless and fantastic choice of diction which appeared in the *Life Drama*, to a certain extent disappeared in his *City Poems*, in which there are several descriptive and emotive passages of the highest order of poetry ; besides which, this more mature work in every way manifests a lyric talent, which seems much more than the dramatic to be the *specialité* of the most original English imitator of Tennyson.

Tennyson has two poetic styles ; the one richly and strikingly pictorial, the other plain and simple, but no less poetic. When he adopts the latter, it is in treating a subject where, as in the idyll, *Dora*, the interest lying in the situations, the feelings and passions of the characters are primary, and is best expressed in simple, straightforward language, without any or little introduction of objective painting, which under

such conditions, would but interfere with and so injure the effect sought to be produced. In adopting this principle, he displays an artistic knowledge of the requirements and treatment of narrative themes of the above class, as where in the poem referred to the scene is one of rural life and character, and the positions and passions created and evoked are pathetic and strong. In detailing a domestic drama, of which Farmer Adams, his son, and niece are *dramatis personæ*, it would have been as absurd to have painted a picturesque background on richly coloured scenery—a poetic aspect such as it could never have in their eyes—as to have made them speak the language of ideal creatures, or beings above their order. Plain matter should be plainly represented, and though the language of passion may abound with imagery, it is requisite that of feeling and pathos should be preëminently simple. Thus we find it in Shakspeare, the greatest artist of nature, who above all other writers possessed the taste and judgment in union with comprehensive creativeness which dictates the exact style suitable to each subject and character, and who in his most moving scenes well knew the effect of simplicity of detail and expression. Were Corneille, for example, working out a story such as that of *Lear*, he would have made the old king bending over the dead body of Cornelia, breathe forth his life in some set sentences consistent with the poetical ideal of such a character; as Racine, were he treating a theme like *Othello*, would have made Desdemona in the last talk with Emilia interchange sentiments artistically consistent with the scene, etc. The first would no more have bethought him of the natural request of the dying king—

“ Oh! thou wilt come no more!
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you undo the button! Thank you, sir”;

than the second, of the song and simple accessories of women's talk in the other scene mentioned. It is only the highest genius and nature, in short, which, recognizing the effect of simplicity and plainness, can render them poetic.

Throughout all his poems Tennyson manifests the finest taste in suiting style to subject. While in *Dora* it never soars above prose, and thus renders the natural effect the greater; in the *Gardener's Daughter*, the characters of which piece are artists and a beauty, and the theme of which is love, exquisite pictures of scenery are appropriately introduced, and the language, descriptive and emotional, full of picturesque grace and music, flows along like a sunny river through some rich May-domed champaign. As an English scenic glimpse take the following specimen of idyllic description:—

“ Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage-bells;
And sitting muffed in dark hours you hear
The windy clangling of the minster clock,

Although between it and the garden lies
 A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream,
 And stirred with languid pulses of the ear
 Waves all its leafy lilies, and creeps on
 Barge-laden to three arches of a bridge
 Crowned with the minster towers".

In imaginative realistic diction as few poets have equalled Tennyson as in the tone and atmosphere of his poetry. How finely the winter moonlight effect is sustained throughout the *Morte d' Arthur*. Thus, where Sir Belvidere is carrying the sword Excalibur, the moon "sparkles keen with frost upon the hilt", and when he is descending to the "shining levels of the lake", how visual is the appearance of the armed knight pacing the barren mountain in the frosty air:—

" But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking as he moved
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thoughts drove him like a goad.
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy eaves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare, black cliff clanged round him as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels".

In the *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* the style and poetry is ornate—rich—minute as a piece of arabesque sculpture or tracery. How rich also in its amorous beauty and glow is the imaginative address to Eleonore:—

" Who may minister to thee ?
 Summer herself should minister
 To thee with fruitsage golden-rinded,
 On golden salvers ; or it may be,
 Youngest Autumn, in a bower
 Grape-thickened from the light, and blinded
 With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
 Of fragrant trailers, where the air
 Sleepeth over all the heaven,
 And the crag that fronts the even
 All along the shadowy shore
 Crimsoned over an inland meer,
 Eleonore !"

The sensuousness, rich ideality, picturesqueness, and delight in realistic pictorial language which characterized the earlier essays of Tennyson's genius, climacterised in the *Princess*, a poem which, half playful, half serious, contains some of the finest descriptive passages, while throughout it is distinguished by a richness of colour, minuteness of finish, which renders its composition generally not unlike a series of paintings on ivory. The prelude with the figure of little Lilian is very graceful. The description of the ladies' college* is

* In the ladies' college in the *Princess* we have the highest poetical development of an experiment involving the equality of the sexes, as in Swift's famous paper in the *Tatler* on a similar theme, the satirical view of the subject.

elaborated with all the resources of elegant fancy. Pretty indeed is the picture in which the old halls of the realm are made to change their sex,

" —and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl graduates in their golden hair".

Among the most exquisite parts of this poem is the scene where Psyche regains her infant, and the concluding scene between the lovers, with its sweet idyll, and that speech eloquent in its estimate of the capacity for future equality of the female with the male sex. The battle picture, though very spirited and poetically painted, exhibits rather a strain after strength of description, and but for the power subsequently exhibited in similar scenes in the *Idylls of the King*, might have suggested the image of the Tennysonian genius, whose element was beauty, being likened to a bird of paradise assuming the air and thunder of the Jovian eagle. The lyrics with which the *Princess* is interspersed are among the most charming which its poet has written. Indeed Tennyson's songs, wholly original in their manner and treatment, are of the very highest and most poetic order, and unlike those of Moore—who had but one system, that of illustrating a sentiment with a simile, or *vice versa*, a plan which gives many of them, delightfully fanciful as they are, rather an artificial air—embody nature and imagination in the finest unison. They somewhat resemble a few of the best of the lyrics of the Elizabethan dramatists; but while wonders of symmetry, their originality consists in the introduction of a picturesque element which we find in no preceding compositions of the class. Such is the song beginning, "The splendour falls on castle walls", which in its superb imaginative painting and harmony, may perhaps be considered as superior to any lyric in the language as *Locksley Hall* is to any of its ballads. As regards the song in blank verse, in the context of the poem, which embodies the pensive regret for vanished days and joy, nothing sweeter in feeling, more purely delicate in illustration, or symmetrical in form, was ever turned to shape.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sweet, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square—
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
 Oh ! Death in life ! the days that are no more".

The *Cradle Song*, and *Ask me no more, the moon may draw the sea*, though exquisite, are less bright as specimens of lyrical poetry than the *Bugle Song*. Altogether, the songs embalmed in the *Princess* are superior to those of any other poet of the age. Whenever an idyllic theme occurs, it is of course touched off in an unrivalled manner. In that commencing, "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height", while infused with modern imagination, we find the images of the antique bucolists eclecticised and expressed in lines equal to the most musical of Theocrates and Virgil.

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial trees,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees" ;

in the harmonic union of vowel and aspirate sounds are, to say the least, equal to the

"Formosam resonare doces Amarilliida silvas"

of the Mantuan, or the lines in the fifth idyll of the Sicilian, of which they are the more melodious echo.

The story of *Enoch Arden* is not the invention of Tennyson; it is one, however, the selection of which justifies his poetic judgment, and we believe the last incident is original. The mere invention indeed of a fable, and the dramatic arrangement of its parts, falls under the head of structural art*; but except there is passionate creation and sympathetic painting, objective and emotional, there is no poetry. The argument of *Enoch Arden*, the poem first in place and excellence in the Laureate's last volume, may be stated in a few lines. Two boys living in a small English port, Enoch Arden and Philip Ray, fall in love when they grow up with the prettiest girl in the place, Annie. Enoch marries her, and after some years, during which they have two children, meets with an accident, which disabling him from pursuing his sea trade with sufficient effectiveness as to support his family as heretofore, accepts a post on board a vessel bound for China, on the voyage back from which region he is wrecked on a desert island, where he remains many years. Meanwhile his wife, Annie, believing him dead, after many delays, consents to marry her early admirer, Philip, the rival for her affections, who has acted toward her with affectionate care and kindness during her husband's absence. They have been some time

* In structural art imagination and order are the faculties brought into play; but it is remarkable that the writers who have most excelled in this branch of the drama have seldom evinced the vital power of characterization. Thus Scribe, whose talent for structure was exhaustless, has scarcely ever drawn natural character (except in *Bertrand et Raton*); and the same peculiarity occurs in Kotzebue, in whose plays the art in which he is preëminent wholly depends on dramatization.

married when Enoch, saved by a vessel, returns, hears of Annie's marriage with Philip, goes one evening to the house, where he sees her happy in her new position, and resolves, rather than ruin her peace by disclosing his return, to sacrifice himself by keeping her ignorant of his being still alive, and after a short time, during which he pursues this resolution, dies.

Though the characters who animate this little story belong to humble life, in depicting the motives which actuate the rude sailor, Enoch, and the scenes to which they give rise, the genius of Tennyson has produced an effect at once pathetic and sublime, which he had not attained in any of his previous conceptions. The principle of self-sacrifice is the loftiest ideal of human conduct: when, as history illustrates, it is the result of a motive of vanity even, it approaches to it; but when it proceeds, as in the case of the hero of this story, from the highest sentiment of life, love, which suffers and endures all things, even the extinction of self, for an alturistic end, it reaches the highest pinnacle of the sublime. It would be easy to contrast this character conception with others which belong to the supremest domains of poetry. Thus, in the grand Greek myth dramatised by *Æschylus*, Prometheus, in his enlightened struggle with the old gods of force, in his punishment, in the perishless intrepidity with which he sustains his lonely agonies, conscious of ultimate victory, is poetically sublime; but we merely admire the strong virtues of the giant Titan, the unflinching resistance, the contempt and conquest of pain, as in the case of Milton's Satan. Such conceptions strike the imagination, but as they do not move the heart, are aesthetically regarded, inferior to such as embody, as in *Enoch Arden*, the human sublime. The endurance and courage of a god, as drawn by *Æschylus*, is something like the valour of the invulnerable Achilles. The mortal, hopeless sacrifice of happiness, heart, hope, for a principle of love, is wholly different and higher, and in the piece referred to, while far surpassing the pagan, reaches the ideal of Christian grandeur.

In a word, a consideration of the finest poetical conceptions will show that even in Shakspeare there is no character or situation so high, ideally, as that which Tennyson has produced in *Enoch Arden*. Browning's *Luria* is its nearest approach. Before proceeding to make extracts from the poem, we think it but just to offer the above remarks respecting a poem whose treatment, finished in its natural simplicity, has elicited much disparaging commentary from writers whose ignorance of art, thus manifested, is little creditable to papers and magazines which presume to direct public opinion.

The story whose drift we have indicated above opens with a picture of the little port, after which we have a glimpse of the children, Enoch, Philip, and Annie.

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,

While Annie still was mistress; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:
 ' This is my house, and this my little wife'.
 ' Mine, too', said Philip, ' turn and turn about':
 When, if they quarrelled, Enoch, stronger-made,
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, ' I hate you, Enoch', and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both".

As the children grew up, the love of Enoch and Philip for the girl Annie kept pace with their years, and Enoch spoke his love, but Philip loved in silence, and the girl seemed kinder with Philip than to him, but she loved Enoch. And on a golden eventide, as the young village folk went hazel nutting, Philip, coming upon Enoch and Annie, read his doom in their eyes and faces, groaned and passed away, "bearing a life-long hunger in his heart". Enoch and Annie are married, years pass in health and happiness, bringing with them two children; but just as the third is born, Enoch chances to meet with an accident in a neighbouring port, which disables him so long that another hand creeps across his trade, and fearing lest his family should suffer, he accepts the post of boatswain in a vessel bound for China, much against the wishes of his wife, who has an ominous foreboding that "she shall look upon his face no more". He then resolves to go.

" But when the last of those last moments came,
 ' Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted!
 Look to the babes, and, till I come again,
 Keep everything shipshape; for I must go
 And fear no more for me, or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these,
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is His:
 The sea is His: He made it'".

The story as it proceeds is narrated with great beauty and naturalness. Years pass, but bring no tidings of Enoch. His wife, unaccustomed to business matters, fails in her little trade, and they are eking out a scanty subsistence, when Philip visits her, entreats her, he being well to do, to let him put her children to school, saying, Enoch can pay him on his return, to which she gratefully consents, and meanwhile seven years pass, and hope of Enoch's return has well nigh vanished, when one evening Philip and Annie go with the children to the hazelwood, where in early days the former had seen the lovers plight their troth:—

" But Philip, sitting at her side, forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when, like a wounded life,
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie !
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood'.
 'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
 'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 'The ship was lost', he said, 'the ship was lost!
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself,
 And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said,
 'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
 Their voices make me feel so solitary'".

Philip entreats Anne to become his wife, but the latter asks him to wait a year, and this elapsed, another six months, before she consents.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the balls, and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she entered, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter? Philip thought he knew:
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child: but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died".

Meanwhile, Enoch, who has had a prosperous voyage to the east, is wrecked on a desert island while returning, he and two others only being saved. These, after a time, die, and leave him alone in the solitary tropic isle whose scenery is thus finely described by the poet—

"The mountain, wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco' drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvulus
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;

The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean : and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail".

At length, after many years, a vessel touching at the island for water, Enoch is taken on board, and voyages back to the very port from which he started, where he puts up at an old tavern whose hostess, Miriam Lane, however, does not recognize him, so changed had he become. From her he learns of Philip's kindness to his wife, her slow consent to her marriage with him at length—thinking Enoch dead—to which he listens with seeming impassiveness.

"Only, when she closed,
 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost',
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically, .
 Repeated muttering, 'cast away and lost',
 Again, in deeper inward whispers, 'lost'".

Enoch yearns to see Annie's face once more : the thought harasses him, and so, one dull November evening, he sets out and reaches Philip's house, looks through the window on the comfortable scene within, sees Annie, his daughter and son grown up, Philip with his babe across his knees, and his children playing with it, etc.

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
 Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

"He therefore—turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found—
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

"And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd:

"'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, Blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son'".

Enoch resolves as he returns never to let Annie know of his return. His resolve bears him up, and prayer from a living source within the will,

"Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul".

So he procures occupation and earns a scanty living for himself, but as it is work without hope, his energies gradually sink, he is confined to the house, and at last to his bed. When he feels death coming on him, he calls Miriam Lane, and after making her swear to secrecy, tells her who he is, and gives her a charge:

"I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him too;
 He never meant us anything but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come—
 I am their father; but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.
 And now there is but one of all my blood
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years,
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss: wherefore, when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
 It will moreover be a token to her
 That I am he".

"Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
 Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
 I am saved'; and so fell back and spoke no more.

"So past the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him, the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral".

Thus ends *Enoch Arden*, a poem whose natural descriptive merits are of the highest order, and which, estimated by its effect on the emotions arising from the sublime character of the seaman, Enoch, and the pathetic scenes which arise therefrom, and terminate the story, is, we think, the greatest success yet achieved by the Laureate. Among the other poems in the volume, *Aylmer's Field* is a striking sketch; *Sea Dreams* very pleasing; while the character ballads, *The Grandmother*, and *The Northern Farmer*, exhibit a vein of Tennysonian humour and observation for actual life, of which we trust to see subsequent specimens. *The Voyage* is a rich and animated sketch; the *Lines in the Valley of Caweritz*, and those entitled *Dedication*, are striking in their melancholy music and beauty. The volume concludes with several "experiments", as they are named; namely, attempts to realize several of the antique metres—the Catullian galliambic of the *Atys*, hendic-syllabus, and alcaics, in English verse. Of these we can only say, that they are as elaborately perfect as the different genius of the respective languages permit.

NOTES OF THE MONTH IN SCIENCE AND ART.

The Effects of Railway Travelling.—One of the great questions at present occupying the attention of scientific men is the influence of railway travelling on cerebral, spinal, nervous, and ophthalmic diseases. A commission was formed in England some time since to determine the influence of this mode of travelling, but its results have left the question in pretty much the same state of uncertainty. Some were of opinion—from observing that persons accustomed to daily and constant travelling on coaches grew prematurely old—that it was productive of injury, while others were of a contrary opinion, and founded their conclusions on the fact that the mortality of Post-office employées on railway cars was not greater than that among the same class stationed in the offices of cities. This comparison, however, is by no means a fair test; for the question does not lie between the effects of living in a close office and the effects of travelling. The real question is, whether the habit of travelling in closed carriages, with the constant effort of the muscles to break the shock of the sudden and abrupt vibrations of the cars, and the rapid passage of objects before the visual organs, has a tendency to derange function and alter structure. The *St. Louis Medical Journal* mentions a number of cases given by Dr. Lewis, a medical officer of high standing and great experience. The conclusions he arrives at are:

1. That well-developed and robust persons do not suffer injury, if reasonable care be observed in their habits, and if the amount of travel be not extreme.
2. That railway travel has a greater injurious action on persons who

enter on this mode of travelling after the age of twenty-five, than upon those who commence it early in life.

3. Persons loosely formed, who are affected with disease of the heart, head, or lungs, suffer most. In regard to its ill effect on the visual organs, Mr. Cooper and others consider its effects very great, while Dr. Lewis esteems it of very slight importance. *A priori*, it may be admitted that reading in a railway carriage with all the objects flitting quickly by, causes an inordinate effort of the organ, and must be injurious. Its influence on the respiratory organs is of the greatest importance, if we only consider the evil consequences of the impure air of a densely-crowded coach, and the sudden changes of temperature caused by opening windows when the train is in motion. Experiments made by a celebrated chemist show that the air of an overcrowded railway carriage is equal to the air of his laboratory when a sewer was allowed to pass through it. This great impurity produces a necessity for an increased amount of air to enter the lungs to furnish the normal supply of oxygen. This action causes excessive effort and increased exhalation from the cutaneous surface, which, upon exposure to a current of cold air, is checked, resulting in bronchial and respiratory diseases.

The effects upon the nervous and muscular systems are, however, the most frequent, and probably the most serious. The constant effort during a long journey against the abrupt and often extreme change of positions throws upon these organs abnormal activity. The result is, uneasiness, pain, and soreness for days after the effort, and a sensation of unsteadiness even amounting to sea-sickness. This abnormal activity, though it may be quiescent in its action for a time, at last induces alteration of structure, sometimes ending in paralysis.

The island of Monte-Christo, which Dumas has rendered so famous, has lately had its flora carefully investigated. M. T. Carnel has just published at Milan, a *Florula di Montecristo*, which contains a list of all the plants (344) found on the island. The latter is now the property of an English gentleman, Mr. G. Watson Taylor, and we believe it was he who supplied the principal materials for this florula.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue record an extraordinary imposition which is practised upon snuff-buyers in parts of this country. The snuff, it appears, is very largely adulterated with lime, and owing to the lax wording of the statute regarding the preparation of snuff, it appears that till a new act is passed the adulteration system may be continued. The law permits the use of lime-water in the manufacture of high-dried snuffs, such as Irish and Welsh, but it does not state what proportion of lime shall be present in the water, although there can be little doubt that a perfectly clear solution of lime in water was meant. Many manufacturers, however, assert that such a solution is useless in the manufacture of the snuffs in question, and persist in the use of what may be termed lime-wash, or a thick mixture of undis-

solved lime and water. This vicious form of adulteration is almost entirely confined to the North of Ireland, where, it appears, the habit is very prevalent among the females employed in the linen and other factories, of taking snuff highly charged with lime, and which is known as *white snuff*; and the manufacturers allege, in extenuation of their dishonest practices, that no other description of snuff is acceptable to their customers.

A very important paper has been contributed by M. Claude Bernard to the French Academy upon the subject of the action of opium upon the system. This physiologist conducted a large number of experiments on dogs with the various alkaloids contained in ordinary opium, and he has drawn the following conclusions:—The alkaloids of opium possess three distinct properties—(1) that of producing sleep, (2) that of being convulsing or exciting, (3) that of being poisonous. In the soporific division comes, first of all, *morceine*, then *morpheine*, and next *codeine*. In the excitant division they are ranked thus:—1. thebaine; 2. papaverine; 3. narcotine; 4. codeine; 5. morphine; 6. narceine. In the poisonous order they rank:—1. thebaine; 2. codeine; 3. papaverine; 4. narceine; 5. morphine; 6. narcotine. Thebaine is the most powerful poison of all; a decigramme (about a grain and a half troy) of the hydrochlorate of this alkaloid, when introduced into the veins of a dog, killed the animal in five minutes, whilst a very much larger quantity of morphia, when injected into the blood of another dog, failed to produce any injurious effect whatever.

Mr. Tolles, an American microscope manufacturer, has devised a new eye piece, which can be adapted conveniently to any instrument, and at once converts it, without further trouble, into a binocular telescope. The new invention is said, too, to possess many advantages over the arrangement of Mr. Wenham, which is that generally adopted in these countries. With Tolles' eye-piece a much more powerful objective can be employed than those used with our binoculars, and, moreover, according to report, the definition of the object is immensely enhanced.

At a meeting of the Queensland Philosophical Society, held some time ago, a very interesting paper was read by a Mr. Le Gould, narrating the results of some geological and geographical explorations which he lately made in the neighbourhood. Among other things he describes a curious and gigantic series of fossil trees, which he terms a "petrified forest". He found this latter to be nearly sixty miles in extent, and he was enabled to trace whole trees fifty or sixty feet in length through this forest with their limbs and branches perfectly visible, and their trunks varying from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, imbedded in the strata and sandstone formation peculiar to the district. Although these fossil trees are completely silicified, they still preserve their original appearance, except that many of them are somewhat flattened, the result of the pressure they have sustained.

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1864.

THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS was not what it used to be at Ballycorrig. The little family circle in the parlour was silent, not to say gloomy; and the cloud which hung over it appeared to cast a shadow on the larger circle in the kitchen. Even Mrs. Purcell's great rice pudding failed for once to call up cheery looks into the faces of the workmen and servants, though every saucer was filled to the brim with whiskey punch, "hot, strong, and sweet".

"How sorry I am", said Kate Purcell, "that Fanny could not come as she promised".

"Indeed, then, so am I sorry", said her mother, in her abrupt way. "But I hope Brian will bring her with him when he is coming home".

They all felt that little Fanny's presence would be like sunshine to them, and even the mention of her name appeared to produce a brightening effect; so much so that Mr. Purcell took courage to talk about what was weighing so heavily upon his heart.

"What do you think I ought to do?" he asked, turning to Brian.

"If I must speak my mind", the latter replied, "my opinion is, that to pay the rent he has demanded would leave you a beggar in a few years".

"Times might mend", said his father.

"Even so. Fifty per cent. additional is more than the land would be worth the best of times. And, besides, what's to prevent him from giving the screw another turn?"

"If he is so bad as that, would n't he serve me with a notice to quit at once?"

"I know the man", said Brian; "and I believe you are not served with notice to quit because he hopes to beggar you first. And if you take my advice you won't try to pay him what he demands".

"But he 'll turn us out", said Mr. Purcell.

"Let him. Better to be put out now than in a year or two, when you 'd be left not worth a shilling".

"I lost more improving the place than would purchase the fee-simple of it".

"So much the worse. There 's no use throwing good money after bad. So tell him plainly you 'll give up the farm if he wants more for it than you paid Quill".

"T is too bad", said Mr. Purcell, "that a man can be robbed in this way. Such a thing could n't happen in any country under the sun but this. You talk about freeing Ireland, but why do n't ye do something?"

This rebellious sally made Brian smile. He knew that his father—like many of his class—was wont to extol to the skies the "protection to life and property" which was to be found nowhere in such perfection as in Ireland, and to talk contemptuously of all malcontents of the past and present, excepting only O'Connell, who was "for peace". Brian, however, did not think fit, under the circumstances, to remind his father of this; so he merely said:

"T is hard enough, sir. But so many things of the same kind have occurred under our eyes we need not feel surprised at all events".

"There never was so bad a case as this", said his father.

"Think of the Cloonbee tenants, sir".

"But they were nearly all poor people", Mr. Purcell observed.

Brian looked grave, but said nothing.

"If we can get that money", Mr. Purcell continued, "we 'll be all right".

This was an allusion to a sum of money which he had lent to a gentleman in the neighbourhood many years before, and about which Brian intended going to Dublin.

"Do n't you think, sir", Brian asked, "we could all live comfortably at Coolbawn?"

"Do n't talk to me about Coolbawn", replied his father impatiently. "I tell you nothing was troubling me so much as the thought that you would not live here after me. I intended leaving it in my will that you *should* live here, where your father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before you lived".

Brian saw there was no use in reasoning further upon the subject.

"Well", said he, as he moved a chair towards his sister, who had been preparing tea during the greater part of the conversation; "I 'll ask Captain Dawson to dinner some day of the week, and we 'll talk over the matter with him".

"To dinner here, Brian?" Kate exclaimed in surprise.

"And why not, Kate?"

"Oh!" said she, as if recollecting herself, "if any good is likely to come of it, I suppose that makes a difference".

"But what objection could you have to my asking Captain Dawson to dine with us under any circumstances?"

"Well, I have my own notions", said Kate, shaking her head.

"Let us hear them".

"If you want to know them, I can't think it quite consistent with self-respect to know gentlemen, the ladies of whose families would not know me".

"I see, Kate", said Brian, leaning over his sister's chair, "that you are proud".

"Well, if that is pride, I am proud".

"And what do you think of your friends, the Miss Malonys?"

"That's just what made me think about it first. 'T is perfectly ridiculous the way they talk. The last time they called here, they never spoke a word upon any subject but the Plunkets, and the Masseys, and the Honourable Mr. Crashton".

"Confess now, Kate, that you are vexed because I did not go to the great ball. It is no trifling disappointment to miss the chance of seeing one's name in the 'Fashionable Intelligence'. 'Brian Purcell, Esq., Coolbawn, and Miss Purcell!' I feel quite penitent for having deprived you of that honour, Kate".

His sister glanced up at him, and there was a world of suppressed fun in the glance. But after struggling for a moment to look serious, she rested her head against Brian's arm and laughed heartily.

"Positively, Kate", said he, "you are more ill-natured than people give you credit for",

"Indeed, no", said she, looking grave. "They are good, affectionate girls, and I really like them very much. But that list of names in the 'Fashionable Intelligence' was so positively absurd, I cannot help laughing when I think of it. 'T was bad enough to bring such a gathering together; but publishing it in the newspapers was really too bad".

"Let me see", said Brian, "whether I can repeat any of the conversation by which you were so much edified the other day. Margaret opened the proceedings by asking Frances, 'What can have become of Godfrey Massey? I have not seen a sight of him for twelve days'. To which Frances replied, 'How forgetful you are, Margaret. Don't you remember George told us he dined with the Sixty-sixth on Monday week, and got cold, and has been confined to his room ever since?' 'What a funny mistake', Margaret continues, 'that was of Isabel Massey to mistake the major for Lieutenant Podgers in the hall'. 'Oh! yes', exclaimed Frances, with a scream of laughter; "'t was a right good one. And the honourable Mr. Crashton cut up rough about it, too, and poor Isabel was dreadfully sold'. Am I reporting correctly?"

"Who could have told you?" Kate asked, looking greatly surprised. "These are the very words".

"Well, your friends called that day at Ballytullagh while I was there, and I had the pleasure of hearing it all before yourself".

"Is n't it a pity, Brian?" said Kate, with a look of compassion so intense, that her brother flung himself into his father's arm-chair, and laughed outright.

“ ‘T is a great shame for you”, said she reproachfully; “and if you knew them as well as I do, you would n’t turn them into ridicule in that way”.

“ Well, now, which of them would you recommend me to lay siege to? Their father has given me a hint that one of them is at my service, and welcome”.

“ Oh, none of them, Brian”.

“ Indeed! That’s strange after your professions of regard for them”.

“ But it is not because I do n’t like *them*, but—”.

“ But what?”

She looked fixedly at him, and said—“ Some other time I may tell you, but not now”.

“ To be serious, Kate”, said he, “ I think your notions on the subject of which you have been speaking, are, as a rule, correct. But there’s no rule without an exception. Dawson and I are such good friends, I see no harm in your meeting him. Besides, he’s a good fellow, and very different from the shoneens whom your fair friends hunt up so eagerly. And, by-the-bye, you never objected to my having dozens of our rural aristocrats to lunch so many times”.

“ Oh, when you hunt and shoot with them, it is only common hospitality to ask them in when they happen to be passing your door. But that’s a different thing altogether”.

“ By Jove, Kate, you do look deeply into things. But perhaps I could guess who put these notions into your head”.

“ No one”, said Kate. “ I only thought about it myself”. She blushed deeply, however, and even seemed offended.

“ Do n’t be annoyed with me”, said Brian, taking her hand. “ You are a good sensible girl, Kate, and I need not hesitate to tell you I do not wonder at all you should like him better than any one else you ever met. He is really and truly the noblest fellow I know. But you see the difficulties in the way as well as I do. And this business about the farm makes it worse than ever. I was thinking of asking my father to give you this place, and then we might be able to convince him you would be just as well off as if your fortune went to somebody’s sister in the usual way. But there’s no use in thinking of that now”.

Kate pressed his hand. She leant her head back against the high arm-chair, and closed her eyes. Her bosom heaved almost imperceptibly, and there was a sweet sad smile on her lips. ‘T was only a dream though, and she knew it.

“ I wish, Kate, you would come with me to Dublin. I do n’t expect to be kept more than a week”.

“ I could n’t think of being absent now, Brian”.

“ Well, you are right—you are always right. But won’t Fanny be disappointed?”

“ Do n’t you like Fanny, Brian?”

“ Indeed I do”.

"You must do your best to get leave for her to come down. I'll speak to Father Paul to assist you. I suppose it will not be easy for you to succeed, though, as I suspect her marriage with Mr. M. is decided on".

Brian felt a queer sensation about his heart on hearing this.

"Do you think she cares for him?" he asked, in a tone of affected carelessness.

"I won't tell you anything at all about her", replied Kate. "Find it out yourself".

"How did it happen that you and she became such friends?"

"Well, I suppose, because I liked her better than any one I ever met. We became friends almost the first day she came to the convent. I suppose her uncle being our parish priest, and her aunt having known mamma, had something to do with it. But no one could know little Fanny O'Gorman without loving her. Don't you think so, Brian?"

"Well I do think so", said Brian. "She is a most loveable little creature".

Kate's eyes sparkled with pleasure at hearing him say so. She really believed that Fanny loved him, even before she ever saw him—for which piece of foolishness Kate herself was responsible; for when they were at school together, Kate never tired talking about her brother, and Fanny never tired listening to her. It was the dearest wish of her heart (except one, perhaps, but that was only a dream), that Brian should love the little maiden who loved him.

Brian and Kate had been silent for some time, when their father came in, brushing the snow from his coat.

"We'll have a heavy fall of snow", he remarked; "do you think they put in your lambs?"

"Oh, yes", replied Brian; "since I got Mick Dunphy, everything is sure to be all right".

"Tim Croak is in the kitchen, and wants to speak to you. Maybe 't is some message from Grindem".

"Well, Tim", said Brian, on reaching the kitchen. Tim Croak, who was accompanied by one of Mr. Grindem's grooms, called him aside: "The master that 's after ridin' off somewhere, blazin' drunk", said Tim, "an' from somethin' they h'ard him sayin', I thought we'd find him over in this direction".

"He was n't here", replied Brian.

"Where the devil must he be afther facin' to? Dick Fahy saw him passin' his door about half an hour ago".

Brian whispered a word in Tim Croak's ear.

"Begob aye!" Tim exclaimed, and lighting the candle in his lantern, and catching up his long wattle, he beckoned to the groom, and started for the mountain foot in a sling trot.

There was a deep frown upon Brian Purcell's face, and he had some thought of following them. But after reflecting for a moment, he changed his mind and returned to the parlour.

"Kate", said he, "I 'll tell you to-morrow whether I 'll ask Captain Dawson to dine with us. And, by the way, I thought his manner rather odd for some time back; but I see the reason now. He knew his uncle was determined to have us in his clutches. Dawson was always a good-natured fellow".

Brian never suspected the real cause of the change in Captain Dawson's manner towards him.

Tim Croak found his master stupidly drunk at Sally Cavanagh's door.

"Make a load of him", said Tim to the groom.

They lifted Mr. Grindem to his saddle. The well-trained cob had remained standing quietly in the snow.

A colossal figure approached them from a shed in the yard, and the groom started as a voice broke upon the stillness as if it issued from a cavern of the mountain. The words, however, were common-place enough. They were simply: "D—n well for him".

The colossal figure disappeared in the darkness; but Tim Croak had no difficulty in recognizing Shawn Gow, the blacksmith.

Brian Purcell had given the blacksmith a hint, that there was a possibility that Sally Cavanagh might need a protector; and Shawn Gow rested his brawny arm upon the half-door, and took a short survey of Connor Shea's little white house. He then took hold of the handle of the forge bellows and swayed it gently up and down. Then, suddenly becoming more energetic in his movements, he snatched a "coulter" at a white heat, from the fire, and struck it edgewise on the anvil, making Brian retreat from the shower of sparks that flew about in every direction. He then hammered at the iron while the heat lasted, and thrust it again into the fire. After which, he commenced blowing the bellows again, and, turning to Brian Purcell, Shawn appeared to think a reply in words necessary.

"Lave that to me", says Shawn Gow.

From that moment Brian was satisfied that Sally Cavanagh had a friend at hand.

Tim Croak and the groom held Mr. Oliver Grindem on his horse, as they might hold a bag of wheat, till they reached Grindem Hall.

"Tim", said the groom, in a whisper, as they came down the stairs after depositing their burden on his bed, "he 's worse nor I thought".

CHAPTER XVIII.

And what has a certain little friend of ours been doing all this time?

Ever since the night the proud beauty's lips touched her cheek, Fanny O'Gorman has been heroically resolving never to think of Brian Purcell, except as a friend; "a dear, dear friend". She begs and prays her aunt, however, to induce her father to give up the notion of marrying

her to Mr. M., whom she never *could* like. But she has become wondrous kind to that young medical student, who is in such a frightful state of mind since the night he danced with her at Doctor C—'s. For Fanny says she 'll never again laugh at any one who truly loves.

"I suppose", Aunt Sarah remarks, noticing Fanny a little sad, "I suppose you feel disappointed as Kate Purcell could not come".

"Oh, I 'm *so* sorry", said Fanny.

"But you will be glad to see your uncle?"

Fanny put her two little white hands together, as if she were going to pray.

"I declare, Aunt Sarah", said she, "Uncle Paul's smile would do any one good. 'T is like —".

"Like the sun", suggested Aunt Sarah, seeing her at a loss.

"No, that 's not it".

"Well, like the moon, then".

"Oh, no ; the moon is *too* cold".

"Well, I suppose, then, his smile is like I don't know what. Is not that what it is like?" And whatever Aunt Sarah's own smile was like as she spoke, it was certainly a very sweet smile.

"I think", said Fanny, "that Uncle Paul's smile is like the glow of a turf fire".

"Well, that is quite an original idea at all events".

Fanny looked out at the Wicklow mountains. We suspect she was thinking of a mountain farther south.

"Aunt Sarah", said Fanny, after a silence of some minutes, "you never told me what sort of a person Mr. O'Donnell was. I mean his appearance".

Aunt Sarah was engaged at some sort of needle-work, and her hand shook as she asked, "What put it into your head, Fanny, to ask such an odd question?"

"Well, I was thinking about—about all of them".

"I really believe you are always thinking about them. But there is no time now to gratify your curiosity, as I must go see about the dinner. They 'll be here by the next omnibus".

Fanny knew the "they" meant her father, and uncle, and Brian Purcell. Mr. O'Gorman had sent out a note from his warehouse, saying that two friends of his who had just arrived from the country, had engaged to dine with him. And Fanny, who had a letter from Kate Purcell in the morning, had no difficulty in guessing who the two friends were.

The 'bus stopped at the gate. Fanny felt her heart sinking in spite of her, when she saw her father and Father O'Gorman coming up to the door, and nobody with them. Father Paul clasped her hand between his own two, and that wonderful smile of his immediately sent a pleasant glow all over her.

"Well, well, well", exclaimed Father Paul, as he shook hands with Miss Conway, "here I am, a grayheaded old man; and there are you,

Sarah, almost the same as I saw you—I won't say how many years ago".

Aunt Sarah blushed, for she remembered when she used to think she could spoil her brother-in-law's vocation for the Church, if she had a mind to.

"But where is Brian?" asked Father Paul. "He went to see a friend, and promised to be here before us".

There was a knock at the door, and Fanny ran to open it herself. She returned immediately, holding Brian Purcell by the hand. Miss Conway held out her hand to him, and Fanny, observing his look of surprise, said, laughing, "T is Aunt Sarah".

Brian had pictured to himself a sour-looking old maid, and hence his astonishment. The handsome, ladylike person before him was so unlike the Aunt Sarah of his imagination.

"I'll leave you to Fanny, Mr. Purcell", said she, "while I am going to see what they are doing with dinner".

But the dinner bell rang before Miss Conway appeared again. Fanny knocked at her room door, which was locked.

"Oh, how like him he is", thought Aunt Sarah, as she rose to open the door. "Poor little Fanny! I do hope he cares for her".

She opened the door, and Fanny looked into her eyes. Aunt Sarah replied by pressing her lips to little Fanny's forehead. We sometimes think that what is called constancy runs in families.

The two brothers talked "of happy days when they were young", and kept the conversation pretty well to themselves during dinner.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Purcell", said the host, after the cloth was removed, "to hear about this bad landlord you have got".

"It is an unfortunate affair, sir", replied Brian.

"But you have a good farm of which you have a lease, I understand".

"Yes", said Brian, "and I have done my best to persuade my father to give up Ballycorrig, but I could not get him to think of it. Indeed I fear he will not live long if he is obliged to leave the place".

"Could you not offer the landlord a fine, and get a lease of it?"

"Well, I have thought of that", said Brian. "I find we can now afford to do so, as I am sure of getting this money about which I have come to Dublin. But then I fear this landlord simply wants to ruin us. And, besides, he cannot bear to see a tenant independent of him. My lease of Coolbawn is the only one on his whole property".

"T is no wonder the country is going to the bad", Mr. O'Gorman observed. "How can the people improve their land while such men have the power to rob them? In fact there is no security for the tiller of the soil; and I very much fear the people will contrive to fly from a land where, as Baron Pennefather said, the laws are all *for* the landlord, and *against* the tenant. And if the peasantry and working farmers go, we are all down".

"I believe that", said Father Paul; "but God is good, and something will turn up yet to save old Ireland".

"Come, Brian", he continued, "your place is with the ladies. Leave Ned and me to talk over old times together".

"How do you like him?" was Father Paul's first question when Brian was gone.

"He is evidently a fine fellow", Mr. O'Gorman replied.

"And now, Ned", continued Father Paul, "what do you think of what I was saying to you?"

"I need not tell you", said his brother, "that Fanny's happiness is my first object".

"If it be, you 'll take my advice. Happiness! Why, you might as well bury the poor child alive as send her among those people".

"If I thought that, there would be an end of the matter. But how do you know that your plan would be more welcome to her than mine?"

"Well I know it", said Father Paul, with his pleasant smile.

"And have you any reason to think that your friend is particularly anxious about the matter?"

"Leave that to me", said the good-natured priest. "I 'll settle that, never fear. Just let her come down with me for a few weeks. There need be no hurry about it. And please God, you 'll see her as happy as a queen".

"Well, I have no objection to her going. Between you and Sarah, I am almost persuaded to give up what you call my ambitious views. Yet, Paul, few men in my position would do so. Think of M.'s respectability".

"Nonsense. The happiness of your child is of more importance than gentility. And besides, Ned, barring the few thousands you have scraped together, Brian Purcell is good enough for you".

"Well, let it be so. But mind, nothing is to be decided on for at least a year".

"Very well, very well", said Father Paul, cheerfully; "there 's no hurry—easy things are best".

Brian and Aunt Sarah were chatting pleasantly in the drawing room, with little Fanny sitting on a low stool near them. He felt himself falling head and ears in love with Aunt Sarah—she was so gentle and handsome, and there was such a winning grace about her altogether. And then her love for her niece was as apparent as Fanny's love for her.

"This is a woman with a heart", he thought. And he could almost fancy his uncle's spirit smiling down upon them.

"The fact is, Mr. Purcell", said Aunt Sarah, "ye have Fanny quite spoiled".

Before Brian could reply, Father O'Gorman opened the door, and coming up to Fanny, exclaimed, with a knowing wink: "All right, Fanny".

Fanny clapped her hands, as was her wont when suddenly surprised with good news.

"What is it?" Aunt Sarah asked.

"I have got leave to go", replied Fanny, with delight dancing in her eyes.

Miss Conway stole a side-long look at Brian, without being observed.

"No. He does not love her", she thought. Though why she should think so we are at a loss to conjecture; for there certainly was a great deal of fondness in Brian Purcell's look at that moment. But women are so much better judges of these things than we can pretend to be.

"Fanny", said Miss Conway, quietly, "you appear to have forgotten your engagement".

Fanny looked dismayed; and she hung her head as if she felt rather ashamed of herself for requiring the reminder. The word "engagement" sounded so ominously in Brian's ears, he could not help turning to Miss Conway for an explanation, with an expression of countenance decidedly blank. Miss Conway felt bound to reply to Mr. Brian Purcell's face, for though she waited for the expected question, he did not speak.

"A friend of Fanny's", said Aunt Sarah, "is to be married the week after next, and she is to be the bridesmaid".

Brian felt considerably relieved.

Little Fanny was so much distressed, that her aunt, who was the soul of good nature, said,

"Well, Fanny, a week or ten days won't make much difference, and I'll engage that you can go after the wedding. That is, if Mr. Purcell will think it worth his while to send the car to meet you at K——".

But Fanny's distress was not altogether the result of disappointment. She was quite ashamed of herself for having forgotten the great compliment her friend had paid her in asking her to be her bridesmaid. She was shocked with herself for such ingratitude.

"Come, Fanny", said her uncle, "one week is not much, and when I catch you down in the country, I'm determined to make you my housekeeper for a while. Just to give you a little practice", added Father Paul, with an expressive twinkle of his gray eyes.

"Oh, then, you'll find her an adept, I can tell you", Aunt Sarah observed. "She has done nothing but learn housekeeping for some months back". We suspect, after all, that Fanny has been only deluding herself with regard to that heroic resolution to which reference has been made at the beginning of this chapter.

"Play that old tune for me, Fanny, before I go to bed. I can't meet any one able to do it justice but yourself and Josh Reddy".

"Oh, how is Josh? and has he the same white hat still?"

"To be sure he has. Who ever could think of Josh Reddy without that hat? And do you know, I think, we'll have Josh married this Shrovetide. He's after softening the heart of Kitty Magrath, Dr. Forbis's housekeeper, who has had quite a little fortune left to her by her old aunt. I was wondering why she was remaining with the

doctor after getting the legacy, till I found out that Josh Reddy's music possessed such a charm for her. Of course, you know our two votaries of Apollo, the doctor and the fiddler, are near neighbours?"

"Oh, yes; I know the little house very well. Just near the doctor's gate".

"Exactly. And now for 'Paddy's Resource'".

Brian opened the piano, and Fanny played the tune in a manner quite worthy of her instructor; for it was Josh Reddy himself who taught her to play all Father Paul's favourite airs during her visits to Ballycorrig.

Brian Purcell spent some of the happiest days he had known for a long time with his friends in Dublin. He particularly enjoyed a drive to Killiney Hill with Fanny and Miss Conway; and though he did think of Knockclough, the thought brought on no symptom of a relapse now. He felt he had a real friend in Miss Conway. What a treasure the friendship of an intellectual woman with a heart is? Brian Purcell knew how to appreciate it.

Short as he was away, Brian felt his heart beat quicker when his eye rested on the old mountain under whose shadow he was born.

"No place like home", he thought.

The pleasure he felt in approaching his home lost nothing by the reflection, that he would soon welcome his dear little friend, Fanny O'Gorman, to it.

Mrs. Purcell had climbed up a stile in the paddock every five minutes, for two hours or so before his arrival, and looked along the road. Kate and his father had asked him a number of questions before his mother could leave the milking women, who were "setting" the tubs. At last she walked slowly towards them.

"Welcome home, Brian", said she, giving him her hand in the coldest manner possible. But as she pressed her snowy cap with the other, Brian saw the tears well into her eyes. So he only looked away, and pressed his mother's hand without speaking.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a fine day in February. The little cottage, half hid in evergreens, was a pleasant sight to look at. Mrs. Hazlitt sat on her heels in the garden, after "setting" a ridge or two of early potatoes, which Matt was trenching. The little rustic gate opened, and on looking round, Mrs. Hazlitt beheld the queenly form of Miss Evans gliding up the gravelled walk. She hurried to welcome the young lady, who, by the way, had been a rather frequent visitor to "the dear old cottage" of late. She used to sit in the little parlour and talk for hours about old times. Sometimes she preferred to sit there and not talk at all. The discontinuance of Captain Dawson's visits to Moorview House, and his cold

politeness when they chanced to meet, may have had something to do with this. But even if Captain Dawson had been as devoted an admirer as ever, we believe Miss Evans would have thought of old times now and then, notwithstanding.

One day Miss Evans looked over the privet hedge, and expressed great admiration of the young lambs in the field outside. Mrs. Hazlitt proposed a walk in the field, and with a look of innocent enthusiasm, the young lady said :

“ Oh, yes ; by all means, it will be so pleasant”.

The walk in the field became almost a matter of course whenever Miss Evans called at the cottage. And as Mr. Purcell was from home there was no harm in extending the walk as far as the house. On one occasion she accepted the housekeeper’s invitation to look at the quaint old furniture in the parlour. The invitation was suggested by the interest Miss Evans appeared to take in a high-backed mahogany chair which happened to be outside the hall door. She was charmed with every thing in the house, and participated in the housekeeper’s regret that a particular little room was locked, as there was “ no show but all the books he had in it”. Miss Evans gave the housekeeper half-a-crown, and forgot one of her gloves which she had laid on the chimney-piece while giving a little twist to one of her curls before the oval looking-glass.

“ He ‘s as good a young man, Miss”, said Mrs. Hazlitt, “ as there is within the walls of the world”.

“ I hate good young men”.

Mrs. Hazlitt looked astonished.

“ I mean”, added the young lady, “ that your good young men are intolerable bores. That is your serious, solemn characters. And now is n’t Mr. Purcell rather sad and gloomy generally ?”

“ Well no, Miss. I always see him pleasant and cheerful”.

Miss Evans would rather have heard that he was sad and gloomy.

“ I would n’t say but he ‘s after coming home”, Mrs. Hazlitt remarked. “ There is his grayhounds at the door”.

Miss Evans started slightly ; but seeming not to have heard these remarks, she walked over to where the grayhounds were lying in the sun, and patted Gazelle’s head with her gloved hand. Gazelle thrust her paw into Miss Evans’s muff, and Miss Evans playfully pushed the muff over Gazelle’s slender head. The hound, feeling uneasy in this downey collar, ran into the house, and the lady ran laughing after her. She raised her eyes and appeared quite bewildered with surprise, when the muff was presented to her by Brian Purcell.

“ I beg your pardon”, said she, stooping her head and covering her face with her hands, “ Mrs. Hazlitt told me you were from home”.

“ I have only returned here this morning”, said Brian.

She remained standing so long with her hands over her face, that Brian began to feel at a loss how to act. She rested her hand on the back of the chair as if she required support.

"Sit down, Miss Evans".

She sat down, resting one arm on the table, and dropping the other gracefully over Gazelle's neck. We must not omit that in dropping the arm over the dog's neck, she (accidentally of course) gave the skirt of her dress a slight pull, the effect of which was to reveal an instep, the like of which is seldom seen except in marble.

Brian Purcell was an admirer of the beautiful in art and nature, and he mentally acknowledged that so perfect a type of womanly beauty as that before him he had never seen.

"Brian", she murmured, "what harm would it do you to be commonly civil to me?"

"Surely I have never been uncivil?"

"You know what I mean".

"No, Miss Evans, I do not know what you mean".

"You are so unforgiving".

"On the contrary", he replied, "I never felt any resentment towards you".

"That is worse", said she, "for have I not treated you badly?"

"Well, 't is all over now".

"Yes; 't is all over with you. But with *me*"—She uttered those words in a tone that thrilled through and through him. He looked into her face, and—could he trust his senses? Yes, there could be no mistake about it; tears were falling from Jane Evans's eyes, and these tears were for *him*.

Brian Purcell was only a man. He took her hand in his, and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when she snatched it from him with a start, and pushed back her chair from the window. He followed the direction of her eye, and saw Captain Dawson coming towards the house.

Brian Purcell drew a long breath.

Jane Evans looked at him in a half frightened way. She saw by his cold smile that he understood her. It was not the mere breach of etiquette — much less any fear her character might suffer—that made her start. It was not even that she cared what Captain Dawson might think. In fact Miss Evans was not superior to the dread of losing caste, which so clings to people who find themselves perched on a round of the social ladder which had been above their heads at one time. She saw that Brian read her thoughts.

"I 'll bring Captain Dawson round to the garden", said he, "and you can easily rejoin Mrs. Hazlitt, whom I see waiting for you, without being seen".

He went out and entered into conversation with Captain Dawson.

Miss Evans clenched her hand, as was her wont when vexed with herself, or any one else.

Now what was this young lady driving at? Did she love Brian Purcell? She would not have answered the question, even to her own heart. If she did not love him, she certainly loved nobody else. She wished to leave the question an open one. Time enough to decide upon it when he should be at her feet again. And now she

saw him escape from her at the moment when her victory was certain, had it not been for her own cowardice—meanness she called it, as she clenched her hand.

She looked out at these two men, the only two in whom she ever felt the slightest interest.

Captain Dawson was tall, broad shouldered, and well made, with singularly regular features, and a clear fresh complexion. But there was neither soul nor intellect in his handsome, sleepy, good-natured eyes. And this woman felt she could bow *only* to mind. She wished it were otherwise; but there was no use wishing. She could not "sympathise with clay".

Her eyes turned from the captain, and rested on her old lover. He was far from being so handsome a man as the other. But his forehead was high and broad; his eyes full of expression—they suggested the idea of a fiery, sensitive soul, calmed down by reason and softened by sorrow; and his mouth, though not small like the captain's, was such as a woman might love all day long. So thought Miss Evans as she fixed her penetrating look upon her old love and her new.

Miss Evans had a will of her own. She generally did what she made up her mind to do. It was this decision of character that kept her mother in such constant dread. She now astonished both the gentlemen outside, by walking towards them, and giving her hand to Captain Dawson with a smile. Then turning to Brian Purcell, she said, shaking hands with him too :

"Good morning. And I trust you duly appreciate the honour Mrs. Hazlitt and I have conferred on you".

"You see, Captain Dawson", she went on, "I do not stand upon ceremony with old friends. It is not every lady would have the courage to venture into a bachelor's den—even when he happens to be something of a philosopher", she added with a playful glance at Brian. "Come, Mrs. Hazlitt, I am waiting for you". And bowing to the gentlemen with inimitable grace, she gathered up the skirt of her gown and stepped across the lawn like a goddess.

Brian and the captain gazed after her, but both shrank from making any allusion to her.

Brian had written to Captain Dawson asking him to call at Coolbawn, as, of course, it would not do for him to call at Grindem Hall.

"I was just remarking", said Brian, resuming the conversation, "that your evident desire to avoid meeting me for some time back, was a puzzle to me till I found out the cause".

The captain became as red as a turkey cock.

"But, of course, you are not to blame in any way".

The captain looked surprised.

"If your uncle treats my father harshly or unjustly, how can you help it?"

"Oh, yes", said Captain Dawson, evidently relieved.

"And now", Brian continued, "what I want to know is, could you

induce him to deal fairly, or anything like it, with my father? His heart is set on keeping the farm, and he is ready to pay even more than it is worth".

"Devil a use in talking to him just now at all events, for he is in one of his drinking fits. My aunt has sent for Dr. Forbis to-day. I should n't wonder if he is in *delirium tremens* already".

"By the way", said Brian, "here is the doctor himself".

The doctor rode up on his remarkable mare.

"Well, doctor, how is your patient?" the captain asked.

"We 'll pull him through", replied the doctor. "Particularly as Miss Grindem has gone to work *vi et armis*". The old lady had just flung a jar of whiskey out of the window. "Tim Croak is after being put in charge of him, so I expect to have him all right in a few days".

"He has been going it devilish hard for the last month", Captain Dawson observed.

"Come in, doctor", said Brian.

"No, thank you; I had lunch at the Hall".

"Well, but a glass of grog will do you no harm. Come in, captain".

The doctor dismounted, and he and Captain Dawson followed Brian into the house.

Miss Evans's reflections on her way home were to this effect:

"I trust I have recovered the lost ground by that last move. How dumfounded the captain was. Poor George! 't is a pity he has n't any brains. How mal-apropos his appearance was. Brian has been in Dublin. Of course he met that foolish little creature. Yet", added Miss Evans, softening, as she recalled little Fanny's tearful eyes, and her shrinking timidity, "yet the poor child loves him".

Miss Evans took the roundabout way to Moorview House, much to the annoyance of the old coachman. "But does he love her?" she thought. "He did *not* love her that night at all events". She was just passing the finger-post. "And I am much mistaken if Brian Purcell ever *could* love such a mere baby. Time will tell". She said this with a smile of conscious superiority. Your clever ladies are apt to forget that a woman's heart counts far more with a man like Brian Purcell than her head.

And what were his thoughts when he found himself alone? Whatever they were, he thought it best to fly from them. He called Mick Dunphy, and busied himself about the affairs of the farm for an hour or two. Standing on Knockclough, he folded his arms and looked round the domain over which Mr. Oliver Grindem held sway. He saw hundreds of acres along the mountain foot, which were a rocky waste till the persevering toil of the poor tenants reclaimed them. The poor people were robbed of the fruits of their labour. And where were they now? God knows.

"No wonder", said Brian Purcell, "the strength of the old land is wasting away, and her children are wanderers and outcasts all over the world".

CHAPTER XX.

“Mammy”, said one of Connor Shea’s curly-headed urchins—ah! but where are the rosy cheeks now?—“mammy, won’t we have anything to ate any more?”

The question was quivering in the mother’s heart, when Mr. Oliver Grindem’s unwieldy figure darkened the door.

“I pledge you my word, Sally”, he began, in his pompous tone, “I did *not* promise him not to *saze* the oats”.

She compressed her lips, and placed one hand over her eyes, but said nothing. She was sitting on a low chair, rocking the cradle.

“That was all a mistake”, continued the landlord; “and you know I only looked for my own”.

She made no reply.

“And now, Sally”, he went on, “I need n’t tell you what a regard I always had for you; and to prove it to you, I ’m after coming over myself to offer you the lodge. You can send the children to the old lady’s school. They ’ll be well fed and clothed; in fact ye ’ll want for nothing”.

The children looked with hungry eyes into their mother’s face.

But Sally Cavanagh would not endanger the faith of her children, even to save their lives. Besides, did she not know what his designs were? The calm manner in which his proposal was received made him certain of success.

“Hunger”, thought Mr. Oliver Grindem, “is a powerful ally”.

Sally Cavanagh stood up. There was a majesty in her figure, and an unearthly light flashed from her dark eyes, as she waved her hand towards the door, and said in a voice of *command*:

“Leave my house! Tyrant, villain, go out of my sight!”

The frightened children pressed round her, and turned their want-worn faces inquiringly up to her’s. It was a grand picture: the noble mother, with hunger gnawing at her own vitals, prepared to see the children of her heart wither before her eyes, rather than expose them to the risk of losing the faith of their fathers, or imperil the priceless jewel, for which, in all her woe, and want, and misery, the daughters of Erin have been famed.

Even Mr. Oliver Grindem was awe-struck.

She waited another day for the long-expected letter from America, but it did not come. The next morning poor Norah fainted while trying to lift her little brother out of his cradle. Then Sally Cavanagh made up her mind for the worst.

* * * * *

Mrs. Purcell was distributing oatmeal among a group of beggars. On seeing her husband coming from an out-office she reddened (the good old soul) as if she was engaged in some unlawful work, and

hurried away. Mr. Purcell threaded his way through the squalid crowd, pretending unconsciousness.

At a little distance from the house, and within view of it, might be seen a smaller group—a mother and five children. She carried the youngest in her arms, while an emaciated fair-haired girl was trying to support the tottering footsteps of a boy who was evidently faint with hunger.

"If I had wan little bit to ate", said the boy, "I 'd be able to go on".

The woman hesitated no longer, but walked through the yard, hiding her face in a tattered cloak, and stood by the door.

Brian sat upon the kitchen table, swinging his legs and tossing fragments of a "quarter" of oaten bread to his grayhounds. On catching a glimpse of the woman's features, he started, and dropped a large piece of the bread from his hand, which one of the dogs snatched up, and, running outside the door, he began to crunch it at his leisure.

"Moll", said Brian, in a low voice, to the old dairy maid, "go speak to that woman at the door, and ask her where she 's going".

"God save you, honest woman", said the old dairy maid.

"God save you kindly, mam", replied the "poor woman".

"Did you come far?" inquired the dairy maid.

"About three miles, mam", was the reply.

"A long walk for thim crathurs", said the old woman, "sich a day as this. An' would 'd be any harm to ax have you much farther to go to-day?"

The woman shuddered, and a heavy sob told what a struggle was going on within her. As if she had gained the mastery over her feelings, she flung back the cloak from her face, and said, in an almost defiant tone: "We 're going to the poor-house".

"Avoo! nine long miles", exclaimed the old dairy woman. "But as for goin' to the poor-house, shure 't is what the daacentest people in the parish must do sich times as those, glory be to God for all His mercies".

Anxious as Brian was to hear this conversation, a scene which was enacted during its continuance almost entirely absorbed his attention.

The grayhound was crunching the piece of hard oaten bread outside the door—the children watching him with wolfish eyes. The eldest boy at last sprang upon the dog, and snatched the bread from him. He broke it into three parts, and hurriedly thrust one into the hand of each of the other children—keeping none for himself. Then seizing the hound by the throat, the boy pulled a fragment of the bread from between its teeth, and devoured it ravenously!

"Kate", said Mr. Purcell to his daughter, "will you try and explain to your mother the meaning of poor-rates. There 's no use in thinking she can keep up the old system—we could n't afford it. She has a congregation of beggars at the door every hour of the day".

"And do you know, Kate", asked Brian, who had just come into the parlour, "who is among the beggars at the door now?"

"Who?" said his sister, startled by the tone of his voice.

“Sally Cavanagh !”

Kate dropped the shirt she was engaged in making on the floor.

“Yes”, continued Brian, “on her way to the poor-house. And never let us know she was so badly off—I suppose because I helped them a little when her husband was going to America”.

His sister stood up, but paused irresolutely, with her hand on the door-handle.

“I declare, Brian”, said she, “I have hardly courage to speak to her. She that was always so light-hearted and happy. I often said I envied her”.

“Get them their breakfast at all events”, said Brian, “and we ’ll send a car with them to the poor-house. That ’s all we ’re able to do for them”, he added bitterly, as he placed his arms on the table, and dropped his head upon them.

The car with Sally Cavanagh and her children was some distance on its way, before Brian raised his head. When he did so, he saw his grayhounds had their keen eyes fixed upon him, and Gazelle thrust her taper head under his arm. He seized his gun, and rushed out into the orchard—the hounds yelping and bounding before him. He beckoned to a workman, and desiring him to follow with a spade, strode hurriedly to the farthest corner of the orchard. The dogs yelped their delight, and leaped up to caress him.

“Down, Bran!—down, Gazelle!” The hounds crouched at his feet. He was pale as death; even his lips were bloodless.

Bang! bang! He fired both barrels in quick succession, and flung the discharged gun upon the ground. The man with the spade came up, and Brian pointed to the foot of a particular tree without speaking. He then leaped over the fence and disappeared.

His mother and sister, hearing the shots so near the house, came out in some alarm to the orchard. They found the workman staring over the fence, over which Brian had disappeared, in mute amazement.

“My goodness!” exclaimed Kate, looking horrified, “why has he done that?”

“I do n’t know in the world, miss”, replied the man. “Shure id could n’t be account ov the gorsoon takin’ the bread from wan ov ’em, for instead ov bitin’ him, she stopped as quiet as a lamb”.

Kate and her mother exchanged looks, which showed they understood the matter.

“Poor Brian”, said Mrs. Purcell, wiping her eyes, “it is so like him”.

“I ’m to bury ’em ondher this three, mam”, said the workman.

But though Kate appreciated the sacrifice Brian had made, and knew he was prompted to make it by the reflection that the cost of keeping his dogs might help to keep some poor family from starvation—still she was shocked to think that it was his own hand stretched the noble animals lifeless and bleeding as she now beheld them.

“I declare, mamma”, said she, “I feel quite nervous. How glad I

am that Fanny will so soon be here. Yes", she added, after listening for the sound of wheels for a moment, "here she is". She and her mother hastened in to welcome Fanny O'Gorman to Ballycorrig.

Little Fanny, while she took the prettiest little cloak and bonnet off the prettiest little figure and head in the world, began to talk.

"Can it be, Kate", said little Fanny, "that it was Brian I saw running up the hill without his hat, like—like a wild Indian?" added little Fanny, at a loss for a moment for a comparison.

Kate told her what had just occurred.

"Did he shoot Gazelle?" exclaimed Fanny, horrified.

Many a secret caress Fanny had lavished upon Gazelle. We say secret; for whenever she found she was observed, Fanny used to blush in spite of herself. Now was n't it odd that a young lady should blush to be seen caressing a beautiful grayhound?

But when Fanny reflected upon the motive that induced Brian to sacrifice his favourites, she clasped her hands and looked up wonderingly. Then feeling her cheeks begin to glow, she covered her face with her hands. And then little Fanny began to shed tears. Foolish little Fanny! She first pressed her hands together and turned up her eyes, as she thought—"Was there ever any one like him!" Then another thought got into her head which made her blush and hide her face. And then she thought *he* did not care about *her*—"only as a friend"—that was all; and so little Fanny began to weep. Dear, kind-hearted little Fanny! how well she loved him, though he did not know it. Loved him all the more tenderly because of an old wound in his heart. Ah! if he knew of these tears—would they not heal the old wound?—and would not a fragrant flower spring up in its place?

CHAPTER XXI.

"The youngest little boy, sir!" exclaimed Sally Cavanagh, as she clasped her treasure to her bosom—as if she could hide it there—and looked imploringly into the face of the poor-house official.

But it was no use; she should comply with the rules.

The children followed the official into a long corridor. Before the door closed behind them they turned round to take a last look at their mother, and as they did so their little hearts died within them. Surely something horrible is going to happen to them! For their mother stretches out her hands towards them with a look of despair, as if she saw a bottomless pit yawn and swallow them up before her eyes. Poor, terror-stricken children! Miserable heart-broken mother!

"This way, good woman", said the matron. And Sally Cavanagh followed her mechanically.

She is stretched upon a pallet in the crowded dormitory. She knows not whether she is asleep or awake; she has such horrid, horrid visions. She hears angry voices around her calling upon somebody to

keep quiet and let them rest. Then the horrid visions again ; and then the voices angrier and more loud than before. Then a hand is laid on her forehead, and a voice whispers close to her ear—" My poor woman, they are getting angry with you for preventing them from sleeping".

" What!" exclaimed poor Sally Cavanagh, bewildered—" oh ! was it ravin' I was ?"

" Yes ; you talk of your husband and your children and the 'youngest little boy', and 'Mr. Brian'. But try and rest now, and I 'll sit here near you".

" But the night is very cold ; you 'd be perished".

" Oh, no ; I have my quilt on my shoulders".

" Your quilt ? Shure you are n't one of the paupers ?"

" I am ", was the reply, in a whisper, but with a strange distinctness.

" Your speech is like a lady's. And your hand—oh, how silky and slender it is ! And soft—like an infant's. Are you married ?"

" Yes—but—but he 's *dead*" ; and the word came with a choking sob.

" The Lord be merciful to his soul".

" Thank you ; thank you, though I cannot join you in your prayer".

" Why so ?"

" I am a Protestant. But I believe I do pray for him—in my heart".

" Must you stay long in the poor-house ?"

" No—I hope not".

" You have friends to go to ?"

" Yes ; I have friends to go to". And now there was something like gladness in her voice".

" Maybe they 're not in this country though ?"

" No ; *they 're in Heaven*".

A faint moonbeam at that moment enabled Sally Cavanagh to see the face of her companion. It was wan, and worn, and beautiful. The eyes were turned upwards, and seemed to look into the Heaven of which she spoke. Sally thought it was like the face of a saint. Sitting up in her bed, she wound her arms round the slight waist, and drawing the fragile form close to her, rested the pale head on her bosom. And Sally Cavanagh, forgetting her own great misery, wept for the woes of a sister in misfortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a letter from America for Sally Cavanagh, directed to Brian Purcell's care. He went to the workhouse himself with it—but poor Sally was delirious, raving of her husband and her children, and the youngest little boy. How a mother's heart will yearn for her youngest little boy !

Sally Cavanagh had brain fever. Brian tried to learn something of

her children, but failed. There was such a mass of misery, he could not find out these particular atoms. He saw great piles of little rough coffins though; and Brian shook his head sadly. He opened the letter and read it. It told of hardship, and sickness, and disappointment. But Connor Shea had employment at last "out westward", and was saving every shilling. And with God's help he'd be able to keep his word, and send for them "before the oats was out". In the meantime, he'd send a few pounds, as soon as he'd hear from her. And poor, honest, unsuspecting Connor Shea concluded with kind remembrance to the neighbours, "not forgetting Mr. Brian"—and he (Connor) often thought of the night at the old finger-post. [Brian sometimes thought of that night too.] In a postscript Connor said that Neddy was going on first rate with his friend the schoolmaster, and that he sent his love to all.

"Where am I?" Sally Cavanagh asked faintly.

"You must not talk—'t is the doctor's orders", replied the nurse.

Another day and night wore on. Then she knew it was the doctor who was feeling her pulse. She struggled a long time to speak, but was not able to utter a word. But when she saw the doctor turning away, despair appeared to give her strength, and with an effort she cried—"The—children!"

"You must keep very quiet", said the doctor kindly; "you are after getting over a bad fever; and the children are quite well".

Another, and another, and another day. And now she could understand her position clearly. They assured her that when she was strong enough she should see her children—the youngest little boy, and all. "Oh, that was all she wanted—just to see them from the window, for one minute, and sure she'd be strong enough for that to-morrow, at any rate". But when to-morrow, and to-morrow, and a week passed, and they were still putting her off, a terrible dread took possession of her. The doctor seeing this, whispered to the nurse that if she did not rest better that night, the truth should be broken to her. But having heard that the children in the workhouse were all marched out daily at a certain hour for air and exercise, Sally Cavanagh stole from the fever hospital, and hid herself in a clump of evergreens by which the children were to pass. She crouched down upon her knees and elbows, watching and listening intently. They are coming! They pass within a few feet of the evergreens! Her very breathing is suspended. Not a face in that long line of pauper boys escapes her scrutiny. But Corney is not there, nor Tommy, nor Nickey. Sally Cavanagh feels an almost irrepressible impulse to scream aloud; but by a strong effort she resists it, and it passes away in a shudder. She rests her forehead—it is burning—upon the damp clay under the evergreens, and remains motionless, she knows not how long. She is roused by the plodding tread of the pauper boys on their return. She watches them again, but now not anxiously, but with a dull unconscious gaze.

Again she is roused. A piercing light burns in her dark eyes, and

her nostrils quiver. The pauper girls are coming now. She raises herself upon her hands as if she were about to spring forward. It is—it is poor Norah's yellow hair! She does spring forward. She seized the child by the shoulders, and, holding her at arm's length, stares into a face that never wore a smile; no, never—since the day she was born. But it is not poor Norah, and Sally Cavanagh appears turned into stone as the procession of pauper girls moves past.

But is it not a sight to make one shudder? Is there not something horrible in the bare idea of many hundreds of children's faces without one smile among them? Yet we assure the reader we have seen this unnatural sight.

Another thought smote upon the heart of Sally Cavanagh, and she was roused again.

She sees two men placing coffins upon a car. There is a child's coffin among them; and as the men stoop to lift it from the ground they are pushed violently aside. She tears off the lid, and the bright rays of the setting sun fall upon the little ghastly corpse. But it is not her child. The priest, who was coming from the hospital, approached and spoke soothingly to the poor distracted mother.

“Where are they?” she asked.

“In Heaven—with the saints in Heaven”, replied the priest.

“Norah—an' Corney—and Tommy and Nickey?—an' the youngest little boy?—are they all dead?”

“Yes; they're all dead—”

“And buried?”—she added, with a bewildered look.

“And buried—and gone to a better world”, said the priest.

She looked distractedly about her, till her eyes rested on a blue mountain, ten miles away. She bent a long piercing gaze upon the mountain. And then, uttering a wild shriek that rung through every corner of the “palace of poverty”, and made the good priest turn pale, the broken-hearted woman rushed through the gate—her hands stretched out towards the mountain.

Sally Cavanagh was a maniac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DOINGS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT YORK.

THOSE who remember with interest the meeting of the Congress in Dublin in August, 1861, and the large part taken by Irish gentlemen in each department, may care to hear what the Association has been about in York, where it met during the last week of September of the present year. No greater contrast could well be presented than between the busy animation of Dublin and the decorous clerical gravity

of the metropolis of the North of England. The attendance also was in the latter city more limited, the total number of members and associates being 1019. A thousand people gathered together to listen to an address from Lord Brougham or one of the presidents, or circulating gaily through the assembly rooms, brilliantly lighted up for an evening soiree, form, however, a sufficiently imposing body to insure ample success in the social sense. As regards the serious objects of each section, there was no lack of the usual interest; but we looked in vain for many familiar Dublin faces, which we had half expected to see. Neither the Attorney-General for Ireland, nor Mr. J. P. Murray, nor Dr. Neilson Hancock, nor Mr. O'Shaughnessy, or many others who took active and prominent parts in 1861, had found leisure to cross the Channel and northern England to renew the old debates. Sir Walter Crofton did come from Winchester, and though professing to be in retirement as regards official duties, was acting indefatigably as chairman of the Reformatory section of the first department—Jurisprudence.

In every town visited by this Congress, a fresh set of local interests meets those of the old set of members. At Glasgow the Scotch clergy came out in force, and struck in upon Ragged Schools, Temperance, Homes of the Poor, and other subjects pertaining to their ministry. At Dublin, the Irish Poor Law, the systems of National or Denominational Education, and the Irish Convict System, as it is popularly called, were the occasion of warm debates. Clergymen and priests, Catholics and Protestants, were seen side by side in the sections at the Four Courts, and the discussions were carried on with wonderful forbearance considering the vital interests engaged on either side. In York the presence of the Archbishop, as president of the second department—Education—and of many members of his clergy, gave a predominating bias. I looked in vain for Father Clifford, of St. Wilfrid's; he was not to be seen, nor did any voice raise itself in any section to enforce a Catholic view of any question. But the Society of Friends attended in considerable numbers, and a Dissenting minister whose fame as a learned antiquarian stands very high in England, the Rev. John Kenrick, was a vice-president in the Education Department, under the Archbishop. It is thus apparent that the unsectarian character of the association was strictly borne out in clerical York as elsewhere.

Lord Brougham's opening address, already amply commented on by the newspapers, was much what it has been in former years—a wonderful résumé of social science during the past year, with certain political observations which divers folk thought might as well have been omitted. Of the four departments, each of which was opened by an address to *all* the Association from its own president, those of Sir James Wilde upon Jurisprudence, and of the Archbishop on Education, appeared to excite the most interest. Sir James Wilde's was characterized, by all who heard it, as a masterpiece of close reasoning and terse

elegance of expression ; but he read in so low a voice as to be inaudible beyond a very small circle of those attempting to hear him, and it was only when printed that his address could be appreciated as it deserved. The Archbishop, on the contrary, read his paper in a clear sonorous voice, which must have been heard to the farthest limits of the "Festival Concert Room" where it was delivered. He dealt with three divisions of his subject : the highest education of the country, carried on in public schools—the education of the sons of yeomen, of what were called the middle classes—and the education of girls in the middle and highest schools. His observations on the Poor Scholar aroused the deepest interest. At no time, said he, had the Poor Scholar had greater advantages than at present. At no former period in the history of the country has it been less difficult for a youth of real merit to procure for himself the best education, in whatever circumstances or position he had been born. The freedom with which the Archbishop discussed this question, and the non-desirability in these railway days of keeping up the local restrictions of the old grammar schools, was considered by everybody to be particularly graceful, as it is well known that Dr. Thomson's parents were of the middle class in Cumberland, and that he attained his present eminence in the English Church by force of ability and industry. These are stamped in every line of his broad athletic figure and shrewd powerful face. He is the very man for his position in these difficult times for the Establishment, moderate and firm, clear-sighted and sincere. If not exactly a clergyman after the type of St. Wilfrid of York or St. Cuthbert of Durham, he is evidently both a good man and a clever one, and, moreover, the right man in the right place. His welcome to the Association was cordial in many ways. He inaugurated the assembly by a special service in the Cathedral, himself preaching the sermon, and showing with considerable force the assistance which the practical deductions of social science might render to the works undertaken by religion. He attended the departments, and took the chair on the last afternoon, in the large room devoted to discussions on education, and was in no wise niggardly of hospitality at the palace.

As summaries of the work got through in each section appeared in the papers at the time, and will be given at length and with precision in the volume of Transactions, it will be more interesting to note those debates which the writer individually heard, regretting, at the same time, that it is impossible to be in four places at once, as each one on each successive day afforded ample instruction and also amusement. In the first department then, that of Jurisprudence, there were read on Tuesday, the 27th of September, two papers, by James Fitzjames Stephen, Barrister-at-law, and S. W. North, Esq., a surgeon of York, treating the question, *On what principle should the Law deal with questions of Responsibility and Mental Competence in Civil and Criminal Cases respectively?* The lawyer and the medical man took essentially the same view ; the latter, however, bearing with extra emphasis on

the close connection between crime and insanity, incipient or developed. Canon Trevor, an eloquent clergyman, fought strongly for the other view—not that he denied the existence of insanity as a fruitful source of crime, or that Mr. North denied the existence of wickedness, pure and simple (if two such adjectives can be applied to such a noun substantive)! But the clergyman would limit his denial of responsibility to the most evident aberration, while the surgeon was well inclined to sweep every possible case of crime into the ever-widening ring of brain disease. This was pretty matter for debate, argued hotly on either side. Canon Trevor denied the exactness of the words *criminal insanity*, inasmuch as he declared insanity to be a disease of the brain, not in itself criminal, though conducing to outward acts resembling those of wilful crime. Mr. Westlake, an accomplished barrister from London, said that he considered the real test of criminal responsibility lay in the will; was that in its normal freedom or was it not? Mr. Stephen, who made a very telling speech in defence of his paper, reiterated the principle of the English law to be this: "Did he know what he was doing? did he know it was wrong? and could he help it?" and said that this principle was sufficient to guide justice safely. Other speakers joined the debate, and, indeed, the subject was one of which the roots lie deep amidst the most delicate and difficult problems of humanity: until at last, Lord Brougham, who walked in and took the chair late in the afternoon, wound up by telling an anecdote which, though it did not solve the mystery, was at least wonderfully pertinent, and caused hearty laughter to resound through the room. Horne Tooke, travelling in the west of England, found himself in a stage coach with an escaped lunatic. Arrived at the inn, the latter seized a carving knife, and said: "You are Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes, I am", replied that gentleman. Rejoined his amiable companion, "Then I mean to make an end of you, and I shall not be hung, because I have just escaped from Dr. ——'s asylum". "Oh, dear", said Horne Tooke, with ready presence of mind, "then you have been shut up, and have n't heard of the late Act of Parliament, that all lunatics are to be hung as soon as caught?" The man bolted out of the room, and Horne Tooke unquestionably owed his life to his mother-wit.

In the Reformatory section of Jurisprudence (Punishment and Reformation no longer having a whole department to themselves), the writer heard Mary Carpenter read her beautiful and touching plea for the non-imprisonment of children, to a dense audience. It was, however, much to be regretted that her paper was second to a frightful register of "various modes of Criminal Punishment resorted to at different periods, and their influence on civilization", from Mr. George Harris, Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy. Anything so shocking as the detail of wheels and racks, never was read before with a calm countenance; and the most fearful illustrations were pinned up on the wall behind Mr. Harris's back! The writer of these lines was obliged to rush out into the open air very early in the story, and with diffi-

culty regained a seat in time for Miss Carpenter's paper. It was surely not a fit subject to choose for an audience largely composed of women, and one leading to very little practical result at this time of day.

In the second department—Education—we heard a debate on Public School Education, succeeding to papers by the Rev. David Melville, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, and the Rev. Thomas Bisset. Here also Canon Trevor spoke with much effect, and said that public schools certainly made gentlemen of boys, but cost a great deal too much money. Some people attacked the classical curriculum, others thought it might be worse. As the question came home to almost every man, either in his own person, or that of his son, there was no lack of opinions and experiences. In the same section, on the last day of the meeting, a paper, by Miss Emily Davies, on Secondary Instruction as relating to Women, was read for her by Mr. Fitch of York. Without taking Miss Davies' extremely depressed view of the present education and mental development of her sex, we are bound to state that the comments provoked by her paper were not to our taste, with the exception of Mr. George Hasting's able and manly speech. This subject excited considerable interest in York, having been alluded to in the archbishop's address.

We sat for a whole morning in the third department—Health—listening to a paper by George Godwin, F.R.S. (the editor of the *Builder*), on overcrowding of dwelling-houses and workshops, followed by one on the same subject by Mr. John Holmes. The number of human beings who can be crammed between four walls, and the number of cows, pigs, chickens, dogs, and cats, who can be accommodated simultaneously in the same quarters with their masters, was described with graphic force. The remedy is, however, hard to find; for, though stringent acts exist, the magistrates dare not always enforce them, for fear of driving the forlorn people out into the street. Sometimes the overcrowding is the fault of the landlords trying to increase their profits; at others, the device of tenants, subletting to save their own rent. During the ensuing discussion, the room allotted to Health became hotter and hotter, until at last, when Dr. Lankester was on his legs, discoursing eloquently upon the cubic amount of fresh air requisite for the consumption of a pair of human lungs, he was heard to allude disrespectfully to the skylights amidst a general chorus of laughter.

In the fourth department—Economy and Trade—what most interested us was Mr. Holyoake's description of the growth of the Halifax coöperative store during the cotton crisis. How a few workmen clubbed together a few pounds; how the society lingered for some years, but in 1860 took a sudden start, and has since been developing with steady progress, until the capital amounts to £110,000, shared among 5,000 men, whose families number 20,000 people;—all this Mr. Holyoake described in a way that was very lively and effective, picturing the

club-house, the general kitchen, the grocery store, and other substantial advantages of coöperation, all belonging to those whose prudent energy had raised them and theirs out of a hand-to-mouth way of life, into that which possesses a solid present and a hopeful future.

This resumé of one long visit to each of the departments gives, of course, but a very small instalment of the subjects of interest dealt with in each. The plan of reception and allotment of time for papers, has been greatly altered this year. Much fewer are admitted, and when two, or in some instances more, have been read in the fore-part of the day, the rest of the time is given up to the discussion. The meetings are thus less desultory in character, and ample time is given for the eliciting of opinion.

In the city of York there was much to see during the week, and every facility was afforded to the visitors. The Cathedral has lately been fitted with gas, and one evening the glorious pile was lighted up, a line of fire running round the capitals of the pillars in the nave, and beneath the clerestory of the choir. The crypt, where the foundations of three separate churches of different date may yet be discovered, was daily lit with jets of gas, which seemed only to make darkness more visible. Nothing, however, could be more wonderful and magical in effect than the upper building, softly glowing with lines of fire, of which the height was so great that there was nothing glaring in their effect.

We visited the county hospital, a very well-managed institution, and well adorned, by the care and taste of the house surgeon, with pictures and plants; also the famous Retreat, the lunatic asylum, belonging to the Society of Friends, and which has the name of being the first to inaugurate the mild intelligent treatment now practised in such places. Nothing could be pleasanter than the sitting-rooms and gardens of this house, where room is afforded to a limited number of patients (under two hundred), "ample space and verge enough" being one of the conditions here judged essential to mental recovery. Lastly, it is, perhaps, treason to philanthropy to number among the chief delights of the meeting those beautiful gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, which are really the old precincts of St. Mary's Abbey. Sloping down from the well-preserved Roman wall, with its string courses of fine red brick, to the banks of the Ouse, these gardens contain two good museums, one of antiquities and one of natural philosophy, and two large ruins, of St. Leonard's Abbey and St. Mary's Priory. The former is low, strong, and gray; but the latter lifts aloft its elegant arches, backed by the trees of St. Olave's Churchyard (the burial place of Etty), and exhibits the traces of a church which was but a very few feet shorter than the minster itself. The first stone was laid by William Rufus; the signal for destruction given by Henry the Eighth. The building served as a sort of quarry during succeeding reigns, the crown making grants of its stone for various purposes, notably that of building York Castle and Gaol. The tide of destruction has, however, turned within the present century, and what remains of St. Mary's is jealously preserved. The

antiquities, Roman and Gothic, are kept in the ancient hospitium, nearer to the river. The other museum is of Greek architecture. Its chief curiosity appears to be the skeleton of the Dinormis Bolustue, a wingless bird—a gigantic monster, whom it would have been most unpleasant to meet in a woodland walk, as a peck of his bill or a stroke of his great claws would have been death to the unwary. We said he should have been christened the Enormous Rolustus, for he was much taller than the neighbouring ostrich, and a great deal thicker in his bones.

Here, in these fair gardens, we will leave the Association wandering, in the persons of several of its most devoted members, amidst the ruins of two great social systems, the Roman and the Mediæval, which have passed away.

B. R. P.



ETRURIA: BROKEN SCULPTURES.

WE wander through the Lands of Wine,
'Mid ruins draped in summer vine;
Brown plains all city-spotted lie
Along our path from sky to sky;
Through many a day of sun and gloom
We track the stream and scale the height,
And slumber many a rainy night,
In peasant cot, or dusty tomb.

As by the red fire in the glen
Now rest we, travel-wearied men,
The fancies of a thousand years,
Dizzied as through an age's tears,
Flash from the ruined walls around,
Like demon sprites in marble bound;
Great sculptured forms of dateless age
From ruin seem to frown in rage;
Tempestuous groups of battle blaze;
Calm stand the sacrificial train,
And monumental faces gaze
In phantom glows, and sink again.

Now as the summer moonlights stream
Across the valley's interspace,
While far away an azure trace
Of mountain, like an azure dream,
Fades from the Earth in airy grace,
Beside the sculptured bacchant tomb
Let's pause upon our nightly way.

Above the willow sheds its gray,
And mingles with the golden gloom
Of branching orange; on a mound
Of scented moss let's stretch an hour,
Leaf-tented in this viney bower,
And muse upon the sculptures round.

* * * * *

See yonder careless, bacchant throng,
Emerged from the temple's porch
With clashing cymbal, flashing torch,
Chapleted heads, and sandaled feet,
Come bounding through the festive street,
With wine-skins on their shoulders flung,
And brandished thyrsi, ivy-wound,
And bosoms bare, and arms upflung,
Exultant shouting evoe move
Like a white cloud drift on the ground,
In sunshine to yon distant grove
Where, shrined in domes of greenest dark
The mossy fountain's pulsing spark
Invites to cool the cup, and rim
With crystal lymph the bubbled brim;
In sunny wind each garment flies,
Wild and light-drunken are their eyes;
Their lips are stained with wine, and breaks
The vintage through their glowing cheeks.
Wine passions every gesture, song,
And scream of the wild wreathing throng;
The dust whirls, strips of chaplets strew
The ground with blossoms red and blue,
As the mad tumult whirls along.

Lo! in yon marble chamber cool,
With fresh-strewn blooms and fountain spray,
Slow falling in its central pool,
A pair of lovers wile the day,
Reposed on couch of heaped rose,
And broidered purple coverlid.
Just now her indolent hand has slid,
The curls of his drooped head amid,
The while his careless fingers close
Upon a cup of liquid grape.
How duskily centred on her own,
Beam his wreathed eyes; how pure her shape
Swell soft along the creamy stone!
Through the blue roof the silent ray

Strikes over busy goblets thrown
 Upon the marbles, statue-lone
 And essence breathing amphorse,
 Amid which a light dancing choir,
 With rose-chains cinctured, girl and boy
 Career to sounds of flute and lyre,
 'Mid laughing screams of love and joy.

Oh ! festal lover—beauteous maid,
 Oh ! wreathed dancers, would that we
 This hour could join your revelry,
 And feast within yon marble shade !
 What though the leaves of ages fall !
 Delight is old as yonder sun !
 Thus while the sands of pleasure run,
 A jocund health we drink to all !

Such are the scenes that flashing rise,
 Of love and feasting, joy and pain,
 Warlike or sacrificial train,
 Before the Tuscan shepherd's eyes
 In heavy midnight, when the spheres,
 Twinkling as through light-blinding tears,
 Sink low along th' Etruscan plain,
 Dotted with ruins, draped and laced
 With straggling vine or mossy stain—
 Old bacchant tombs with figures graced—
 Old walls of citadel or fane,
 Amid which—while his sheep around
 Upon the herb-perfumèd ground
 Or browse or drowse, and a moon in the wane
 Above the blue hills sheds its beams
 On oleander-bordered streams—
 Stretched in his skin cloak by old walls,
 His vine-fed red fire flashing falls
 Through boughs of willow or of lime
 Upon the shapes of vanished Time.

T. I.

THE PAMPAS OF PARAGUAY

Two things have recently contributed to direct my attention to the South American tropics. One was the sudden irruption into this country of jerked beef. Jerked beef became immediately the prevailing topic of conversation in ten thousand happy homes. It was at first heard of, not seen ; the conditions are now reversed—it has been seen, and is no more heard of. The land was covered with rumours

concerning jerked beef. Scientific gentlemen examined it, and agents read their flattering accounts to convivial assemblies gathered to taste it, dished up in many subtle ways, and washed down with copious draughts of many wines. Jerked beef in fact was king, as surely as ever cotton was; but his reign, I fear me, has gone by. What would you? *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* Another king will reign in its stead. The second cause of my attention to the tropics was the departure of an emigrant ship to that all too sunny region. Ah, me! Many and many are they who have sailed from this green speck of land in the same direction since the day the old Gaedhlic poet sang his simple farewell.

"On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woeful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night.
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 't is royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.
When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish all went round.
'T is a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my owa Mayo".

So many of our countrymen have gone to America, Canada, and Australia, these countries, too, are so familiar to us on account of speaking the same language, that we forget there are other lands to which Irish emigrants resort. Yet it is not their fault that we do forget it. Wherever they go, they are sure to make their voice heard through the press. Not to speak of the United States, Canada, and Australia, Panama has its *Star* and *Gazette*, and Buenos Ayres its *Standard*, conducted by Irishmen. The pages of the latter journal tell us that there is more land there in the possession of emigrants from the County Westmeath alone, than is possessed by all the gentry of that county at home. From other sources, too, I learn that the number of Irish there is very considerable.

The country is an interesting one, and might well make the exile forget his native land, if that were not against the instincts nature implants in the human breast. In the fairest land, in the pleasantest hours, some scene, a hill, a brook, an accent, the turn of a tune, silence itself, all or any, will suffice to recall the heart to the land of its birth. Were it not for this and some annoyances, occasional and accidental, in the country, the emigrant might consider himself in a terrestrial paradise. The entrance to it, however, is not altogether prepossessing. As he approaches Buenos Ayres, the first thing that strikes him—strangely, but agreeably—is the freshness of the sea water at a considerable distance from the shore. The second thing that impresses him, disagreeably this time, is the fact that the same sea water is occasionally the recipient of defunct horses, whereof it rejects a few, sending them up to decay upon the shore. And, indeed, this disregard for the carcasses of animals—occasioned by their plenty and consequent little value—is the most disagreeable fact, to

eyes and nose, of the place. But it may be hoped to disappear in the course of a few years. You forget it when you see the brilliant costumes and strange scenery of the country. There is a gaucho flashing in scarlet and white—scarlet *Poncho* jacket, and short Turkish breeches; underneath them, white, capacious trowsers ending in a fringe. Your vessel is still a quarter of a mile from land, yet he comes galloping for your luggage in his two-horsed cart, though the water is up to his horses' sides. You hesitate to speak to him, as you are almost ignorant of the language. Try your fortune, however, and the odds are you have his answer in right mellow Irish brogue. For it is a fact that many of those flamingly dressed gauchos are natives of Ireland. The Irish, however, are not to be found among these only; they may be discovered in higher ranks too, aye, in the very highest.

The air of the place comports with the name Buenos Ayres, “Good Air”, especially when the wind veers to the south-west, and blows from the far stretching Pampas, a reviving, refreshing breeze, though sometimes the “pampero” becomes a hurricane. The town of Buenos Ayres appears to a stranger very singularly built. The streets run straight, parallel, and at right angles, the houses being all built in squares (*cuadros*) or blocks, as the Americans say, of about five hundred feet in extent. The houses are chiefly one-storied, with flat tops for promenade in the cool hours. The streets themselves present a diversified spectacle. Ladies, famed for their beauty, and charming in attire, gauchos, soldiers (Indians, mulattoes, or negroes), dressed in the same costume, and peons, or labourers (these are no slaves), give them a kaleidoscopish appearance. Around the town, the chief vegetation consists of hedges of aloes and cacti, with here and there the rude, leafless branches of the lumber tree, which bears some resemblance to the wintry oak. Orange and peach trees are more agreeable objects, and to be found in plenty all over the level lands of Buenos Ayres. Pigs are fed with the peaches, the wood is burned. The plain looks beautiful, being covered with bright green grass, and the air is very exhilarating.

If the visitor be a jerked beef enthusiast, and comes here to see the preparation of his favourite food, he commits a mistake. That flourishes further down the Plate River (Rio de la Plata) on the opposite or northern side, in Monte Video. There the business is in full vigour; so actively, indeed, is it carried on, that one might well incline to vegetarianism, there is so much slaughter on every side. Imagine an enclosure of about two hundred feet square. Three sides of it enclose bullock-pens, the fourth contains a couple of *mataderos* or slaughter-houses. Out of the pens the animals are being incessantly driven to be caught in the open space by men on horseback, and on foot with lassos—a long rope with a running noose, which being skilfully flung, catches them round the horns. Thus fettered, they are dragged to the fatal sheds, where, instead of the clumsy felling sledge, a man strikes a knife into the spinal marrow of the neck, and instantly the creature

falls without a struggle. So quickly is all this done, that some farmers get over a thousand cattle a day thus despatched. The animals being skinned, the flesh is rapidly sliced off, and their hides and meat are conveyed to the *saladeros* or salt houses, where the latter is piled up between layers of fine white salt, and afterwards dried in the sun. A great deal of this jerked beef was consumed in the Confederate States by the slave population; war breaking out there, the River Plate gentry had to seek another market for their savoury produce. It is, however, generally used in the West Indies and other hot places, as it keeps so well under the burning sun.

The River Plata, a hundred and seventy miles wide at its mouth, is formed, at a short distance above Buenos Ayres, by the confluence of two rivers, the Rio Uruguay, and south of it, running nearly parallel, the Rio Paraná. It is up the latter you must proceed going to Paraguay; indeed, when you reach Corrientes, about a fortnight's sail up the rapid river, it takes the name of the Rio Paraguay, the Paraná coming into it at almost right angles. It is this river which is Paraguay's chief, or rather its only outlet, and when Rosas, the usurping dictator of the Argentine Confederation, thought proper to quarrel with Paraguay, he closed the Paraná against their vessels, and so did them incalculable mischief, throwing back their progress for years.

Before getting on board, you may, perhaps, like to adventure out of town over the green plain that encircles it. Horses are plenty, and their pace over the pampas is a gallop. The grass is short and smooth. Short, thistly star intersperse it in clusters, though at considerable distances asunder. There are few trees to break the swelling expanse, and these few, poplars, willows, and peaches, which have been planted in the neighbourhood of some dwelling-place. You will meet with bleached bones, though, plentifully enough; sometimes will see enclosures made of them for entrapping living relatives of the beasts, whose relics they are—horses and oxen. Animal life is, indeed, everywhere. Birds of many kinds, wild ducks, partridges, snipe, curlews, owls, psewits, hawks, and emus abound. In the trees are mud-nests belonging to a chattering thrush-like bird, and pie-like nests of sticks constructed by parrots. You come upon a village, perhaps, and are attracted to the pretty little church. You enter. Everything at first is just as you expected, but, the mass over, the priest turns to address his congregation. You then find, with some surprise, that he is an Irishman, and you will learn soon that this foreign-dressed congregation is Irish also. Many of those gauchos you have met galloping over the plain, royal looking lads, in scarlet and silver-mounted trappings, silver dollar-buttons, chains and bridle-bits, are Irishmen, and staunch patriots too. Indeed, our countrymen pullulate there.

And now you bid adieu to Buenos Ayres, having got your passport, a permit to ship your luggage, and had both of them checked again, or *visé*, an annoyance which, it is hoped, the example of France will soon annihilate. The crew of your vessel are as likely to be Italians

as anything else, indeed more likely. Over in these countries Garibaldi, I believe, fought his first skirmishes. To enjoy your fare on board, you must accommodate yourself to the taste of garlic, dry biscuits, and poor wine, twice a day. But you may be happy enough to have a provision of dried peaches, or maté. The latter is the general substitute for tea in these parts, and is so usual that it merits particular notice. Brought over the long sea-waves, there lies in my desk, whilst I write, a maté "pot". Do not run off with the idea that it at all resembles a coffee or tea-pot. It is a pretty little calabash, flattened by nature (like the globe) at both poles, and ornamented by art with figures of flowers and tendrils, dark and purple, on its yellow skin. A round hole, about an inch in diameter, penetrates the ridge of the circumference, around which aperture you can read the inscription designating its use, "*ueiala como fas mate*". The maté leaves are put into this, boiling water is added, and the infusion being ready, you insert the bulb of a solende reed-tube. The bulb may be of silver, perforated by small holes; in the one beside me, it is a basket-work of fine filaments, to keep out the leaves. Taking the calabash in one hand, and the tube in the other, you suck up the maté until a slight rattle of air in the bulb tells you to cease. The "pot" is then re-filled for another, and thus passes round a whole company. Very sociable—is it not?

Ascending the river, you are first struck by observing small islets in motion, floating down. They are composed of interwoven water-plants, which increase rapidly from small beginnings on account of the luxuriance of vegetation, and soon become too massive for their anchors, more especially after rain, when the current is swollen. Again, the ear is startled at the distance of a mile from the shore by the croaking of frogs—musical enough, no doubt, then, but sufficiently alarming when breaking suddenly upon the traveller at close quarters. You'd be inclined to fancy that you had come into unpleasant proximity with a tiger. The shores, as you set out, are low, sandy, and undulating, but when you approach Garcia Island, at the junction of the Paraná and Uruguay, the richness of the vegetation impresses the mind. It is covered with luxuriant clover, peach-trees abound, and European vegetables grow with great rapidity. Here, too, you see the beautiful fuchsia-flowered smilax (*sephidatica*), which is well known in this country and America, on account of preparations from its roots, by the name sarsaparilla. The roots consist of rhizome, termed by our druggists, *chumps*, rootlets, and root-fibres. The variety imported from this part of the western continent (chiefly from Brazil) comes in bundles of wrinkled rootlets, about the thickness of a quill, without either chump or root-fibres attached. If, instead of coming with us up the Paraná, you went up the Uruguay, you would very quickly arrive at a northern tributary, the Rio Negro, whose banks are so covered with sarsaparilla plants that they have infused their peculiar taste into the stream itself.

You must not suppose this portion of the continent devoid of singing

birds. A few hours on this island, where songsters congregate in numbers, would soon disabuse you. Nor is the current of the river too rapid for fish, and strange-looking creatures they sometimes are. Still ascending, the banks, always flat, are marked by an occasional palm, orange, and peach-tree, but always closely covered with the oak-like lumber-tree. Sedges and rushes spring thickly out of the earth; here and there, trodden down, they allow you to see the long foot-print of the fierce ounce or jaguar, coming down to drink at the river—an unpleasant customer, by all accounts. A meditative heron, or crane, stands by the stream in statuesque repose; a duck, or diver, adds a little life to it. Crocodiles are rare, but they occasionally show their droll, dangerous countenances; mosquitoes also begin to pay delicate attentions to strangers in the cool of the evenings, and locusts appear in rare clouds, or drift dead down the current. Cormorants in plenty are seen all along the Paraná, whilst you have not to wait long to observe quantities of buzzards, hawks, and tern, and numbers of little green parrots. The banks are occasionally diversified by lofty cliffs of clay. When you enter the Rio Paraguay itself, the southern bank, the boundary of the Chaco plains, covered with dense wood, is scarce four feet above the level of the water. The northern or Paraguayan bank is often sixteen feet high, sloping upwards, and with but few trees. The river itself, the whole way down to Buenos Ayres, is splendidly adapted for navigation; vessels drawing seven and eight feet water proceed along it with ease. This is more than can be said of the Mississippi, where steamers drawing only three feet are sometimes caught by "snags".

Just where the Paraná diverges to the north, at nearly right angles from its usual course, which is continued in the Paraguay, stands the little town of Corrientes, a much smaller and poorer edition of Buenos Ayres. But very interesting are the associations connected with it. As I said before, the Rio Uruguay runs nearly parallel with the Paraná; not far from this, on account of the northern divergence of the latter, they approach very closely. The space of ground bounded by them there is called the *misiones*, or missions; for it is here that the Jesuits founded one of their most famous missions, and Christianizing the "untameable Indians", founded a kind of paradise. The greed of Pombal and the home-government destroyed their labours, and under blighting auspices, they being expelled, the rich land has lapsed into an unpeopled desert. The Jesuits' college at Corrientes—its courts grass-grown—is now used as a custom or government house. The credit of founding the first Christian colony here belongs to the Franciscans. However, it soon came under the care of the Jesuits. With earnestness, intelligence, and great love, they wrought wonders. Their first church was built in 1595, and they soon became beloved. Popular enough they were with all, because they exerted a beneficent influence over the savage Indians; but they had the Christian imprudence not to stop at that. It was not enough for them to Christianize,

they would protect their wild converts. They refused to be accomplices in reducing the Indians to slavery, mitigated or unmitigated.

They refused to stand by and see slavery introduced at all. They ingeniously denounced the state of affairs to the home government, and in 1609 the Spanish king sent orders in favour of their views, and abolished slavery. The Jesuits carried out their principles without swerving. In 1756 they had thirty missions, including a large multitude of people. Their system was admirable. Each village had two schools—one for reading and writing, one for dancing, singing, and music—an arrangement the result of true wisdom and deep insight into the Indian heart. Every family had a piece of land allotted to it for its support; other lands set apart were cultivated in common, the proceeds going to the support of widows and orphans, the sick and infirm, the repair of churches, the maintenance of the country's defenders and civil officers, and any surplus went to the king. These lands were termed "God's inheritance", and any person convicted of beggary (which was strictly forbidden) had to labour on them. Thus was a system introduced calculated to bring out all the best feelings of man, to evoke industry, and promote happiness. But they were surrounded by foes. The heathen Indians attacked them—so also did the slave-hunting Spaniards from Vera Cruz, and the devilish free-booters of Bao Paolo, in Brazil, a population of half-breeds, escaped negroes, and the scum of the Europeans. This horde was called the Mamelukes, and sought out slaves with ruthless avidity, whom they worked to death in a most merciless and most barbarous manner. In the middle of the eighteenth century, they destroyed fourteen Christian missions; in a century and a half they enslaved nearly two millions of Indians, fifty thousand of them being Christians. So harsh was their treatment of them, that in five years' time not twenty thousand remained out of three hundred thousand! The Jesuits were not backward in arming their converts against these marauders, and teaching them the inherent right of self-protection. But the shepherds at last were stricken, and the sheep dispersed. In 1767, having excited the ire of men of influence at home by their denunciations of evil deeds done with their connivance and for their profit, they were banned. They would have been perfectly justified in holding their ground, the Indians would have died for them, the country would have gone on and prospered. But, trusting to God, they bowed to the storm, fearing perhaps to draw the terrors of a great war on their poor people, fearing to increase the fear of tyrants all over Europe, who already looked upon their order, and their teaching, as too free-minded for their despot rule. Great was the woe of the Indians; great the decay of the missions. In four years after their expulsion the number of tame cattle fell from 750,000 to 150,000. In seventy years the population fell from 100,000 to 8,000, what it was in 1838; almost to Zero, as at present. Numbers of them, no doubt, passed into Paraguay proper, and became mixed up with the Guarani Indians, thus ac-

counting for the vast superiority of these over the Chaco Indians, south of the Paraguay and Paraná, contrasting with them in cheerfulness, honesty, and in being generally Christians.

Land in the district of Corrientes can be rented from Government at about £2 per square league, or bought out for £100 or £120.

Passing from Corrientes *Misiones* up the Rio Paraguay, you observe that the scenery becomes finer, more pleasing, the country wears an aspect of higher cultivation, and the inhabitants are nobler specimens of men than those nearer the sea. Their habitations are marked by taste, neatness, order, and great cleanliness. Palm trees are visible in numbers, relics of the Virginia forest, great trees still decorate the landscape, and there is a copious vegetation of verbena. Wild turkeys frequent the marshes; humming birds and fire flies fill the air with flying beauties. The peasants a fine looking people, and what is curious, they are often, nay, generally fair as fairest Europeans; sometimes, they are florid with red hair, indeed, in some districts, red seems nature's favourite tint; men, goats, and pigs are adorned with it. Irish enterprise has penetrated even here, and in no place has met with richer rewards.

Asuncion or Assumption (a name given by the Jesuits, for they had ascended so far) is the chief town of Paraguay, and is situated on the north or left bank of the Rio Paraguay. The south side of that river for immense distances presents fertile, but uncultivated pampas, now left to the vagrant Chaco Indians. The climate is excellent—the soil all that could be desired; the colonists alone are wanting. Thrice the length and thrice the breadth of Ireland, it cannot remain thus.

Asuncion de la Paraguay is a pleasant, clean, and interesting town. The country around it is one scene of beauty. Cottages are scattered over it, and give it an aspect of prosperity and happiness; the fields are fenced and well cultivated; good roads abound in every direction. There is nothing of a burnt-up appearance characterizing the land. The bye-roads are covered with greenest grass; the foliage of the trees is luxuriant as the eye could wish. In the fields they grow maize, mandioca, sugar-cane, beans, and cotton. Beautiful oranges, bananas, melons, spring up in plenty. Tea and coffee plants have been introduced with success, whilst in the woods is the *yerba mate*, which makes excellent native tea, and is much used. Nor is tobacco wanting, there being no Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to prevent its cultivation. Pine-apples are plentiful, as are grapes, and many aboriginal fruits whose names would signify nothing in this country. The temperature during our winter months varies from 75° Fahrenheit to 90°, which is sufficiently tolerable, especially if one adopt the habits of the natives. The cause of much of the annoyance and many of the diseases that beset foreigners entering any country, may be found in the attempt they too frequently make to introduce the customs of their native country. Climates differ, and experience best teaches what suits the climate. Hence, the foreigner, if he wish to enjoy good health,

should not only accommodate himself at once to the manners of the natives, but should have prepared himself some time before entering by due changes of diet, as far as possible. Who wonders at the number of English attacked by liver disease in India, when one observes the contrast between the temperate, abstemious native and the beer-swilling foreigner? None o'erleaps the barriers of nature with impunity.

The Paraguayans rise early, drink tea or *mate*, dine at noon, and then take a sleep (*siesta*) for a couple of hours. The upper classes, of course, are chiefly of Spanish descent, and still preserve the characteristics of the Iberian race. The Guarani Indians have already been mentioned, as also the Indians of the Chaco plains, called Guaycurus. There remains a third tribe of Indians, the Paraguás, from whom, no doubt, Paraguay takes its name. Formerly they were distinguished for their fierceness. They are, however, of little importance now, being not very numerous; they have lost their ancient ferocity, and seem mild and cheerful, but inferior to the others in energy and intelligence. They are on terms of intimacy with the roving, warrior Guaycurus of the southern plains, and alone dare approach them. Differing from other Paraguayans in beauty, they seem to have striven with success to bear the palm of ugliness. The streets of the Paraguayan towns present a very curious sight from the odd admixture of races. Here meet Spaniard, Guarani, and Payaguá, with, perhaps, a rare visitor from the far shore. The Payaguás, men and women, coming in to sell birds and trifles of their own make, move about dressed in a shapeless, sleeveless shirt or skirt of dark cloth. The other inhabitants affect a very different style: silver ornaments and splendid attire mark the well-to-do farmer. Some men appear in white, with blue or scarlet mantle on their shoulders. The women, with more or less raiment, according to their condition, keep it always a dazzling snow-colour. Lace is not only worn by the women, but also by the men. The former display it in deep flounces to their petticoats, which, with a chemise, constitutes often their only attire. Embroidery of dark wool sets off the neck of the chemise and the flounce of the petticoat. On the whole, there are few sights more pleasing than a street or market-place in Paraguay. Guarani is the language generally spoken among the majority of the people; Spanish is, however, the language of the state and gentry.

It is pleasant to perceive, and it speaks well for the lasting influence of the missionaries, that the Indians and whites have, as in Mexico and Canada, managed to get on very well together. The French and Spaniards seem to have had more conscience in their dealings with their dark-skinned fellow creatures than the English. The colonizations by the latter in North America have a different tale to tell from the colonizations of the other two nations. The Frenchman and Spaniard were taught to regard the Indian as a God-created fellow-being, their equal. However their buccaneers may have acted, it cannot be denied that they practised this belief, for the result proves it.

The English, on the other hand, had no thought of mingling ; they enslaved under the very worst species of slavery, or they extirpated without ruth. The consequence is, that the Indian never advanced nor did anything but die out in their vicinity. The process is abundantly visible in New Zealand, where we see a war of extermination urged on by covetous greed against the intelligent, noble, and Christian Maories.

I have now succeeded, I hope, in giving the reader some idea of the lovely land, so little known here, though so well worthy of being known, both on account of its intrinsic beauties and because it has received with a welcome large numbers of our fellow-countrymen. The disagreeable features of the country are few, and may be briefly specified. Mosquitoes have been mentioned already ; they necessitate the use of a muslin curtain at night round the bed to keep them off ; jiggers are rare ; stinging flies not frequent, whilst the very wasps make excellent honey. The unsettled state of the governments of Buenos Ayres and neighbouring countries some years ago presented great obstacles to their prosperity, whilst fostering a vicious and rowdy class which has not yet been extinguished. Such a class, however, may be observed in other countries than South America, the social condition of which contrasts favourably with that of England, censor of nations as she is.

COLUMBA.

GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIEN REGIME.

If historic romance occasionally furnishes wrong views of personages or events, it, at least, excites a greater interest in the dry study of past chronicles. Sir Walter Scott set the fashion of romantic narrative. Along with letting us know that James the Fourth, or Cromwell, or the Merry Monarch, did such and such things, he admitted us into their presence when they were in easy undress, and bid us mark their manner, their style of conversation, and their demeanour towards wife, children, and servants. When the author of *Waverley* ceased to write, the fashion of this form of literature began to decay, and its throne is now filled by the genius that presided at the births of *Count Bosco* and *Margrave*, and laid the foundation-stone of the *House of Seven Gables*.

The ill success of historic romance may be in some measure attributed to the comparative dearth of old memoirs, and the consequent want of interesting pictures of domestic and social life under our long-dead kings and queens. To add to impediments caused by this want, our historical romance writers, with few exceptions, have given such a wooden aspect to the flesh and the drapery of the personages of former days, that the most determined young patrons of the circulating library can get up no enthusiasm on making their acquaintance.

Things have turned out differently in France (or Paris—the same thing). Their stock of memoirs is abundant ; and so the great Dumas,

calling his hired labourers together, pointed out the wide harvest field that lay before them, in which each was to cut down his portion, thresh, and winnow it, and bring it to his granary. Well these literary labourers have done their duty.

Maquet, Fiorelli, Paul Meurice, and others, selecting their times, and their men and women, have succeeded in furnishing attractive and tolerably faithful pictures of the social and historical pictures of different reigns, and thus given their readers a relish for the history of their country ; and it must be said in their praise, that sometimes their fictions are safer reading than the memoirs on which they are founded.

Another labourer in the field is M. Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*). With greater information than the abovenamed writers, and with equal skill in its use, his works are not available among all readers, owing to his admiration for Montaigne, Rabelais, Brantome, and the Queen of Navarre, and his thorough incapacity to detect anything wrong in their favourite subjects, or in their mode of handling them. Historian in ordinary to the late king, nothing curious among the old archives escaped his notice, and few can tell better, all that can be told of the Man with the Iron Mask, and the other ticklish secrets of the high folk that lived, and sinned, and fared sumptuously from the days of Henri Quatre to those of the first Napoleon.

The present sketch, embraces the end of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and part of the Regency. Its object is not to direct attention too curiously to the interior life of the great people of the time. The discoveries would be far from edifying, but in the social as well as the physical order of things, lights set over spots of danger have their use.

It was one of the misfortunes of Louis the Fourteenth to be under the tyranny of a high degree of self-estimation. Another was the selfish character of his minister, Louvois, who, along with being selfish, was also conceited and opinionative on unimportant points. On one occasion, king and minister had nothing to occupy their attention but guessing at the breadth of a certain window. The king's idea on the trifling subject happened to be nearer to the truth than the minister's, but he would not gracefully yield the point, and a measure had to be applied to the opening in question before he would acknowledge himself in the wrong. Finding that he had lowered himself in the royal estimation by his obstinacy, in other matters as well as in this, and being sensible that a period of peace would not tend to restore him to favour, he kindled a war which afflicted all Europe, and ended by bringing France to a state of prostration and misery. The Grand Monarque had, rightly or wrongly, settled his grandson, Philip the Fifth, on the throne of Spain, and supported his pretensions against Germany, England, and Holland, and so low was the pride of the poor old monarch brought, that he was obliged to consent to grant a passage to these allied powers through his own fair dominions in the event of their making a descent on Spain.

A difference of opinion as to the breadth of a window inflicted these evils on Louis and France. A glass of water spilled on Mrs. Masham's gown arrested them before the country was altogether reduced to the condition of a province. The *verre d'eau* caused Queen Anne to assert her independence of the Duchess of Marlborough. The duke's influence waned with his wife's loss of court favour, and the war tending rather to his aggrandizement than the honour and profit of England, that high contracting power ceased to take interest in its continuance.

But before this desirable consummation, the poor old king had wept in full council—a notable instance of human vicissitude. Louis was feared by nations, blessed with an awe-inspiring presence; was adored and feared by all on whom his eyes rested; he was worshipped by the high-born beauties of the court; he could express no wish that would not be gratified by his devoted courtiers; yet he lived to sue humbly and vainly for peace to those powers he had formerly humbled. He became incapable of deriving any enjoyment from those things that once constituted his happiness. The mere memory of them now afflicted him with remorse. His only legitimate son dying in 1711, his grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, and the wife of the first of these princes, were carried off (by poison as was supposed), next year. His surviving grandson, the Duke of Anjou, now occupied the Spanish throne, with the title of Philip the Fifth, and the only hopes for the occupation of the French throne by one of his line now rested on a weakly child of five years, the remaining son of the Duke of Burgundy, who would be left at the mercy of the dissolute Philip of Orleans—a man generally, though wrongfully, suspected of having made away with the brother, the father, the mother, the uncle, and the grandfather of the sickly child-king.

The allies showed as little forbearance to the once haughty and dissolute, and now mortified and devout old lion, as he would have shown to them in his day of pride and good fortune. But despair and national resentment furnished an army, and this army was led by the brave and talented Villars.

The allies had established a line of fortifications, which they honoured with the name of the "High Road to Paris", between Denain and Marchiennes. Villars giving it to be understood, both by his own forces and the enemy, that he would attack Landrecies, changed his route on a night march, conducted his men across the Scheldt by three bridges hastily constructed, then through marshes, forced entrenchments, got Denain and the sword of Albemarle into his possession, and then awaited the terrible attack of Prince Eugene. This redoubtable hero assailed the bridge held by Villars seven different times, had two horses killed under him, and was at last obliged to retire, bleeding profusely from two wounds, and gnashing his teeth with rage at his mortifying defeat. Within six hours the face of things was changed, France was saved, and Louis the Fourteenth was still the Grand Monarque.

This grandson of Henri Quatre was fortunate in most of his generals. Villeroi was an exception—he was too much of a grand signor to learn the duties of his profession. He was sadly checkmated in Italy by Prince Eugene, son of one of Cardinal Mazarin's nieces, and lost the memorable battle of Ramilie in 1706, to Marlborough. A Parisian wit signalized his merits in these lines:—

“Villeroi, villeroi,
Tu as fait bien pour le Roi
Guillaume !”

Very different in abilities and success was the unceremonious Duke of Vendôme, first cousin of the king. He succeeded to the charge of the army in Italy after Villeroi had stepped from his bed chamber in Cremona into the hands of his enemies, and held Prince Eugene in check, though aided by Victor Amadeus of Savoy.

Vendôme was sent along with the Dauphin to replace Villeroi and arrest the progress of the dreadful “Malbrouk”. The relations between the commanders was of a very unsatisfactory character; and the reverses at Oudenarde and Lille, in 1708, were as much due to the misunderstanding between the Dauphin and Vendôme, as the loss of Aughrim to the ill-feeling between St. Ruth and Sarsfield.

Vendôme was little attentive to the duties of religion. One of the Dauphin's household remarked to him one day, “see what it is to neglect going to Mass—behold our disgrace”; and he made answer, “Do you suppose that Marlborough goes oftener?” However, he got an opportunity in 1711 to recover his ancient prestige.

Philip of Saian was in such straits in 1711, that he besought his grandfather to send the Duke of Vendôme to stay his falling house.

Vendôme crossed the Pyrenees, Vendôme reconducted the king to his abandoned capital, Vendôme pursued the retreating allies, Vendôme took five thousand English prisoners at Brihuega, and Vendôme obtained, on the very next day, a complete victory over General Stahremberg at Villaviciosa. The king himself commanded the right wing in this engagement; and when the fight was won, and the wearied monarch could not obtain the luxury of his bed, a general prepared one for him out of the standards taken from the enemy. “There”, said he, “is the finest couch that king ever reposed on”.

Turenne, the calm, the resolute, the gentle, and conscientious general of Louis the Fourteenth, was dead before the epoch of this sketch.

Villars, who did his duty so bravely by king and country in 1712, and, as it were, prevented Louis's death-bed being surrounded by his allied foemen, had gained the battle of Fridlingen in 1703, and in alliance with the King of Bavaria, the battle of Hochstet the same year. The Emperor of Austria dreaded a descent on his very capital from him, but his imperious manners so displeased the Bavarian king that the march on Vienna was not made, and Villars was recalled. The next year Marlborough and Eugene obtained Southeys’s “famous victory” over the French and Bavarians, on this field of Hochstet, and

twelve thousand Frenchmen shut up in the neighbouring town of Blenheim, rendered themselves up prisoners of war.

Philip of Orleans, the future Regent, distinguished himself at Nerwind—where our Sarsfield fell—at Steinkirk, and at Lerida.

More than one cause was at work to prevent the total humiliation of Louis by his determined enemies. The death of Joseph, Emperor of Austria, advanced the Archduke Charles, the competitor of Philip, to the imperial purple, and the powers of England and Holland would rather see the Spanish sceptre in the hands of Philip, who had given up all claim to the crown of France, than in the hands of Charles, who would thus sway the Spanish possessions and the German Empire. Marlborough's disgrace lent its assistance, and the brilliant success of Villars at Denain disposed the allies to a more peaceful state of mind.

The Emperor Charles was not disposed to concur with his allies in signing the treaty of Utrecht (1713). But Marshal Villars induced him to listen to reason by crossing the Rhine, re-taking Landau, forcing the lines at Brisgau, and getting possession of Fribourg.

The old monarch did not long enjoy the new state of repose so much needed by himself and his impoverished country. He was now left desolate. The amiable dauphin, as already mentioned, had died in 1711, at the age of fifty, leaving three sons—the Dukes of Burgundy, and Berri, and the Duke of Anjou, now Philip the Fifth of Spain. Next year the first of these princes (now Dauphin), and his wife, and their eldest child, five years old, were carried off by poison, together with the Duke of Berri, leaving the infant Duke of Anjou, the future Louis the Fifteenth, at the point of death. These deaths are attributed to the agency of some wretch in the pay of the Austrian court. At the time suspicion rested on Philip Duke of Orleans, the king's nephew—a man who was more careful to parade his vices than his good qualities in the face of the public. It may be supposed that Louis must have entrusted the guardianship of his great-grandson, the future Louis the Fifteenth, to this "Fanfaron of vices", as himself had named him, with some misgivings. As much as in him lay, he put it out of his power to do mischief, by declaring legitimate his sons by Madame Montespan—the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse—appointing them heirs to the throne in case of the death of the young prince without posterity, and naming a council of regency to restrict the authority of Philip. The following expressions of his on the occasion of signing his will, indicate that he had serious misgivings as to the execution of his wishes when himself would be no more.

"I have done this because such was their will; for in other respects this testament will have the same fortune as my father's had. When my eyes are closed it will not be respected".

Madame de Maintenon said of the Grand Monarque that he would, and did bring his body under subjection by fasting, but as for bringing his pride under control, it was altogether out of the question. The advice he gave the future king (then five years old)

on his death bed is good evidence that he was fully sensible of his past offences.

"My child, you are about to become sovereign of a great kingdom. What I most strongly recommend to you is—never to forget your obligations to God. Recollect that you owe to Him all that you are. Endeavour to keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do not follow my example in this, nor in the expenses which I have incurred. Take counsel in all things, in order to find out the better course to adopt. Lighten the burdens of your people as much as you can, and accomplish all to which I have been unequal".

And surely it is most melancholy to reflect on the shy, amiable young prince falling from one stage of vice to another, till he became the selfish, sensual, detestable old creature, the presence of whose remains above ground became intolerable for a single day.

What a contrast did he present to his father, the Duke of Burgundy, who, from being naturally choleric, proud, impatient, contentious, dissipated, came to exhibit all the contrary virtues under the influence of a divine spirit before the close of his edifying life. If the contriver of the death of himself and his princess, his brother and his child, could have been endowed for a few minutes of his after life with a conscientious spirit, and have seen, as in a vision, the probable condition of France, ruled by the wise, good, and energetic pupil of Fénélon, and by descendants of the same type, and by the side of this spectacle, the state to which it was actually brought by vice sitting in its high places in the person of Louis the Fifteenth, and the fierce human passions unchained during the early times of the revolution, his mental tortures would surpass the utmost stretch of human conception.

Louis the Fourteenth died on the first day of September, 1715. The hypocritical courtiers who had endured, with unflinching courage, all the ennui of sermons, high masses, and devotional offices in his presence during his later years, and the fine ladies who had been so careful, while joining at vespers, to keep their tapers burning in their hands lest Madame de Maintenon might not be aware of their attendance, now rewarded themselves for their long privations by rushing into all the dissolute practices for which the Duke of Orleans, some of his children, and all his favourites, are so disadvantageously remembered.

Before speaking of the Regent, it will not be amiss to take some notice of his worthy guide, philosopher, and friend, William Dubois, to whose example and practices must be attributed the formation of most of his evil habits.

This worthy, the son of an apothecary at Brive-la-Gaillarde, in Limosin, was born in 1656. At an early age he was remarked for much vivacity of character. He was admitted to the College of St. Michael, in Paris, when a youth, but was obliged, by the straitened state of his finances, to act as valet to the principal. In time he became assistant to M. de Saint Laurent, sub-preceptor to the young Duc de Chartres, and began his rise to eminence by teaching his young high-

ness the elements of Latin Grammar. Whatever he was then, he afterwards developed into one of the most false, unrelenting, ambitious, unscrupulous, and turbulent spirits that ever existed. He was and meagre in person, with pointed head and weazel-fat and sharp nose was encrusted with pimples which he was in the habit of furiously rubbing when under excitement of any kind.

His royal pupil, most unfortunate in the preceptor of his youthful days, was born in 1674, and was remarkable before his initiation into the mysteries of vice, for great powers of mind and amiability of disposition. The young duke very reluctantly consented to the match with Louis the Fourteenth's daughter, and when he announced it to his mother, that proud, though ill-favoured German princess, feeling the blood of her thirty-two noble decents rapidly rising, boxed his ears in full assembly at Versailles. Of course she let little time elapse till she communicated the disagreeable tidings in a long letter to the Princess Wilhelmina Charlotte and Duke Anthony Ulric of Brunswick, her perennial correspondents. She was the most indefatigable letter-writer in the world.

The ill-assorted marriage was not productive of much happiness to either party. He had a decided turn for campaigning, and in the few opportunities that presented themselves, he let his courage and abilities be seen ; but it did not suit his great uncle and father-in-law to have him so employed. So, while disgust and ennui gradually got possession of him, Master Dubois hinted the expediency of becoming a rake.

The duke was a man of middle height, and his countenance had the unmistakeable marks of nobility stamped on it. The forehead was expansive, the eyes large, and firm in character ; and while prudence and decision were evident in the lines about the mouth, there was a certain air of bonhomie playing over the visage, which, united to the grace of his movements and the urbanity of his manners, prepossessed every one in his favour.

With his clearness of perception and correct notions on all matters of business or policy, he effected comparatively little, owing to a certain disrelish for the ordinary occupation of his state, and his natural tendency to dissipation so well fostered by his Mephistophelian friend. When not taken up with business or surrounded by his favourites, male and female, he applied himself to chemical researches, painting, and engraving, to banish his besetting tormentor, ennui.

These chemical studies were (in part) the cause of the suspicions of his having poisoned the grand-children and the great-grandchild of his uncle. Never were suspicions so groundless. Either from indolent good nature or greatness of mind, he could not be induced, after the first feeling of anger had passed, to punish a personal affront or injury, much less to commit a deliberate murder.

Little as the Regent loved the dry details of mere state functions, he, nevertheless, observed a daily routine of business, from which he seldom departed. He began his labours either alone or with Dubois,

before dressing ; and at his levee, which occupied but little time, he received but few visitors. This ending about eleven in the forenoon, Leblanc and Torcy communicated the results of spy-labour, or produced suspected letters to be analysed and resealed. He then received the pompous Villeroi, the personal guardian of the young king. At half-past two he took his chocolate, at which operation he generally had society of some kind with whom he laughed and chatted till three, when he gave audience to ladies. These being dismissed, he visited the Duchess, then attended the Council of Regency, or waited on the young king, with whom he was deservedly a great favourite. Fleury Bishop of Frejus, his little Majesty's tutor-in-chief, was also much esteemed, owing to his quiet and unobtrusive demeanour. Philip of Orleans was as punctual in rendering his respects to the child-monarch as would be the meanest inmate of the court. One day in the week he gave public reception to the foreign ministers ; and on Sundays and holidays he attended Mass in the palace chapel. This last circumstance somewhat jars with the general acceptance of his being an atheist. Having received a Christian education, and afterwards delivered himself altogether to the demons that preside in the empire of sensuality, it is probable that he strove to stifle not only the upbraiding of conscience, but the convictions of early imbibed belief. Few are successful in that unholy attempt except during the short reigns of excitement.

At six o'clock on council days, at five when there was none, the dull daily work was accomplished, and the Duke either went to the opera, or paid a visit to his favourite daughter, the widowed Duchess of Berri, at her palace of the Luxembourg. Lastly arrived the hour of the famous *petits soupers*, of which all the world have heard. The elect to these feasts of debauch varied in number from ten to fifteen, sometimes including even the pet daughter above named. The ladies (a stray opera singer or dancer excepted) were all married women, and the utmost freedom of speech was tolerated, provided it was seasoned with wit.

These suppers had such a charm for the Regent that as soon as the last expected guest had arrived, the doors were bolted and barred, and no news of any kind—whether it affected the state, the young king, or even the life of the Regent himself—could break through these fortifications till the next morning.

Dubois had a very delicate constitution, and in consequence, seldom attended these unedifying reunions. Every one present knew how his services were valued by Philip, yet every one vied with his or her neighbour in mangling his character. The Duke heartily joined in the uncharitable fun, and even outdid their sharpest attacks. Little trouble did this give the crafty Dubois. The Regent had forgotten the play of wit and malice by his rising next morning, and his privy councillor never betrayed the least curiosity as to the particular of the “ sport in which the night had flown”. The privileged spirits were the Mesdames

de Parabere, de Phalaris, de Sabran, and Daverne;—M.M. le Duc de Broglie, Nocé, Brancas, Biron, Canillac.

The conduct of the Duchess de Berri, his favourite daughter, would have been a cause of much annoyance to a father whose own morals were above the average. She lost her husband when she was scarcely twenty years of age, found herself at the head of a princely household in the Luxembourg, fancied herself the most important personage in France, received ambassadors while seated on a throne of three steps, indulged herself with a regal ottoman at the opera, and procured an escort of body guards and a band to play before her carriage in her progresses through the city. The Duke could scarcely collect sufficient courage to refuse her anything; but as he thought her demand of a guard too strong a measure, he allowed his mother the same privilege. Madame de Mouchy (very different in moral worth to Copperfield's Miss Moucher), her *femme de confiance*, was not a duenna to check her lady's erratic impulses by correct example or teaching.

Our readers know the history of the Duc de Lausun, or have heard his name mentioned—probably very little to his credit. Once, when only a young man, he supplied the place of a dancer in one of the famous ballets in which the king had a part, and enchanted the monarch and all his ladies. He won his way to the dukedom by the combined charms of mind and person, and by dint of audacity not to be checked. He spent some years a captive in the stronghold of Fene-strella, chiefly for aspiring to the hand of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston d'Orleans, and first cousin to Louis. But he obtained his end: the great princess became his wife, and he obliged her greatness (as it is said) to condescend to pull off his boots.

In the course of his stormy career the brave duke assisted the escape of Mary of Modena, consort of James the Second, from Whitehall. He managed to outlive Louis, who hated him so cordially, and had the satisfaction to train up a nephew, the Chevalier de Riom, to copy his unedifying life. He got him admitted into the household of the Duchess, into which he had scarcely entered when Madame de Mouchy seized on him. Very little time elapsed till the Duchess considered that the sword of a lieutenant in her guards would suit the handsome young gentleman better than a secretary's quill, and the self-denying De Mouchy resigned all her right and title to the candidate.

Riom, fearing to lose his hold on the affections of the princess, consulted his uncle on the subject of ways and means to escape such a danger. Lausun coolly told him that the only chance for securing the permanent affection of royal ladies was to be liberal in the use of the cudgel—himself had proved its virtue. It is not to be readily believed that Riom, who was of a gentle and modest character, did ever resort to personal chastisement, but so the rumour went.

The Duchess being in danger of death, the parish priest of St. Sulpice duly presented himself at the door of her apartment, accompanied by two assistants; but before entering to administer the last sacraments,

he insisted on the dismissal of Riom and Madame de Mouchy from the Luxembourg. A great outcry was raised, but M. Languet held firm, and would neither enter himself nor suffer any other clergyman to usurp his functions. For four days and four nights he never quitted the antechamber except to take necessary refreshment; and notwithstanding the Regent's intercession with the Archbishop, Cardinal Nouailles, the stout curé received no interruption. The birth of a daughter brought relief to all parties, and in some short time a private marriage was celebrated between the unhappy pair. This unfortunate princess had at intervals her days and weeks of remorse, and in her last illness, which took place during the forced absence of her husband, she gave earnest signs of Christian sorrow and resignation.

Madame de Chartres, another daughter, was as frank-hearted and fearless of consequences as her father's daughter could possibly be, and took as much delight in manly exercises as her sister in parade and the society of her father's favourites. Dogs, horses, cavalcades, firing carbines, and letting off rockets were the delights of her life. She had a considerable enthusiasm for music, and once, when listening at the opera to an air sung by her handsome young teacher of music, Cachereau, she cried out with enthusiasm and a total forgetfulness of all surrounding circumstances, "Oh, my brave Cachereau". She was a great favourite with her German grandmother, from whom she had inherited her taste for field sports, but even her influence could not save her from a strong vote of censure passed in the family council.

After a day or two passed among her dogs, her horses, and her fire-arms, she gravely announced to her mother her intention of embracing a religious life. Every argument short of an appeal to force was brought to bear on her—all in vain. She entered the convent of Chelles, did not wait the prescribed time to pronounce her vows, became abbess, practised the severest austerities this week, received all Paris in the parlour the next, gave a concert in which the rarest talent assisted, and the most worldly spirited came to enjoy; and when her father and Dubois—two rare mentors—visited her next day to expostulate on the scandal she was occasioning, they found the bas-viols, the fiddles, the flutes, and the other instruments, so well abused the night before—now turning into pot and pearl ash and carbonic acid under the influence of a mighty fire in the yard. Herself they found proceeding at the head of her nuns to the convent vault, to edify her spiritual daughters by the sight of her body lying at full length in her coffin as long as human, or at least royal, female nature with queer antecedents could endure it. There was a fearless, generous, exuberant nature in the entire family, but self-control was unknown.

One of the earliest objects effected by Philip after his assuming the office of regent, was the reversal by the parliament of the legitimacy of the Duke of Mayne and the Count of Toulouse, sons of the late king and Madame de Montespan, and thus depriving them of the *pas* over the high *Ducs et Pairs* of the kingdom. The Count of Toulouse, an

estimable prince, and the duke, whose talents qualified him for nothing better than a translation of the old Pantheist Lucretius into French, would have taken the matter quietly enough ; but not so the spirited little fairy queen-bee, the Duchess, who had gathered round her enchanted palace at Sceaux, near Paris, and at the Arsenal in Paris, a selection of all that was worthy, or witty, or entertaining, or talented, among the ill-willers of the house of Orleans. Among the habitues was the profligate, reckless young Duke of Richelieu, a sample of what human nature is capable of enduring ; for, notwithstanding his many confinements in the Bastille, his campaigns, and his dissolute life, he held out till the Revolution.

The Duchess, grand-daughter of the great Condé, felt bitter resentment against the Duke of Orleans for the indignity he had put on her husband and his brother. Behind the screen afforded by masques, dances, installations of the Knights of the Order of the Honey Bee, etc., she concocted this little plan in union with the members of her court and the Spanish ambassador Cellamare, or rather his master, Cardinal Alberoni, the Spanish minister. If possible, the Regent was to be seized on, and conveyed clandestinely into Spain. The nobles through France were to be brought to sympathise with their views, the Duke of Maine to be appointed Regent, France to be withdrawn from the Quadruple Alliance (the other powers being England, Holland, and Austria), the Pretender to land on the coast of England with a numerous fleet—Prussia, Sweden, and Russia to keep Holland in check ; and if the young King of France happened to die, Philip of Spain be monarch of half the world.

Despatches from Cellamare to the Spanish minister, accompanied by papers relative to the plan just sketched, and giving the names of the plotters, were seized at Bourdeaux on their way over the Pyrenees. Dubois, as may be supposed, had many acquaintances of a disreputable character. Through the agency of one of these, named *La Fillon*, a keeper of a house of ill fame, and the terrors of a copyist, he obtained knowledge of the conspiracy and the names of the conspirators. He had the despatches intercepted, the ambassador's residence ransacked, himself consigned to the Castle of Blois, the Duke of Maine confined in one fortress, his Duchess in another, and their chief friends in the Bastille. Among these were the Duc de Richelieu, M. de Malezieux, the Marquis de Pompadour, the Abbe Brigaut, the Chevalier de Mesnil, and Mademoiselle Delaunay, since so creditably known by her writings as Madame de Staël.

The Regent had been in some degree obliged by the policy of Alberoni and the secret proceedings of the little court at Sceaux, to enter into a close alliance with the allies, and Dubois was of great service in advancing his master's wishes at the English court. Having his own promotion ever before his eyes, he requested through the minister, that George would recommend his archiepiscopal appointment to the Regent. "He will wonder at my application", said the King,

"and only laugh at it". "Oh! he will laugh, without doubt", said Dubois, "but he will afterward yield". Dubois knew full well the weak points of the man he had to deal with. After a score of rebuffs from the Duke, who, practically without religion, had some shame, and did not relish the anticipated outrées on the sacrilegious nature of the transaction, he at length gave way, hoping he would find no dignitary to consecrate him. In this he was disappointed. A bishop was found, and Dubois was promoted from one of the inferior sacerdotal orders, which he already enjoyed, to the dignity of Archbishop of Cambrai in one day. His new dignity did not prevent him from swearing, and flying into furies, and rubbing his nose, even as in times past. He enjoyed his consequence only a year. He died in 1723, leaving a large amount of money and plate to his brother, a worthy man who distributed the most of it in works of charity. Dubois' wife was made comfortable with a portion of his property, and survived him twenty years.

The state prisoners lodged in the Bastille could not be said to suffer very severely for the failure of the Cellamare conspiracy. As many as chose to give their parole to the worthy governor, Delaunay, that they would make no attempt at evasion when outside of their separate apartments, were invited to dine in a body at his table. There they drank wine furnished from the Regent's own cellars, and found the cookery so good that Richelieu lamented his *chef de cuisine* not having been of the conspiracy. The only thing insisted on by their host on these occasions was, abstaining from private communication by word or writing, and avoidance of politics.

Madame de Launay, the witty and fascinating maid of honour to the Duchess of Maine, made such impression on the tender feelings of M. de Maison Rouge, lieutenant-governor, that, contrary to his duty, he furnished her with writing materials, which she perverted to the manufacture of a correspondence with the Chevalier de Mesnil. Poor Maison Rouge found she would not bless him with her hand after her two years' confinement, and pined away in consequence. She found that the chevalier had no intention of offering her his hand on his release; and thus rightly served, she also pined, but not to death. Her patroness found a suitable husband for her after some time, in the person of M. de Staël, but her heart's best treasures had been lavished on the ungrateful De Mesnil. A delightful little volume detailing the particulars of her two years' confinement in the Bastille, forms one of the French Railway Library series.

So the results of the conspiracy were just what the easy-tempered duke would have wished. Those who intended his death or downfall were deprived of all power to do him ill, and he was not under the necessity of signing a death warrant for a single individual. Lagrange Chancel, the embittered poet-protegé to the Duchess of Maine, had accused him in his *Philippics* of the most odious crimes, including the poisonings before mentioned. He was imprisoned for some short period; and when about to be set at liberty, was conducted to the

regent's presence. "Did you believe in the truth of these allegations", said the duke, "at the time you were making them?" "Certainly", was the poet's reply. "It is well for you; for if you had made them in bad faith, I would have you imprisoned for life, or put to death".

Dubois would have made a *mauvais sujet* of Philip's son, if he could have had his way; but he had no penchant for dissipation, and became a profound Jansenist theologian. We have not been as severe with the regent as we well might. His disposition would not permit him to look on sufferings when he could relieve them, but he found it always difficult to withstand the solicitations of the present importuner, and the cause of the absent, however just, was never safe in his keeping: the dead and the absent were soon forgotten.

The abandoned life of his favourite daughter, the Duchess of Berri, gave him little concern, compared with her marriage with the Chevalier de Riom (he would have sympathized to the deepest depths with the too celebrated *Mrs. Peachum*), and her death seemed to bring him relief, not sorrow. His easiness of temper was productive of more evil than good; however, he was the affable and popular prince to the last. When Dubois urged him to put Lagrange Chancel to death, he only hummed—

"Je suis débonnaire, moi;
Je suis débonnaire".

In sketching these features of the time, we have been as persons picking their way through a quaking marsh, cautiously stepping from one grassy spot to another, and shuddering at the foul darkness underneath. The social enormities, the total absence of woman's best ornament among the high and fashionable of the day, and the utter profligacy of most of those that lived in the shadow of the Palais Royal, can scarcely be paralleled in any epoch of Christian annals, the later parts of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth excepted. The gangrene in the Paris body politic went on, and, after resisting the mild treatment of Louis the Fourteenth's physicians, was dealt with at last by the remorseless lancets of Doctors Danton, Robespierre, and assistants. Wonderful loss of blood, great pain, and wild outcries! But if the spectacle was sad, it was, in many respects, consoling, encouraging, and even sublime. What mind, capable of enlarged views of Christian life, would not prefer the sight of lords and ladies exerting themselves to restore their legitimate rulers, or labouring for the support of themselves and their families, or enduring poverty and captivity with patience, cheerfulness, and unflinching loyalty, or going calmly forth to death, than the spectacle of the same high born people devoting their entire mental and bodily faculties to the service of the powers of evil, as was the universal fashion in the courts of the Regent and Louis the Fifteenth?

THE WHITE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

IT is now nearly a hundred years since the incidents of the story which I am about to relate took place. Lapse of time has to a great extent worn them out of the minds of the people of the locality in which they occurred, so that they have faded into the indistinct form of a legend ; and, beyond a few faint traces, there are scarcely ten persons in the district—even amongst the oldest inhabitants—who know anything of what once was the absorbing subject of romantic interest throughout the entire province.

On the western coast of the county Donegal there is at this day the ruin of an old castle, which, from its position and strong build, must in its time have been a fortress of considerable importance. It stands on the verge of a beetling range of jagged cliffs, and in the winter time the sea washes in there with extraordinary vehemence—so much so, that the walls of the old castle are sometimes covered over with white foam, and present an appearance of picturesque wildness surpassing anything I have ever seen. A few years ago I had an opportunity of looking at it under the aspect I have mentioned. It was in the month of February ; the sea was rolling in huge masses in on the coast, and sending sheet after sheet of snowy spray over the loftiest portion of the castle. As each wave receded, the old ruin, draped in its winding sheet of white foam, gleamed in the moonlight, and at a distance seemed to undergo changes of shape and position most striking and curious. This phenomenon, caused by the particles of foam flowing down its sides, has given rise to a superstition amongst the simple people who live along the shore, and who are chiefly fishermen, that there is always danger if the "White Lady of the Castle" (*bean bán an Chairleagán*) makes her appearance ; and many a time daughters and mothers look anxiously towards this spot when their fathers and husbands are far out at sea. This belief, invested as it is with attributes so characteristic of a highly poetic and imaginative race, has, like many other similar superstitions, a foundation of practical wisdom ; for Admiral Fitzroy's storm signals are not more reliable than is the "White Lady of the Castle". She whose memory now lives only in the shape of legend, was once a breathing form, full of life and beauty, and one hundred years ago lived in the castle with her father, who was then past fifty, and who arrogated the style and title of the Earl of Alvan. You will search in vain for any such name in the peerage of that period ; for, half a century previous, it was by royal decree blotted off the titular roll, and with it went from the then possessor the more tangible dignity of ten thousand pounds per annum. He who was deprived of his title and his property was an inveterate Papist. When he was dying he had little to bequeath save the arid strip of coast on which the castle stood, and a set of religious and political principles, which, if possible, fructified into more vigorous

strength in those who followed him. Here, then, was one of them, with the blood of kings coursing through his veins, hating the Established Church and state with the intolerant bigotry of a man who has suffered deeply through both.

Aileen, as she was named, was a fair young creature ; and after her mother's death, which occurred whilst she was yet a child, she remained to solace the old lord in his bereavement. She was the very light of his existence—his friend and companion as well as his child. If he were ever disposed to be gloomy—a condition of mind rather frequent with him since his wife's death, and constantly suggested, moreover, by the aspect of things in the old castle—Aileen would come running to him, her fair young face beaming joyously, and then the old lord would forget his sorrows, and the cloud would vanish from his brow. Aileen in time grew into a graceful woman. What little she knew of books she learned from her father, and a stately maiden aunt of manner and appearance as preternaturally frigid as if she had been hewn out of a block of the hardest coast-granite. This cold lady always lived here since she was born, with a few intervals, and there was, too, a tradition of a certain love affair of hers which had ended unprosperously ; but whether a nature to all appearances so uncompromising could be swayed by the tender passion, is a subject admitting of a very reasonable uncertainty. To say that this maiden aunt was thoroughly imbued with the pride of race, which so distinguished all her family, would be to convey a very inadequate idea of her character in that regard. If it were possible to unite into one current the blood of every royal dynasty in Europe, and make it perform functions in one arterial system, the result could scarcely be more tremendous.

Aunt Winifred was the Atlas of the family dignity, and when little Aileen would prattle away in her own artless manner of the Trevors, whom she had occasionally met, and liked exceedingly, Aunt Winifred, who scorned their vulgar wealth, would say to her severely, "Child, remember who you are!"

The "establishment" of the castle consisted of two domestics whose family had from time immemorial been attached to the house, and had clung to it steadfastly through all its vicissitudes. They were a man and woman—brother and sister.

The man, whose name was "Josy", was a diminutive hunch-backed creature, full of fun and drollery, which never flagged even under the most depressing circumstances ; and the woman was his perfect antithesis in every respect. She was tall and gaunt, and sour in look and manner ; of most unamiable, yet most faithful, disposition. It would appear that she too, like her mistress, Miss Winifred, had in her early days been allured by some false light, and had come back with a heart seared and blighted by disappointment. No doubt, these closeted skeletons of wasted affection which each possessed largely influenced the respective natures of maid and mistress ; but, at all events,

there was, in many respects, a strong coincidence in their history and characters.

I have been thus particular in delineating the inmates of the castle at the time this story points to.

An animated discussion, on an event which was to take place, was being carried on in the great kitchen of the castle between Josy and his iron sister.

"Who ever thought it would come to that with one of the Mac Neils?—to marry one of the breed of the Sassaneach! But what has been long threatening has come at last. MacNeil Ruadgh is the last of his name and race, and that will be the death blow".

This half prophetic utterance was levelled in the vernacular against Josy, who evidently supported the opposite side of the question, and nursing his knee before a large turf fire which blazed and crackled cheerily, was altogether disposed to take a favourable view of things in general.

"Nonsense, Madge, you are always croaking! He is a fine, spirited young fellow, rich and handsome, and if he has a drop of the black blood in his veins, how can he help it? Which is it better for Miss Aileen to marry Squire Trevor, or to remain here with yourself and Miss Winny, to become a sour old maid, and to console herself then with the absurd notion that she is better than everybody else?"

"Josy, you are a viper", replied Madge, stung to desperation by this last ungenerous allusion to the forlorn condition of herself and her mistress—"a mean-spirited viper. Miss Winifred and I, although we are old maids as you say, have still some regard for the honour of the family. I say again, the blood of kings should never mingle with that of the base Sassaneach bodach, and it will be the bitter day when such a misfortune falls on us".

If there was such an elegant expression as "fiddlesticks" in vogue more than one hundred years ago, Josy must have certainly used it. He had a very profound regard for the creature comforts, and it would appear, from the faint records of this remarkable little man which are still extant, that in the practical philosophy of life he was far in advance of the ideas which generally prevailed about his time.

"I tell you what it is, Madge", he said, after a pause, gazing reflectively into the great fire, and watching the grotesque shapes which were forming and fading again, like the dissolving views of a magic lantern—"the vanity of this world astonishes me". And Josy looked up at his implacable sister triumphantly, as if he were after delivering himself of some very striking piece of wisdom. "Stone walls are cold things, Madge", he continued, "and Miss Aileen is doing what is right. Besides, is n't he a fine manly fellow, with a free hand and an open generous heart, and I can't see what a princess could refuse in him—barring the bad drop, which, of course, he can't help, and which it would be a pity to have against him?"

"Josy, I give you up", said Madge, despondingly. "I never thought you would disgrace the family".

The subject which so engrossed the divided counsels of the castle establishment was, as I have mentioned, the approaching marriage of Aileen to young Squire Trevor, who possessed large estates in the county. He was the descendant of one of those settlers to whom had been given the plundered properties of the natives who remained true to the faith. His green acres stretched away for miles, and his mansion looked out from embowering woods over a rich demesne, through which a broad stream flowed gently down towards the ocean. He knew Aileen long, and loved her truly; and when, by the death of his father, he came into the property, he determined to make the beautiful young daughter of the old lord the mistress of his broad estate. It was not without a pang of wounded pride and a deep sense of personal sacrifice that Earl Alvan gave his consent to the marriage of Aileen with Trevor. He regarded him as one from the ranks of the enemy, the despoilers of his dignity, the wreckers of his country and his faith, to save which his ancestors had given their best blood. How could he allow his daughter to become the wife of one of these? But then *he* recognized the worldly advantage of such a union, and his selfish pride bowed before his child's welfare. As for Miss Winifred, she was perfectly horror-stricken at the whole affair, and could only find a refuge for her woes in the faithful and congenial bosom of Madge.

"Madge", she cried, in the first burst of her agony, "we are nearly gone!"

"We are, Miss", returned Madge, and she thought bitterly of the disgrace the family was about to suffer, not without a feeling of resentment against Josy, whom she regarded as a participator in the outrage.

The preparations for the wedding were actively got through, and a day fixed for the ceremonial. Squire Trevor, notwithstanding the well defined line which stood between the native and the stranger, the conqueror and the conquered, was a great favourite with the people. His frank open manner had won him many hearts, and the sins of those who came before him were in a great measure condoned by his demeanour to the Irish of the district in which he resided. Aileen was the idol of the whole country for miles around the castle, she was so good and so beautiful, and besides, there were so many associations, so many links of sympathy, to bind a child of her race to the hearts of the people. As the day approached it was evident that the thought of being separated from Aileen was weighing heavily on the old earl, yet he made an effort to appear gay and happy. Aileen observed the struggle that was going on, for the old earl was but a sorry actor; and the sudden transitions in his manner, from the deepest despondency into the most boisterous gaiety, told too plainly the state of his feelings.

"Father", said Aileen the morning before her marriage day, interrupting him in one of his spasmodic attempts at high spirits, "I am sure you are not as happy as you pretend".

"Happy, my dear child! of course I am happy. We are all happy,

although it is but natural we should feel a little lonely as the time approaches".

"I do not wish to leave you, father! I have been so happy here, and you will be so lonely when I am gone".

"You could scarcely come back to live in this old rookery, Aileen", he replied, with a forced smile.

"Could not you come with us?" she said, half trembling at the suggestion. "Could not Aunt Winifred, and Madge, and Josy, and all of us go together? I am sure we should all like it, and then we should all be together as usual".

"Poor little Aileen!" her father said, as he drew her towards him and kissed her affectionately; and then he added solemnly: "No, my dear child; here under this old roof I was born, and here I hope to die. It is poor, and worn, and shattered now, by time and change, but it had its day. Besides, Aileen", and as he spoke the shadows darkened on his face, and his eyes assumed a wild expression of sorrow, "when I am gone, there will be no more heard of a name that once was a name of power, and commanded homage wherever it was spoken".

The earl was old, and always spoke of himself as the last of his name with a melancholy complacency. Aunt Winifred did not look at the matter so calmly, and notwithstanding that Aileen's gentle nature and loveable disposition had fought her a way into her aunt's heart, she never could quite forgive an injury which she believed Aileen had inflicted on the family. How far Aileen was to be held responsible for this injury never entered the brain of Aunt Winifred. She only thought that Aileen might have come into the world a little boy as well as a little girl, and that she perversely did not do so, and that the consequence would be, that when, in the natural order of affairs, her brother would be called away into another life, there would be no one left to perpetuate the name, which, of course, was clearly the fault of Aileen, wicked little creature as she was, to aim so fatal a blow at the life of her family! Madge and Aunt Winifred agreed perfectly on this point, and whispered mysteriously to each other that, although Aileen was the dearest and loveliest angel on this Earth, she must have been born under an unlucky star; and indeed that was still farther strengthened by the alliance which she was now about to make with one of the enemies of her kith and kin.

All went to sleep peaceably that night under the roof of the old castle, and rose early next day to prepare for the wedding. The morning was dark and threatening, and along the whole horizon over the sea dark masses of clouds were piled. Squire Trevor came across the bay in a richly gilt and cushioned barge, pulled by twenty-four oarsmen, in which he was to convey his bride to her splendid home. There were few guests invited. The day was past when the walls of the old castle reechoed the sounds of joyous revelry, and the light from beauty's eyes flashed upon chief and knight. Yet never did

valour stoop in homage before a fairer maiden than she who now sat a blushing bride between her husband and father. The bridal feast was soon over, and Trevor and Aileen prepared to take their departure. Even Winifred shed tears, and gave Aileen an embrace so hard and cold, that it chilled her as if it were the hug of a skeleton. Madge, too, could not restrain her emotion, and Josy, who was in an excessive state of mirth at this extraordinary exhibition of sentiment, performed several antics, and made so many horrible grimaces, that Madge, in a state of desperation, flew at him, and would have inflicted unquestionable injuries on the dwarf if it were not for the timely interference of the earl, who made his appearance at the critical moment.

“Farewell, Aileen! my dear child”.

“Farewell, father!” and the daughter and father were parted for ever.

Crowds of men and women lined the shore, and cheered loudly as the barge swept proudly out into the bay.

There was a dead lull over the sea, which was as smooth as glass, and the clouds still grew heavier and darker towards the horizon. Trevor sat in the bow of his magnificent boat, with his fair young bride, and looked with an anxious gaze towards the dark line stretching along the east. The oarsmen pulled on silently and steadily.

“Pull away, my men”, said Trevor, with a cheerful voice; “we must cross before those clouds break”.

“Aye, aye, sir”, responded the men, and their twenty-four oar-blades flashed like silver in the smooth waters. On they pulled vigorously, and still the threatening masses thickened, and the awful stillness over the sea grew more oppressive. Then a low rumbling roar of thunder, followed by a loud burst, and a flash which made Aileen start from the seat pallid with terror.

“Do n’t be frightened, dearest”, said Trevor, “we shall reach the shore before the storm begins”.

“We are in for it”, muttered one of the men.

“Silence there!” shouted Trevor—“pull away, boys, we ’ll do it, never fear?”

“Aye, aye, sir”, again returned the rowers, and bent to their oars with all their might. Peal and flash now followed in quick succession, and the masses of clouds which a few minutes ago lay piled over each other were now scattered, and were being swept in dark and broken patches across the face of the sky.

The thunder soon ceased, and a low singing sound followed, which presently grew louder and louder still, until at length it broke into a perfect roar. With it the waves rose and lashed the boat furiously: still on they pulled, and the barge breasted the waters gallantly, which surged and foamed round her.

“Pull on, men”, shouted Trevor cheerfully to his men, and still they pulled, and still the fierce ocean raged under the dreadful hurricane.

* * * * *

Night came down on those strugglers in the deep, and morning broke calmly and brightly; but it did not find the bride of Trevor in her new home. She was lying a pale and mangled corpse on the beach, her lovely features broken, and her golden ringlets dark and matted with the seaweed. Not a soul of those who came in the barge from that ill-fated bridal escaped.

Let us turn now to the inhabitants of the castle, and see how they fared. They had suffered too, in that night of horrors, deaths still more terrible. A dreadful fire broke out there, and the old earl, with his sister and two faithful followers, were all burned to ashes.

So died a proud race. The old castle has still a blackened and charred appearance, and is altogether suggestive of the terrors of which it once was the scene.

This is the legend of the "White Lady of the Castle".

POETRY AND POETS OF THE CHURCH.

MANY lovers of literature have a distaste for poetry on religious subjects. However much admiration they may express, they turn away from its perusal as they would from a lecture on ethics, or on religious perfection. It is, no doubt, a very good thing in its way, nay, very instructive, very sublime, but withal, very heavy: so they feel. These readers act as if they believed the Muse could not don and preserve those charms by which she interests, delights, and fascinates —could not live and breathe with all her native health and beauty in the atmosphere of religion. Religious subjects seem to them too immovably fixed by the Rule of Faith, too nicely traced into every nook and corner by the inexorable logic of Theology. Their outlines cannot be interfered with, nor their features touched by the fancy or creative power of the poet, who, if not permitted to soar with free and fearless wing about and above his subject, must lag with drooping pennons along the dreary level of dull dogma and dry practice. Such is the instinctive reasoning of those who think that poetry on purely religious topics can never reach a high degree of excellence. Again, poems by Saint Clement, Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, or Saint Francis, forsooth! The very prefix of sanctity almost deprives them, in the view of such readers, of all position and dignity in the empire of the Muse. Such reasoning and opinions are equally unfounded in principle, in history, and in fact. Religion, the first employer and patron of the poet, has engaged him in the noblest offices, and has furnished him with materials more beautiful, more attractive, more sublime, and more capable of poetical illustration and ornament, than any supplied him from other sources. With the view of making this manifest, and at the same time of directing attention to this mine of pleasure and instruction shut up from the general public,

we propose in the following papers to pass in rapid review the poetry and the poets who have illustrated the doctrine and the practice, the history and the traditions of the Christian Church.

Since Aristotle wrote his *Art of Poetry*, few writers have attempted, and none, that we know, succeeded in giving an *exhaustive* definition of Poetry: that is, to lay down the precise limits, beyond which the muse in any of her inspired moods may not wander. "Thus far and no farther" was not addressed to her; her empire is more boundless than creation—she wings her flight over the world of matter and far beyond it into the spirit-land, whence she constantly conjures forth new shapes of beauty. Until the boundaries shall be fixed, beyond which imagination cannot pass, and the materials specified, to which alone the creative faculty of genius can apply itself, it will be impossible to embody in an *adequate* logical definition the essence and nature and qualities of the thing called "Poetry". However, in one point as in a common centrepiece all the definitions, or descriptions which have been attempted, meet and agree: all poetry is essentially *creative*. Which means, that the poet must build up his magic edifice of original materials, or, if he employ those before used, he must remodel and shape and place them in a position presenting some fresh beauty to the observer. Otherwise he sinks to the level of a mere imitator, and deserves not to bear the godlike title of *Poet*, which is given him from a Greek word signifying *Maker*, or *Creator*.

Bearing this in mind, we can easily understand how Christianity, which had been often styled the nurse of Art and Science, is in a special sense the Mother of Poetry. It has given birth to "Christian Poetry", the latest (though after a growth of nearly nineteen hundred years) and the noblest of the muse's offspring. The poet of the gentile world had a vast and exhaustless store of materials in physical nature, whose face, season after season, age after age, mantled with ever varying beauties; in the traditions of the primal revelation twisted into numberless false, though frequently attractive, forms of belief and worship; in the exploits and fortunes of the human race, whose history emerged dim and shadowy and mist-covered from the bosom of remote time; in the achievements of the heroes and demi-gods of the ages of fable; in the many-headed mythology of Paganism; in the wars and revolutions of more certain history. As, before the time of Columbus, none dreamed of the extent and richness and glory of the New World that was yet to be discovered: so, before the time of Christ, no one, save only those directly inspired of Heaven, could, even in fancy, think of the character, the magnificence, or the sublimity of the New World to be discovered to the poet's view. The Christian religion opened out a new creation, whose boundless wealth and unimagined beauty at first dazzled his vision. The eternal truths of revelation, the wonderful economy of man's redemption, the mercy and love of God for His fallen creature, the incarnation and other mysteries of the Redeemer's life, the fortunes of His followers, the lives of the saints, the

contests and victories of the martyrs, the unceasing wars and triumphs of the Church, spread out a rich and ripened harvest which had never been touched by the poet's pen. The three enchanting shapes in which the muse had hitherto appeared—Lyric, Epic, and Dramatic poetry—found here an exhaustless supply of subjects, in which to clothe themselves.

In the poetry of the old dispensation, no doubt, the Christian muse succeeded to a noble inheritance. Religious enthusiasm has been among all nations the first source of poetry. In progress of time, other sources, springing from national, patriotic, and other traditions, added their currents to swell the tide of poetic inspiration. Among the Jews religion and patriotism were interwoven, or in a sense identical: the traditions and triumphs of their race and country were those of their belief and worship. Hence, while the ballad poetry and popular songs of other peoples have been the offspring of various kinds of enthusiasm, those of the Hebrews—comprising the productions of the psalmist, philosopher, and prophet—have all, with scarcely an exception, sprung from religious excitement as their only and permanent source. Calmet has laboured to prove that the Old Testament cannot be shown to contain *measured* verse, or strophe. Lowth and Michælis' have in our opinion substantially maintained the opposite: that is, if we understand the word verse and strophe in a modified sense. The arrangement of words in prose is determined in the proposition by necessity, and knows no law save that of perspicuity and euphony. This is not enough in poetry, which in its fecundity and richness requires to flow more freely and gracefully. But this motion should not be without limit, or without rule to shape the beauty of its form. The flow of poetic language must be over a measured bed, where it is at intervals restrained and moderated so as not to become a headlong torrent without melody or harmony. The regulating law, the measure which restrains and rules the sounds and reduces them to harmony, is *Rhythm*. According to De La Harpe, rhythm in language is a limited succession of syllables or of words arranged so as to be symmetrical with one or more similar successions. It will be more or less perfect in proportion to the likeness in quantity, in number, in position, in combination and in accent, existing between the syllables or words. Now, keeping in view this explanation of rhythm (of which verse and strophe are but developments), there can be no question of its being found in the Old Testament. It is found perhaps in its first degree, in its primitive form, in its simplest mode, and consists in a kind of elevation and lowering of the voice and of the thought, the *arsis* and *thesis*, which express themselves by a sort of breaking up of propositions forming a whole called *the verse*. This division, or dismemberment of the sentence into parts, has been named the *parallelism* of members, a term which, though not accurate has been received by usage. This fundamental form of Hebrew verse, is susceptible of various degrees of strength or weakness. It can contain a full thought, or divide itself into two or more thoughts, which

distinct from each other, yet following the fundamental laws of logic, are bound together and form a whole. Hence arise various kinds of *parallelism*. Its simplest form is the echo, or repetition of the same thought: as for example—

Audi, Fili mi, disciplinam patris tui,
Et ne dimittas legem matris tue.

As the echo, or repetition of two thoughts, the following verse from the fifth Psalm may be taken for example:

Neque habitabit juxta te malignus;
Neque permanebit injusti aucte oculos tuos,
Odisti omnes, qui operantur iniquitatem,
Perdes omnes, qui loquuntur mendacium.

Rhythm has developed itself more in other languages than in Hebrew; it has grown into metre and rhyme. But the different forms which modify *parallelism*, the fundamental one, are only gradual developments of the same principle. It is not, therefore, necessary that language should flow through all these shapes to be an organ of poetry. The thought is everything; it is the spirit. No matter how the critics may raise a conflict over the body which it animates, all must admit that the spirit of poetry breathing through the Old Testament is super-human, excelling the poetry of other nations as Heaven does Earth. Its transcendental and purely spiritual character distinguishes it from the poetry of the Greeks, which draws everything into the material visible world. Its elegiac, prophetic character, full of divine foreshadowing and glorious hopes, distinguishes it from the productions of the Chinese and Egyptian bards, which either bear the impress of a sombre agitation, or chant the pleasures of Earthly life. Its chaste and rigid simplicity separates it from Indian poetry, which burthenes itself with endless images, fantastic tablets, and imaginings the most excessive and exaggerated. And yet with all her moral gravity and staidness, the Hebrew muse dresses herself out in metaphors, allegories, and comparisons of the boldest and most beautiful description. At one time she melts into the softness of the dove, at another rises loudly as the trumpet above the battle-field. Now she skims smoothly along the surface of some Earthly theme, lowly as the wren by the sprouting hedge in spring; again she soars aloft to Heaven like the lark, or wings her eagle-flight along the heights of the empyrean, chanting the power and the majesty of Jehovah.

The poetry of the Hebrews is essentially lyrical in form, in its triple development of ode, proverb, and prophecy. The epic and dramatic shape was seldom assumed; perhaps the refined dialogue of the *Canticle of Canticles* alone can lay any claim to dramatic effect. The luminous periods in which the poetry of the Jews shone with greatest lustre, are the times of Moses, David, and Solomon, and those of King Ezechias. In the most ancient and complete ode which we possess, the Benedic-

tion of Jacob (*Gen.*, xx.), the beauty is wholly in the language; the parallelism of the verse is imperfect; there is no strophe. But in the magnificent Canticle of Moses (*Exod.*, xv.), belonging to the same period, we find the full form of the psalm, the perfect model of a hymn, with its strophes. A great number of hymns, composed, or in existence during the wanderings of the Jews in the desert, have been unfortunately lost. Allusion is made to collections of them then compiled into books: such are the *Book of the Wars of the Lord*, and the *Book of the Just*, of which not a vestige can now be with certainty traced. During the reigns of the Judges there was an interval of silence, which was seldom interrupted by the sound of sacred song. There are two hymns, however, belonging to this long period of over three centuries, such as the *Lynn of Debora's Victory*, breathing with bloody irony against the tribes who declined the combat; and the second song of Anna's Thanksgiving (*I. Kings*, ii.), which prove what a power of poetic genius slumbered in that people, awaiting only the signal to arouse and show itself. That signal was given by David. He it was who restored the poetic lyre to that popularity which it enjoyed in the time of Moses. Scarcely had this "songster of the Lord" raised his voice than there burst forth an irrepressible spring of sacred song, whose waters rose like those of a wide-spreading fountain and sparkled in a thousand streams against the rays of Heaven. Solomon removed some of the shackles with which lyrical poetry was even in his day bound; he gave it scope and freedom by which it was enabled to embrace the entire sphere of exterior life. Poetry, in a word, became philosophy. Didactic poetry reached its apogee in the *Book of Job*. The Jewish muse had heretofore appeared from time to time in a new guise in which she fully developed and manifested herself in the reign of Ezechias. Prophecy was that guise; it formed and purified the public conscience by giving birth to a number of noble and elevated canticles.

Resuming this sketch, we may say that the first phase of Hebrew poetry appeared in the period from Moses to David—the period of subjective and lyrical poetry; the second, in the time of Solomon—the period of objective poetry, in which the wisdom of proverbs clothed itself in song; the third, from Solomon's time to the Captivity—the period of prophecy. In the period which followed the captivity sacred poetry entered on a different track: it poured forth the noble prophecies of Zaccharay, transformed itself into proverbs, and died out like an echo of the Psalms in the prayers of Sopherim and the productions of Thephilim.

Such was the inheritance bequeathed by the Hebrew to the Christian Church. By their hearths in the bosom of their families, in the synagogue with the assembly of their neighbours, in their journeys and pilgrimages, in their captivity and desolation, in Babylon as in Jerusalem, the Jews chanted those thrilling hymns, and often accompanied them with dance and instrumental music. What a beautiful picture,

as the Great Feast came annually round, to behold the long procession of gracefully clothed men and children and women, with staves in their hands, winding along the valley of the Jordan, by the foot of Thabor or Sion, chanting to the sound of the timbrel :

"In exitu Israel de Egypto
Domus Jacob de populo barbaro".
"Mare vidit et fugit;
Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.
Montes exultaverunt ut arietes;
Et colles sicut agni ovium", etc.

In the Temple also, and, strange though it may appear, on the battle-field, they heard the same chants entoned to the music of the Levites' trumpets. In fine, in every concern, whether connected with soul or body, with religion or native land, the Jews equally consoled themselves by applying to it a psalm of David, or a song of Solomon, or of some other sacred writer. So that it is true to say that never was the ballad-poetry of any nation more popularly known, or used by the people to which it belonged, than was the sacred poetry of the Old Testament—the ballad-poetry of the Hebrews—commonly quoted and known by even the humblest classes of that unfortunate race.

This was the point of departure for the Christian muse, whose history, for order sake, we will divide into three periods corresponding to the three developments of poetry—lyrical, epic, and dramatic. The first of these may be dated from the first to the fourth centuries—the end of the general persecutions : the second, from the fourth to the end of the sixteenth century : and the third, from the sixteenth to the present time.

Little is known of the poetry of the first four centuries. The persecutions swept away the productions and names alike with the persons of the authors ; and long after the storm ceased, the surface of Christian society remained furrowed and unsafe for the poet's progress. Two items are nevertheless certain : firstly, that poetry was the art earliest developed by Christianity ; and lyrical poetry was naturally the first cultivated. We say naturally, because such was the character of the poetry inherited from the Jews. Moreover, first impulses, whether of joy or sorrow, by a sort of instinct, express themselves in hymn and song : the feelings awakened among the first Christians by the great events of the Redeemer's career found a natural outlet in those short and impassioned snatches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TOILERS IN THE CITY.

WHERE are your fields?—the rustic cries—
 Where are your radiant flowers,
 And trees that against the deep, blue skies
 Lift green and leafy bowers?

And the toilers answer him out of the noise,
 The roar and the ruin around:
 We have few, indeed, of those sunlit joys
 With which your life is crowned;

We have no green meadows to lie in,
 Nor odorous, leafy bowers;
 We have time but for work or sighing,
 But none to gather the flowers.

So much of want, and sin, and care,
 Of evil thought, and of evil done,
 Shadow our heavens everywhere,
 And darken the light of the sun;

So much of sharp grief, never known
 From the pale lips, sad but sealed;
 So much of struggle gone through alone,
 And only to God revealed.

For the sum of sorrow that meets the eye
 Is, to that which is only known to be,
 As our individual arc of sky
 To the circle compassing land and sea.

Yet souls that suffer and toil, and yearn
 For the holy rest which the world denies,
 Will find it above, when the Lord shall turn
 To wipe the tears from all weary eyes.

Here are the meadows of life unmown,
 And here are the fields untrod;
 But we toil in a land where the good seed sown
 Bears fruit for the kingdom of God.

HENRY BUNBURY.

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THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the side of the larch grove above the "high field", was Kate Purcell's favourite walk. The place commanded a view of the peaceful valley, and from it she could look down at the home she loved, and feel that her mother's eyes were often fondly turned towards her. Besides, the "short cut" from Coolbawn led through the larch grove, and Brian found his sister almost every evening waiting to open the gate—the fastening of which was on the field side—as he returned from his farm.

Dearly she loved that old home, where her life had glided on so sweetly, that looking back, it seemed like one calm summer day. Yet Kate Purcell had made up her mind to leave that beloved home—and for ever—never, never to see it more! Her heart was ready to break at the thought; but her resolution was taken. She only waited to see Brian's wife fill her place in the family circle, and thenceforward her place would be by the bed-side of disease and want and vice, or perhaps among the heaps of dead and dying upon the battle-field. Though to most persons Kate Purcell appeared cold, there was an amount of enthusiasm in her nature of which even those who knew her best had no suspicion. Except her brother, she had seen but one man who came up to her idea of what a man ought to be. But he was poor, and had a mother and four young sisters dependent upon him. She would remember him and pray for him. She was proud to think of his love for her; but both felt the necessity of laying down their love at the shrine of duty. We believe more sacrifices of this kind are made in Ireland than in any other country in the world. The reason why is evident enough.

Kate Purcell continued to gaze so long and so fondly upon the home of her childhood, that Fanny O'Gorman looked up laughingly into her face, and began humming the air of "Home, sweet Home".

"You have guessed what I was thinking of, Fanny", said she.

"And yet you are going to leave it, Kate".

"I am", said Kate, "and I feel it deeply. But what I find hardest to bear is, that those I love must leave it. Oh! if I could fancy you all—I mean if I could fancy them all still happy in that dear old house, my heart would be light indeed. But Brian tells me they must leave it, and that is what makes me unhappy".

"But maybe, Kate, they need not go. Indeed I know that must be so, for I never saw Mr. Purcell so cheerful as he has been latterly".

"Ah! Fanny, if you knew my father as well as I do, you'd see that he is only trying to look cheerful—trying to deceive even himself".

"I believe", said Fanny, "that people who live in towns are not so attached to their homes as people who live in the country. Yet I have never forgotten the house we lived in before mamma died".

"Is it possible you can remember your mother, Fanny?"

"Oh, so well! though I was not two years old when she died".

"Well, I believe, Fanny, that we who live in the country are more attached to our homes than you who live in the towns and cities. And feeling how easily we can be driven from them makes us cling the more fondly to them. How well I can now understand the misery of the poor people who are every day flying in such numbers from this country".

"Oh! I remarked them at every station", said Fanny, "when I was coming down. And oh! Kate, it is so awful to see *men* sobbing and shedding tears. Why cannot they live at home?"

"We have it explained in different ways", replied Kate. "But I believe Brian's explanation is the true one. The people are going because our rulers wish to get rid of them".

They walked to the end of the grove and back again in silence.

"Is n't it strange", said Fanny, innocently, as they turned round at the other end, "that I like Ballycorrig better than our own place?"

"Do you?" said Kate, placing her arm round Fanny's waist. "That is strange, indeed".

Brian happened to be a little earlier than usual this evening. When he did not find Kate and Fanny at the gate, he thought something prevented them from taking their customary walk. They were within a few yards of him, but he could not see them through the thick white-thorn hedge. He brought his horse close up to the gate, and leaning over it, attempted to undo the hasp without dismounting. When Kate and Fanny heard him, they hastened towards him—Kate's arm still around Fanny's waist. The horse took fright at their sudden appearance. They were startled by a great clattering of hoofs as he plunged and reared; they saw Brian struggle for a moment as he hung upon the gate, and then fall heavily over it into the field. Fortunately when the horse wheeled round, the stirrup leather came off. Otherwise, as his foot had caught in the iron, he might have been seriously injured.

Brian, though slightly stunned, was on his feet in a moment. He was about going back into the grove to catch the horse, when his sister called to him.

"Brian", said she, "come here".

He went towards her, and saw that Fanny O'Gorman had fainted.

"I hope you 're not hurt", Kate asked anxiously.

"No", said he, "not the least".

"You have frightened the life out of her".

He looked into the sweet face which rested all unconscious on his sister's bosom. The truth dawned upon him. He knew it all now. As if by magic, all the love of that true heart was revealed to him in an instant. And his own heart opened, and love rushed into it in such a flood, that he could scarcely restrain the impulse he felt to clasp the unconscious little maiden to his breast, as a mother might a child whom she suddenly discovers to be her own. He moved the hair back from her cheek, and was stooping down to press his lips to it, but Kate kept him back.

"Don't", said she, "unless"——

He understood her look, and said:

"I do, Kate".

Kate bent a glad fond look upon little Fanny's face, and kissed her herself.

"Hold her", said she, "till I get some water". And she laid little Fanny's head against the breast which she hoped would be its pillow for evermore in this world, and perhaps in the next too. All this happened in less than a minute. She dipped her handkerchief among the watercresses in the stream that crept under the whitethorn hedge, and sprinkled Fanny's face. After a little while Fanny heaved a deep sigh, and opened her eyes. On seeing the blood rush to her face, and crimson even her neck, Kate took her from Brian's arms, and beckoned to him to go away.

"What a little fool you are", said Kate, beginning to close Fanny's dress, which she had loosened to give her air.

"Is he hurt, Kate?"

"No; can you not hear him running after his horse through the trees?"

But Fanny would not look up for the world; she felt she had betrayed herself. And, oh! what would she not give to be a hundred miles away at that moment!

"Were not you frightened at all, Kate?" she asked.

"I was, indeed, but then I 'm not a little coward like you".

Fanny looked timidly at her, and Kate was almost tempted to tell her what she had just discovered; but the fear of a mistake that might make matters worse, kept her silent.

"Come", said she, "here is Brian".

Brian delayed at the gate to put on the stirrup; but, instead of waiting as usual to descend the hill with her arm in his, Fanny hurried away as if she had quite forgotten him.

As Brian followed them slowly towards the house, an unpleasant doubt got into his mind. Fanny was their guest, he thought, and evi-

dently her father or her aunt had not the remotest suspicion that she cherished a warmer feeling than friendship for him. Then her father was rich, and his favouring Mr. M.'s suit showed that he was ambitious too. She was young and inexperienced, and came among them as his sister's friend. All these things considered, would it be honourable for him to speak to Fanny O'Gorman of love? He longed to hold her to his heart, and ask her to be his—his own sweet wife—for ever more. But after due reflection he felt it would be wrong. With a smile of mingled bitterness and sadness, he said to himself:

"It must not be—at least not now. There appears to be a fatality hanging over me".

We are not quite pleased with Mr. Brian Purcell. His honourable scruples would have been all very well, if Fanny O'Gorman's happiness were not concerned. But here is our good friend Father Paul driving up the avenue, and in him we put our trust.

The good priest was much troubled for his friends at Ballycorrig, who saw the "notice to quit" looming in the distance. This made him more anxious to see his niece married to Brian Purcell. Her father, he knew, would then get them over all difficulties—for what cannot money do? Brian's mother was Father O'Gorman's idol. She did such a world of good among the poor, and did it so quietly, without making a noise about it. And her son inherited her goodness. Therefore he was the man for his dear little Fanny.

But seeing them all so gloomy, Father Paul said to himself, one day :

"Well, well, this will never do. We'll have no falling in love at this rate. What's this Tom Moore says?

"Even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears".

"Faith it must be born first, at any rate. Leave the 'soul of its sweetness' for some other time. But how are we to get the 'smiles'?

"I have it", exclaimed Father Paul, as a bright idea struck him. "I'll bring Fanny home with me—make her lady of the house, and give a party. That's what will settle it, and put every one into good humour. We'd all want something to cheer us these dull times".

So thought Father Paul. But he little suspected what a rash experiment he was about trying. Woe to the parish priest who ventures upon it; for every soul who is not invited becomes his enemy thenceforward and for ever. And one half of the people invited are sure to be mortally offended because the other half were invited too. We shudder for Father Paul, particularly when we think of the rich, the "grand"—though not the "sublime"—Mrs. Mooney, and, in fancy, see the grocer's wife coolly taking the place next her at the supper table. For Mrs. Mooney is utterly oblivious of the time when she sold brogues of her father's manufacture. Well, we cannot be hard upon Mrs. Mooney, for among all classes of which we have any knowledge, there are people who look down on other people.

"Tea parties", or, as they were sometimes called, "benefit parties", were in vogue in Father O'Gorman's parish about this time. Some poor widow, pinched by poverty, or a poor girl finding herself short a pound after saving her earnings to pay her passage to America, would be encouraged by her friends to "give a benefit party", and tickets written on slips of copy paper (envelopes were not dreamt of) would be sent round to the young men and women of the neighbourhood. We ourselves have been honoured more than once by "getting a ticket". The last one we received is now before us, and we are tempted to transcribe it for the benefit of the uninitiated:

"Norry delany expects the Pleasure of Mr. —— To a tea Party on sunday Night gentlemen one shilling ladies ten Pence".

By the same token, we met Brian Purcell at Norry Delany's tea-party; and it was there we first became personally acquainted with Josh Reddy, whose "collection" on the occasion amounted to 17s. 4d. In fact, Norry Delany's tea-party was so great a success, that she was not only able to go with her two brothers to America (they had just been ejected from the little "spot of ground"), but actually purchased a new cloak and bonnet out of the proceeds—not to mention a stuff gown and a blue flannel petticoat. We are proud to remember having accepted the invitation to Norry Delany's tea-party.

But we have alluded to this particular "benefit party", for the purpose of illustrating a remark we have made by an example.

[The absence of Miss Loyd, the bonnet-maker—who was a newcomer in the village—was noticed by several persons; and it came out that her absence was owing to the interference of Bob Harkins, the policeman, who was an avowed admirer of hers.

"As a friend, I advise you, Miss Loyd", said Bob Harkins, "not to go to that party. For if you do", added Bob Harkins, feeling with his hand, lest a single rib of hair on his well greased poll should have strayed from its proper place, "for if you do, you'll meet the scuff of society there!"

"Come, Fanny", said Father O'Gorman, "get yourself ready. I'm going to take you home with me".

Fanny was dreadfully scared. She thought her secret could be read in her face, that it was visible to all men, and that her uncle saw it, and was angry with her! But Father Paul's beaming smile soon dissipated that foolish notion, and Fanny was glad to go. She hurried to her room to get herself ready for the drive, devoutly hoping she could get away without meeting Brian.

Father Paul gave a hint of his project to Kate, and told her that the party was to be that day week, and that Fanny would write the invitations the very next day. Whereupon Kate reproached him laughingly for not having given her earlier notice of the important event, as, if he had done so, she would certainly have got a new dress; but as it was, she was determined to send for a wreath to C——, which she was sure Father Paul would admire.

"Faith, it must be born first, at any rate. Leave the difficulties—
I have got to get the idea straight, and did it so good. I am the son-in-law, and I inherited her good
manners. I am a good son, and I will never do any harm to this Tom Moore says?"
Even though to smile it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears".

"I have it," exclaimed Father Paul, as a bright idea struck him.
"I will bring Fanny home with me—make her put these sweetmors' for some other time. But how are we to get the
glimmer. We'd all want something to cheer us these dull evenings?"
So thought Father Paul. But he little suspected what a raise
up he was about trying. And one half of the people invited
to forward and for ever, because the other half were invited
to forward for Father Paul, particularly—Mrs. Moore
shoulder—though not the "sublime" —Mrs. Moore
on the ground. For Mrs. Moore is utterly ^{absurd}—
old progress or her father's manufactory
over Mrs. Moore's people, who know nothing
over there are people who know nothing.

"Tea parties", or, as they were sometimes called, "were in vogue in Father O'Gorman's parish when a poor widow, pinched by poverty, or a poor girl finding a pound after saving her earnings to pay her passage to America, was encouraged by her friends to "give a benefit party" written on slips of copy paper (envelopes were not then in use), to be sent round to the young men and women of the parish. We ourselves have been honoured more than once by such a "ticket". The last one we received is now before us, and we will to transcribe it for the benefit of the uninitiated:

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By the same token, we met Brian Purcell at Norry Delany's tea-party, and it was there we first became personally acquainted with Reddy, whose "collection" on the occasion amounted to £100. In fact, Norry Delany's tea-party was so great a success, that she was only able to go with her two brothers to America (they were ejected from the little "spot of ground"), but actually purchased a cloak and bonnet out of the proceeds—not to mention a blue flannel petticoat. We are proud to remember her invitation to Norry Delany's tea-party.

But we have alluded to this particular "benefit party" pose of illustrating a remark we have made by an example. The absence of Miss Loyd, the bonnet-maker—who was in the village—was noticed by several persons; and it was known that her absence was owing to the interference of Bob Harkins, who was an avowed admirer of hers.

"As a friend, I advise you, Miss Loyd", said Bob Harkins, "not to go to that party. For if you do", added Bob Harkins, "you will be sure to find, lest a single rib of hair on his well greased head should strayed from its proper place, "for if you do, you'll be sure to be out of society there!"

"Come, Fanny", said Father O'Gorman, "get your bonnet on, and I'm going to take you home with me".

Fanny was dreadfully scared. She thought her face was red, and that it was visible to all men, and that Father Paul was angry with her! But Father Paul's beamish face was not to be seen, and Fanny was glad to get away without meeting Brian.

Father Paul was a kind of his project to Kate, and he had a good day's work in that. Fanny was to be the bride, and Brian the groom.

"And that reminds me", said Kate, "that Fanny may want gloves, or something. I'll go and ask her; I never knew her to lose so much time putting on her cloak and bonnet before".

Kate found little Fanny standing by the window.

"What's delaying you, Fanny?" she asked.

"Is uncle Paul ready?" said Fanny, all of a tremble.

"Yes, he is waiting for you", said Kate. "But I came to ask you do you want gloves or any thing, as Brian is going to the fair to-morrow".

"No", Fanny replied, in some surprise, looking at the gloves she had on.

"Oh, but I mean white gloves".

Fanny opened her eyes so wide, that Kate could not help laughing.

"I forgot", said she, "you have not heard about it yet. So I'll send for the gloves".

Fanny looked more bewildered than ever, and became quite pale, and then very red.

"Do, Kate, tell me what you mean", said she, pressing her hand to her forehead. "I believe my mind is not right".

"You little fool; it is only Father Paul who is going to give us a great 'blow out', as certain friends of ours would say, and that is the reason he is bringing you home with him. So don't keep him waiting any longer". And Kate put her arm round little Fanny, and kissed her.

"Wait till he's ready, Kate", said Fanny, holding back.

Kate understood her. She went down and whispered Brian to go out of the way.

"Brian is gone out", said she, on returning to the room, "so I can't tell him about the things he has to buy for us till he comes in. But I won't forget telling him, you may be sure. Your uncle is getting impatient, though he has mamma with him".

Fanny was in a great hurry now.

"For goodness' sake, don't keep her long from us", said Mrs. Purcell. "I don't know how we can live without her, when she goes home; so leave her to us as long as you can, while she remains in the country".

"What do you say to that, Fanny?" Father Paul asked; "they can't live without you".

To which Fanny replied by putting her hankerchief to her eyes to try to keep back a great shower of tears. But the tears *would* come, and Fanny ran into Mrs. Purcell's open arms, and hid her face. Her heart was so full, and then her nerves had been so shaken by the accident to Brian, she could not help it.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Father Paul; "why ye're all bewitched here. And if I don't hurry away, I don't know that I'd be safe myself. Bring her out, Kate". And Father Paul rushed out of the room.

When Fanny saw her uncle climbing into his old gig, as if he were pursued by an enemy, she found it as impossible to keep from laughing, as it was to keep from crying a moment before. And in this mood Fanny O'Gorman took her place in the old gig, and was driven away from Ballycorrig as fast as "Brown Jack" could, or would, carry her. But that is not saying much for the speed of her journey to "the priest's house".

CHAPTER XXIV.

All things considered, Father Paul O'Gorman's evening party was a great success. Fanny, assisted by Kate Purcell, managed every thing so well, that even the grand Mrs. Mooney was kept in tolerably good humour. She did show some symptoms of flouncing out of the room, when a certain young lady entered it, but a judicious remark of Kate Purcell's, about a bracelet worn by Mrs. Mooney, prevented the catastrophe. The objectionable young lady was the orphan daughter of an old friend of Father O'Gorman's, for whom the good priest had procured a situation in a millinery establishment in K—. The Miss Molonys, too, tittered audibly when the "shop girl" timidly glided to a seat half concealed by the window hangings; but these young ladies looked greatly astonished, not to say mortified, when Brian Purcell engaged the shop girl for the first quadrille. We may remark, that this young lady is now the wife of a respectable trader, who has been twice elected mayor of his native town.

But what interests us most is the fact, that Father Paul's plan was crowned with success in one important particular. His dear little Fanny was really and truly made "as happy as a queen" that memorable night.

"How is this, Brian?" said Father O'Gorman, on finding Mr. Brian Purcell all alone in the "little parlour". "When I did not see you among the dancers, I thought you had joined Dr. Forbis and the rest of them. 'Pon my word", he added, "the doctor is enjoying himself. There is another song. But now, Brian, as you are here, let us have a quiet talk together. Something must have occurred between you and Fanny; ye don't appear to be the same good friends. Now, what is it?"

"Nothing, sir, I assure you"—

"Oh! now, be candid with me. In fact, to make a long story short, what do you think of her?"

"I think her worth her weight in gold, sir", said Brian.

"Aye, and in diamonds, too", added Father Paul. "But did you ever think of her except as a friend?"

This question encouraged Brian to make a full confession; after which he looked into the good priest's face, and said:

"But would it be right, under the circumstances, to declare my love for her, and try to win her's? Her father"—

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Father Paul. "Do you think I'd bring her down here if I thought her father would object?" And he repeated to Brian his conversation with Fanny's father the evening of their arrival in Dublin.

"So, my dear fellow", said the kind hearted old priest, holding out his hand to Brian, "I think I may congratulate you".

Brian Purcell was in the act of clasping the proffered hand, when the door opened, and Fanny O'Gorman looked in. She came in search of her uncle, as she was afraid our friend the doctor was creating a little confusion among the dancers, by insisting upon putting them through certain figures which were in vogue in his young days. Fanny stood hesitating in the doorway.

"Well, Fanny", said her uncle, "do you want me?"

"Yes, sir, Doctor Forbis"—

"Oh! I know", Father Paul interrupted, "he's insisting upon Josh's playing 'The Boyne Water'".

"No, sir, but teaching them to dance a cotillon".

"Well, I'll settle that. But come here, Fanny".

He took her hand and placed it in that of Brian Purcell, saying, with an encouraging smile—for little Fanny was frightened :

"Brian has something to tell you". Father Paul then quietly walked away, leaving them alone together. We'll say no more. We could n't say what we would (who could?) if we tried. The "little parlour" was a dingy little hole of a place, with one candle, that required snuffing, on the wood chimney piece. But these two will bless that dingy little parlour to their dying day.

Father O'Gorman's never-to-be-forgotten party led to the consummation of another love affair. The doctor played a principal, though unconscious, part in the subjugation of a heart that had long resisted the assaults of the boy god, albeit his darts were "tipped with gold". It happened in this way.

Doctor Forbis, whose house was not more than half a mile from the priest's, wended his way homewards on foot, in the bright moonlight. Arthur Kelly, the village carman, was leading his white mule to water after returning from the market town of C—.

"Good night, Josh", says Arthur Kelly, in his hearty way.

"Good night", responded the doctor, roused from a deep reverie, and rather astonished by this familiar salutation.

"Josh!" he repeated, as he proceeded on his way—somewhat unsteadily, we must allow. "Joshua Forbis is my name; Joshua Forbis, Esquire, L.R.C.S.I.—more generally known as Doctor Forbis. But who has called me Josh? 'Good night, Josh'. Surely that man—Arthur Kelly, the carman, or I'm mistaken, and his white mule—has said 'Good night, Josh'. Yet, I must be mistaken, for Kelly the carman, or his white mule, would not dare!" The doctor put on a look of professional dignity, which did not relax—rather continued to grow in severity, indeed—till he reached his own gate.

Doctor Forbis made a false step as he approached the gate, but kept himself from falling by catching hold of the bars. He paused for a moment to recover the shock, and while he did so, great was his astonishment to see his own house rising high into the air, and coming down again. He held fast to the bars of the gate, for as the house came down, himself and the gate went up, and when the house went up, he came down. It was just as if the short straight avenue were a plank, and that he was playing what the children in the village called "weigh-dee-buckedy" with his own house.

"Let me see", said Doctor Forbis, "whether I can find any natural solution for this most extraordinary"—

He was cut short by the approach of a car. He turned round, still clinging to the bars, and as the car passed, Kate Purcell waved her hand to him.

"Good night, Josh", said the young lady.

The doctor let go his hold of the bars, and taking off his hat bowed low.

"But Josh! why Josh?" muttered Doctor Forbis when the car had passed. "Why Josh, Miss Purcell?" Here a second car passed by, and the doctor distinctly heard Miss Frances Molony utter the mono-syllable "screwed". "Screwed, Miss Molony", the doctor muttered, looking after the car. But here his attention was attracted by a very extraordinary phenomenon. Doctor Forbis distinctly saw two moons in the sky. They danced about, and knocked against each other like two great billiard balls. As the doctor contemplated this wonderful natural phenomenon, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"I have you", exclaimed the owner of the hand.

"If I am not mistaken", said the doctor, "you are Tom Burke the cattle dealer".

"Tom Burke the jobber", was the reply. "No mistake about it; I'm waiting for you this two hours. I have the horse and car at Mrs. Cary's below, so get yourself ready". It was not difficult to see that Tom had been comforting himself with a "drop of the right sort" at Mrs. Cary's.

"And pray, Tom Burke, may I take the liberty of inquiring where do you want me to go?"

"Over to my father-in-law's, at the mountain foot", Tom replied.

"A worthy man", the doctor observed; "Phil Shunney of the mountain foot".

"Aye, begor", says Tom Burke.

"And for what purpose am I required?" asked the doctor.

"My wife that's comin' home", was the reply.

"I see", said Doctor Forbis, half sobered by the prospect of a fee. "Your wife is—is 'coming home', as you facetiously observe, and you require my professional services".

"Aye, begor", said Tom Burke. "An' now I'll run for the horse and car. I was afraid 't would be all hours before you could lave the priest's".

"You see, Tom, in these cases we must be prepared for contingencies. I'll just get my instruments".

"Oh! begor, don't forget the instrument at any rate".

"Certainly not", the doctor continued. "But as I know the road perfectly well, you need not wait for me".

"All right", exclaimed Tom Burke, lifting his riding coat upon his shoulders with a shrug which was peculiar to him, and hurrying away for his horse and car with a slightly unsteady gait.

Doctor Forbis knocked at his door—somewhat timidly, we are bound to admit. A window was immediately raised, and a head with a night-cap on it thrust out.

"What brings *you* there", exclaimed a rather shrewish voice, "at this hour of the night? Go away out of that". The window was pulled down with a snap, and the shutters closed. The doctor was beginning to consider what would be the most judicious course for him to take in this awkward predicament, when the door opened. A hand was stretched out, which took hold of his, and drew him gently into the hall.

"Do n't mind her, dear", whispered a gentle voice into his ear. "Do n't mind what she says, the cross thing! Come into the kitchen, but walk easy". And Kitty Magrath squeezed the doctor's hand tenderly, and was about leading him through the hall, when her mistress called to her from the head of the stairs.

"Kitty, Kitty Magrath", Mrs. Forbis called out; "do n't attempt to let that man in at this hour of the night".

"Is it me, ma'am?" said Kitty, from the kitchen door, which she had reached with a hop, skip, and a jump, before she spoke.

"Bring me a candle", said Mrs. Forbis. "But you need not light it".

"Yes, ma'am", says Kitty, delighted at having escaped detection.

"I'm blessed if they are n't all mad", thought Doctor Forbis, as he turned into the parlour. He changed his hat for a fur travelling cap, which he generally wore when called out late at night. He then went out, closing the door softly behind him, and proceeded to the stable.

"Steady, now, old lass", said the doctor, as he placed the saddle on his mare. He led the mare to the gate, making her walk on the grass, as he thought it wisest to avoid a meeting with Mrs. Forbis in her present mood. He mounted outside the gate, and rode at a tolerably quick pace towards the mountain foot.

Doctor Forbis dismounted at Phil Shunney's door, and on hearing the sound of voices inside, and observing light in all the windows, the thought occurred to him that he had arrived too late. He raised the latch and saw quite a crowd of people inside. He recognized Shawn Gow's gruff tones above the rest.

"No, Phil, thank ye all the same", Shawn was saying. "But I did n't touch a dhrop iv any thing stronger thin wather since Christmas Day".

"Well, I won't press you, Shawn", the host observed; "if you

made a promise, I'd be sorry to ax you to brake it. But Tim Croak'll take your part".

"Ay will I", responded Tim; "I never see the harm a little rouser'd do a man. Here's luck".

"I wonther what's keeping Tom", some one inquired. "He ought to be here afore this, and the girls is gettin' lonesome".

"God be wud poor Connor Shea", said Tim Croak. "'Tis n't in the want av a blast o' music we'd be if we had him".

"God help him", remarked Phil Shunney, "when he hears av his family bein' in the poorhouse, as I suppose he will hear it".

"Mr. Brian wrote an' towld him all", said Tim; "Sally had the sickness, but she was out o' danger the last boord day. Mr. Brian axed the doctor himself".

This allusion to Sally Cavanagh caused a momentary silence, and the doctor called attention to his presence by pushing in the half door.

"Oh, is that the docthor?" exclaimed the man of the house. "Welcome, sir, welcome. Go, Shawn, and hould the docthor's mare. Sit down, docthor, and jine us in a tumbler".

And Phil placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"No, thank you, Phil", said the doctor solemnly; "not at present. Where is the young woman?"

"What young woman, docthor?"

"Tom Burke's wife". And Doctor Forbis laid his fur cap on the table, and threw his thick gloves into it.

"There she is, there, at the ind of the table. An' in bad humour enough, I can tell you, to have Tom delayin' so long".

Doctor Forbis walked up to Mrs. Burke, and gravely held out his hand; she gave him hers, and to her surprise, and slightly to her alarm, he placed his finger on her wrist, and pulling out his watch began to count her pulse.

"I think", said the doctor, "you ought to be in bed".

"Bravo, docthor", shouted Tim Croak. "So she ought". And what was considered a capital joke of the doctor's, elicited a roar of laughter from the company.

Mrs. Burke leaped up, and bounded into the midst of a group of young women who were lamenting the absence of a musician, at the end of the room.

"Pray, what does all this mean?" said the doctor, bending a severe look on Phil Shunney.

"Mean!" Phil repeated.

"Tom Burke told me that his wife was—was 'coming home'", said the doctor, using Tom's own phrase, which, it may be necessary for us to explain, is used in a figurative sense in Ireland.

"An' so she is", says her father.

"Explain yourself, sir, if you please", said the doctor severely.

"The devil an explanation I have, barrin' that Tom had n't his new

house ready when they wor married, and we kep her wud us till 't would be finished off. An'sure 't is n't to let her go we wud wudout givin' the neighbours a bit uv devarshion on the head ov id".

Doctor Forbis was beginning to admit the possibility of his having partaken too freely of Father O'Gorman's old malt, when Tom Burke appeared upon the scene with Josh Reddy's fiddle in one hand, and holding Josh himself by the collar with the other.

"Come, you rascal", he shouted, "play up, and don't think you can humbug me".

Josh, who was evidently half frightened out of his wits, seized his fiddle, and the first twang acted like magic upon the younger portion of the party, who were "on the flue" in an instant.

Tom Burke seized the doctor by the hand, and assured him he felt proud of his presence. He called to his wife and bade her "get something ready" for so distinguished a guest. And when the doctor saw a snow-white cloth spread upon a little table by the fire-side, and a cold turkey and other inviting viands placed upon it, he thought he could not do better than make himself comfortable. And between the good fare and the merriment, and the respectful attention of the people of the house, Doctor Forbis made a night of it.

Next morning at breakfast Mrs. Forbis asked him sharply how he got the key of the stable.

"I got it, of course, behind the hall door", he replied.

"An' who let you in?"

"Kitty Magrath", said the doctor.

"Kitty Magrath, did n't you tell me you did not let the doctor in last night?"

"No more I did n't, ma'am", said Kitty.

Mrs. Forbis reddened with suppressed anger on noticing the evident confusion of both Kitty and the doctor, as she darted suspicious looks from one to the other.

"Who is this coming up the avenue?" the doctor asked, glad of an excuse to escape Mrs. Forbis's eyes.

"T is the priest's boy, sir", said Kitty, glad of an excuse too.

"Go out and try what is his business".

Kitty returned immediately with the doctor's hat in her hand.

"You forgot your hat at Father O'Gorman's, sir", said Kitty.

The doctor looked up to the crook over the door.

"I see it all now", he remarked gravely, shaking his head.

Mrs. Forbis and Kitty followed the direction of his eyes.

"My dear", said the doctor, "it was all owing to that d—d last rose of summer. This explains why I was called 'Josh'. I see it all now".

Josh Reddy's white hat hung upon the crook over the door. Kitty Magrath pounced upon it immediately, and hurried in breathless haste to the little house opposite the doctor's gate.

Josh Reddy was sitting by his fire in a most melancholy frame of mind.

"Good Morrow, Josh".

"Good morning, Kitty", Josh replied with a sigh. "I hope you are well".

"T is little you care which, Josh", says Kitty reproachfully.

"Kitty, my dear, I'm in no mood for amatory dialogue this morning; so be pleased to inform me of the circumstance to which I am indebted for this visit".

"I brought this home to you", said Kitty with a deep sigh.

Josh looked round, and, springing to his feet, exclaimed:

"Kitty, you're an angel! I apprehended it was irretrievably lost. Sit down, Kitty, and let me play 'Bonnie Kate' for you".

"I must be going, Josh".

"Do n't talk of going, Kitty", said Josh, hanging his beloved white hat on his poll, "I never knew your worth till now. So say you'll be mine—'come to the bower I have shaded for you', and I'll talk to Father Paul this blessed day".

Kitty became hysterical immediately. And that day week Kitty Magrath was Mrs. Josh Reddy. So much for Father O'Gorman's evening party.

Shawn Gow found a pleasant fire blazing before him when he went home, after seeing Doctor Forbis past the Clodagh. But the moment he sat down, Nancy said anxiously:

"Shawn, achora, is anything aither happenin' to you? you're as white as the wall".

"Nancy", says Shawn, "Sally Cavanagh is dead".

"Oh, Shawn! Shawn! when did she die, and who towld you?"

"No one towld me", he replied, "but I know id".

Nancy looked at him for an explanation.

"She's aither appearin' to me be'and near the church yard".

"The Lord betune us an' all harm", exclaimed Nancy, making the sign of the cross. "Did you speake to her?"

"No", he replied, "I had n't the presence of mind. She looked into my face, and thin turned into the church".

"You had a right to ax her what she wanted three times in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; an' thin she'd tell you what was throublin' her".

"I know that, but I did n't think uv id in time. I'm a'most sure though, 't is to bring her home to bury her".

"An' sure you will, Shawn".

"I will, an' God knows I'd do more than that for her. For where could you get the like uv her?"

"Thrue for you", said Nancy, bursting into tears. "Go take a stretch on the bed, an' go round for a few uv the neighbours in the mornin'; an' lave me here to say a few prayers for her poor sowl. O Lord! look down on her poor childher".

Shawn Gow retired to rest, leaving his wife to offer up "the full of her beads" for Sally Cavanagh.

CHAPTER XXV.

There is an old churchyard a little below the wood, from the corner of which Connor Shea took a last look at his home. One day, not many weeks after his poor wife's flight from the workhouse, a voice might be heard speaking in low, but earnest tones within the mouldering walls of the ruined temple, where the Mass had not been offered since the day Father Kenrehan was hewn to pieces by a few Cromwellian troopers who happened to ride that way. The voice was that of Brian Purcell.

"When she escaped from the poorhouse", said he, in continuation, "she found her way to the churchyard. Her reason was entirely gone—she remembered nobody. Though I came to her nearly every day, I never noticed the least sign that she recognized me. But nothing would induce her to leave the churchyard. I even tried to force her away, but she clung to the headstone, and shrieked so wildly, I thought it cruelty to attempt removing her. So we supply her with a little food, and there she sits all day, apparently happy. At night, when the weather is inclement, we induce her to lie upon the heath in that shed in the corner. But what is most extraordinary—and I do n't wonder the country people view it in a supernatural light—there you see the five little mounds, with their brown slabs for headstones, exactly like the other graves, beneath which she is persuaded her children are buried. No one, as far as I can learn, saw her constructing them".

"Merciful God!" exclaimed his listener.

"Stand near the slit in the wall", said Brian, "and you can see and hear while I am speaking to her. And then, as you say you would rather not have a witness to your interview, I'll walk up as far as the cromlech, and be back with you in an hour".

"Well, Sally", said Brian, "so they're all dead": For he knew there was only one subject she could be induced to speak about.

"All dead", she repeated with a vacant smile. Then noticing a little of the turf turned up upon one of the mounds, she patted it smooth with her hand.

"All dead! But I'll tell you something if you won't tell any one".

"I won't tell any one, Sally".

"Well, every night when the stars do be shinin'—but you won't tell, or they might take him from me?"

"No, Sally, I will not tell".

She placed her hand upon his shoulder, and with her mouth close to his ear, while a childlike smile lighted up her face, whispered: "He comes down when the stars do be shinin', and I have him in my arms all the night".

"Who, Sally? Who comes down?"

"Ah, you would n't guess! Well, I'll tell you, the youngest of all—poor Willie with the blue eyes. An' I have him here all night—here", she repeated, pressing both her hands against her bosom.

Brian was almost affected to tears.

"Here is Norah outside", said she, kneeling down and laying her hand on one of the mounds. "An' shure you'd asy know Corney, for he was nearly as tall as Norah. An' any one'd know the little one entirely. But who on'y myself could guess these two?" She looked up at Brian as if expecting a reply. "No", she continued, "you'd never be able to guess; but I'll tell you. This is Tom—the little fat bruckish; and this is Nicky.—But will nobody tell me where is Neddy, poor Connor's own brave boy?"

Here a heavy groan from within the ruin interrupted her wanderings, and Brian moved away and up the hill towards the cromlech.

He opened a letter which Connor Shea had given him, and read it as he walked slowly up the hill. It was from the schoolmaster.

"For some days back I have been thinking of writing a long letter to you. But as I find my old habit of procrastination has still a hold on me, I think it better to send you a hurried line by Connor Shea, who leaves for Ireland to-morrow. I have done my best to persuade him that there was no necessity for his going, and that it would do as well to send you the money to bring them out. He would not listen to me; and I feel quite uneasy at the thought of his meeting his scoundrel landlord. Try by all means and prevent this meeting. He was almost frantic when he read your letter.

"'Connor', said I to him, 'why, after all, should you feel it so deeply? Do n't you know that thousands of honest and respectable families are obliged to go into the poorhouse in unfortunate Ireland?'

"'Oh, it's not that', he replied; 'it is not the disgrace I'm thinking of. But I'm thinking of all Sally Cavanagh went through before it came to that. Well I know how long she suffered before she consented to see herself and her children paupers. The robber!' he exclaimed, striking the table with his clenched hand, 'after promising me that he'd lave 'em the oats'.

"Rage and grief almost choked him, and tearing his shirt collar open, he rushed out of the house.

"I hope you will try and keep him from meeting this man. It is scarcely in human nature to let such cold-blooded cruelty pass unavenged, if the victim found himself face to face with his persecutor. I need say no more on this head.

"And now a word about myself. You know already how suddenly what I may call my disease left me. From the moment my eye rested upon the poor lost girl in that den of infamy, I thought I no longer loved her. Not long since, the clergyman, to whose care I confided her, wrote to me, saying that a wealthy merchant who knew her whole history, had been smitten by her extraordinary beauty, and intended to propose marriage to her. And the good priest thought it right to acquaint me with the circumstance. I assure you, it did not cause me the slightest pain—not the faintest symptom of jealousy did I feel. Neither did I feel any pleasure on learning afterwards that she declined

the rich man's offer, preferring to remain with the good nuns, and endeavour to atone for those sinful years by a life of repentance. But when my reverend friend wrote to me again, after a few months, to inform me that Rose Mulvany was dangerously ill, then I found my mistake in supposing I no longer loved her! Accompanied by my young friend, Neddy, I hastened to the city. I found her surrounded by the good sisters, some kneeling by her bed-side and one leaning over her reversing Gerald Griffin's beautiful picture of the 'Sister of Charity', whom he represents with her hair 'wet with the tears of the penitent girl'. Rose Mulvany's hair was wet with the tears of the Sister of Charity.

"The priest had prepared her for my visit. She held out her hand when she saw me, but she closed her eyes, and a faint blush stole over her wasted cheek.

"'Rose', said I, 'I'm sorry to see you so ill'.

"She turned her head away and wept silently. After awhile she looked at me and said :

"'I trust and believe God has forgiven me, and why should I be afraid to look at you—you who saved me?' But the effort appeared to have exhausted her, and she closed her eyes again. If it were not for the light pressure of her hand, I should have thought she had fainted. Her mind began to wander, for she asked me :

"'Are they coming still?'

"'Who, Rose?' I asked.

"'The people—the young girls.' Are they still coming?'

"'Coming where, Rose?'

"'Coming to America', she replied.

"'They are', said I.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, opening her beautiful eyes, and fixing them earnestly on me, 'tell them not. Tell them to stay at home. Tell them of Rose Mulvany'.

"She appeared to become unconscious again for a minute or two. One of the nuns motioned to me to kneel, and I did so. They continued reciting the rosary, and I soon saw the dying girl's lips move, and could even catch the words—'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen'. When the prayer was ended, she started and said, 'Oh, that is Mary! And—and she forgives me; and my father, and my poor mother. They all forgive me!—they all forgive me! Look, look! my mother is opening her arms'. Here she attempted to raise herself up, but finding she had not strength to do so, she turned to one of the nuns.

"'Sister Patrick', she said, 'won't you raise me up to my mother?'

"The nun bent over her to raise her up, and as she did so, Rose Mulvany died in her arms.

"I remained in the city to see her laid in her grave in the little cemetery attached to the convent. As I was leaving the cemetery, Sister Patrick placed a folded paper in my hand. It contained a long

shining tress of golden hair. To me it is more precious than gold. Connor has come in; he is, I am glad to say, much calmer. But do not forget what I have said!"

"I must look to this", said Brian, as he folded the letter. "It did not occur to me before".

On his return he was startled to see a party of police coming out of the churchyard. But on coming closer to them, his surprise was turned to horror, for they carried a dead man between them, and Brian saw at a glance that the dead man was Mr. Oliver Grindem. He hurried into the graveyard, and saw a riderless horse grazing upon the rank herbage, with the bridle under his feet. He approached the doorway of the old chapel, and as he passed the mounds (we cannot call them graves) he shuddered: the headstone and the grass of one of them were stained with blood. He noticed a spade and shovel thrown across the mounds, and thought that perhaps a funeral was approaching, and that they were intended to dig the grave. There was no one within the ruin, and the utter stillness of the place seemed awful to him. On the ground—near the slit in the wall—his eye rested upon some object that made him start. It was a revolver!

"Great God!" exclaimed Brian, "it is as I feared. He has stained his hands with the wretch's blood". He stooped to take up the weapon, but a feeling of disgust would not let him touch it with his hand. He moved it with his foot among the nettles, under a fallen fragment of the old wall.

By crossing a field Brian came up with the police, who were in the act of placing the dead body in a cart procured at the next farm-house.

"How did this occur?" he inquired of the constable.

"Accidentally, sir".

"What! do you say it was an accident?" exclaimed Brian, while surprise and pleasure struggled with incredulity in his looks.

"We were present, sir", said the constable; "no one is to blame".

Brian leaped upon a wall, and cast a searching look around. He returned to the churchyard and explored every nook. He made inquiries at the houses adjoining, but could get no trace of the objects of his search.

Let us relate what took place in the churchyard during Brian's stroll to the cromlech.

Connor Shea—for it was his groan that interrupted the poor maniac in her wanderings—stood with his forehead against the wall, trying to summon up courage to accost her. He heard the sound of voices outside, and looking through the slit in the wall, saw a man with a spade and shovel on his shoulder, opening the churchyard gate. A horseman, accompanied by five policemen, then entered. The police approached the poor maniac, and began to speak kindly to her; but she clung with a terrified look to one of the headstones. Evidently distressed at the task imposed on them, they looked towards the man on horseback, who began to gesticulate violently, and to utter inarticulate

sounds. Connor Shea looked more closely at him now, but was barely able to recognize his former landlord—the author of all his misery—so frightfully was he altered. He had but partially recovered from an attack of paralysis, which had left him speechless. His jaw fell down upon his chest, the mouth open, and the tongue lolling over the under lip, while the slaver trickled down his neglected beard, and over a dirty napkin which was tied under his chin. The face was that of a corpse, save that the red glassy eyes glared hideously in the midst of it. He had come with the police to have Sally Cavanagh arrested as a "dangerous lunatic". The man with the spade and shovel was brought to level the mounds which the poor woman supposed to be the graves of her children. Her melancholy history was attracting so much interest that an English tourist, who had been the guest of poor Sally's friend, Parson Stephens, had taken a note of it. Mr. Oliver Grindem resolved to put a stop to this. He gesticulated to the police, who reluctantly dragged the poor woman from the headstone. She struggled violently, and seeing nothing else to catch hold of, seized the magistrate's bridle rein. He began to strike her with the butt-end of his whip. The horse backed to within a yard of the slit in the wall, and when Connor Shea heard the hard buckhorn knock sharply upon the fleshless knuckles of his wife, he ground his teeth with rage, and pulling a revolver from his breast, thrust it through the slit; the muzzle was within three feet of the monster's heart. But at this moment he changed his mode of assault, and struck his victim in the face with the lash of the whip. The hard whipcord entered one of her eyes, and with a scream of pain she let go the rein. The horse reared, and before Connor Shea could pull the trigger, the brutal tyrant fell heavily to the ground—his head striking against the stone slab which Sally Cavanagh had erected to mark what she imagined to be the grave of her youngest little boy.

The poor maniac ran screaming into the ruin, and with a bursting heart Connor clasped her to his breast.

"Oh, save me—save me!" she cried, in an imploring voice.

"I'll save you; yes, I'll save you. But oh! Sally, do n't you know me?"

"He comes down every night when the stars do be shinin'", she whispered, "and now they want to take me away".

"Oh! Sally, look up—look up and say you know me", he sobbed. And as he raised her face from his bosom he kissed her wan cheek passionately.

"They're dead", she murmured, "all dead. Poor Norah, an' Corney, an' Tommy, an' Nickey, and little Willie with the blue eyes—an' all!"

"But do n't you remember me, Sally—your own husband? Thry, Sally, and remember ould times".

But there was no meaning in her smile.

"My God! my God!" cried the distracted man, "what did I ever

do to deserve this? Sure I was mad awhile ago, when I thought to take his life. O Heavenly Father! restore her sinses, an' a thought of revenge I'll never let enther my heart again. Holy Mary, Mother of God, intercede for her!" he exclaimed aloud in a voice of the most intense entreaty.

"Look at me, again, Sally—*ma gra gal ma croidh!*"

He felt her start slightly, and holding his cheek close to hers, repeated the words—*"Ma gra gal mo croidh!"*

She raised her hand, and bent her head in a listening attitude, like one trying to catch some distant sound. Again he murmured the words into her ear. "My own poor Sally—*ma gra gal ma croidh!*"

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"If we were all together", she murmured, "what harm, if we were all together".

He remembered these were the very words she used when he bade "God be with her", the night of his departure for America. Looking upon them as an indication of returning reason, he knelt down and exclaimed fervently: "My God, I thank you for your mercy". And taking the revolver from his breast again, he flung it upon the ground.

"Come, Sally", said he, "let us go".

To his surprise and delight, instead of resisting, as he expected she would, she gave him her hand, and allowed him to lead her like a child over the broken wall at the opposite side of the old ruin, and up towards the angle of the wood, where he stopped the night he parted from her, to take a last look at his home.

"You're forgetting the spade and shovel", said one of the police to the man who had come to level the mounds.

"I'll lave 'em where they are", replied the man, "they'll be wantin' to dig his own grave".

CHAPTER XXVI.

Brian Purcell stood among the fern on the mountain side, just where we found him at the commencement of our story. He had been loitering there for nearly an hour, and now looked at his watch, and then down at the little thatched house, with the tall hollyhocks at one end of it. A crowd was collected in the yard, and groups of men were moving about in the little meadow where Connor Shea chaunted the history of the farmer's daughter, "whose parents died and willed her five hundred pounds in goold"—the morning Brian found him rocking the cradle, and "having an eye to number five".

It seems but yesterday, when he saw the manly peasant in the midst of his blooming children, while the radiant smile of Sally Cavanagh threw a glow of rosy light upon the picture. He can scarcely believe that the reality is not a hideous dream.

"How bravely the poor fellow has borne up", he thought. "I trust

the one consolation for which he prayed so fervently was granted to him".

When Brian Purcell returned home on the day of Mr. Oliver Grindem's death, it occurred to him that Connor Shea and his wife must have gone through the wood, for had they taken any other road he could not have missed them. He then remembered that their house had not been levelled by the crowbar brigade, because it "happened to be on the commonage", as Connor himself said, and the landlord had no claim to it. Brian hastened to the mountain foot, and saw the door of Connor Shea's house open. He entered, but a hand was raised to beckon him back. Connor Shea sat upon the floor, his back against the wall, supporting his poor wife's head which rested on his breast. She was asleep. In obedience to the motion of his hand, Brian retired softly. It occurred to him that the best thing he could do, was to call upon Mrs. Hazlitt, and enlist her benevolence in favour of the sufferers.

"Matt, Matt", says Mrs. Hazlitt, when she had heard the story, "run up to Shawn Gow's, and tell him to call to Tim Croak, and let the two of 'em, and Nancy and Betty come here to me without delay. An' do you, Mr. Purcell, send Mick Dunphy over with a horse an' car, an' lave the rest to me".

Brian was satisfied that Sally Cavanagh would be well cared for, and he and Matt hastened to execute Mrs. Hazlitt's commands.

The next morning Brian could scarcely believe his eyes when he looked round Connor Shea's kitchen, which presented so desolate an appearance the day before. Tim Croak and Shawn Gow, and Nancy and Betty sat by the fire, as if resting from their labour, while Mrs. Hazlitt was pouring out a cup of tea at the dresser, which was resplendent with pewter and china, and Saint Patrick baptizing the King of Munster pasted on the side of it. Mrs. Hazlitt held up her finger in token of silence, and pointed to the room door.

"She's finely", she whispered.

"You're a wonderful woman", said Brian, in the same low tone, as he looked round, and saw every thing precisely as it was on the day he found Connor Shea rocking the cradle.

"You see, sir", said Mrs. Hazlitt, "I thought nothing'd help to bring her round like the sight of the things she was used to".

The room door was opened, and Connor, after grasping Brian by the hand, beckoned to him to follow him.

"Do n't stay long out, Connor", said Mrs. Hazlitt; "the tay is filled out, and a warm cup 'll do you good".

Connor shook his head with a sad, but grateful smile, and he and Brian Purcell walked out into the little garden.

"Well, Connor, how is she?"

"She wo'n't hould long, sir", was the reply. "An' I b'lieve 't is a mercy to have her go. But oh! good God, 't is breakin' my heart to think that she 'll go an' never know me".

"Have courage, Connor. I'll send for the doctor, and perhaps something might be done for her".

"Do, sir. Matt Hazlitt is after goin' for Father O'Gorman to read over her".

Brian remembered that Matt passed him on the road, on his yellow pony, riding furiously.

"I'll bid you good morning now", said Brian. "And be advised by Mrs. Hazlitt, and take some breakfast".

"May God bless her!" exclaimed Connor Shea. And Brian saw the big tears start into his eyes. His own eyes were not dry as he turned away and walked quickly down the little by-road.

On his way to the mountain foot, Matt Hazlitt was improving the occasion by endeavouring to convince Father O'Gorman that St. Patrick was a Protestant—as sure as he, Matt Hazlitt, was a Protestant. But Matt broke off in the middle of his argument by d—g 'brown Jack' for a lazy brute. So impatient was he to have the priest read over poor Sally Cavanagh.

"Very well, Matt", said Father O'Gorman, smiling, and putting spurs to his horse; "we'll put off the discussion to a more favourable opportunity".

Connor Shea was right—she did not "hold long". And few will think he was not right, too, when he said it was "a mercy to have her go".

Brian Purcell has come to the mountain foot to-day, to attend Sally Cavanagh's funeral. He arrived early, and preferring to be alone, walked up the hill where he could indulge his grief undisturbed.

Noticing a movement among the crowd, he thought it time to go down to the house, as he wished to be one of the first to bear Sally Cavanagh's coffin down the little by-road to the hearse, which was in waiting. He paused for a moment before getting over the wall of the meadow, and heard some young men talking on the other side.

"The Lord save us!" said one, "there's not a man in the townland that would n't venture his life for her; an' is n't it quare she to be let go to the poor-house at all?"

"After all", was the reply, "if you look into id, 't is n't so surprisin'. She went to the poor-house like hunthreds of the neighbours. An' unless she went about beginn' a bit an' a sup for her childher, I do n't see what could be done for her".

"Many's the pleasant evenin' we ever had at poor Connor's", said a third speaker. "An' n't was Sally was the good warrant to get up a dance for us. She'd hand Connor his flute, an' ketch a hoult uv wan uv the boys an' haul him out on the flure. 'T was betther than a weddin' for a few uv the boys an' girls to meet there uv an evenin'". And the honest fellow drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. "There's Father O'Gorman an' Parson Stephens", he continued; "let us move down. She'll be taken out immediately".

Brian followed them. When he went into the room to remove the

coffin, a peculiar expression in Connor Shea's face attracted his attention, and rather surprised him. But he understood it when Connor came to his side, and said :

"Thank God, she knew me, Mr. Brian".

After the funeral Brian took Connor Shea home with him in his gig. Soon after their arrival at Ballycorrig, the servant announced Parson Stephens and Captain Dawson. The captain asked to see Mr. Purcell.

"I need not tell you, sir", said Captain Dawson, when Mr. Purcell made his appearance, "that I was no party to the proceedings which have been taken against you. I have written to my law agent to put a stop to them. And I now come to offer you a lease at your former rent".

"I thank you, sir", Mr. Purcell replied, "I expected nothing else from you".

"And Shea", said the captain, "you can have your farm back again, and whatever I can do for you I will do".

"I'm thankful to you, Captain", said Connor Shea; "but I could n't live there now".

"Do n't leave old Ireland, Shea", said Mr. Stephens.

"I hope to see ould Ireland again, sir". And Connor Shea drew himself up to his full height, while his eyes flashed fire from under his knitted brows.

Connor Shea was always a great favourite with Captain Dawson, whom he often accompanied in his shooting and coursing excursions on the mountain. The captain, mistaking the expression in his face, felt hurt, and said :

"Shea, I never expected this from you. You know I always wished you well. And he who acted so severely towards you is no more".

"I was n't thinkin' of him, sir", replied Connor. "I was thinkin' of the government that crushes us. You know, Captain, I'm afther bein' in the land of liberty, an' I larned something there that was n't clear to me afore".

"I very much fear", Mr. Stephens observed, "if ever a war breaks out between the United States and these countries, our government will find they have committed a grievous mistake in driving the men who recruited our army, and contributed so much to the glory of England, into the ranks of our foes. For America does not love us".

"All we want", remarked Mr. Purcell, whose loyalty had been revived by the promised lease, "is a settlement of the land question".

"And that you 'll never get", said Brian.

"I know what *your* views are", said the parson, in a good-humoured way, turning to Brian. "I consider them visionary, and worse. And yet it is hard to blame intelligent Irishmen for being discontented with the present state of things".

"You are more liberal, sir", said Brian, "than some of our own clergy, who have been honoured with the title of 'sacerdotal incendiaries', as a reward for their loyalty".

Connor Shea was about leaving the room when Brian said to him:

"By the way, Connor, what about this ring you sent to me by Tom Burke? 'T is worth at least twice as much as I gave him".

"I'm glad you reminded me of it", said Connor, taking out his purse and counting five sovereigns on the table.

"Do n't mind the money", said Brian; "here is the ring".

"I have more money than I want now, sir", replied Connor. "An' give the ring to the young lady—an' may God bless her".

"What young lady?" Brian asked in surprise.

"I thought you knew all about it", said Connor; and he told how Miss Evans had given the ring to his little son at the finger-post.

Captain Dawson brightened up on hearing the story, and even Brian felt grateful to her. After all 't is pleasant to know that a once worshipped idol was not altogether worthless.

"Perhaps", said Brian, as the captain and his reverend friend were preparing to leave, "perhaps Captain Dawson will be good enough to return the ring to the owner".

The captain promised to do so. But fate would not have it so.

That very morning Miss Evans got a hint for the first time of how matters stood between her old lover and Fanny O'Gorman. She could not believe it. She thought Brian Purcell never could love another—at least while she herself remained unmarried. But her vanity was wounded and her jealousy roused, nevertheless. So she resolved "to do something"—what, she did not exactly know.

Captain Dawson's horse cast a shoe, and he stopped at Shawn Gow's forge to get it on.

Tim Croak, who we fear meant mischief, walked in to light his pipe.

"Wisha, Captain", says Tim, "would you lave this bit av a note at Matt Hazlitt's as you 're passin', an' let me go home the short cut".

The captain took the note, but the moment his eye rested on the address he thrust it back into Tim's hand, saying that he had to ride over to the glebe.

When he was gone Tim grinned maliciously as he said to Shawn Gow:

"I was over at Moorview wud a brace o' cock from the ould lady, an' I got this to deliver to Mr. Brian—into his own hands, as she said. An' begob, Shawn, she 's a thoroughbred, an' no mistake. I never seen such pints wud a woman".

Captain Dawson really did ride to the glebe, but it was for the purpose of asking Mr. Stephens to return the ring to the beauty of Moorview House.

Brian read the note, which only contained these few words: "Meet me at one o'clock to-morrow at the cottage. I want to see you *particularly*. Do n't refuse me this *last request*. J. E."

Kate, who we must say was *too* suspicious, stood near the window with the envelope in her hand, watching him anxiously. She turned

her head away quickly lest he should notice the smile that lighted up her face when she saw him toss the note into the fire.

"Kate", said he, "had you no letter from Fanny to-day?"

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Our story is told. Several years have gone by since Sally Cavanagh was laid in her grave, and the little house at the foot of the mountain is a roofless ruin. But before saying good-bye to the reader, we shall take a parting glance at some of the characters whom we have introduced to him.

Mr. Purcell is a hale old man, a little too proud of his broad acres, perhaps, but a "good neighbour" for all that, the people say. We can notice no perceptible change in Mrs. Purcell. We find her as busy as ever in the congenial work of feeding the hungry; for hunger, alas! still hovers around the mountain foot. Kate Purcell is a Sister of Mercy, but she left one to fill her place in the home she loved. And her father and mother have four bright-eyed grand-children—a boy and three girls—to gladden their hearts. Richard—called after uncle Richard—Sarah, Kate, and Fanny—little blue-eyed, golden-haired Fanny—the most beautiful little fairy ever seen. Aunt Sarah lives almost entirely at Ballycorrig. On a certain day every year, she and Mrs. Purcell take a long drive together. Where they went was a secret at first, but one day as Brian was returning from C—, he saw his own car at the gate of P— chapel. Then he knew the yearly drive was to uncle Richard's grave. Mr. O'Gorman, who has retired from business, is a frequent visitor to the secluded valley, and, seeing his daughter's happiness, maybe he does n't bless Father Paul!

Mrs. Hazlitt and Matt—we put *her* name first—are as happy as they deserve to be, and that is about saying as much as we could say. Tim Croak and Shawn Gow, and Betty and Nancy, are "well and doing well". Kitty Magrath's "fortune" placed Josh Reddy (whose white hat is no way altered) above the necessity of earning his bread as a "musician"—a great godsend to the piper and fiddler. Josh has a full half dozen young "musicians". Toin, the eldest, at three years old, astonished Father O'Gorman by performing the "Sprig of Shillelagh" on a tin whistle. And the good priest cherishes the hope that he will live to see "the choir" revived by the Reddy family.

Mr. Mooney, after causing much anxiety to his friends, found peace in the arms of the "fat one", and can look at "sublime" young ladies without becoming insane. Time appears to have no power over Miss Evans. It was only the other day Tim Croak was chatting with Matt Hazlitt at the little rustic gate, while Mrs. Hazlitt was spreading clothes on the privet hedge, when the words "good morning Mrs. Hazlitt", in

a bell-like voice, made them turn round. The brown ringlets floated in the breeze as she passed, and Matt and Tim stared admiringly after her.

"Begob, Matt", says Tim Croak, putting his dudheen into his pocket, "there's not a feather out of her".

Miss Evans is still unmarried. But as Captain Dawson is unmarried too, we have some hopes that she will not die an old maid.

Has it not been said that an Irish jaunting-car is "unsocial"? There is certainly nothing suggestive of unsociality about this one, which we see moving slowly along the mountain road. Look at the bright little lady with her arm resting on the cushion over the "well", and if we mistake not, her shoulder leaning against the arm of the sedate-looking gentleman at the other side.

"What a capital farmer's wife you are, Fanny", said he, as he lightly touched an old goat sitting upon a rock by the roadside, with his whip—the same ill-favoured old goat, we verily believe, to which Parson Stephens called Sally Cavanagh's attention as she was hurrying to Mass the first time he saw her. "I find everything has got on during my absence just as well as if I were at home".

"Oh, but you must not be so long away any more".

"Why I have only been one week away".

"T was longer than a year", said Fanny. We shall call her Fanny to the end.

"You did not see the young man who was inquiring for me?"

"No; I was over at Uncle Paul's—but Aunt Sarah did".

He pulled up the horse suddenly as they were passing the old churchyard. Some object inside seemed to excite his surprise; when he called Fanny's attention to it, she too was surprised.

"Let us go in", said he.

He handed her off the car, and they went into the graveyard. They were standing together reading the inscription on a new headstone, when they noticed a young man getting over a stile at the other side of the old ruin. On observing them, the young man was turning away, but when Brian turned round to look at him, he walked hastily up to them, and held out his hand.

"I fear there is some mistake, sir", said Brian; "I do not recollect having seen you before".

"I remember you very well", was the reply. "Perhaps if I remind you of the old finger-post, and of the little boy——"

"Good heavens", exclaimed Brian Purcell, interrupting him, and grasping him by the hand—"Connor Shea's son!"

"Yes", said he, with a sorrowful smile.

"Oh, I understand", said Brian, pointing to the new headstone.

;"I called to you to learn where I was to erect it; but I soon found there was scarcely a child in the parish who could not show me Sally Cavanagh's grave; and, besides, these would have directed me". He pointed to the five little brown slabs.

Brian felt Fanny's arm trembling in his.

He was but a boy to be sure. But his bronzed cheek and the scar on his forehead gave him the look of a veteran. And then, his empty sleeve. It was so awful to see his lips quivering, and the big tears blinding him. Fanny trembled more and more as she looked at him. Brian, too, felt his heart swelling into his throat. In order to rouse the young man from his agony, he said: "I see you have lost an arm in the service of your adopted country".

His countenance instantly changed, and he dashed the tears away.

"Yes", said he, while his eye blazed with enthusiasm, "but I have an arm left—for Ireland!"

Brian remembered the same look in his father's face, and the remark which it drew from the parson on the day of Sally Cavanagh's funeral.

"How is your father?" he asked.

"Just the same as when you saw him, sir".

"And your friend the schoolmaster?"

"He, too, is well. He is one of the most successful lawyers in —. It is thought he will be a judge very soon. I have some papers for you from him".

"Of course you will spend some time with us?"

"I intended calling to see you this evening, having heard of your return. And—you may expect me in an hour or two".

Brian saw that he wished to be left alone.

When the car had passed the gate, Fanny looked back and saw the young soldier on his knees, with his single arm resting on one of the five little mounds which suggested the story of THE UNTEMNED GRAVES.

THE END.



THE LEGEND OF LOUGH OUEL.

By the Author of "Legends of Mount Leinster".

TRAVELLERS from Dublin to Galway can make themselves (if time permits) acquainted with the fine scenery of Loch Ouel and Loch Ennel, in the neighbourhood of Mullingar. In the early part of the reign of King Nua of the Silver Hand, the dun of the young chief Fergus stood near the northern extremity of the first named of these lakes, and its then dry bed was occupied by the dwellings of part of his clan. Amongst the most comfortable of these was the abode of his foster-mother Dhuchra, her son Fiachra Caol, and an only daughter Finlav. Finlav loved her high-born foster-brother, while his affections were fixed on the proud and beautiful Glorfinda, whose father's rath overlooked the sweet waters of the Ennel. Like all the old heroes of Irish romance,

there was in Fergus a happy combination of physical and intellectual excellence. No one was found to match him in the foot race, and when wolf or deer was hunted, his hand was first in dealing the death blow. He equalled the professional bards in the composition of poetic *ranns*; he had flung many a champion to the earth, and never yet had suffered personal defeat. Elated with a recent triumph, he approached the lady of Loch Ennel, as she stood on a moss-covered rock that overhung its waters, while her maids, scattered about, amused themselves at needlework, or gazed with vacant enjoyment on the smooth mirror before them, reflecting the trees and rocks that formed its frame. She beheld the approach of the young Tiernagh, and as she stood with her richly dyed mantle fastened under her snowy neck with an elaborately sculptured brooch, her abundant dark hair encircled by a band of gold, and gathered to a crest by a richly wrought pin, her white robe confined at her waist by a silk girdle, and falling in graceful folds to her sandals, he felt that if he were sovereign of the whole wooded island, he would consider its crown not worthy to be laid at her feet. His admiration, however, met with but a chilling response, and when he made her the offer of his hand, the proud beauty replied : "Sir Fergus, I enjoy all the happiness I need or desire within yonder rath and by the enchanting shores of this lonely loch. When I enter your fortress as bride, my eyes must rest on as lovely, if not as large, a lake as I leave behind me".

As the hapless lover was wending up the wooded path that led to his stronghold, he was met by his sage foster-mother, who, seeing the state of dejection in which he was sunk, questioned him till she learned the resolve of the scornful Glorfina. "Dear pulse of my heart", said she, "does the whole Isle of Destiny contain but one lady worthy to be your companion by her beauty and her merit? Look only about, and you will find one, who, if not possessing so fine a person, will make up for the defect by devoted attachment". This she said with her thoughts dwelling in pity on the affectionate and neglected Finlav. "No, dear mother, I can love no other within or beyond our four seas. I will depart for the court of Nua; I will join the first forces called to drive off the plundering Fomorians; I will spring alone into one of their cursed galleys; I will slay while my hand can wield the heavy sword, and when I fall, I will little heed the scorn of my heart's queen". "Nay, nay, you shall not perish by the spears of the pirates; the pride of the scornful Glorfina must be brought under. Order those of our tribe who occupy the slopes of this glen, to remove to the higher grounds, and I pledge my power, that ere bright Baal has seven times gone to seek his bed in the great waters, you will behold the stones, the rocks, and the trees that fringe the brow on which we stand, reflected in as lovely a lake as washes the outskirts of the abode of the proud lady of Ennel". Poor Finlav was within hearing of this promise. She listened with throbbing heart to the words that cut away all the feeble hope that her soul had cherished till then.

West of the Sionan spreads a valley, in the bed of which may be found pipe clay and limestone in abundance; but in the days of Nua, a lake concealed the unsightly hollow. On the day following the refusal, Kielsha, the witch of this loch, was entertaining her gossip, Dhuchra, with the best produce of the woods and the lake that lay before them as they sat on the mossy bank in front of a cozy cavern in the hill. The Danaan lady is continuing the recital of the young knight's unhappy love, while the Firbolg lady listens to it with deep interest. "As I was saying, dear gossip, the proud Ban-Thierna would not listen to my dear son and chief, unless he could show her from his rath as fine a piece of water as her father owned. I will have his death on my soul, if you do not lend me your loch till the moon's day that comes next—*after the week of eternity*". The last words she muttered under her breath. "When the haughty Glorfinda has become the wife of my chief, the next day (after the week of eternity) shall the loan be returned; let her storm as she will, let her be humble if she can". The Firbolg woman of power had many misgivings, felt strong aversion to the loan, begged for time; but resistance was vain. Love of her foster-child, wish to humble the haughty Glorfinda, desire to damage the Firbolg race—all were strong, and inspired Dhuchra with irresistible force. She called the sun, the moon, Mananan god of the ocean, the spirits of the hills, of the forests, and of the lakes, to witness her sincerity, and she prevailed. "But how will you convey the water, O powerful and wise sister?" "My cloak is ample: if need require, it will cover a hundred yokes of land; and if a drop be lost, take half my power to yourself at our next coshing".

At the dead hour of night the dwellers of the rath of Fergus, and of the few shealings that were scattered on the hill-ridge, were wakened from their deep sleep by such a roar as the mighty rushing waves make when they dash against the rock walls that guard the western coast of Ierna. This was followed by an earth-motion which ceased almost as soon as felt; but a subdued sound of seething and splashing continued for some time. The bright goddess of night had her face veiled; and those who rushed forth could only perceive a darker shade lying on the lately peopled vale than they expected to find. At an early hour all were abroad; and when the white vapour rose from the hollow with the first darting rays of Baal, there was sparkling along the surface of the newly-come loch, there was a lower blue heaven, there were light clouds flitting far across this heaven, and the images of huge trees, of ramparts, of loose lying rocks, were trembling in the unsteady waves that neared the upper rim of the hollow. Shouts of joy and wonder rose from the devoted tribe, and soon a joyful procession, with their gallant chief at its head, was winding its way by wood and plain to the rath at the head of the now rivalled lake of Ennel.

There was music and merriment and quaffing of wine within the rath, and great gratification felt through the tribe. But marriage did

not change the haughty and selfish disposition of the new Ban-Thierna; and at a week's end Fergus began to suspect that his victory was not to be followed by unmixed happiness. Though Finlav reproached her heart for its selfishness, it remained lone and depressed; and many a tear streamed down her cheeks, when she was safe from observation.

Kielsha, the witch of the Firbolgs, endured for a week as best she might, the loss of her dear lake. The moon's day had passed, and the next evening saw her holding an animated discussion with her false gossip beside the stolen water, now called Loch Ouel.

Dhuchra used all sorts of wiles to pacify the offended woman of power. She chiefly exposed her fears, that if the lake was found absent without permission of the new mistress, her fond lord would be soon left to the discomforts of a solitary home, and his lot be seven times more dismal than before his union. "Her kind sister must only wait for a few weeks till her dear lord and dear Daltha would have got a firm grip of the conjugal reins, and then, and then", etc.

Kielsha departed with feelings wounded and ruffled, and for three long weeks her eyes were tortured by the unsightly prospect of the bed of the dried loch. The patience even of a witch may be too sorely tried. This time she entered the cabin of the offender, her heart filled with a smouldering fire of intense wrath. "When am I going to see my loch in its native bed, O false woman of the Danaans? When do you intend to restore my property, O dishonest one?"

To this very uncomplimentary speech the Danaan replied in a manner equally offensive, and informed her that her promise was to restore the lake to its bed the *moon's day next—after the week of eternity*. At this the Firbolg woman was deeply enraged. She saw now that she had been entrapped, and she vowed vengeance against her betrayer and all who were in any way connected with her.

When her wrathful feet had passed the threshold, Dhuchra's whole appearance was expressive of deep consternation. She could evidently not count on the aid of the lake spirit whom she had outraged; and the benevolent lord of the sea, Mananan, would befriend the Firbolg woman. After a while she addressed her son: "Fiachra, you have often wished to handle yonder *ga-dhu*, but without getting my permission. For my dear Daltha I have incensed the spirits of the lake, and the sea, and the hill sides; but no wrong has weakened your hands. Charms of mighty power have been wound through and around that lance. It was given to me by my wise father, and in your hand it will avail against unfriendly spirits, after I prepare your eyes by this charmed unguent". So saying, she took from a concealed phial as much green ointment as moistened the top of her fore-finger, and touched her son's eyelids.

* * * * *

Fiachra was sitting next day on the brow of a hill westwards of the rath and lake, the black magic lance in his hand, and his eye strained

north, south, and west, watching for the approach of the threatened danger. At last, something in the direction of the Sionan met his eye. It appeared as a darkish cloud, slowly rising from the horizon westwards, enlarging in size and deepening in shade as it approached. To others it merely appeared a rather opaque blot of vapour, but his gifted sight recognized the dread enchantress, with wide outspread mantle laden with mighty stones and broken rocks, slowly moving through the air towards the devoted dwelling. Casting her eye downwards, she knew at once, from his intent gaze, that he had recognized herself, and read her purpose. She was nearly above him at the time, and at once quickened her motion to get beyond his reach. Seeing the movement, he arose, lowered his right arm backwards, and darted the black spear upwards at the witch. He was not expert enough in casting missiles, or she had at the moment formed a spell, for it merely tore the mantle, and with a thundering crash, down came a mass of rocks on the hillside, ploughing deep below the heath, and smashing to pieces those rocks on which they fell. Faster moved the terrified sorceress, and fast ran below her the excited and stricken youth, grasping the charmed ga-dhu which had fallen down with the spoil.

Once more did he make his powerful cast, and once more enormous masses encumbered the plain. Still was Kielsha untouched; and now they were nearing the devoted building, where those that were most dear to him in life were heedlessly awaiting destruction.

That day there were assembled on the bank that overhung the higher foss of the dun, Fergus, Glorfina, and some neighbouring chiefs with their following, who had come to share in the open-house hospitality of the tanist. Dhuchra was also there; and she could easily perceive that the heart of her darling was a prey to chagrin.

Glorfina, who was nothing better than a frivolous beauty, carried on an animated flirtation with some young Tiernach of the company, and appeared utterly indifferent to the annoyance which this light demeanour would cause to her wedded lord. Dhuchra's mind was filled with a terrible fear of the evils threatened against her and her friends, yet she could form no idea of the means likely to be employed by her enemy.

Fergus, casting his glance downward, caught a sight of the gentle Finlav half concealed from sight by a thick shrub which there overhung the lake. He had come to know the cause of her dejection and late avoidance of his presence; and could she only guess at the moment how high she stood in his affectionate esteem, and how deeply he felt her unrequited devotion, her true heart would have overflowed with happiness.

They pause in their discourses, for westwards is heard a roar as of distant but frightfully sounding thunder. The heaven is calm and radiant in sunshine; but a gray cloud is seen floating towards them, and gradually enlarging and after a space the frightful clap is again heard, now much louder and more appalling in tone.

To the others it is still only a thunder-cloud ; but the avenging figure of the witch of the lake, the flowing and rent mantle, and the still-left mighty pile, are all visible to the clear vision of Dhuchra. And now the baleful mass was nearly above their heads, when muttering a hasty spell, she looked towards the bank of the lake, and shouted in a tone of agony : " Oh ! my poor child !" All recognized the fair daughter of the sorceress shrieking out " Fergus ! Fergus !" and flying towards the rath from a large fierce wolf in full pursuit. All were paralysed by the sight except the chief, who, seizing a lance, dashed down the side of the dun, bounding like a stag across every obstacle. Just as the beast was making the fatal spring on his defenceless victim, the sharp-pointed weapon was swiftly singing through the air, and flashing through the spectral savage, for it was only a phantasni conjured up by Dhuchra to rescue her much loved chief from destruction. As the lance left his hand, he was flung forward by a fallen tree, and on making an effort to rise, he found himself powerless to move, from a sprain received in his fall.

The devoted woman, forgetting her own danger, rushed forward to where her generous friend was lying powerless ; but scarce had a word been exchanged, when another uproar drew their eyes to the summit of the rath, and they beheld the frightful descent of rock and stone in a dark confused mass, while Dhuchra was seen rushing down into the plain, and crying out to the devoted party to look to their lives.

* * * * *

Twice had Kielsha felt her life perilled by the enchanted black spear, and twice she had the chance of escape by stopping her vengeful career through the clear and holy air ; but she would not forego the delight of punishing her rival for overreaching her. So she persevered till she had reached a point directly over the dun, where the awed, but not terrified party were gazing upwards, striving to pierce the mystery of the gloomy cloud. Here she gave liberty to the four corners of the mighty sheet, but in that very instant of gratified revenge her life was forfeited. The magic spear, launched for the third time, tore her remorseless heart in twain, and the evil powers of mid-air seized on her spirit. The charm being broken, down sped the frightful mass in its natural hue and shape. Most of the retainers had fled downwards, or sprung over the breastworks and fosses, but the haughty Ban Thierna and her fearless society scorned what they looked on as an unseemly and cowardly proceeding, even to save their lives. When Fergus, accompanied by his devoted foster-sister, was borne upwards to the platform, he found hall and lawn overwhelmed, and the blackened corpse of the avenger lying on the top of the rugged heap ; but of the high-born lady and her gallant society, all but a few minutes since full of exuberant life and spirits, not a trace was to be seen.

When many moons had waxed and waned, and the awed spirits of the survivors had recovered their usual healthy tone, Finlav re-

ceived a recompense dearer to her than life itself, in the hand and heart of one whose love was worth having.

This old legend of Lough Ouel will, we hope, be interesting to some of our readers, and may enhance the enjoyment of a ramble along its banks.



SAINT WILFRED AND ROME.

LIKE the battle's strong music, how bravely it rolled,
The life of Saint Wilfred, the simple and bold,
So leal to his Church, and so leal to his land,
And so fit for his tools as they came to his hand ;
So fearless to fight, and so tranquil to bear,
So easy to yield, and so princely to dare ;
An outcast abroad, or a captive at home,
He but asks his assailants to meet him at Rome.

Oh ! rude was the path which he trod by at times ;
When they jeered him for folly, or charged him with crimes ;
When they thwarted with evil or crossed him in good ;
When clients forsook him and patrons withheld ;
When churches and abbeys were wrenched from his grasp ;
When souls that he cherished broke loose from his clasp ;
But stripped of his fortune, and chased from his home,
He is sure of his welcome in turning to Rome.

Oh ! loathsome the air of his dungeon might be,
And wearing his journeys by land and by sea,
And parting from true hearts a shadow might cast,
And falsehood of cold hearts might chill with its blast,
And snares round his pathway, and kings for his foes,
Make peril or thraldom wherever he goes ;
But little he recks them abroad or at home,
For he trusts in his stronghold, Saint Peter and Rome !

He knew her by sense, and he knew her by sight
He lived in her beauty, he cleaved to her right ;
He fought out her battles again and again,
And whene'er he was worsted he cried to her then ;
And whoever was graceless, whoever was cold,
Rome knew her champion in Wilfred the Bold,
And she bent full of fondness to welcome him home,
When, a child to his mother, came Wilfred to Rome.

'T was the dream of his youth, and the crown of his age,
 Her spirit to win and her battle to wage;
 'T was the love of the boy, and the life of the man,
 And the current went deepening as onward it ran,
 Till the breath of her air, or the glow of her skies,
 Was health to his spirit and light to his eyes,
 Till, wherever he wandered, his heart was at home,
 And throned like a monarch in visions of Rome.

What wonder, as life was awaiting its close,
 That visions of beauty all silently rose,
 That voices came floating around and above,
 From the land of his worship, the shrine of his love,
 Which had soothed him in exile, had saved him from wrong,
 Had won him so early and held him so long?
 What wonder his spirit, in seeking its home,
 Turned earthwards a moment to gaze upon Rome?

What wonder our hearts, as they silently cast
 Their looks full of questioning thought to the past,
 Should see in that saint full of labour and years
 An anchor to rest on in hopes and in fears?
 Whether building his churches, or singing his psalms,
 Or helping his poor with his prayers and his alms,
 A preacher abroad, or a pastor at home,
 How helpful and hopeful he leans upon Rome?

He frets not at fortunes he cannot command,
 But whatever his tools are, he takes them in hand;
 He gathers from all things what all can produce,
 To further his purpose or serve for his use;
 He stands by the block a true martyr to be,
 But crowned in his purpose, a conqueror he:
 They may tear from the bishop his flock and his home,
 But the missioner still can be working for Rome.

Oh! lift up our hearts by the might of your own,
 To tend to one centre and seek it alone;
 When clouds are above and when blasts are abroad,
 To hear but our conscience, and fear but our God,
 To ask for "no quarter", if Nature should fight;
 To yield to no pressure when armed for the Right;
 In peril at peace, and in labour at home,
 And while waiting for Heaven still working for Rome.

MARY.

OUT IN NINETY-EIGHT.

IN the good old times—we need not stop to ascertain the precise period of the Christian era—it was the custom, we are credibly informed, of a curious and intelligent race, when any remarkable occurrence relieved the monotony of daily existence, to provide for the due preservation of the event in the memory of the rising generation, by soundly whipping all round about the children of the country side. Such an original and infallible method of fixing historical data was not, to the best of our belief, resorted to in the case of those who, in this island of destiny, were still young in the fearful time of Ninety-eight. And yet, the intense vividness with which the scenes and sufferings of that memorable epoch were impressed on the minds of all who were of an age even dimly to apprehend, or remotely to endure them, may no doubt be traced to the effect of a somewhat analogous cause. Few were living then who did not acquire, by a shock of more or less severity, the mournful experience of the consequences which follow an unequal contest between a potent garrison with an empire at its back, and the forlorn hope, ill-trained, ill-armed, of a nation thrice overrun, and as yet still unsuccessful in the desperate charge of freedom's battle. Neither were those who were of too tender an age to think or feel on their own account, left without their lesson. They learnt it quickly enough in the gloom of their fathers' eyes, and in the wail of their mothers over dear lives lost and bright hopes laid in the dust.

We ourselves, it may be necessary to observe, were not in the land of the living in glorious Eighty-two, or in disastrous Ninety-eight. Our era dates from the dismal interval between the Union and Emancipation; just the period in which people really *were* afraid to "speak of Ninety-eight". So far as any general reference to late misfortunes went, there might as well have been no such year in the last century; and if the public mind did retain any far-hidden memories, or cherish any profound feelings, words were not trusted with the expression thereof; the secret was kept, and to a great extent

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep".

However, in the security of the chimney corner it was not so; and children who listened with wide open eyes and ears to the old folks' private gossip, soon learned to understand the why and wherefore of many things, and were not slow to imbibe the principles and opinions of those who had fought or suffered in the last rebellion.

Even if, as did not unfrequently happen, the fathers of the then young generation were prudently averse to the constant introduction of subjects which "stir too deeply the soul's secret springs"—did not want their boys to grow up with a pike in their hands, or their daughters to turn into fireside rebels—wished, on the contrary, for the sake

of the interests of trade, or the security of land, to maintain peace, however bought or preserved, there was, nevertheless, almost sure to be found in the households of the natives, some *Shan van Voght* in the shape of grand mother, god mother, old retainer, or thirty-first cousin, to keep alive the spirit of the Volunteers, or spread the maxims of the United Irishmen. Only there was this difference, that the "dear old woman" of the later time, so far from looking brightly to the future and singing songs of hope, was ever, with sad eyes strained to the past, mourning over something lost and gone, with a voice in which "faint fare-thee-wells and sigh-shrilled adieux" had forestalled every joyfuller accent. And then to think of the strange pictures, and grand processions, and chapters of history, that grew animated and moved majestically, mournfully, terrifically, like the opium eater's dream, before the mind's eye of the children! And how, without any regard to chronological order, events became distinct and vivid; when Wicklow was up, and Wexford was in arms; when our people, twenty thousand strong, were encamped on Vinegar Hill, and Norbury sat in judgment; when Tone was with the French in Bantry Bay, and the chieftains planned revolution at Oliver Bond's! Napper Tandy and his corps of artillery; magnificent Volunteers of Eighty-two; troops of English red-coats, Orange yeomen, and Ancient Britons in silver and blue, defiled, manoeuvred, fought, and occupied successively, or crowded in full force, the imaginary stage; save when the scene changed for the tragic catastrophe of Lord Edward's betrayal, the apprehension of Emmet, or the hanging of the Sheares!

And as for Buonaparte—there was no "Napoleon the First" in those days—how we learned to respect his name! and how strange it seems now to look back to the time when the thoughts and hopes of the Irish people set and eddied like a strong current round the footstool of that great dictator! Until he lay dead and buried in his island jail, the Irish exiles in France, and the poor Irish slaves at home, never relinquished the hope that he would lead or man some great expedition to free the nation. Successive disasters and endless disappointments taught hope no lesson of renunciation. Hoche's magnificent fleet of forty-three sail were scattered and swept about the western bays like shreds of seaweed; Humbert, two years later, might as well have rode at anchor unto this day in Rochelle, as land with his brave but insufficient troop at Killala, a day too late for any effectual succour or possible leadership; while the whole result of Buonaparte's contemplated descent on the disaffected North was a desperate engagement with the English flotilla off Lough Swilly, and the capture of, perhaps, on the whole, the most clear-headed and the bravest Irishman of the day, the founder and the leader of the United Irish Society, Theobald Wolfe Tone. No matter! while there is life there is hope, said the people. The typical Frenchman can hardly fail: "he 'll come at last when south winds blow!" This trust in the power and the good will of our continental neighbours was not due altogether to the conscious-

ness that Celts would willingly have at Saxons the first convenient opportunity. It can be traced to the old and friendly relations which all through the penal times were kept up between the Catholic people of France and the Catholic serfs of Ireland. Whatever civilization our people now possess, may be fairly stated as in a great measure the result of the education which was smuggled through French channels into the island. The preservation of religion in the hearts of the flock all through that long dark hour before the dawn, is essentially due to the training in heroism and piety which our priests received in the colleges of France and other continental countries, while the soldier-like and chivalrous spirit which was denied a fair field in British ranks, in which even a Catholic drumboy could not serve, was welcomed and appreciated in the armies of the Bourbon kings. The same vessels which landed the produce of the rich looms and teeming vineyards of France, in the western ports of Ireland, returned with recruits for the Irish Brigade—the sons of the old families who preserved the faith, and a remnant of their property, in the remote fastnesses of Connaught, Kerry, and Cork—the same who, glad to “serve the foe of Ireland’s foe”, fought at Fontenoy, and charged with Clare’s Dragoons. No mere fancy, therefore, was it the poet gave expression to when he spoke to the people of the generous, gallant nation they owed so much to, the

“ France, that gave your exiles bread,
Your priests a home, your hopes a station”.

Nor can it be a matter of surprise that the hopes, as well as the affections, of the Irish people were constantly turned towards a nation, kindred in faith and in race, and powerful alike, whether kings reigned, or Caesars tyrannized, or red republicans gained the day. Indeed, for many generations the thoughts and hopes of the Irish people turned to France, just as they now turn to the great Republic of the New World, only with this difference, that it was the upper classes who maintained relations with continental life and civilization during the earlier period, while it is now the great mass of the population which not only longs for participation in the liberty to work and to live, which all who set foot on American soil may enjoy, but rushes forth sadly and eagerly to exchange a birthplace of penury and sorrow, for a grave in a land of plenty and of freedom. So that, in these our days it is trebly true to say that Erin darkly stands

“ With her back to proud Britain, her face to the West”.

However, to return to the times so recently gone by, and to our own recollections. Privately, our opinion has always been that there were more of our own people hanged, shot, exiled, and lost, in and about Ninety-eight, than we were ever positively assured of. Certainly, if they did not receive the honour, they amply earned it, by all accounts. Any how, there was hardly a man we knew, who had not had something to do with the rebellion, or whose near relatives had not been

implicated very seriously. Some fell, pike in hand, on Vinegar Hill, and some were hanged on Wexford Bridge. Fort George held some in custody, and Howth fishing boats sped gallantly across the seas with others. One of the finest specimens of the old Irish gentleman we ever knew, had, when a youth, mounted guard on a crazy ship at the mouth of the Slaney, out of which two gentlemen of the country were taken daily by the rebels to suffer on the shore. Another could tell how the slaughtered peasants looked, stretched out by the way side, and writhing in the ditches, as in these cruel times he rode, a mere stripling, by his father's side through the plains of Meath and Kildare. Here we knew one among whose early recollections was the piking of a lot of Orangemen, the first sickening experienced at the sight of bloodshed, and the horror of recognizing faces familiar in household offices among the perpetrators of the deed of vengeance. And there we knew another who, having done his best in a well-remembered combat, had to lie concealed in the thick-set hedges of his own demesne till escape beyond the seas was made possible for him. Had not our people often to sleep in the open fields at night, because of apprehended visits from the terrible yeomen? And did not some of them make pike blades quite *en amateur* for the insurgents, when the forge fires by the way side were extinguished, and the smiths in prison for more than wearing of the green? Were not friends and relatives of these called out and shot before their own door, or carried off to Dublin to be tortured into confession of crimes they did not commit? The women were not, in those evil days, behind the men in strength of opinion and energy of will. We knew one courageous lady, not afraid to carry about and distribute insurgent proclamations; and we knew another, so determined a rebel, that against her the barrack gates of a northern town were closed by a special order, though her husband commanded a troop of yeomanry within; while the generous courage of another we many a time heard lauded, who feared not to succour friend and foe in distress, or walk into the rebel camp and rescue from impending retribution some Orange neighbour who had fallen into the ready hands of the pikemen. Neither were the dead, any more than the living, beyond suspicion, and we could refer to instances in which it was necessary to obtain an order from Dublin Castle, before a corpse could be brought forth from the city. The cold bones, it would appear, might be turned into pikeheads and firearms on the way to the old churchyards of Meath and Louth! In a word, our grandfather on the one side—the Lord forgive him!—was a man who used to wax hot betimes, and speak of “my friend Buonaparte”; our good grandmother on the other—rest her soul!—had the blood and the spirit of the race who “came from a land beyond the sea”, and was loyal to nothing in the world but Old Ireland; our cousins may be seen to this day in elegant French miniatures, in the dress of the United Irish Society. We had schoolfellows, the children of some of the worthiest of that patriot band. The venerable priest who shrived us, if he had not himself

shouldered a firelock, was own brother to one who had done so with notable effort. Nay, our very landlord was the descendant of him who sang

“ How solemn sad by Shannon’s flood
The blush of morning sun appears!”

Regret we certainly now feel, that we did not, while opportunity served, note down some of the interesting conversations and strangely sad details which were carried on and freely entered into by the old folks in our early days. The gray heads, out of which bright eyes shone before the Union, are sinking rapidly into the grave. It is the old story of the Sibyl’s books—the first volume hopelessly gone: the last advanced to famine prices. No doubt, in the families of Irish exiles in France and America, valuable records have been preserved, which in course of time will make their appearance, and increase to a considerable extent, the material the future historian of the Insurrection of Ninety-eight will find in his hands. Isolated chapters of a reliable kind, or narratives of a partisan character, are all that we possess at present. Sir Richard Musgrave’s work is valuable for its careful maps and plans of battles; but the views and statements of one whose name appears in the Black List of those who voted for the Union, and subsequently enjoyed place and pension, must certainly be taken with a *good* grain of salt. The Rev. Mr. Gordon’s book was meant to serve a purpose—an Orange one,—and served it. Edward Hay’s account of the struggle in his native country, is, from the very plan of it, meagre and unsatisfactory. Cluny’s spirited narrative, interesting though it is, was open to the same objection. We are still dependent on such *mémoirs pour servir* as have reached us; on the recollections, fast becoming traditions, of actors and spectators of the drama; and on the songs and ballads still in the mouths of the people, which preserve in stinging verse or mournful chaunt, the remembrance of the loves and hatreds, the triumphs and defeats, of that memorable epoch. Indeed, failing better, and since the philosophy of the subject is not hard to grasp, a fair sketch in outline of the events of the time and the sentiments of those who struggled and suffered, could, we have no doubt, be obtained by collecting together these poetic compositions. It has ever been a favourite way of writing history in this Land of Song. Every period of stir and struggle has had its poet chroniclers, from the remote era of the Ollams or poet-historians, and the time that the bards roused Ulster for Tir Owen and Red Hugh O’Donnell; through the later period, when the Wild Geese fled the shore, and Dean Swift put his genius into stirring rhymes for the ballad singers, and the Jacobites of the Irish Brigade were bepraised and besung; even unto what we may call our own and our fathers’ days, when the “rebellious but beautiful songs” of the Volunteers, the United Irishmen, and the Insurgents in arms, sounded forth from the living mind of the nation. Since that again, Moore and Davis, Mangan and M’Carthy,

and the poet of one song, who gave "The Memory of the Dead", have electrified the present with the spirit of the past, giving ample earnest that there will be glorious song in the hearts of the people as long as there is life in the land, and that the lessons of by-gones will not be unwisely read for the future.

"No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish Bards, for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!"

Such a method, however, of writing history, instructing the popular mind, and looking before and after, the advocates of law and order, or rather of plunder and possession, have never half liked. From the time of the famous Statute of Kilkenny, which made it penal to entertain a bard or minstrel, there has always been more or less danger in singing such strains otherwise than soft and low.

From the French press has lately issued one of the valuable *memoirs pour servir* to which we alluded above.* Written in English, it loses nothing of its genuine force and originality by being set in foreign type, only here and there occur such insignificant errors and slight awkwardnesses as even careful editing could hardly guard against. Unfortunately, the work has been brought out in so expensive a way as to render it a sealed book to the million, who, if it were but within reach, would peruse it with no small eagerness, for the sake of old familiar names that turn up at every page, the simple story of the events in which young Byrne bore a part in Ninety-eight, and the interesting sketch of the continental campaigns of the Irish Legion, in which that true-hearted Irishman and gallant soldier of France served with distinction through many eventful years. The seventeen campaigns in which he bore a part are enumerated in the registers of the War-Office of the great nation in whose armies he held high rank, and the first of these is set down as the *Insurrection d'Irlande*, 1798. Miles Byrne was born at Monaseed, in the north of the county Wexford, in the year 1780. When no more than eighteen years of age, he led the brave men of his townland in many a hard fight with the Orange yeomanry and the English soldiery; was at the taking of Enniscorthy with Father John Murphy; had a hand in routing Colonel Walpole's troops at Carrigrew Hill; helped to cut the North Cork Militia to pieces at Oulart Hill; led a band of pikemen at Vinegar Hill; and had his full share in the victories and defeats of those bloody days when Wexford was in rebellion. And when all was over in that fine county, and General Lake and General Moore, with their thousands of well equipped British troops, swept the plains of Wexford, the dauntless young patriot soldier led his men, fighting as

* *Memoirs of Miles Byrne, chef de Bataillon in the Service of France, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Knight of St. Louis, etc. Edited by his Widow.* 3 vols. Paris, Rossange et Cie., 1863.

they went, by Scollagh Gap and the Mount Leinster range, to join the more important division of the insurgent army which had crossed the frontiers of Wicklow. After the loss of the battle of Arklow, Miles Byrne marched with his little corps into the Wicklow Mountains, resolved, till assistance should arrive from France, to share with Holt and Dwyer the perils and the hardships of the mountain bivouac. Having got safe, by rare chance, to Dublin—all hope being now extinct of any effective resistance to the king's troops in Wicklow or Wexford—young Byrne became an intimate and trusted associate of Robert Emmet, a share in whose final misfortunes he only escaped by the fact of having undertaken to be the bearer of communications to the French Government from the Irish patriots in their last extremity. The tidings of Robert Emmet's arrest and execution a short time after, put an end to all hopes of a rising in Ireland, even in the ever-sanguine minds of the exiles, who, under the shelter of French rule, and not without the sympathy of French hearts, planned, and plotted, and sighed and longed for the fitting out of some great expedition to free their native country from English domination.

Return to Ireland having now become impossible to young Byrne, he remained for some time in Paris, eking out the scant means at his disposal with the severest economy, as many other Irish patriots, who had lived in peace and comfort before the troubles, were likewise obliged to do in this their city of refuge. The exiles' friends being now closely lodged in Dublin jails, there was no resource left, the writer of the memoirs observes. But he adds, that it was no difficult matter to him to subsist on twenty-two sous a-day, having, as he says, "known the starvation suffered in the Wicklow mountains in 1798". Ample time—the only superfluity he enjoyed—being at his disposal, he made use of the opportunity to make himself master of the French language.

Of society, he had the best in the numerous circle of the ex-
patriated United Irishmen, and the many distinguished Irish families who had found a second home in the capital of France. Thomas Addis Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, Hampden Evans, Tone's widow, and Thomas Russell's niece, were a few in the long list of these. In the matter of sight-seeing, nothing delighted him so much as the busy life about the dockyard and arsenal, extending for more than a mile down the river from the bridge at the Place de la Concorde. Here was, indeed, a lively scene: flat-bottomed boats, destined for the invasion of England, being got ready in all haste; the First Consul with his staff and aides-de-camps coming frequently to inspect the works, and getting the vessels betimes rigged out and manned, that the conqueror of Italy, in whose head yet greater conquests were planned, might row up and down the river, and test the sea-worthiness of the craft that was, he fondly hoped, to bear the avenging demon of France even to the shores of white-cliffed Albion.

The First Consul always held out hopes to the Irish, and, indeed,

after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, there appeared to be good grounds for expecting that the exiles in France would have an opportunity of volunteering in some expedition fitted out for a descent upon Ireland. At last Buonaparte, understanding that Augereau was a favourite with the Irish nation, appointed him general-in-chief of the contemplated army of invasion, and gave orders for the formation of an Irish Legion in the service of France. "He gave to all those gentlemen who volunteered to enter the Irish Legion, commissions as French officers, so that in the event of their falling into the hands of the English, they should be protected; or should any violence be offered them, he should have the right to retaliate on the English prisoners in France. The decree of the First Consul for the formation of this Irish Legion was dated November, 1803; by it the officers were all to be Irishmen, or Irishmen's sons born in France. The pay was to be the same as that given to officers and soldiers of the line in the French army". There was no lack of volunteers, we need not assure our readers, for this corps. Irish gentlemen were not scarce in France in those days, and most of them would say, like the poor croppy boy :

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country better than my king".

The Irish Legion was formed of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and another of artillery. Miles Byrne got his commission as lieutenant of infantry. The French government spared no pains in drilling, equipping, and general turn out of this particular legion. The officers were soon so well instructed, that, when reviewed by Marshal Augereau at Brest, the following year, he declared them capable of instructing companies of artillery on arriving in Ireland. In addition to his outfit, each officer who then or afterwards entered the Irish Legion, received a sum of four hundred francs as *une gratification extraordinaire d'entrées en campagne*, a favour, we are told, granted to no other regiment. Two officers were deputed to represent the Legion at the coronation of the Emperor at Paris, in May, 1804. His Imperial Majesty on that occasion presented the Legion with an eagle, the only one he ever entrusted to a foreign corps; and also with colours, bearing on one side the inscription, *Napoleon I., Empereur des Francs, à la Legion Irlandaise*; and on the reverse a harp (without a crown) with the device : "l'Indépendance d'Irlande". Lieutenant Byrne remained some time in garrison at Landeman, with a detachment of the Irish Legion. From a little hill above the town they could see, he tells us, the masts of the ships in the bay of Brest, from whence they expected to sail before long to liberate their country. While here, the officers used sometimes hire horses and ride over to Brest to visit their friend Captain Murphy, who was on board the Admiral's vessel as head pilot of the fleet, and used to return to their garrison in high spirits and full of hope, after seeing the preparations which were being made to fit out the vast expedition of twenty-one ships of the line, with frigates and

transport vessels sufficient to carry twenty-five thousand troops, artillery, arms, etc. Before another year was about, it was apparent enough, however, that there was other work for the French fleet to do, and all hope was thus at an end for the time being of any thing being done for Ireland. The Legion saw service of another sort under the Emperor in Flanders, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Silesia, and other parts of Europe. It was disbanded after Waterloo. Miles Byrne subsequently joined the 56th Regiment of the line in the French army, and served in Greece and Brittany. After thirty years' service he gave in his resignation, and lived in Paris till his death, in January, 1862. A simpler character, or a nobler heart than Colonel Byrne possessed, it would be hard, by all accounts, to find. The love of country never grew faint in him, from first to last. Those who knew him in his honoured old age, can testify to the spirit with which he would enter into some passage of the sad history of his misgoverned country, and the fire which would animate the "old man eloquent", as he read aloud some passage from the manuscript pages of the memoirs now lying before us. The stirring scenes, the eventful campaigns in which he at a later period took part, would seem to fall into the background of that wide field of vision, when memory conjured up the battle-fields of Ninety-eight. "Other and earlier memories cloud, at times, his clear gray eyes; and through and beyond the battle, smoke, and thunder of Napoleon's fields, he has a vision of the pikemen of New Ross, and hears the fierce hurrah on Oulart Hill".*

Such is the man who has given to the world, in these notes of an exile, a simple narrative of what came under his observation in regard to his country and his people, all through these years of service and adventure. Referring such of our readers as may wish to follow the fortunes of the Irish Legion through Napoleon's campaigns, to the second volume of the memoirs, we will confine our observations mainly to the first, in which the forlorn hope of the Wexford insurgents is made once more to take the field; the soldier priests, the patriot gentry, the hardy "Men of Forth", and the "Gallant Shelmahiers" start up anew to people the page, and enact the story, at once sad and soul-stirring, and destined to be held in resolute remembrance.

"As long as the Slaney runs into the sea".

Not much literary art has been displayed in the writing or arrangement of these memoirs. Probably a foreigner would miss in the volumes the style and trick which often make the least important or least interesting narrative be read with avidity like a romance. But, to Byrne's countrymen the book is a delightful one, and loses nothing by the simple straightforward way in which the "unadorned tale" is told by a man better used to wield the sword than take in hand the pen of

* Letter to the *Irishman*, describing Miles Byrne under the name of Colonel X., dated Paris, January 15, 1860.

a ready writer. The subsequent military experience, too, of the rebel of Ninety-eight, gives peculiar interest and force to many of his observations, and adds considerable weight to his opinion on many points. Admirable, also, is the modesty with which he speaks of himself throughout. Indeed, if the reader did not watch closely the Monassee men, and did not bear in mind that the gallant conduct of the corps must have been greatly due to the gallant leadership of their young commander, he might fail to recognize how important a share the latter had in the battles and dangers of that disastrous warfare.

A little incident of family history, which occurred when Miles Byrne was about sixteen years of age, affords a striking picture of the state of things in Ireland in those by-gone times. Alarm to no inconsiderable degree had been given to government by the rumour of what the Irish exiles were doing in Paris, and the reported designs of the Directory in fitting out an expedition to enable Ireland to regain her independence. Great efforts were made to raise efficient corps of yeomanry throughout the country—a force, we need not remark, essentially different in constitution, spirit, and strength, from the rank and file of the Volunteers, not many years before disbanded as too dangerous to the existence of an alien rule in the kingdom.

Many of the country gentlemen received commissions to recruit and equip these regiments, and among the rest Thomas Knox Grogan, of Castletown, in the county Wexford, a worthy and honourable man, undertook to raise a corps of yeomen cavalry among his tenantry and the gentlemen and farmers of the neighbourhood. Friends and relations of young Byrne's, not a few, sent in their names for enrolment in the landlord's corps; and he would have joined among the first, but that his mother refused her consent until the lease of a part of the farm rented by the family should be renewed. Catholics could not at that time get leases for a longer period than thirty-one years, and the poor mother had a bitter recollection of what she had suffered not long before, when, in consequence of the impossibility of getting an expired lease renewed, she had been forced to leave her old home in another part of the county, where her family had dwelt for centuries. On the present occasion the landlord agreed to grant what was required, and the leases were filled up to the great satisfaction of the anxious mother, who returned home expecting that her husband would have rejoiced with her on the happy settlement of the business, and would have willingly signed the necessary papers. The old man, however, though cast down by recent affliction and suffering from ill-health, had the old spirit still living within him, and when they told him that his son was enrolled, with all his friends and relatives, in the yeomanry, he declared that he would rather see the leases burned and his son dead, than know him to wear a red coat. "I was then very young", continues Byrne, "and the pang I felt left me motionless for some time. All he had often told me of the persecutions and robberies that both his family and my mother's had endured under the English invaders,

came to my recollection. How often he had shown me the lands that belonged to our ancestors, now in the hands of the descendants of the sanguinary followers of Cromwell, who preserved their plunder and robberies after the restoration of that scoundrel Charles the Second". Some few months later, old Byrne was gathered to the ancestors who had been despoiled of all but the Heavenly inheritance. "And if", adds his son, "I did not follow all his last instructions, I at least conformed with one—I never wore a red coat".

Despite, however, every exertion to raise an army for its defence, government had effected so little that when Hoche's expedition appeared off Bantry, in December, 1796, scarcely any of the yeomanry corps were in a condition to offer resistance to the invaders. Byrne's opinion is, that as there was no English force of any account in Ireland at the time, the French, had they landed at Bantry, would have swept all before them. Indeed it would be hard to suppose anything else. The eighty thousand stand of arms the Directory had provided, would have soon been placed in willing hands. The Presbyterians of the north were all republicans in heart, and the ranks of the United Irishmen were largely recruited from the laity and clergy of that denomination. Silent discontent would readily, in the south, have been exchanged for armed resistance. Though the Volunteers had been disbanded, the spirit of the Volunteers was not extinct. The chiefs of the United Irishmen were still secure in Dublin, and prepared for any emergency. Theobald Wolfe Tone, who held the commission of adjutant-general in the invading army, and who knew the state of parties and the country well, would have led the French like a tempest across the island. "Had the commander-in-chief, Hoche, been on board the *Indomptable* with Tone on Christmas Day, 1796, there would be a different account of Ireland now", says Miles Byrne. Still, in his old age, he tells us, the memory was quite fresh of the mournful silence, the consternation of the poor people at the different chapels on Christmas Day and the following Sunday, after hearing that the French had not landed, and that the fleet had returned to France. Disappointment must have been mingled with utter amazement in the minds of all who had any idea of the extent of the armament which left Brest the middle of that wild December. The dispersion of so fine a fleet seemed too much even for the elements to accomplish. And how it was that Hoche was not with the expedition whose command had been entrusted to him, and how it was that Grouchy did not land even with the greatly reduced force that was blown about Bantry for days together, remained a mystery for long enough after. But while the chiefs of the United Irish Society and the ground-down people of the country were waiting in anxious suspense the news that Hoche had landed, gallant Tone was pacing the deck of the *Indomptable* in all the agonies of a still more bitter uncertainty. He was likewise keeping a journal, and the off-hand notes he jotted down are now the history of that part of the expedition which really did appear off Bantry. The

hopes and fears that agitated that patriot heart, the strange disasters that pursued the ill-starred fleet, the unaccountable escapes and the incomprehensible mismanagement, are told in a few unaffected pages, which, however, one reads in a breathless sort of way even now, remembering what great interests were at stake, and how the lives and fortunes of the best Irishmen, in exile in France or in bondage at home, seemed to hang upon the result. See how affecting even the following meagre outline is :

Early in December, the English, in considerable numbers, were signalled in the channel of Brest. Nevertheless, on the fifteenth, the weather being "as warm and bright as in the month of May", and "the troops as gay as if going to a ball", the signal was up for the French fleet, with fifteen thousand men, and arms for eighty thousand, to get under weigh for Ireland. During the night they passed through the dangerous and difficult passage of the Raz-de-Sein, the *Indomptable* being within an inch of striking on a sunken rock. It was the first squadron that had ever attempted such a course, for even single ships avoid the Raz, except in case of necessity. But in the morning, to his infinite mortification and anxiety, Tone perceived that they were but eighteen sail in company, instead of forty-three, the Commander-in-Chief and two admirals being among the missing. History tells us how it was, but Tone did not know that orders had been given the previous evening to change the direction of sailing ; that owing to the obscurity, the signals had not been observed by the head and centre of the division, which had gone through the Raz, with the loss of one of the fine war frigates of the expedition. A thick fog is reported on the eighteenth, and a dead calm on the nineteenth. "We do not move an inch, even with our studding-sails", and Tone swears like a trooper. Then a moment's relief—a fleet in the offing, which turns out to be their comrades : and they think the *Fraternité*—the admiral's vessel—is with them, and the general is safe. But again, it is not the *Fraternité*, and the wind, "which favoured us thus far, is chopped about, and is now right in our teeth". Just at sunset on the 20th, seven sail in the offing—the comrades, it is hoped—all in high spirits, dead calm notwithstanding. A light breeze springs up next morning, and four leagues off Cape Clear, Tone rejoices that he once more sees his country. But the seven sail have disappeared. What if the general should not join ? The doubt is a terrible drawback, though the weather is delicious, and under easy sail the fleet approaches so near that Tone discovers here and there the patches of snow on those southern mountains. Now they are thirty-five sail in company. The morning of the twenty-second finds them not far off Bantry, but no news of the *Fraternité*. "I believe it is the first instance", says Tone, "of an admiral, in a clean frigate, with moderate weather and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet". The Irishman does not like the attitude of the *dat-major* in this crisis ; they speak despondingly of the expedition ; he is burning with rage. If Grouchy and

Bouvet are men of spirit, they will land immediately, and trust to their success for justification! Meanwhile they draw so near, that he can see distinctly two old castles on the rugged coast. At last, "the French are in the Bay!" But alas! snow falls, and the mountains are covered; the wind is from the most unfavourable of all the thirty-two points; they are in dread of the English. Tone is sick to the very soul of this suspense. "Oh! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after". The fleet are now separated for the fourth time; about twenty ships are blown to sea: sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, are scattered up and down that noble western bay, but so dispersed by furious hostile winds, that "there are not two together in any spot save one, and there they are so close that if it blows to-night as it did last night, they will inevitably run foul of one another, unless one of them prefers driving on shore". The English must be close on them, yet not a single vessel appeared the whole day, either friend or foe. Tone's patience can hold out no longer. On the twenty-fourth, he consults with the officers on board, expresses his opinion, signals to speak with the general, and with a deputation, goes on board the *Immortalité*, to press on Grouchy, in the strongest manner, "to proceed on the expedition with the ruins of our shattered army". Grouchy agrees, and there really seems a good chance that "my enemy, the wind, having relented a little, they should land next day. "But at two next morning", writes Tone, "I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and wrapping myself in my great coat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right ahead, and it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing place, and God knows when it will change". The desperate wind is favourable to bring the English upon the fleet, and there has been more than ample time for them to rally their forces on land. Tone now draws up a paper detailing a plan to sally out, mount the Shannon, march to Limerick, and push on to the north. The generals on board see the advantage of this proposal, but it is impossible to communicate with the general and admiral on board the *Immortalité*, nearly two leagues ahead. "The wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live, so all communication is impracticable, and tomorrow morning it will most probably be too late". Towards night, in a heavy gale of wind, the admiral's frigate running close, hailed the *Indomitable* with orders to cut the cable and put to sea instantly. This was more easily said than done; besides, they were so utterly astonished, they knew not what to think—perhaps it might be an English frigate lurking in the bottom of the bay, which had resort to this stratagem to separate the squadron! Gale still blowing next morning, and the fog so thick they could not see a ship's length ahead. "Certainly", says Tone, "we have been persecuted with a strange fatality from the very night of departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief; of four admirals not one remains; we have

lost one ship of the line that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing. We have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days; and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen". With considerable difficulty the vessels rode out the gale, and the following day, December 27th, the shattered remnant of the French fleet got under way and steered for France, not without fresh disasters, and a fifth and sixth separation of the ill-starred armament. The storm was the victor, for not a single English ship of war did this part of the squadron see either going or returning.

When "Bantry's highlands" saw the last of the friendly sail swept south by the hurricane, the hopes of Ireland for the time being were scattered to the winds, and the dear old woman sang no more exulting songs since:

"The French are in the bay,
Says the Shan van Voght,
The French are in the bay,
They 'll be here without delay,
And the Orange shall decay,
Says the Shan van Voght".

POETRY AND POETS OF THE CHURCH.

IN the time of Saint Paul Christian hymns were chanted side by side with those of the old alliance. Some of them must have been very remarkable: for Pliny, a pagan, with a cultivated taste and palate formed by the poetry of the Augustinian age, makes special mention of a Christian hymn (*Carmen*) in honour of the Redeemer. The fathers and ecclesiastical writers of the apostolic age suppose, or state, the existence of numerous poems by Christian composers. The names, however, of the authors have in very few cases been preserved, and the compositions in still fewer. In enumerating those named to the honours of the poetic crown, we ought perhaps place in their van the Apostle Saint John: or rather we ought to place him as the great inspired poet and prophet of the new dispensation, in the same rank as Isaías and Ezequiel and the other poet-prophets. His *Apocalypse*, though not moulded in metrical form, presents an eminently dramatic series of poetic paintings. The names of Athenagoras, Nepos, Titus Flavius, and Clemens Alexandrinus, may be mentioned as those saved from the wreck which overwhelmed so many others in oblivion, and of them very little is known. Saint Basil speaks of Athenagoras as one who won the martyr's palm in A.D. 169, and composed before death a hymn very popularly known in the saint's time. Nepos, an Egyptian

bishop, was author of many sacred canticles much admired in the days of Saint Denys. Much more is known of Clement of Alexandria than of any other early Christian hymnologist.

He flourished towards the close of the second century. Profoundly acquainted with the literature and philosophy of his time, as well as with the various forms of worship, Greek, Roman, and barbarian, he was not satisfied with their teaching or their practice. Led by an ardent desire of knowing the truth, he travelled, like the young Augustine, over many lands. At Alexandria he was converted by the illustrious scholar and saint, Pantenus, who, to use the language of Clement, "sucking flowers growing on the wide field of the prophets and apostles, produced in the minds of his hearers the immortal treasure of knowledge". Clement became the successor of Pantenus as public catechist to the mixed audiences in Alexandria.

It being our intention to present only hurriedly printed photographs of the Christian poets, we will not turn aside to exhibit their prose productions to the reader: and if we call attention to the ascetical and theological works of Clement, it is because, in handling materials so dry and hard, he surrounds their rigid outlines with a softness of imagery, and bathes them in the light of an illustration, which allures and fascinates. His "Exhortation to the Greeks", though founded on philosophy and revelation, and made on the strictest principles of logical argumentation, is, at the same time, a prose poem of high merit. We almost lose sight of the vast erudition, variety of information, and overwhelming argument, in admiring the beauty of the sentiment and language. Take as a specimen his manner of stating the premises of his argument. In the commencement the universe in general, man in particular, was a lyre, all whose parts sounded in unison and produced a beautiful harmony. But the demon came and burst the chords, which then produced the discord of sin. Such would have been the sounds for ever ascending to the ears of the Great Ruler, did not the Word of God come down to readjust the instrument and fit it, when touched by the finger of the Holy Spirit, to offer new concerts to the Creator. The fable of Amphion and Orpheus is realised; the former moved the hardest rocks, the latter stilled the savage beasts by the music of the lyre. So the Son of God, by the music of His voice, has changed into children of God men more hardened than the rocks, more ferocious than the lion and tiger. Such is the effect of Christianity, whereas paganism still continues to produce a chaos of discordant sounds, which drown the voice of reason. Clement then proceeds to establish these assertions. A person reading this general statement of the object of the "Exhortation", might be led to think it a gaudy piece calculated to please the fancy, but not to convince the intellect. But this would be a gross mistake. The solidity of the materials, the close array of the arguments, the invincible pressure of the logic, is only equalled by the graceful lightness and beauty of the expression. He fires balls of the

hardest metal, but coats them in silver and velvet. If he had not done this, the fastidious audiences at Alexandria, whose schools drew men from every quarter, would have never given ear to his instructions. Greeks, Romans, Jews, Parthians, and Armenians; or by whatever name they were called, who flocked to these famous schools, were first drawn to Clement by the high repute he had won in the pagan world of literature before his conversion. Admiring the elegance of his style, they were soon riveted by the truths which it conveyed, and returned to their native countries to scatter the seeds of knowledge and salvation, which had already produced fruit in their souls. The *Pedagogus*, a substantial and elegant abridgment of Christian morality, terminates with two hymns in honour of the Redeemer. These are the only productions in metrical form which have come down to us from the pen of Clement. They were most probably composed with the view of impressing on the memories of the convert the cardinal points of the lectures he delivered.

The names, lives, and productions of the other Christian poets of this period have been lost in the persecutions which swept over the whole Church. We do not, of course, rank among Christian poets the Gnostics Bardesanus and Harmonius, who led many into error by their hymns: neither do we name amongst them the infamous Paul of Samosata, who suppressed the Church hymns, and composed others full of heretical poison to replace them.

A few strays, which we cannot with certainty trace to any one author, have escaped the fury of the time. Providentially saved from the wreck, they serve to show us the preciousness of the freight that may have been lost. Old and fragmentary, as they appeared until polished into shape by the taste of a later age, they shine from the darkness of the past with the lustre of the diamond. The "Gloria in Excelsis", "Sanctus", and "Te Deum" are specimens. They bear the impress of great age: especially the "Te Deum", which passed from the East to the West, where it was clothed by Saint Ambrose or Saint Augustine in the dress it now wears. Despising the ornaments of imagination and language, it moves along like the deities described by Virgil, with a stateliness and majesty that make us pause to admire and wonder. These hymns, expressed in the rhythmical form of the psalms, are precious relics of the poetry of the first period. The second period—from the fourth to the sixteenth centuries—offers a wider plain and richer harvest.

The following hymn is translated from the office set down by the Greek liturgy for the Vigil of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary:

FOR THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

O Earth! rejoice, and bound in festive gladness!

For the piercing thorns, and bitter blighting weeds

Thou erst brought forth in soreness, sin, and sadness,

Will soon uprooted be with all their seeds:

For lo ! the Husbandman divine 's at hand,
To clear the thorns from off the accurséd land.

And thou, O Virgin ! without spot or stain !

Now, like unto the sacred fleece of old,
Receive into thyself the precious rain

Of the Divinity, whose shower of gold
Descends on thee, to weaken and decrease
The tide of sin, and give the world peace.

O Book of Purity Divine ! Unfold !

Lay ope thy virgin page ; for soon on thee
God's wisdom increase, and love untold,
By the Holy Spirit's hand inscribed shall be ;
God's wisdom incarnated to efface
The sinful things recorded of our race.

Receive, O Golden Lamp ! the light,
Which yet from thee o'er all the Earth shall shine,
And put the darkness of our sins to flight
Before th' effulgence of its ray divine.
O Virgin, palace of the mighty king,
The porches of thine ears full open fling.

O Lamb Immaculate ! within thy womb
The Lamb of God, who takes away all sin,
The Truth Himself, the Christ, desires to come :
Lay ope the door, and let Him enter in.
The mystic branch from Jesse's noble root
Shall soon produce its Heav'n-descended fruit.

O Mary ! Thou who art the destined vine
Made fertile by the herald-angel's voice,
Prepare thyself to bear the grape divine
O'er which corruption never shall rejoice.
Hail, mountain ! whence shall roll the giant rock,
And crush the nations by its thunder-shock.

O Living Ark ! beloved with love supreme
By Him whose law presides o'er all creation,
Let joy and bliss diffuse their rapturous beam
Through thee, His long fore-destined habitation :
In thee He comes to rescue and to save
The race of man from sin's o'erwhelming wave.

The choir of prophets, skilled with art sublime
 To read the Heavenly counsels, and foresee
 The peaceful entrance, in the future time,
 Of God's own Son, the Saviour, into thee,
 Exclaims: Hail! safety of the human race—
 Hail! sole redemption for all time and space.

Aërial cloud so Heavenly bright! the sun
 Which nought created may approach, will rise
 And shed his beams on thee, his chosen one,
 From the far depths of the empyrean skies.
 There, hidden for a time, they soon will burst
 Upon the world, and banish sin accursed.

He who, with sceptre over life and death,
 Sits aye enthroned before His Father's face,
 Who far transcends all things above, beneath,
 Is come to make in thee His dwelling place—
 To encircle thee with beauty like His own,
 And place thee, like a queen, beside His throne.

There *thou* shalt be His right hand, always bent
 To raise the fallen, succour the distressed:
 To thee to-day an angel-chief is sent,
 To thee this joyful message is addressed;
 The Angel of the Council Great doth come
 To be incarnate in thy virgin womb.

O Word Divine! bow down the skies and haste;
 The Virgin's womb (if aught may be) is fit
 To be thy throne all beautiful and chaste,
 On which, a glorious monarch, thou may'st sit;
 Extending thence thy powerful hand to save
 Thy ruined work from sin's eternal grave.

And thou, O Virgin! like the virgin earth
 In which the hand of man has never sown,
 Unto God's Word prepare thee to give birth,
 Now that, by angel-voice, His will is known,
 The word which, seed-like, from thy breast will shoot,
 And bear the bread of knowledge as its fruit.

In the "Ave Maria sine labe concepta" there is a beauty and an intensity of thought and sentiment rarely to be met with; indeed hymnology is a region of literature very little explored. We are too frequently deterred by the impression that everything which is religious must necessarily be cold and uninteresting. There is no more

erroneous idea: in the writings of the early fathers—in the church lyrics, which are, unfortunately, as it were, hermetically sealed from the secular portion of the community, there is a vast deal so profoundly human in its character, that it must claim the sympathy of every class. They are the hearty expression of purest faith, and in reading them we cannot fail to be impressed with the feeling of what a lovely thing Religion is! Here we feel her knocking at our hearts, and she comes in a guise of such singular grace and purity that we must permit her to enter and take up her abode therein.

AVE MARIA SINE LABE CONCEPTA.

Hail, Mary, our Mother! Hail, Virgin the purest!
 Hail, Mary, the Mother of mercy and love!
 Hail, Star of the Ocean, serenest and surest
 That ever shone brightly in Heaven above!
 'Mid the shadows of death stretching down o'er the nations,
 Thy children have always rejoiced in your fame.
 Oh! proudly we witness in our generations
 The last crowning halo that circles thy name.

Tradition, which, joined with its sister evangel,
 God placed upon guard at the door of His bride,
 Tradition, which beams like the sword of the angel,
 As, flame-like, it "turneth on every side",
 Tradition shoots up o'er the ages victorious—
 Its summit in Heav'n, its base upon Earth—
 Like a pillar of fire, far-shining and glorious,
 And shows thee all sinless and pure in thy birth.

As fair as the rose 'mid Jerusalem's daughters,
 As bright as the lily by Jordan's blue wave,
 As white as the dove, and as clear as the waters
 That flowed for the prophet and circled his grave;
 As tall as the cedar on Lebanon's mountain,
 As fruitful as vine-tree in Cades' domain,
 As straight as the palm by Jerusalem's fountain,
 As beauteous as rose-bush on Jericho plain;

As sweet as the balm-tree diffusing its odour,
 As sweet as the gold-harp of David the king,
 As sweet as the honey-comb fresh from Mount Bodor,
 As sweet as the face veiled by Gabriel's wing:
 The silver-lined sky o'er the garden of Flora,
 The rainbow that gilds the dark clouds within view,
 The star that shines brightest, the dawning Aurora—
 More chaste than the moon, and more beautiful too:

The glass without stain, and the radiance immortal,
 The ever-sealed fount in the City of God,
 The garden enclosed, on whose sanctified portal
 None e'er but the King of the angels hath trod ;
 The sign that appeared in mid-Heav'n—a maiden
 With the moon 'neath her feet, and twelve stars on her head,
 Sun-clothed, going up from the desert to Eden,
 Such Mary, the Queen of the living and dead.

Oh ! such are are the words of the Saints now in glory,
 Whosè voices are heard o'er the dark waste of time,
 Like sentinels set through the centuries hoary,
 Proclaiming her free from original crime ;
 Of the prophets and pontiffs, and doctors and sages,
 Who once in this dark vale of misery trod,
 Like lamps hanging out on the mist-covered ages
 To light up the ways of the City of God.

We see by their light with a swelling emotion
 The bark of the Church, as it onward doth ride,
 Through tempest and gloom, where the Star of the Ocean
 Doth brightly illumine its path o'er the tide : -
 Where clouds become thicker and hurricanes fleetier,
 And threaten to shut out its radiance from view,
 We see through the darkness the figure of Peter
 As he points it out still to the sailors and crew.

We hear the loud ring of the multitude's pean
 By the nations in triumph exultantly sung,
 From the cliffs of the North to the distant \textcircumflex gean,
 As Celestine silenced Nestorius' tongue :
 In Ephesus' temple—the temple of Mary—
 The Fathers hold council by Peter's command,
 In Ephesus' streets, long expectant and weary,
 The crowds stand with joybells and torches in hand :

We see the grand figure of Cyril before us,
 Where John, her adopted, before him had trod,
 As pontiffs and people swell loud the glad chorus,
 That Mary our Mother is Mother of God.
 And oh ! that we 've witnessed the last shining lustre,
 That Star of the Stars, in her diadem set,
 The first in existence, last placed in the clustre,
 To shine to a long line of centuries yet !

There were journeys by land,* there were ships on the ocean,
 That bore Judah's princes to Sion's bright walls ;
 The people have heard with a thrilling emotion
 The voice of the High-priest,† as on them it calls.
 Oh ! bless them, dear Mother, we pray with emotion,
 And bless this green island, that looks up to thee ;
 For this, dearest Mother, is gem of the ocean,
 And thou art Immaculate Star of the Sea.

We shall conclude our extracts for this month with a rare fragment on the religious state, translated from an old Latin version.

THE RELIGIOUS STATE.

When God at first the word had said,
 "Let light be made", and light was made,
 And new-born worlds beneath its ray
 Sprang into full-grown life and day,
 Some far from central suns were placed,
 And nearer some their orbits traced.
 'T is thus within the Church on Earth
 The Lord to diverse states gave birth ;
 Some nearer to His throne have place,
 Some farther from the source of grace :
 But nearest far to Him—the Sun
 That lights the whole—is stationed *one*,
 One state of all the states in life,
 Most free of sin, and woe, and strife,
 Reflecting most the rays divine
 Which from His words and actions shine !

But who shall paint that glorious state,
 Where man vows self to immolate,
 Where bound, like captive in his cell,
 The human mind consents to dwell ;
 Aye, bound with chain of triple twine,
 Though forged in flames of Love divine !
 "Obedient, Poor, and Chaste",—the links,
 'Neath which the carnal spirit sinks :
 "Obedient, Poor, and Chaste",—the charm,
 "Obedient, Poor, and Chaste",—the spell
 Which keeps them free from worldly harm,
 And weakens all the powers of hell ;

* This poem was composed shortly after the summons of the Catholic Bishops; the world to Rome, in 1864.

† I. E. announcing the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

“Obedient, Poor, and Chaste”,—the stars,
 Which twinkle in the lonely cell,
 Which gild with light the prison bars
 And guard the chambers where they dwell.
 “Obedient, Poor, and Chaste”,—the Cross,
 “Obedient, Poor, and Chaste”,—the Crown
 Which turns to gold all Earthly dross,
 And saves them from the Judge’s frown !
 “Obedient, Poor, and Chaste”,—the sign,
 “Obedient, Poor, and Chaste”,—the ray,
 Which in the darksome grave will shine,
 And turn eternal night to day !

What words but his, whose fire-touched lips
 Described the “One of ancient days”,
 Or his, whose love-famed spirit sips
 The Heavenly bliss his pen portrays,
 Can draw, for those who have not seen,
 The present peace, the future joy,
 The total bliss without alloy,
 Of those who lead that life serene ?
 Then how can *I* essay to paint
 The glories of that beaut^ous vale,
 Where ‘mid the calm God’s step is heard,
 Where every branch and leaf is stirred
 By whisper of that Heavenly gale ?
 That happy state, that holy land,
 Where dwell God’s favoured, chosen band,
 That shine within the Church’s breast,
 In which the costliest vessels rest ;
 That altar, on whose golden front,
 The rarest burning lights appear ;
 That tower, from which the battle’s brunt
 Is met by warriors without fear.

* * * * *

All, all are found within that state,
 Which to the Lord is consecrate ;
 And form a countless mighty host,
 Far-stretching as the sounding main,
 From land to land, from coast to coast,
 From Alpine height to desert plain ;
 Around the Earth, from pole to pole,
 Its members, like the waters roll,
 And make a wide-encircling zone,
 Far as the Church’s name is known !

FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS IN VIENNA

I HAVE a strong opinion about the justice of that inimitable satire on the "learned Smellfungus". When he did unbosom himself, and ingenuously told his readers what he felt as well as what he saw, his "feelings" should have been respected, and this little piece of obtrusive personality passed over without comment; but we know it has been otherwise. We know how he has been served, and how ruthlessly he has been pilloried into every light and shape of ridicule, until he has become a kind of danger-signal to all unwary travellers who mean to write their experiences and their views upon things in general. Upon the justice of this, as I have said, issue is joined. I contend for the constitutional right of every subject to his or her feelings, and for the proper exhibition of the same if occasion should so require. For instance, imagine yourself at the cascades of Terni, or at Griesbach, or at the Torc waterfall, which has as much beauty as either, and how can you describe the arch of living waters gleaming and flashing in the sunlight?—how can you tell of its grandeur or its beauty, without importing into your description an element of feeling? You must tell us what you thought as well as what you saw, if you would excite our sympathy into a proper appreciation of the scene. This was the sin for which Smellfungus suffered. When he passed under the column of Trajan, or stood by Pompey's statue, or walked with solemn tread through the ruins of the Coliseum, he experienced a sentiment of religious awe—a reverent contortion of his nervous system, for he felt that at that very moment he might be spurning the dust of heroes or martyrs; and he told all this. Surly cynics, following the example of him who, although not exactly a cynic, could give a humorous snarl betimes, have cried down the Smellfungian manner of narrative as altogether unworthy and in fact absurd. "Pocket your feelings, young man, and tell us what you saw", they say—a gross, stupid, selfish usage of travellers who may be permitted to enhance a picture by a judicious interleaving of sentiment here and there. I candidly admit, in arguing for Smellfungus, I am but, so to speak, going through an apologetic prelude for myself. I have a few old notes of strange places, which have been lying by now four years or so in an old desk, and one should not be reticent in these days, when ladies and gentlemen travel to all manner of out-of-the-way places in the dog days, that they may enlighten their less fortunate brethren in the long cold evenings of winter. Has any philosopher ever discoursed upon the influence of locomotion on modern literature? Formerly the man who had crossed over the Simplon, and had survived it, and returned to tell all the wonders to the folk at home, was esteemed as veritable a lion as if he had been on the Arctic expedition, or had succeeded in

discovering the North-West Passage. Now it is a mere twopenny affair. No place is too hot or too cold for your modern sight-seeing mania, and hence it is that in Paris and Rome you will see *les Anglais*, in which name, of course, we are included, sweltering under a broiling sun, and persuading themselves that it is enjoyment. Amongst this swarm of locusts are several—now-a-days a very large percentage indeed—who keep a note of how things go on with them abroad, and aided by Mr. Murray's invaluable guide-book, a little experience, and a fairly developed imaginative faculty, manage to draw very amusing and instructive pictures of foreign parts. This is now become a system in a way, and works with the most perfect regularity. The short days return, and the trees are despoiled of their green vesture, and the wanderers come back to discharge their portfolios into the great rank and file of the reading public. How huge their labours, and how various, can be readily ascertained by glancing through the publishers' lists—“Wanderings”, “Etchings by the way”, “Glimpses”, “Gleanings”: and only imagine that this marvellous harvest of tours and travels is to grow upon us every year!

Four years ago I paid a flying visit to the capital of the Austrian empire. Passing over Belgium, which everybody knows now-a-days, and taking a great stride across, I will at once take up my position in Vienna, and tell of what I saw there. Let it not be supposed that I passed along that great line of route from London to Vienna without jotting down everything seen according to my lights. A leviathan journal of conversations, churches, pictures, men, women, and manners, is lying by me just now as pleasing evidence of the contrary. Brussels has its place, from which city I made an excursion to Waterloo, and here I find a remarkably eloquent burst of reflective writing, with which I do not mean to trouble the reader, supposed to be suggested by the plain of Waterloo and the terrible associations of that great battle-field. This, of course, is after the manner of all travellers, who, the moment they have their notes changed to gold, and their portmanteaus packed, become solemnly impressed with the idea that their travelling goes for nothing unless they learn to moralise somewhat on the mutability of human fortune, on fallen dynasties, and such things. When I saw Waterloo, it was a plain of yellow waving corn, quite an ordinary well-cultivated sweep of country, without the least air of romance about it. As our carriage stopped on the brow of a gently sloping hill which afforded the best view of the country road, an old soldier, who, from his own story and his wooden leg, was evidently a hero of the campaign, volunteered an immense deal of information as to the position of the respective forces during the battle, and wound up by informing us that he had in a cottage close by some precious relics of the great day, which were really worth a great deal, but which he would generously let us have for a mere trifle. “This sword”, he said, as he limped back from his little cottage with an armful of old trumpery, “belonged to a French officer of chasseurs; he and the captain of

my company became engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter. He ran our captain through, when, *morbleu*, I sent a bullet through his brain". There were also a helmet of a cuirassier, and several other articles, about each of which he had some highly exciting anecdote to relate. Poor old schemer! we knew he was telling lies, and that when he lost his leg he was probably running away with the rest of his compatriots, while the great game was being fought out—if, indeed, he had been a soldier at all. Still we pitied him, and gave him a few francs, leaving him his precious relics for future pilgrims to Waterloo; and no doubt some martial Cockney has since invested in that rusted helmet and hacked sabre. This, by the way, has I perceive become quite a hackneyed incident with every Waterloo pilgrim. But to Vienna.

In the forenoon of a certain day, I found myself struggling through a dense crowd in the Jägerzeile, which is situated in the suburb Leopoldstadt, and is the great thoroughfare leading to the Prater. A crowd in a strange city affords an excellent opportunity to a traveller for forming opinions about the appearance, manners, and even general character of a people. In the Jägerzeile there is in the forenoon and afternoon an indiscriminate mass of soldiers, artisans, fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, and in fact, representatives of every phase of Austrian life.

The Austrian women are, judging from what I saw, undoubtedly handsome, and from the slight knowledge I had of them in a run through that country, I believe them extremely affable, and singularly free from the extremes of stiffness or levity which are often met with in the female portion of Continental society. In my wanderings through the city I was glad to perceive that there was a complete absence of poverty, and I was guided in forming my conclusions on the comfortable condition of the people, not from what I saw in the fashionable promenades, where everything presented the appearance of luxury and gaiety, but during a whole day in my excursions through various localities where poverty might be naturally expected to show itself, if it had an existence to any great extent. I did not see a single beggar. Even in London, which is the richest city in the world, a stranger will scarcely escape an appeal to his charity during a day's walking through its streets; but in Vienna there is a more even distribution of the good things of this world, and the wants of the poor are more wisely provided for.

On the very evening in which I was enjoying the most delightful capital in Europe, the arrest of an English gentleman took place, whose conduct in some very extensive commercial transactions had earned for him the attention of the Scotland Yard folk. In the Volksgarten, which is brilliantly illuminated in the evenings, and is a great place of public resort, I, with a great many others, was engaged in the very agreeable occupation of sipping beer, and listening to the strains of first-rate music, played by a pair of excellent bands. At the table next to where I was sitting, considerable excitement was created by a

bluff looking person requesting a tall foreign looking man to accompany him, to which the latter strongly objected.

"You had better come quietly", suggested the stout party, who was nothing more or less than an English detective. The foreign-looking gentleman protested strongly in admirable French, and declared that he was not an Englishman—that he had never been in England in his life, and that in fact this was a gross outrage which he did not understand and would not tolerate, with a variety of very strong expletives and *sacres* which it is not necessary for me to repeat here. The detective listened complacently, and the foreign-looking gentleman, seeing nothing for it, submitted, and gracefully withdrew under the guidance of the detective, muttering a good deal and looking the very personification of injured innocence. A few months later he was admitted to the privilege of the late Sir Joshua Jebb's mild discipline, and has, I believe, long since earned his liberty by his generally respectful demeanour to the authorities.

The Volksgarten (people's park) contains, in a building which is built on the model of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, a very fine group of statuary by Canova. It was intended by Buonaparte, when he was dealing out with a free hand the affairs of Europe, to decorate the arch of the Simplon at Milan; but the Austrians having obtained possession of it, it was placed here in the building which was expressly erected for it.

The catacombs under the temple contain some very curious fragments of antique sculpture, found at Carnuntum, Petronell, Aquileia, Laibach, Stix-Neusiedel, and other parts of the Austrian empire.

I also visited a few of the churches, which are very magnificent, and possess some very magnificent *chef d'œuvres* in painting and sculpture.

I was very anxious to remain a few days in a city so full of interest, but urgent business prevented my doing so, and next morning I was obliged to bid farewell to Vienna, and to proceed on my journey to a fair city on the Adriatic.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

At the suggestion of many friends interested in the diffusion of wholesome literature amongst our people, I have been induced to unite the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE with the *Lamp*. Six months ago, when I became the editor of the HIBERNIAN, its circulation was very limited, and is still too much so to accomplish, with any degree of success, the objects of a magazine intended to reach the masses as well as the more enlightened portion of the community.

Reading has now become universal, and the extraordinary cheapness of papers and magazines has developed this taste to an extent capable of being directed towards much good or much evil. Unfortunately the cheap productions of the English press circulate amongst the humble classes in our large cities to an extent almost incredible. We can scarcely realize the impure influences which these publications exercise over the minds of the people. Week after week they are silently appealed to through them—their sympathies enlisted on the side of crime—their moral and religious sentiment insidiously broken under. This evil has long been apparent, and the necessity to counteract it in some measure is becoming every day more keenly felt.

If the masses of the people who *will* read, can be rescued from such impure sources of intellectual amusement, a great good will be effected; but to do this, a cheap article must be provided. The poor work-girl, whose days are given up to toil, loves her story in the cheerless winter evenings, as well as the refined drawing room lady, and the hard worked mechanic must have his pennyworth of literary recreation.

The new magazine made up of the *Lamp* and HIBERNIAN, will aim at supplying this requirement, and will, whilst combining all the elements of a highly popular journal, strive to gain a character for literary excellence, which will recommend it also to enlightened readers.

I am well aware of the difficulties which beset an undertaking of this kind. Where you have to accommodate yourself to various degrees of intelligence, there is always the danger of writing either above or below the mark; but I am so confident of the talent and skill of the large staff of contributors whose pens are already engaged, that I entertain no misgivings as to the *Lamp*, incorporated with the HIBERNIAN, becoming a favourite in every Catholic home.

I do not wish to make any exaggerated promises to the friends of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, who have so long practically vindicated the principle of supporting Catholic and national literature. I merely ask them to read and judge for themselves.

The first number of the new series will commence with the coming year.

All communications for the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE and *Lamp*, to be in future addressed to the new office, 44 Middle Abbey Street.

THE EDITOR.

JOHN F. FOWLER

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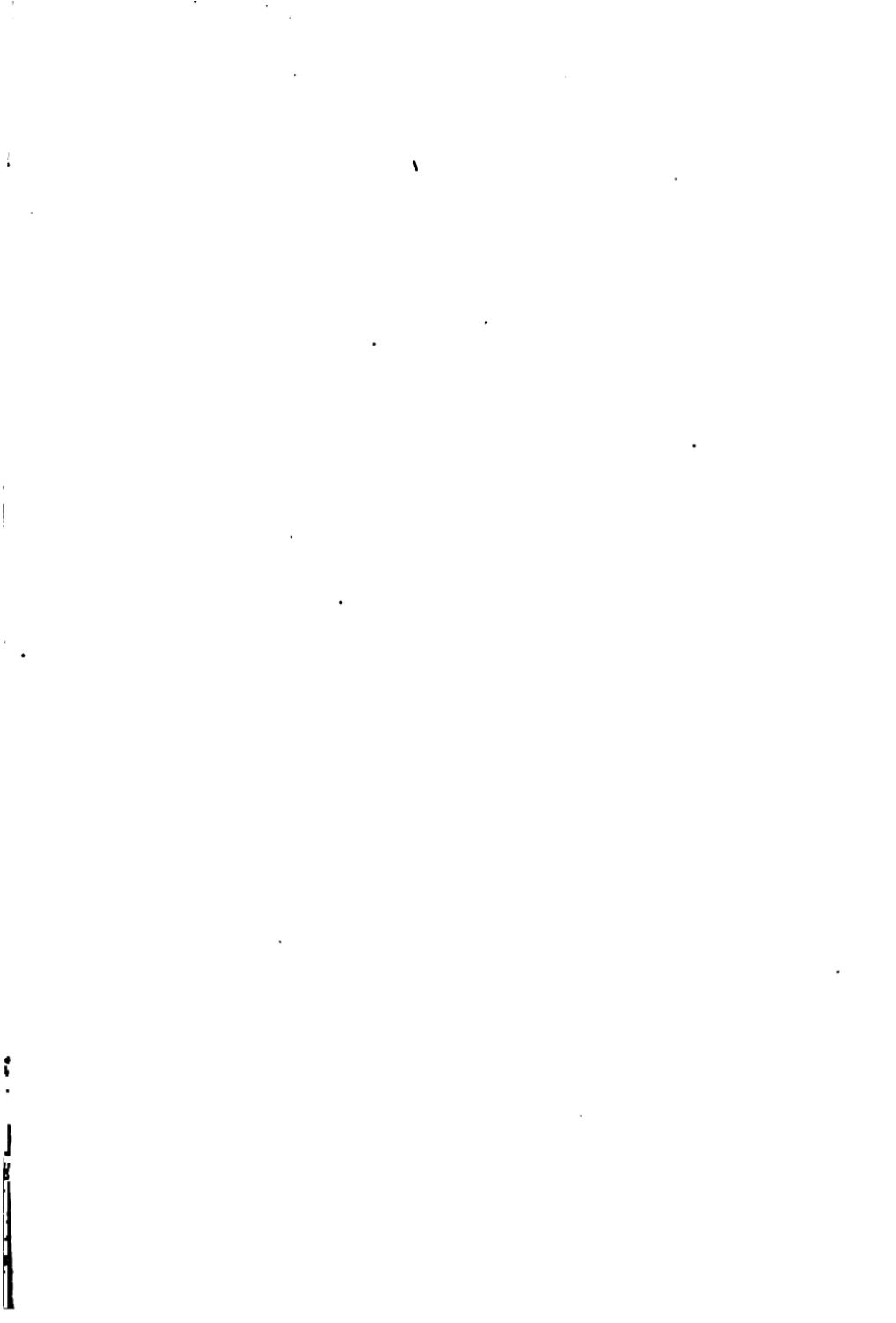
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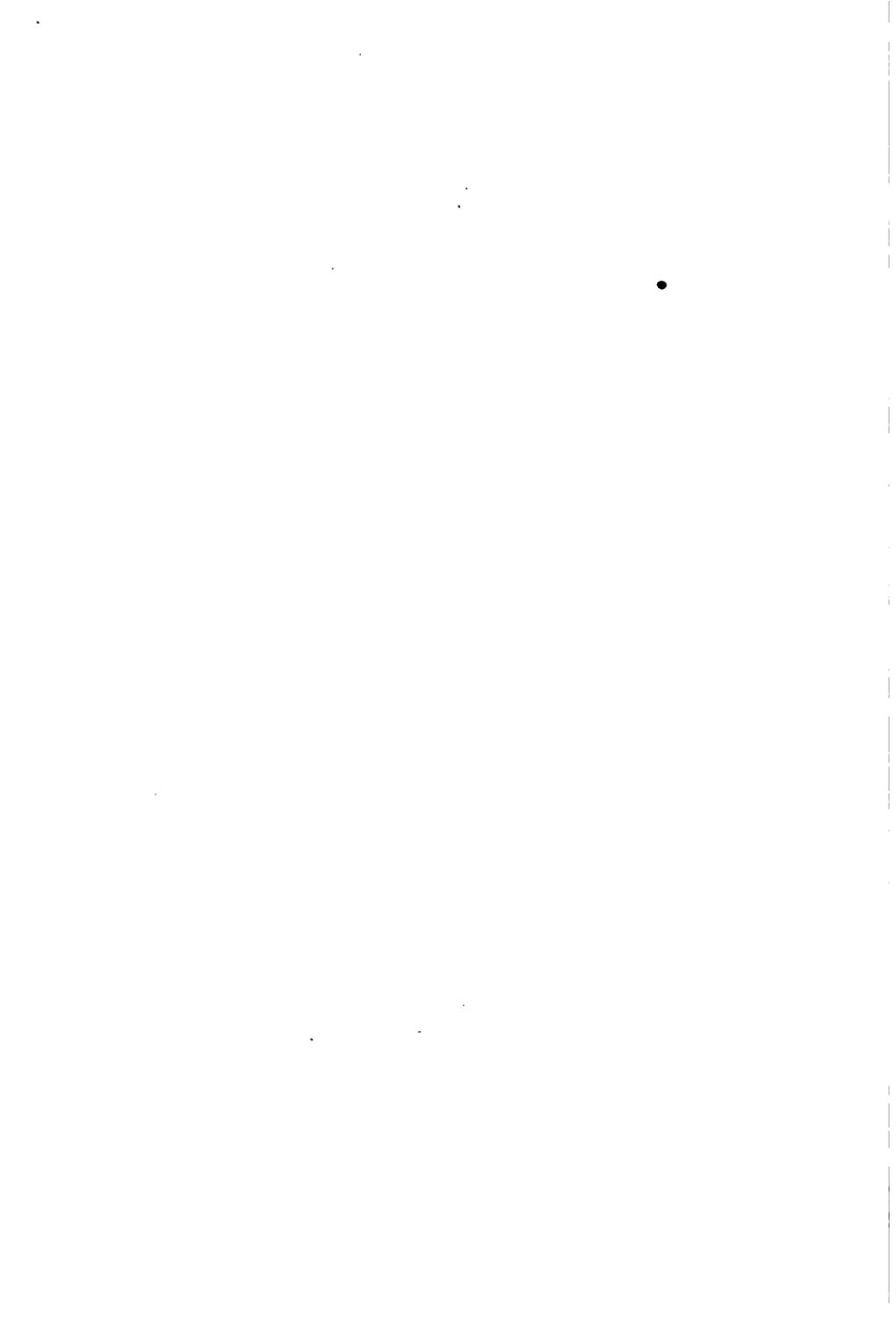
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