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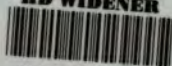
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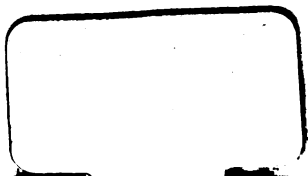


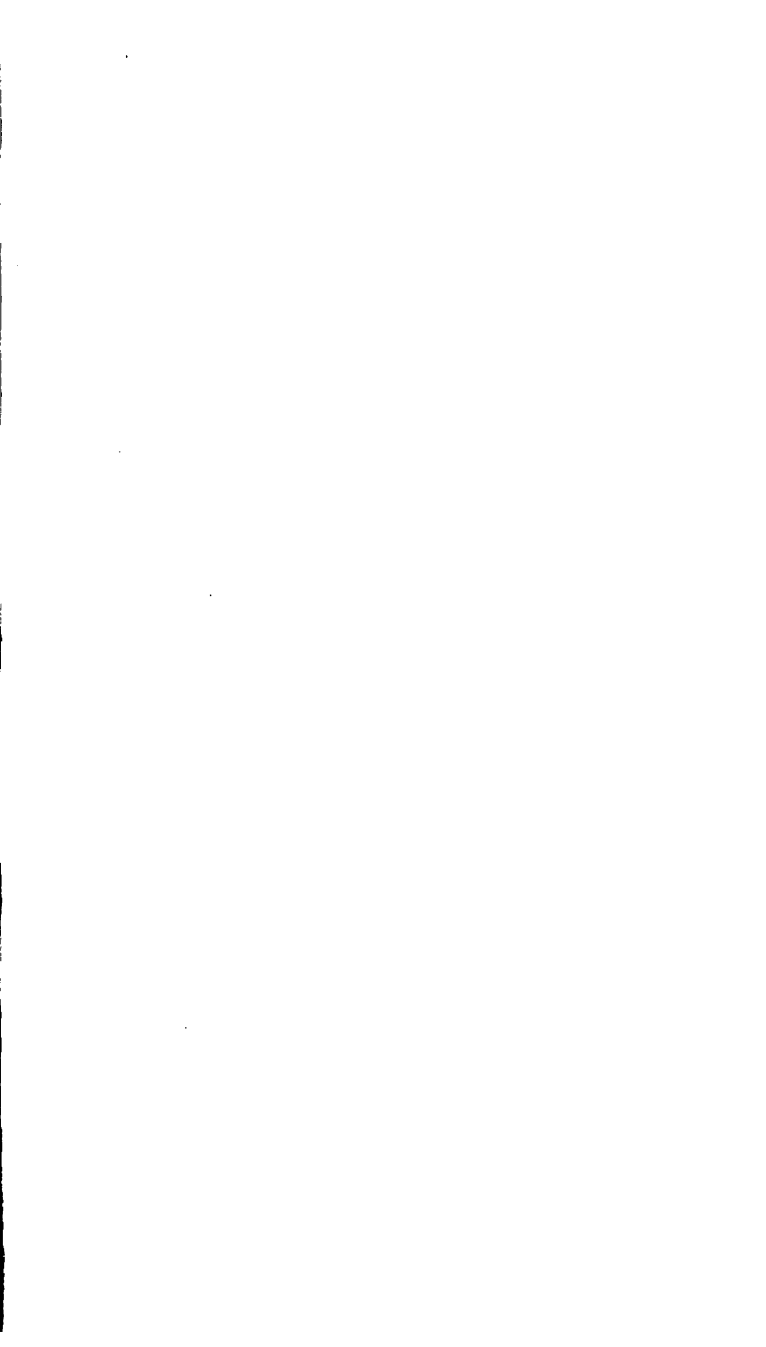
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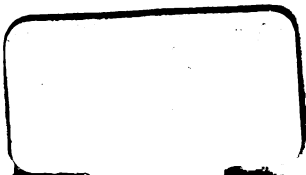


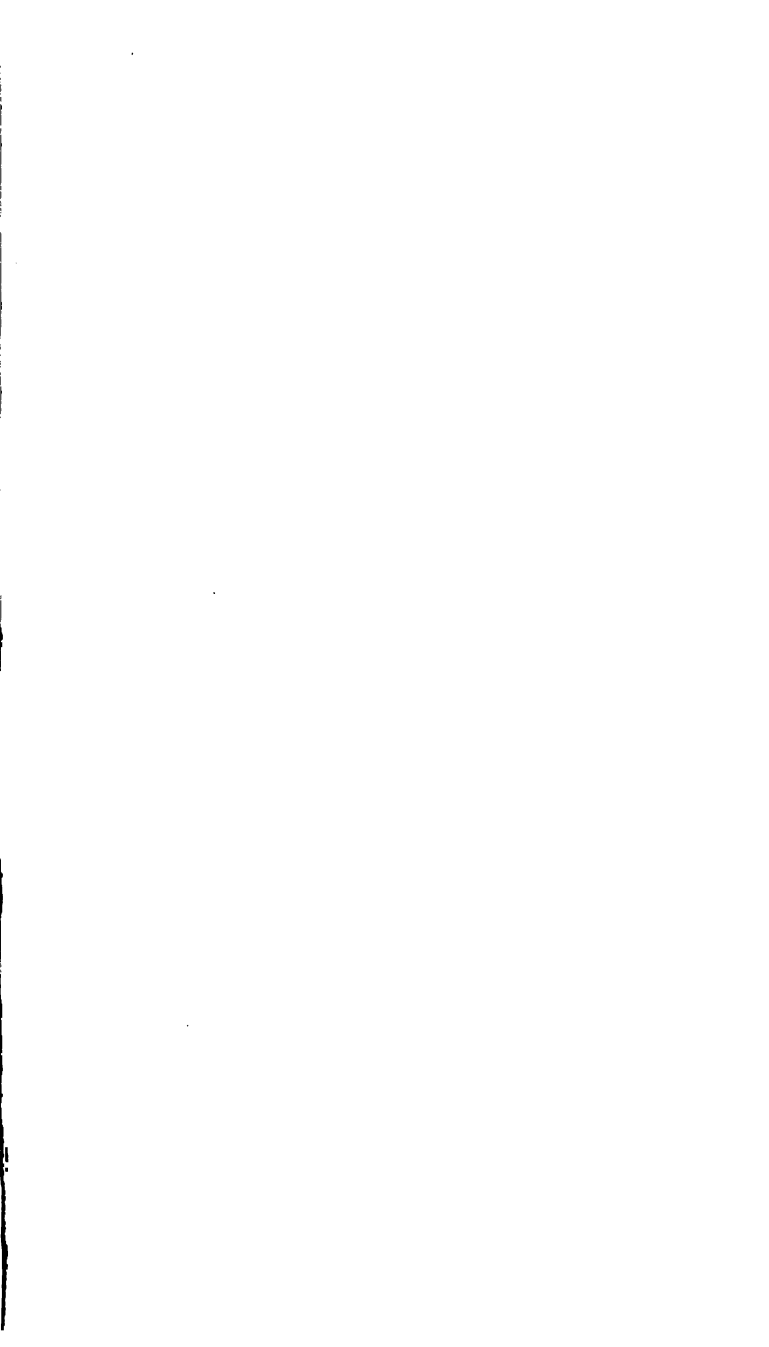


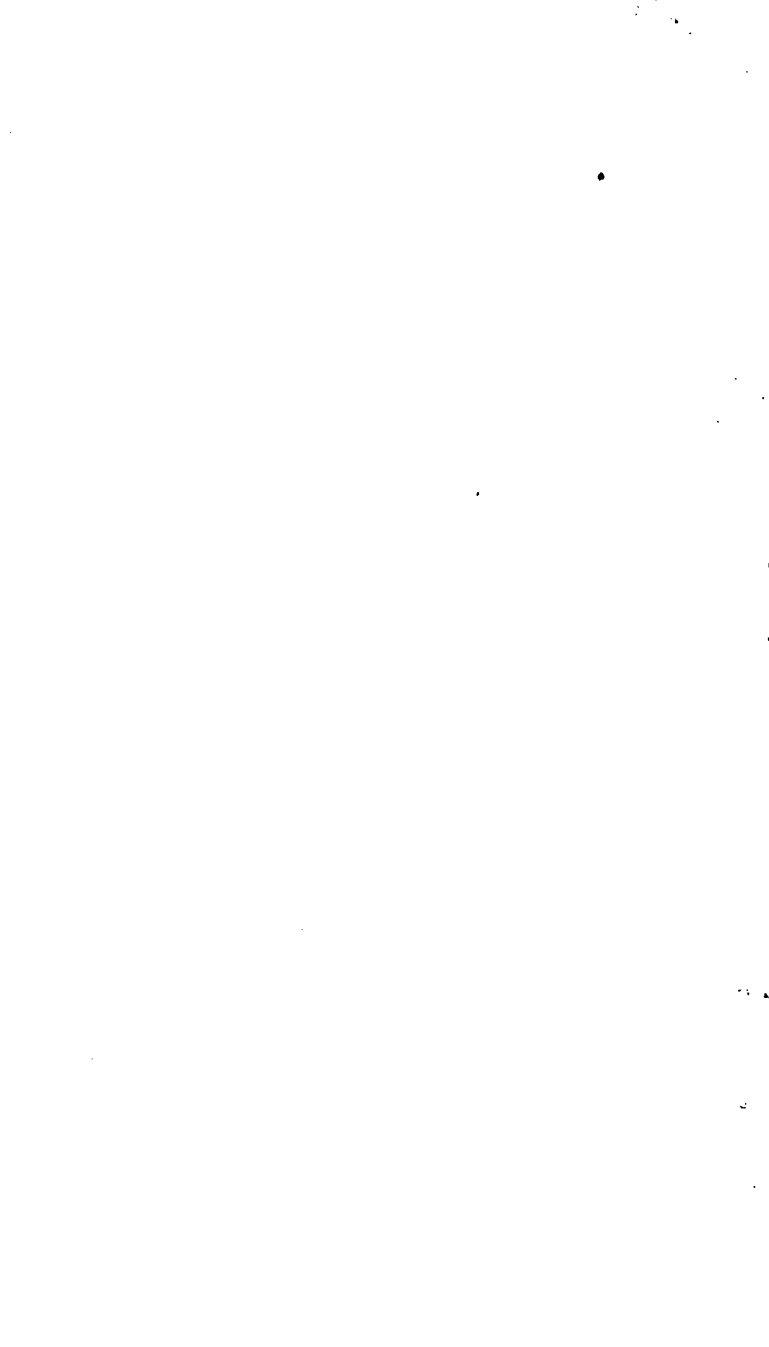
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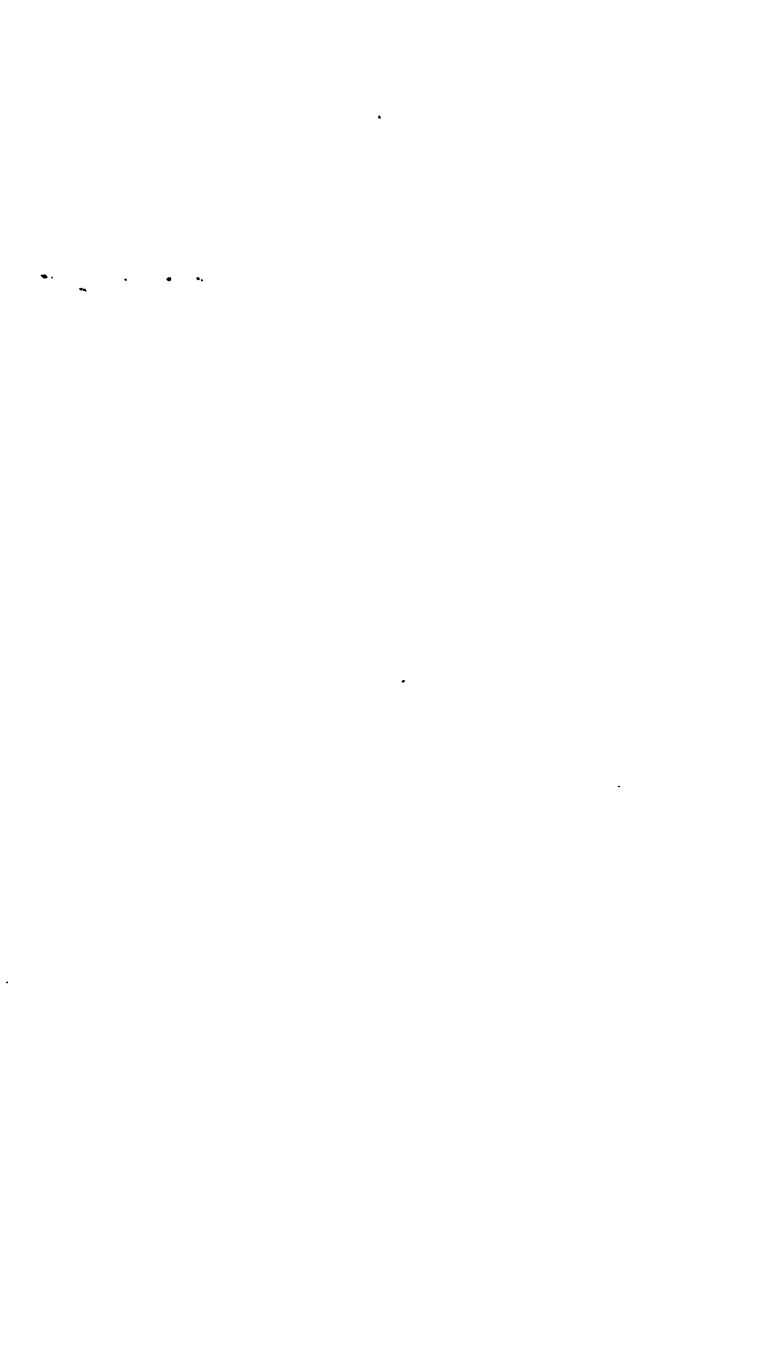
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THE
COLLEGIANS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

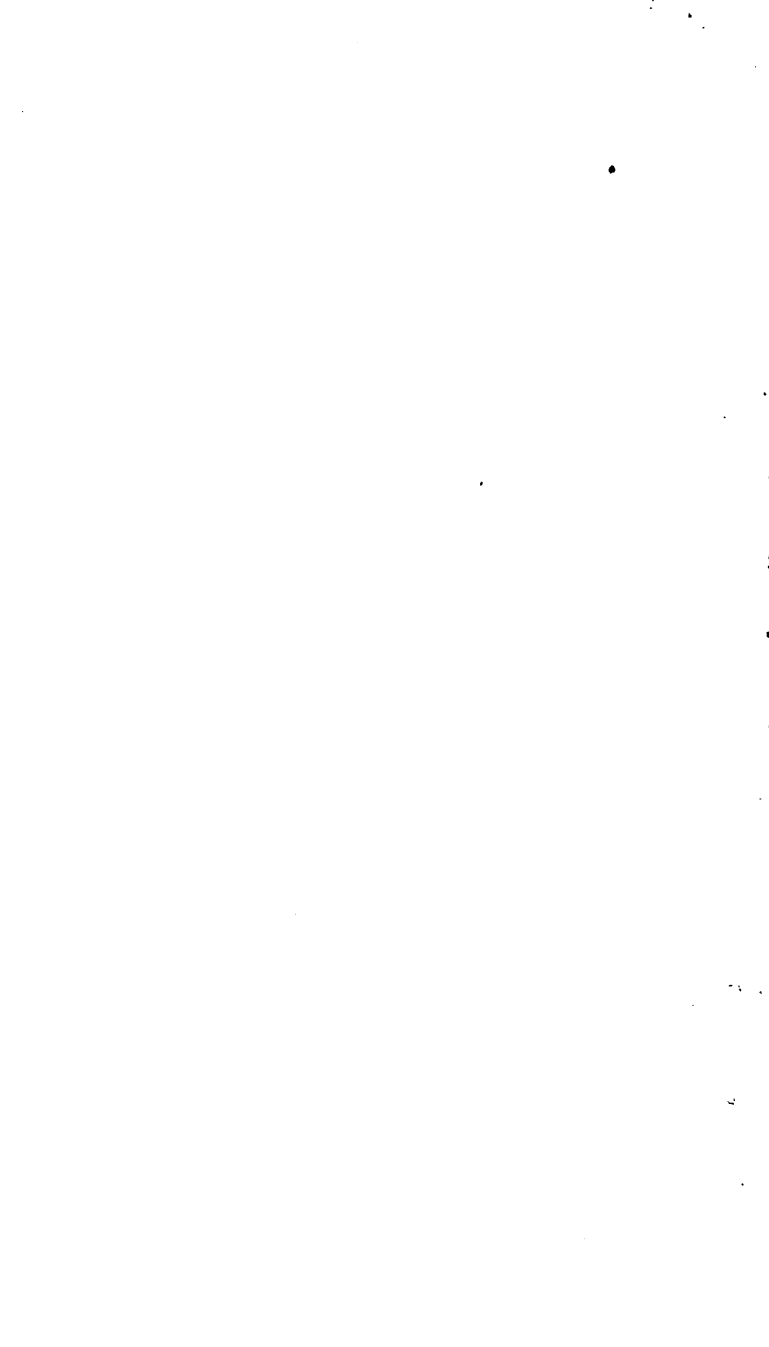
VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

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THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW GARRYOWEN ROSE, AND HOW IT FELL.

THE little ruined outlet, which gives its name to one of the most popular national songs of Erin, is situated on the acclivity of a hill near the city of Limerick, commanding a not uninteresting view of that fine old town, with the noble stream that washes its battered towers, and a richly cultivated surrounding country. Tradition has preserved the occasion of its celebrity, and the origin of its name, which appears to be compounded of two Irish words signifying "Owen's garden."—A person so called was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot, which from its contiguity to the town, became a favourite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes—a lounge presenting accommodations somewhat similar to those which are offered to the London mechanic by the Battersea tea-gardens. Owen's garden was the general rendezvous for those who sought for simple amusement or for dissipation. The old people drank together under the shade of trees—the young played at ball, goal, or other athletic exercises, on the green; while a few, lingering by the hedge-rows with their fair acquaintances, cheated the time with sounds less boisterous, indeed, but yet possessing their fascination also.

The festivities of our fathers, however, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of mirth, that, for any difference in the result of their convivial meetings, they might as well have been pitched encounters. Owen's garden was soon as famous for scenes of strife, as it was for mirth and humour; and broken heads became a staple article of manufacture in the neighbourhood.

This new feature in the diversions of the place, was encouraged by a number of young persons of a rank somewhat superior to that of the usual frequenters of the garden. They were the sons of the more respectable citizens, the merchants and wholesale traders of the city, just turned loose from school with a greater supply of animal spirits than they had wisdom to govern. Those young gentlemen being fond of wit, amused themselves by forming parties at night, to wring the heads off all the geese, and the knockers off all the hall doors in the neighbourhood. They sometimes suffered their genius to soar as high as the breaking a lamp, and even the demolition of a watchman; but, perhaps, this species of joking was found a little too serious to be repeated over frequently, for few achievements of so daring a violence are found among their records. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious distinction of destroying the knockers and store-locks, annoying the peaceable inmates of the neighbouring houses, with long continued assaults on the front doors, terrifying the quiet passengers with every species of insult and provocation, and indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen boys" soon spread far and wide. Their deeds were celebrated by some inglorious minstrel of the day in that air which has since resounded over every quarter of the world; and even disputed the palm of national popularity with "Patrick's day." A string of jolly verses were appended to the tune which soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lilli-burlero, bullen-a-la," which sung King James out of his three kingdoms. The name of Garryowen was as well known as that of the Irish Numantium, Limerick, itself, and Owen's little garden became almost a synonyme for Ireland.

But that principle of existence which assigns to the life of man its periods of youth, maturity, and decay, has its analogy in the fate of villages, as in that of empires. Assyria fell, and so did Garryowen! Rome had its decline, and Garryowen was not immortal. Both are now an idle sound, with nothing but the recollections of old tradition to invest them with an interest. The still notorious suburb is little better than a heap of rubbish, where a number of smoked and mouldering walls, standing out from the masses of stone and mortar, indicate the position of a once populous row of

dwelling-houses. A few roofs yet remain unshaken, under which some impoverished families endeavour to work out a wretched subsistence by maintaining a species of huxter trade, by cobbling old shoes, and manufacturing ropes. A small rookery wears the ears of the inhabitants at one end of the outlet, and a ropewalk which extends along the adjacent slope of Gallows-green, (so called for certain reasons,) brings to the mind of the conscious spectator, associations that are not calculated to enliven the prospect. Neither is he thrown into a more jocular frame of mind as he picks his steps over the insulated paving stones that appear amid the green slough with which the street is deluged, and encounters at the other end, an alley of coffin-makers' shops, with a fever hospital on one side, and a churchyard on the other. A person who was bent on a journey to the other world, could not desire a more expeditious outfit than Garryowen could now afford him: nor a more commodious choice of conveyances, from the machine on the slope above glanced at, to the pest-house at the farther end.

But it is ill talking lightly on a serious subject. The days of Garryowen are gone, like those of ancient Erin; and the feats of her once formidable heroes are nothing more than a winter's evening tale. Owen is in his grave, and his garden looks dreary as a ruined churchyard. The greater number of his merry customers have followed him to a narrower play-ground, which, though not less crowded, affords less room for fun, and less opportunity for contention. The worm is here the reveller, the owl whoops out his defiance without an answer, (save the echo's,) the best whiskey in Munster would not now "drive the cold out of their hearts;" and the withered old sexton is able to knock the bravest of them over the pate with impunity. A few perhaps may still remain to look back with a fond shame to the scene of their early follies, and to smile at the page in which those follies are recorded.

Still, however, there is something to keep the memory alive of those unruly days, and to preserve the name of Garryowen from utter extinction. The annual fair which is held on the spot, presents a spectacle of gayety and uproar which might rival its most boisterous days; and strangers still inquire for the place with a curiosity which its appearance seldom fails to disappoint. Our national lyricist has immortalized the air by adapting to it one of the liveliest of

his melodies;—the adventures, of which it was once the scene, constitute a fund of standing joke and anecdote which are not neglected by the neighbouring story-tellers;—and a rough voice may still occasionally be heard by the traveller who passes near its ruined dwellings at evening, to chant a stanza of the chorus which was once in the mouth of every individual in the kingdom :

“’Tis there we ’ll drink the nut-brown ale,
 An pay the reck’nin’ on the nail;
 No man for debt shall go to jail
 From Garryowen a gloria.”

CHAPTER II.

HOW EILY O’CONNOR PUZZLED ALL THE INHABITANTS OF GARRYOWEN.

BUT while Owen lived, and while his garden flourished, he and his neighbours were as merry together, as if death could never reach the one, nor desolation waste the other. Among those frequenters of his little retreat whom he distinguished with an especial favour and attention, the foremost was the handsome daughter of an old man who conducted the business of a rope-walk in his neighbourhood, and who was accustomed on a fine Saturday evening to sit under the shade of a yellow osier that stood by his door, and discourse of the politics of the day—of Lord Halifax’s administration—of the promising young patriot, Mr. Henry Grattan—and of the famous Catholic concession of 1773. Owen, like all Irishmen, even of the humblest rank, was an acute critic in female proportions, and although time had blown away the thatching from his head, and by far the greater portion of blood that remained in his frame had colonized about his nose, yet the manner in which he held forth on the praises of his old friend’s daughter was such as put to shame her younger and less eloquent admirers. It is true, indeed, that the origin of the suburban beauty was one which, in a troubled country like Ireland, had little of agreeable association to recommend it; but few even of those to whom twisted hemp was an object of secret terror, could look on the exquisitely

beautiful face of Eily O'Connor, and remember that she was a rope-maker's daughter: few could detect beneath the timid, hesitating, downcast gentleness of manner, which shed an interest over all her motions, the traces of a harsh and vulgar education. It was true that she sometimes purloined a final letter from the King's adjectives, and prolonged the utterance of a vowel beyond the term of prosodaical orthodoxy; but the tongue that did so seemed to move on silver wires, and the lip on which the sound delayed,

"Long murmuring, loth to part,"

imparted to its own accents an association of sweetness and grace, that made the defect an additional allurements. Her education in the outskirts of a city had not impaired the natural tenderness of her character; for her father, who, all rude as he was, knew how to value his daughter's softness of mind, endeavoured to foster it by every indulgence in his power. Her uncle, too, who was now a country parish priest, was well qualified to draw forth any natural talent with which she had been originally endowed. He had completed his theological education in the famous university of Salamanca, where he was distinguished as a youth of much quietness of temper and literary application, rather than as one of those furious gesticulators, those "*figures Hibernoisés*," among whom Gil Blas, in his fit of logical lunacy, could meet his only equals. At his little lodging, while he was yet a curate of St. John's, Eily O'Connor was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of her time, and in return for her kindness in presiding at his simple tea-table, father Edward undertook to bestow a degree of attention on her education, which rendered her, in a little time, as superior in knowledge, as she was in beauty, to her female associates. She was remarked likewise at this time, as a little devotee, very regular in her attendance at chapel, constant in all the observances of her religion, and grave in her attire and discourse. On the coldest and dreariest morning in winter, she might be seen gliding along by the unopened shop-windows, to the nearest chapel, where she was accustomed to hear an early mass, and return in time to set every thing in order for her father's breakfast. During the day she superintended his household affairs, while he was employed upon the adjacent rope-walk; and, in the evening,

she usually slipped on her bonnet, and went across the street to father Edward's, where she chatted away until tea was over; if he happened to be engaged in reading his daily office, she amused herself with a volume of moral entertainment, such as *Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia*, or *Mr. Addison's Spectator*, until he was at leisure to hear her lessons. An attachment of the purest and tenderest nature was the consequence of those mutual attentions between the uncle and niece, and it might be said that if the former loved her not as well, he knew and valued her character still better than her father.

Father Edward, however, was appointed to a parish, and Eily lost her instructor. It was for her a severe loss, and most severe in reality when its effect upon her spirits began to wear away. For some months after his departure, she continued to lead the same retired and unobtrusive life, and no eye, save that of a consummate observer, could detect the slightest alteration in her sentiments, the least increase of toleration for the world and worldly amusements. That change, however, had been silently effected in her heart. She was now a woman—a lovely, intelligent, full grown woman—and circumstances obliged her to take a part in the little social circle which moved around her. Her spirits were naturally light, and, though long repressed, became readily assimilated to the buoyant tone of the society in which she happened to be placed. Her father, who, with a father's venial vanity, was fond of showing his beautiful child among his neighbours, took her with him one evening to Owen's garden, at a time when it was unusually gay and crowded, and from that evening might be dated the commencement of a decided and visible change in the lovely Eily's character.

As gradual as the approach of a spring morning, was the change from grave to gay in the costume of this flower of the suburbs. It dawned at first in a handsome bow-knot upon her head-dress; and ended in the full noontide splendour of flowered muslins, silks, and sashes. It was like the opening of the rose-bud, which gathers around it the winged wooers of the summer meadow. "Lads, as brisk as bees," came thronging in her train, with proffers of "honourable love, and rites of marriage;" and even among the youths of a higher rank, whom the wild levity of Irish blood and high spirits, sent to mingle in the festivities of Owen's garden, a

jealousy prevailed respecting the favour of the rope-maker's handsome daughter. It was no wonder that attentions paid by individuals so much superior to her ordinary admirers, should render Eily indifferent to the sighs of those plebian suitors. Dunat O'Leary, the hair-cutter, or Foxy Dunat, as he was named in allusion to his red head, was cut to the heart by her utter coldness. Myles Murphy, likewise, a good natured farmer from Killarney, who travelled through the country selling Kerry ponies, and claiming relationship with every one he met, claimed kindred in vain with Eily, for his claim was not allowed. Lowry Looby, too, the servant of Mr. Daly, a wealthy middleman who lived in the neighbourhood, was suspected by many to entertain delusive hopes of Eily O'Connor's favour—but this report was improbable enough, for Lowry could not but know that he was a very ugly man; and if he were as beautiful as Narcissus, Mihil O'Connor would still have shut the door in his face for being as poor as Timon. So that, though there was no lack of admirers, the lovely Eily, like many celebrated beauties in a higher rank, ran, after all, a fair chance of becoming what Lady Mary Montague has elegantly termed "a lay nun." Even so a bookworm, who will pore over a single volume from morning to night, if turned loose into a library, wanders from shelf to shelf, bewildered amid a host of temptations, and unable to make any election until he is surprised by twilight, and chagrined to find, that with so much happiness within his grasp, he has spent, nevertheless, an unprofitable day.

But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented as that above alluded to,—a condition which people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite. On the eve of the seventeenth of March, a day distinguished in the rope-maker's household, not only as the festival of the national Saint, but as the birthday of the young mistress of the establishment; on this evening, Eily and her father were enjoying their customary relaxation at Owen's garden. The jolly proprietor was seated as usual, with his rope-twisting friend, under the yellow osier, while Myles Murphy, who had brought a number of his wild ponies to be disposed of at the neighbouring fairs, had taken his place at the end of the table, and was endeavouring to insinuate a distant relationship between the Owens of Kilttery, connections of the person whom he ad-

dressed, and the Murphys of Knockfodhra, connections of his own. A party of young men were playing fives at a ball-alley on the other side of the green ; and another, more numerous, and graced with many female figures, were capering away to the tune of the fox-hunter's jig, on the short grass. Some poor old women, with baskets on their arms, were endeavouring to sell off some *Patrick's crosses* for children, at the low rate of one halfpenny a piece, gilding, paint, and all. Others, fatigued with exertion, were walking under the still, leafless trees, some with their hats, some with their coats off, jesting, laughing, and chatting familiarly with their female acquaintances

Mihil O'Connor, happening to see Lowry Looby among the promenaders, glancing now and then at the dance, and whistling Patrick's day, requested him to call his daughter out of the group, and tell her that he was waiting for her to go home. Lowry went, and returned to say, that Eily was dancing with a strange young gentleman in a boating dress, and that he would not let her go until she had finished the slip jig.

It continued a sufficient time to tire the old man's patience. When Eily did at last make her appearance, he observed there was a flush of mingled weariness and pleasure on her cheek, which showed that the delay was not quite in opposition to her own inclinations. This circumstance might have tempted him to receive her with a little displeasure, but that honest Owen at that moment laid hold on both father and daughter, insisting that they should come in and take supper with his wife and himself.

This narrative of Eily's girlhood being merely introductory, we shall forbear to furnish any detail of the minor incidents of the evening, or the quality of Mrs. Owen's entertainment. They were very merry and happy ; so much so that the Patrick's eve approached its termination, before they arose to bid their host and hostess a good night. Owen advised them to walk on rapidly in order to avoid the "Patrick's boys," who would promenade the streets after twelve, to welcome in the mighty festival with music and uproar of all kinds. Some of the lads, he said, "might be playen' their thricks upon Miss Eily."

The night was rather dark, and the dim glimmer of the oil lamps which were suspended at long intervals over the street doors, tended only in a very feeble degree to qualify t

gloom. Mihil O'Connor and his daughter had already performed more than half their journey, and were turning from a narrow lane at the head of Mungret-street, when a loud and tumultuous sound broke with sudden violence upon their hearing. It proceeded from a multitude of people who were moving in confused and noisy procession along the street. An ancient and still honoured custom summons the youthful inhabitants of the city on the night of this anniversary to celebrate the approaching holyday of the patron Saint and apostle of the island, by promenading all the streets in succession, playing national airs, and filling up the pauses in the music with shouts of exultation. Such was the procession which the two companions now beheld approaching.

The appearance which it presented was not altogether destitute of interest and amusement. In the midst were a band of musicians who played alternately "Patrick's day," and "Garryowen," while a rabble of men and boys pressed round them, thronging the whole breadth and a considerable portion of the length of the street. The men had got sprigs of shamrock in their hats, and several carried in their hands lighted candles protected from the wasting night-blast by a simple lamp of whited brown paper. The fickle and unequal light which those small torches threw over the faces of the individuals who held them, afforded a lively contrast to the prevailing darkness.

The crowd hurried forward singing, playing, shouting, laughing, and indulging, to its full extent, all the excitement which was occasioned by the tumult and the motion. Bedroom windows were thrown up as they passed, and the half-dressed inmates thrust their heads into the night air to gaze upon the mob of enthusiasts. All the respectable persons who appeared as they advanced, turned short into the neighbouring by-ways to avoid the importunities which they would be likely to incur by a contact with the multitude.

But it was too late for our party to adopt this precaution. Before it had entered their minds, the procession (if we may dignify it by a name so sounding) was nearer to them than they were to any turn in the street, and the appearance of flight with a rabble of men, as with dogs, is a provocation of pursuit. Of this they were aware—and accordingly instead of attempting a vain retreat, they turned into a recess formed by one of the shop doors, and quietly awaited the

passing away of this noisy torrent. For some moments they were unnoticed; the fellows who moved foremost being too busy in talking, laughing, and shouting, to pay any attention to objects not directly in their way. But they were no sooner espied than the wags assailed them with that species of wit, which distinguishes the inhabitants of the back lanes of a city, and forms the terror of all country visitors. These expressions were lavished upon the rope-maker and his daughter, until the former, who was as irritable an old fellow as Irishmen generally are, was almost put out of patience. At length, a young man observing the lamp shine for a moment on Eily's handsome face, made a chirp with his lips as he passed by, as if he had a mind to kiss her. Not Papius himself, when vindicating his senatorial dignity against the insulting Gaul, could be more prompt in action than Mihil O'Connor. The young gentleman received in return for his affectionate greeting a blow over the temple which was worth five hundred kisses. An uproar immediately commenced, which was likely to end in some serious injury to the old man and his daughter. A number of ferocious faces gathered round them uttering sounds of harsh rancour and defiance; which Mihil met with equal loudness and energy. Indeed all that seemed to delay his fate and hinder him from sharing in the prostration of his victim was the conduct of Eily, who, flinging herself in bare armed beauty before her father, defended him for a time against the upraised weapons of his assailants. No one would incur the danger of harming, by an accidental blow, a creature so young, so beautiful, and so affectionate.

They were at length rescued from this precarious condition by the interposition of two young men in the dress of boatmen, who appeared to possess some influence with the crowd, and who used it for the advantage of the sufferers. Not satisfied with having brought them safely out of all immediate danger, the taller of the two conducted them to their door, saying little on the way and taking his leave as soon as they were once in perfect safety. All that Mihil could learn from his appearance was, that he was a gentleman; and very young—perhaps not more than nineteen years of age. The old man talked much and loudly in praise of his gallantry, but Eily was altogether silent on the subject.

A few days after, Mihil O'Connor was at work upon the ropewalk, going slowly backward in the sunshine, with a

bundle of hemp between his knees, and singing, "*Maureen Thierna.*"* A hunch-backed little fellow in a boatman's dress, came up, and saluting him in a sharp city brogue, reminded the old rope-maker that he had done him a service a few evenings before. Mihil professed his acknowledgments, and with true Irish warmth of heart, assured the little boatman that all he had in the world was at his service. The hunchback, however, only wanted a few ropes and blocks for his boat, and even for those he was resolute in paying honourably. Neither did he seem anxious to satisfy the curiosity of old Mihil with respect to the name and quality of his companion; for he was inexorable in maintaining that he was a turf boatman from Scagh who had come up to town with him to dispose of a cargo of fuel at Charlotte's Quay. Mihil O'Connor referred him to his daughter for the ropes, about which he said she could bargain as well as himself, and he was unable to leave his work until the rope he had in hand should be finished. The little deformed, no way displeased at this intelligence, went to find Eily at the shop, where he spent a longer time than Mihil thought necessary for his purpose.

From this time forward, the character of Eily O'Connor seemed to have undergone a second change. Her former gravity returned, but it did not reappear under the same circumstances as before. In her days of religious retirement, it appeared only in her dress, and in her choice of amusements. Now, both her recreations and her attire were much gayer than ever, so much so as almost to approach a degree of dissipation, but her cheerfulness of mind was gone, and the sadness which had settled on her heart, like a black reef under sunny waters, was plainly visible through all her gayety. Her father was too much occupied in his eternal rope-twisting to take particular notice of this change, and, besides, it is notorious that one's constant companions are the last to observe any alteration in one's manner or appearance.

One morning, when Mihil O'Connor left his room, he was surprised to find that the breakfast-table was not laid as usual, and that his daughter was not in the house. She made her appearance, however, while he was himself making the necessary arrangements. They exchanged a greeting somewhat colder on the one side, and more embarrassed on the

* *Little Mary Tierney.*

other, than was usual at the morning meetings of the father and daughter. But when she told him, that she had been only to the chapel, the old man was perfectly satisfied, for he knew that Eily would as readily think of telling a falsehood to the priest, as she would to her father. And when Mihi O'Connor heard that people were at the chapel, he generally concluded (poor old man) that it was only to pray they went there.

In the meantime, Myles Murphy renewed his proposals to Eily, and succeeded in gaining over the father to his interests. The latter was annoyed at his daughter's obstinate rejection of a fine fellow like Myles, with a very comfortable property and pressed her either to give consent to the match or a good reason for her refusal. But this request, though reasonable, was not complied with: and the rope-maker, though not so hot as Capulet, was as much displeased at the contumacy of his daughter. Eily, on her part, was so much afflicted at the anger of her only parent, that it is probable her grief would have made away with her if she had not prevented the catastrophe by making away with herself.

On the fair day of Garryowen, after sustaining a long and distressing altercation with her father and her mountain suitor, Eily O'Connor threw her blue cloak over her shoulder and walked into the air. She did not return to dinner, and her father felt angry at what he thought a token of resentful feeling. Night came, and she did not make her appearance. The poor old man in an agony of terror reproached himself for his vehemence, and spent the whole night in recalling with a feeling of remorse every intemperate word which he had used in the violence of dispute. In the morning, more like a ghost than a living being, he went from the house to one acquaintance to another to inquire after his child. No one however had seen her, except Foxy Dunat, the half-cutter, and he had only caught a glimpse of her as she passed his door on the previous evening. It was evident that she was not to return. Her father was distracted. Her young admirers feared that she had got privately married, and run away with some shabby fellow. Her female friends insinuated that the case might be still worse, and some pious old people shook their heads when the report reached them, and said they knew what was likely to come of it, when Eily O'Connor left off attending her daily mass in the morning, and went to the dance at Garryowen.

CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

THE Dalys (a very respectable family in middle life) occupied, at the time of which we write, a handsome cottage on the Shannon side, a few miles from the suburban district above mentioned.

They had assembled, on the morning of Eily's disappearance, a healthy and blooming household of all sizes, in the principal sitting-room for a purpose no less important than that of despatching breakfast. It was a favourable moment for any one who might be desirous of sketching a family picture. The windows of the room, which were thrown up for the purpose of admitting the fresh morning air, opened upon a trim and sloping meadow that looked sunny and cheerful with the bright green aftergrass of the season. The broad and sheety river washed the very margin of the little field, and bore upon its quiet bosom, (which was only ruffled by the circling eddies that encountered the advancing tide,) a variety of craft, such as might be supposed to indicate the approach to a large commercial city. Majestic vessels, floating idly on the basined flood, with sails half furled, in keeping with the languid beauty of the scene; lighters burthened to the water's edge with bricks or sand; large rafts of timber, borne onward toward the neighbouring quays under the guidance of a shipman's boat-hook; pleasure-boats, with gaudy pennons hanging at peak and topmast; or turf-boats with their unpicturesque and ungraceful lading, moving sluggishly forward, while their black sails seemed gasping for a breath to fill them; such were the incidents that gave a gentle animation to the prospect immediately before the eyes of the cottage-dwellers. On the farther side of the river arose the Cratloe hills, shadowed in various places by a broken cloud, and rendered beautiful by the chequered appearance of the ripening tillage, and the variety of hues that were observable along their wooded sides. At intervals, the front of a handsome mansion brightened up in a passing gleam of sunshine, while the wreaths of blue smoke, ascend-

ing at various distances from among the trees, tended to relieve the idea of extreme solitude which it would otherwise have presented.

The interior of the cottage was not less interesting to contemplate than the landscape which lay before it. The principal breakfast-table (for there were two spread in the room) was placed before the window, the neat and snow-white damask cloth covered with fare that spoke satisfactorily for the circumstances of the proprietor, and for the housewifery of his helpmate. The former, a fair, pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a huge buckled cravat and squaretoed shoes, somewhat distrustful of the meagre beverage which fumed out of Mrs. Daly's lofty and shining coffee-pot, had taken his position before a cold ham and fowl which decorated the lower end of the table. His lady, a courteous old personage, with a face no less fair and happy than her husband's, and with eyes sparkling with good nature and intelligence, did the honours of the board at the farther end. On the opposite side, leaning over the back of his chair with clasped hands in an attitude which had a mixture of abstraction and anxiety, sat Mr. Kyrle Daly, the first pledge of connubial affection that was born to this comely pair. He was a young man already initiated in the rudiments of the legal profession, of a handsome figure, and in manner—but something now pressed upon his spirits which rendered this an unfavourable occasion for describing it.

A second table was laid in a more retired portion of the room, for the accommodation of the younger part of the family. Several well burnished goblets, or *porringers* of thick milk flanked the sides of this board, while a large dish of smooth-coated potatoes reeked up in the centre. A number of blooming boys and girls, between the ages of four and twelve, were seated at this simple repast, eating and drinking away with all the happy eagerness of youthful appetite. Not however, that this employment occupied their exclusive attention, for the prattle which circulated round the table frequently became so boisterous as to drown the conversation of the older people, and to call forth the angry rebuke of the master of the family.

The furniture of the apartment was in accordance with the appearance and manners of its inhabitants. The floor was handsomely carpeted; a lofty green fender fortified the fire-place, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments

with occasions for the frequent repetition of a favourite conundrum—"why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?" a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscoated walls were ornamented with several of the popular prints of the day, such as Hogarth's Roast Beef—Prince Eugene—Schomberg at the Boyne—Mr. Betterton playing Cato in all the glory of

"Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair,"

or the royal Mandane, in the person of Mrs. Mountain, strutting among the arbours of her Persian palace in a lofty tête and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings, done by Mrs. Daly in her school-days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were very prettily framed. In justice to the fair artist it should also be mentioned that, contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never re-touched by the hand of her master; a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one, who saw the pictures, was tempted to call in question. A small bookcase, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and on examination might be found to contain a considerable number of works on Irish History—for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a circumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbourhood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books; and a few volumes on cookery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more startling description. A gun-rack, on which were suspended a long shore gun, a brass-barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse-pistols, manifested Mr. Daly's determination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son—"you had better let me put a little *goose*" (with an emphasis) "on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who understood more intimately the nature of her son's

reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband the continuance of any raillery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house; but without being more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof—"Do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent, I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly with a smile "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anne Chute and that you were just meditating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the Bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear!—Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing. I wonder how you can say that, my dear and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice however. "But speaking seriously, my boy, you take this affair too deeply to heart; and whether it be in our pursuit of wealth—or fame—or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides, it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling, and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah, sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table with a magnanimous affectation of cheerfulness "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment when he is certain of success."

"Why, I was not bidden to despair, indeed," said Mr. Daly, extending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance. "I have, I believe, been more fortunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospect you may have shaped out of the future, but I will not

wish you a better fortune than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that Time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife; while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:

"How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly cling,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lip their mother's tongue!
And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys—
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I——"

with a glance at Kyrle—

And I go wooing with the boys."

And this, thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that ensued, this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning; whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me, or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life, a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money-hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?

"It is a long time, now," resumed Mr. Daly, "since I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chute. She was a very beautiful but a very wild girl when I knew her. Nothing has ever been more inexplicable to me than the choice she made of a second husband. You never saw Anne's stepfather, Tom Chute, or you would be equally astonished. You saw him, my love, did you not?"

Mrs. Daly laughed, and answered in the affirmative.

"It showed indeed a singular taste," said Mr. Daly. "They tell a curious story, too, about the manner of their courtship."

"What was that, sir?" asked Kyrle, who felt a strong sympathetic interest in all stories connected with wooers and wooing.

"I have it, I confess, upon questionable authority—but you shall hear it, such as it is—Now, look at that young thief!" he added, laughing, and directing Kyrle's attention

to one of the children, a chubby young fellow, who, having deserted the potato-eating corps at the side-table, was taking advantage of the deep interest excited by the conversation, to make a sudden descent upon the contents of the japanned bread-basket. Perceiving that he was detected, the little fellow relaxed his fingers, and drew back a little, glancing, from beneath his eyelashes, a half dismayed and bashful look at the laughing countenance of his parent.

"Charles is not well to-day," said the mother, in a compassionate tone, and cutting him a large wedge of her best homemade bread, which the lad began to demolish with a degree of rapidity that scarcely corroborated the assertion.

"But the story, sir?" said Kyrle.

"But the story—Well, little Tom Chute (he might have been better called little Tom-tit, only that he was not half so sprightly) was a very extraordinary man, for although he was small and fat, he was not merry nor talkative. You would have pitied him to see him walking about a ball-room, with ruffles that looked like small buckles, and a queue half as long as himself, reminding one of the handle of a pump when the sucker is up—with the most forlorn aspect in the world, as if he were looking for a runaway wife. It was a curious anomaly in his character that although he—(silence, there! my dear, will you speak to those children)—that although he always *looked* miserable in the midst of society, he really *was* so when out of it, as if the continual embarrassment and mortification which he experienced were a stimulus which he could not do without. Round, fat, so awkward, and oily, as he was, however, he tumbled his little rotund figure into the heart of Mrs. Trenchard, who was that time, though a widow, one of the leading belles in Muster. A fair friend was the first to disclose this rapturous secret to poor Tom, for he might have known Mrs. Trenchard for a century without being able to make it out himself. He did not know whether he should be most frightened or pleased at the intelligence—but certain it is that in the warmth of his first feelings, he made a tender of his hand to the lady, and was instantly accepted. A dashing, handsome fellow who had been rejected by her some time before and who knew Chute's irresolute temper, resolved to indemnify himself for the mortification he had received by throwing some embarrassment in the way of the nuptials, and effect it simply enough. It seems the lady's accomplishment.

ere of a very general description, for besides playing the harpsichord to admiration, she could manage a horse with any hero of the County Club, and was known to join their sporting parties, and even to ride a steeple chase with eclat. Indeed it was generally admitted that she possessed more spirit than might have answered her purposes, or her husband's either. What fancy she could have taken to Tom Chute, I cannot for my life conceive. Well, this fellow met Tom going to her house one evening, as spruce as a water-vagtail, with his queue poking up behind like the flag-staff on the stern of a privateer. They got into conversation about the widow. "Beautiful creature, isn't she?" simpered Tom, blushing up to the eyes, for it was another funny bible of Tom's, to redden up like a rose whenever there was any discourse of ladies; even when nobody dreamed of any thing like railery. "Beautiful creature, isn't she?" says Tom. "Beautiful, indeed," replied the other. And Tom stood on his toes, threw out his right elbow, and took snuff. "And accomplished, I think?" "And very sensible," says the other. "And lively," says Tom. "And high-spirited," says the other. "So, they say, her late husband found, poor man, to his cost." Tom dropped his jaw a little, and looked inquisitive. But the other, who saw that his business was done, declined all explanation, and hurried off with a concluding remark, that "the lady was unquestionably a capital *whip*." Well, Tom got a sudden attack of—I don't know what complaint, went home that night, and sent an apology to the widow. He was not seen near her house for a fortnight after, and a report reached her ears that he had some notion of quitting the country. But if he had, she put a stop to it. One morning when Tom was looking over his books, he was startled by the apparition of a tall woman in a riding dress, with a horsewhip in one hand, and a case of duelling pistols in the other. She nodded to Tom. "I understand," said she—

At this moment a potato peel, flung from the side-table, whisked past Mr. Daly's nose, and with happier aim, lighted on that of Prince Eugene in the print before mentioned. The venerable, but too little venerated, story-teller, who had been for the last few minutes endeavouring to raise his voice, so as to make it audible above the increasing uproar of the young people, now turned round, at this unparalleled and violent aggression, and confronted the daring group in awful

silence. Satisfied, however, with the sudden hush of ten which this action occasioned, and willing to reserve a burst of wrath for a future transgression, he turned again in silence; and directing the servant girl who was in the room, to take the potato-peel off Prince Eugene's nose, resumed the thread of his narrative.

"I understand," said Mrs. Trenchard—for it was no other than the widow—"that you intend leaving Ireland?" To stammered and hesitated.—"If my brother were living continued the lady, "he would horsewhip you—but although he is not, Hetty Trenchard is able to fight her own way. Come, sir, my carriage is at the door below; either step into it with me this minute, or take one of those pistols, and stand at the other end of the room." Well, Tom looks as like a fool as any man in Ireland. He wouldn't fight and he wouldn't be horsewhipped; so that the business ended in his going into the carriage and marrying the lady. Some persons indeed insinuated that Tom was observed the course of the day to chafe his shoulders two or three times with an expression of pain, as if his change of condition had been the result of a still harsher mode of reasoning than I have mentioned; but this part of the story is without foundation.

"What a bold creature!" said the gentle Mrs. Daly.

"And is it possible, sir," asked Kyrle, "that this amazing is the kind old lady whom Anne Chute attends with so much affection and tenderness in her infirmity?"

"Ah, ha! Kyrle, I see the nature of the bolt that wounded you, and I like you the better for it, my boy. A good face is a pippin that grows on every hedge, but a good heart, that is to say, a well regulated one, is the apple of the Hesperides, worth even the risk of ease and life itself."

Kyrle assented to this sagacious aphorism with a deep sigh.

"Are the Cregans and they on terms now?" asked Mrs. Daly.

"As much on terms as two families of such opposite habits can be. The Chutes invite the Cregans to a family-dinner once or twice in the year, and the Cregans ask the Chutes to their Killarney cottage; both of which invitations are taken as *French compliments*, and never accepted. Cregan himself hates going to Castle Chute, because he has nobody there to make the jovial night with him, and young Mr.

dress, (your friend, Kyrle,) is too wild a lad to confine himself to mere drawing-room society. Apropos, talk of —, 'tis a vulgar proverb, and let it pass; but there goes his trim pleasure-boat, the Nora Creina, flying down the river, and there sits the youth himself, tiller in hand, as usual. Patcy, bring me the telescope; I think I see a female dress on board."

The telescope was brought, and adjusted to the proper focus, while a dozen eager faces were collected about the small window, one over another, in the manner of those groups in painting called "Studies of Heads."

"That is he, indeed," continued Mr. Daly, resting the glass on the window-frame, and directing it towards the object of their attention—"there is no mistaking that dark and handsome face, buried up as it is in his huge oiled pent-house hat, and there is his hunch-backed boatman, Danny Mann, or Danny the Lord, as the people call him since his misfortune, tending the foresheet in the bow. But that female—there is a female there, unquestionably, in a blue mantle, with the hood brought low over her eyes, sitting on the ballast. Who can she be?"

"Perhaps, Danny Mann's cousin, Cotch Coonerty?" said Mrs. Daly.

"Or some western dealing woman who has come up to Limerick to purchase a reinforcement of pins, needles, whiskey, and Reading-made-easys, for her village counter, and is getting a free passage home from young master Har-dress."

"Like enough, like enough; it is just his way.—Hillo! the fellow is going to run down that fishing cot, I believe!"

A hoarse cry of "Bear away! Hold up your hand!" was heard from the water, and reiterated with the addition of a few expletives, which those who know the energy of a boatman's dialect will understand without our transcribing them here. The pleasure-boat, however, heedless of those rough remonstrances, and apparently indisposed to yield any portion of her way, still held her bowsprit close to the wind, and sailed on, paying no more regard to the peril of the plebeian craft, than a French aristocrat of the *vielle cour* might be supposed to exhibit for that of a *sans culottes* about to be trodden down by his leaders in the Rue St. Honoré. The fishermen, with many curses, backed water, and put about as rapidly as possible; but without being able to avoid the

shock of the Nora Creina, who just touched their stern with sufficient force to make the cot dart forward nearly an oar-length through the water, and to lay the rowers sprawling on their backs in the bottom. Fortunately, the wind, which had sprung up with the returning tide, was not sufficiently strong to render the concussion more dangerous.

"Like his proud mother in every feature," said Mr. Daly—"Is it not singular that while we were speaking of the characters of the family, he could not pass our window without furnishing us with a slight specimen of his own. See how stately the fellow turns round and contemplates the confusion he has occasioned. There is his mother's grandeur blended with the hair-brained wildness and idle spirit of his father."

"Hardress Cregan's is the handsomest boat in the river," said Patcy, a stout sunburnt boy—"She beat all the Galway hookers from this to Beale. What a nice green hull!—and white sails and beautiful green colours flying over her peak and gaff-topsail! Oh! how I'd like to be steering her!"

Mr. Daly winked at his wife, and whispered her that he had known rear-admirals come of smaller beginnings. Mrs. Daly, with a little shudder, replied that she should not wish to see him a rear-admiral, the navy was so dangerous a service. Her husband, in order to soothe her, observed that the danger was not very near at hand.

In the meantime, Hardress Cregan became a subject of vehement debate at the side-table, to which the juvenile squadron had returned. One fair-haired little girl declared that she was his "pet." A second claimed that distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell-cake when he was last here," said one.

"And me a stick of peppermint."

"He gave me a ——" in a whisper—"a kiss."

"And me two."

"He didn't"—

"He did."

"I'll tell dadda it was you threw the potato-peel while ago."

"Ah ha, tattler-tell-tale!"

"Silence there! fie! fie! what words are these?" said Mrs. Daly, "come, kiss and be friends, now, both of you, and let me hear no more."

The young combatants complied with her injunction, and, as the duelling paragraphs say, "the affair terminated amicably."

"But I was speaking," Mr. Daly resumed, "of the family pride of the Cregans. It was once manifested by Hardress's father in a manner that might make an Englishman smile. When their little Killarney property was left to the Cregans, among many other additional pieces of display that were made on the occasion, it behooved Mr. Barney Cregan to erect a family vault and monument in his parish churchyard. He had scarcely however given directions for its construction when he fell ill of a fever, and was very near enjoying the honour of *hanselling* the new cemetery himself. But he got over the fit, and made it one of his first cares to saunter out as far as the church, and inspect the mansion which had been prepared for his reception. It was a handsome Gothic monument occupying a retired corner of the churchyard, and shadowed over by a fine old sycamore. But Barney, who had no taste for the picturesque, was deeply mortified at finding his piece of sepulchral finery thrown so much into the shade. "What did I or my people do," he said to the architect, "that we should be sent skulking into that corner? I paid my money and I'll have my own value for it." The monument was accordingly got rid of, and a sporting, flashy one erected opposite the gateway with the Cregan crest and shield, (in what herald's office it was picked up I cannot take upon me to say,) emblazoned on the frontispiece. Here, it is hoped, the aspiring Barnaby and his posterity may one day rest in peace.

"That would be a vain hope, I fear," said Kyrle, "at least, so far as Mr. Cregan is concerned, if it were true, as our peasantry believe, that the churchyard is frequently made a scene of midnight mirth and revel, by those whose earthly carousals are long concluded. But what relationship is there between that family and Mrs. Chute?"

"She is step-sister to Mrs. Cregan."

"Indeed? So near?"

"Most veritable, therefore look to it. They tell a story—"

But the talkative old gentleman was interrupted in his anecdotal career by the entrance of a new actor on the scene.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST.

BUT what pen less gifted than his of Chios, or his of Avo the delineator of Vulcan or of Grumio, can suffice to convey to the reader any idea of the mental and bodily proportions of this new comer, who thrust his small and shining head in upon the family-party, to awaken their curiosity, and rob Mr. Daly of so many attentive listeners as he numbered around him at this moment!

The person who opened the door acted as a kind of herd man or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck; his legs long and clumsy, his knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking-sticks, which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since; his joints hung loosely, like those of a pasteboard merry-andrew; his back was very small; his chest narrow; and his head so diminutive, as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant, but running short of material, the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So was this economy pursued, that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair; and the nose, which the face was garnished, might be compared for flatness to that of a young kid. "It looked," as the owner of this mournful piece of journeywork himself facetiously observed, "as if his head were not thought worth a roof, nor his countenance worth a handle." His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness that was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a Kangaroo, or the fins of a seal.

the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested, namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the Barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame, was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge riding coat of gray frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calf-skin with the hairy side outwards; a shirt, of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax; and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Gray worsted stockings, with dog-skin brogues well paved in the sole, and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unambitious personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices, so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic orders, in one coup d'œil.

The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect in a great measure of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a *spot of ground* in the neighbourhood of Limerick, and was *well to do* in the world, but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of beef, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery, begging, listing, or emigrating, by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms, an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of the body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excellent honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more

valuable acquisition to the family than had been first anticipated. He had moreover the national talent for adroitness, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit, and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simplement which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

"Ha! Lowry—" said Mr. Daly, "Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the Post-master?"

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master, replied, "To lose it I did, Sir, for a place."

"To lose what?"

"The place as postman, sir, through the countrywards. Sure there I was a gentleman for life if it was my luck."

"I do not understand you, Lowry."

"I'll tell you how it was, mather. After the last postman died, sir, I took your recommendation to the Post-master, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to travelling, sir,' says I, 'for Mистер Daly, over, and—.' 'Ay,' says he, 'takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs see.' 'Middling, sir,' says I, (he's a very pleasant gentleman) it's equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment. 'Twould be hard if you didn't get that any way,' says he. 'Well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I do not know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his recommendation than Mистер Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.'"

"Well, and what was your agreement?"

"Ten pounds a year, sir," answered Lowry, opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum, "besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year."

"'Twas very handsome, Lowry."

"Handsome, mather? 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure there I was a made gentleman all my days, if it was not my luck, as I said before."

"Well, and how did you lose it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Lowry, "I was going over to the Post-master yesterday, to get the Thralees mail from

him, and to start off with myself, on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the Post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the free-stone, in the sthreets? So I turned back."

"Turned back, for what?"

"Sure the world knows, mather, that it isn't lucky to meet a red-haired woman an' you going of a journey."

"And you never went for the mail-bags!"

"Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day."

"Well, and the next morning?"

"The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place."

"And you lost the situation!"

"For this turn, sir, any way. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock sure of it, an' I having the Post-mather's word. But indeed, if I meet that free-stone crathur again, I'll knock her red-head against the wall."

"Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now."

"'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir," said Lowry, "for sure if I did'nt meet her at all this would'nt have happened me."

"Oh," said Mr. Daly, laughing, "I see that you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

The man now walked slowly toward Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance, as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said—"The horse, sir, is ready, this way, at the doore abroad."

"Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round, and walked to the door with his eyes on the ground, and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavouring to recollect something farther which he had intended to say.

"Lowry!" said Mr. Daly as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry, tell me—did you see Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday?"

"Ah, you're welcome to your game, Mather."

"'Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry,

and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face."

Lowry opened his huge mouth, (we forgot to mention that it *was* a huge one,) and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. "You are welcome to your game, masher," he repeated;—"long life to your honour."

"But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the County Jail?"

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it however as a new piece of "the masher's game," he laughed and tossed his head.

"Folly* on—sir—folly on."

"Because, if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A rope-maker! a manufacturer of rogues' last neckcloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hangman!"

"A' then, Missiz, do you hear this? And all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened as good as five year ago, because Moriarty the crooked hangman, (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowen of him, an bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whip-cord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses or hangmen in his life. That's the whole tote o' their *inquinwaytions*."

"Never mind your master, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly, "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it, ma'am; long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But Lowry——"

"A' heavens bless you, now masher, an let me alone. I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, sir, like the small *piatees*, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation, "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter

an she told me 'twas a bad fair because she could not sell her piggins, an I met a pig-jobber, an he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high, an I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbour that has a cabin on the road above, an he said 'twas the best fair that ever come out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, and if he did'nt make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?"

"Some o' them boys, them Garryowen lads, sir, to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comen down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin *reflecting* on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur! Well, if they did, Masther Hardress heerd 'em, and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em, 'What 's that you 're saying, you scoundrel?' says he. 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Masther Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Masther Hardress, but faix they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed, it isn't a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry?"

"Above, in Mihil's door, standen an looken about the fair for myself."

"And Eily?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, masther, that's what I'll do." And, suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

"Well, Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, as the latter rose and laid aside his chair, "I suppose we are not to expect you back to night?"

"Likely not, sir. If I have any good news to tell, I shall send an answer by Lowry, who goes with me; and if——" something seemed to stick in his throat, and he tried to laugh it out——"if I should be unsuccessful, I will ride on to the

dairy-farm at Gurtenaspig, where Hardress Cregan promised to meet me."

Mr. Daly wished him better fortune than he seemed to hope for, and repeated an old proverb about a faint heart and a fair lady. The affectionate mother, who felt the selfishness of the young lover's hand as he placed it in his and probably in secret participated in his apprehensions, followed him to the steps of the hall-door. He was already on horseback.

"Kyrle," said Mrs. Daly, smiling, while she looked up at his face and shaded her own with her hand, "Remember Kyrle, if Anne Chute should play the tyrant with you, there is many a prettier girl in Munster."

Kyrle seemed about to reply, but his young horse became restive, and as the gentleman felt rather at a loss, he met the impatience of the animal with an apology for his silence. He waved his hand to the kind old lady, and rode away.

"And if she *should* play the tyrant with you, Kyrle," Mrs. Daly continued in soliloquy, while she saw his handsome and graceful figure diminish in the distance, "Anne Chute is not of my mind."

So said the mother as she returned to the parlour, and would many younger ladies have said, had they known Kyrle as well as she did.

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all housekeepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast table, disdainingly, with her own fair hands, to restore the plates and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face toward a pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar which stood near his elbow.

"Northeast!" Mr. Daly began, addressing the eldest.

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; not so sensible as the Dalys were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Mrs. Daly's first three children died in infancy, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents that the next little stranger were baptized by the name of

Northeast, the curse would be removed from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

"Northeast," said the old gentleman, "When was Ireland first peopled?"

"By Partholanus, sir, in anno mundi 1956, the great, great, great, great, great, great grandson of Noah."

"Six greats. Right, my boy. Although the Cluan Mac Noisk makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?"

"The Metamorphoses, sir, book the thirteenth."

"Ah, poor Ajax! He's an example and a warning for all Irishmen. Well, Northeast, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this, *Mater mea sus est mala*."

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little, and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"*My mother is a bad sow*," said Northeast, laughing, "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, Northeast! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cupboard.

"'Tis dad-da you should blame, ma'am, 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day, and your translation was correct, Northeast, in point of grammar, at all events. But," (he continued, with a look of learned wisdom,) "the true meaning of the sentence is this, *Mater*, mother, *mea*, hasten, *sus*, the sow, *est*, eats up, (*edere*, my boy, not *esse*,) *mala*, the apples."

"Oh, its a *cran* I see," said the boy with some indigna-

tion of tone. "One isn't obliged to know *crans*. I'd puzzle you if I was to put you all the *crans* I know."

"Not so easily as you suppose, perhaps," said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who really thought him a profound linguist. "But you are a good boy. Go to school, Northeast. Here, open your satchel."

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above mentioned was dropped into it, and Northeast set off south-south-west out of the house.

"Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?"

"Henry Grattan, sir."

"Why so, Sir?"

"Because he says we must have a free trade, sir."

"You shall have a lump of sugar with your bread, that. Open your satchel. There, run away now to school, Patcy!"

"Sir?"

"Patcy, tell me, who was the first Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign?"

Patcy, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread, and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundered nag. At last he spoke stoutly—

"Julius Cæsar, sir."

"That's a good boy. Ah, you young villain, if I asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many boats were sent by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Cæsar sailed round the world on the Cutter, near Talbert, the other day?"

"No, sir, it was Larry Kett."

"I'll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I'll forgive you—Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan."

"Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilboa ship to Youghal, after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen—ten fellows, dadda," the boy continued warming with his subject—"that were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen."

"Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics and comparative physiology. There's some hope of

Go to school." And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed among the girls, to whom the happy father put questions, in history, geography, catechism, &c. proportioned to the capacity of each. At length, he descended to the youngest, a little cherub with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

"Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar?"

"I, dadda."

"Ah, Sally's a wag, I see. You do stand for it indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature," he added, looking at his wife and tossing his head. "Every beginning is weak—and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock."

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, 'each under each' having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to despatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

"I'll step over to the meadow, my dear—and see how the hay gets on. And give me that pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to father Malachy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall the tax-gatherer to sleep here to-night. And, Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving the fellow a fright about them; and above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow field with them. I'll be back at five."

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster 'Middleman' sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song—

"And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for years threescore and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.

My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
For this old worn out stuff that is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.
To-morrow! To-morrow!
May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term 'middling man' has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the labourers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honourable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes—while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into character or fortunes, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which in process of time swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There were few now in that class as prosperous, many as intelligent and high-principled, as Mr. Daly.

CHAPTER V.

HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND HOW LOWELL LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STORIES ON THE WAY.

KYRLE DALY had even better grounds than he was willing to insist upon for doubting his success with Anne Chubb. He had been introduced to her for the first time in the course of the preceding Spring, at an Assize ball, and thought her, with justice, the finest girl in the room; he danced two sets of country-dances—(Ah! ces beaux jours!)—with her, and was ravished with her manners; he saw her home at night, and left his heart behind him when he bade her farewell.

The conquest of his affections might not have been so permanent as to disturb his quiet, had it not been quickly followed by that of his reason likewise. His subsequent acquaintance with the young lady produced a confirmation of his first impressions, from which he neither sought nor hoped to be delivered. The approbation of his parents fixed the closing rivet in the chain which bound him. Mrs. Daly loved Anne Chute for her filial tenderness and devotion, and Mr. Daly, with whom portionless virtue would have met but a tardy and calm acceptance, was struck motionless when we heard that she was to have the mansion and demesne of Castle Chute, which he knew had been held by her father's family at a pepper-corn rent. Insomuch that Kyrle might have said with Lubin in the French comedy, "*Il ne tiendra qu'à elle que nous ne soyons mariés ensemble.*"

Nothing however in the demeanour of the young lady led him to believe that their acquaintance would be likely to terminate in such a catastrophe. It was true she liked him, for Kyrle was a popular character among all his fair acquaintances. He had, in addition to his handsome appearance, that frank and cheerful manner, not unmingled with a certain degree of tenderness and delicacy, which is said to be most successful in opening the way to the female heart. Good nature spoke in his eyes, in his voice, and in "the laughter of his teeth,"—and he carried around him a certain air of ease and freedom, governed by that happy and instinctive discretion which those who affect the quality in vain attempt to exercise, and always overstep. But he could not avoid seeing that it was as a mere acquaintance he was esteemed by Miss Chute, an intimate, familiar, and, he sometimes flattered himself, a valued one, but still a mere acquaintance. She had even received some of his attentions with a coldness intentionally marked, but as an elegant coldness formed a part of her general manner, the lover, with a lover's willing blindness, would not receive those intimations as he at first thought they were intended.

When the affections are once deeply impressed with the image of beauty, every thing in nature that is beautiful to the eyes, musical to the ears, or pleasing to any of the senses, awakens a sympathetic interest within the heart, and strengthens the impression under which it languishes. The loveliness of the day, and of the scenes through which he passed, occasioned a deep access of passion in the breast of

our fearful wooer. The sky was mottled over with the small bright clouds which sailors, who look on them as ominous of bad weather, term *mackerel*, large masses of vapour lay piled above the horizon, and the deep blue openings over-head, which were visible at intervals, appeared streaked with a thin and drifted mist which remained motionless, while the clouds underneath were driven fast across by a wind that was yet unfelt on earth.

The wooded point of land which formed the site of Castle Chute projected considerably into the broad river at a distance of many miles from the road on which he now travelled and formed a point of view on which the eye, after traversing the extent of water which lay between, reposed with much delight. Several small green islands, and rocks black with seaweed, and noisy with the unceasing cry of seafowl, diversified the surface of the stream, while the shores were clothed in that graceful variety of shade and light and hue which is peculiar to the season. As Kyrle with the fidelity of a lover's eye fixed his gaze on the point of land above mentioned, and on the tall castle which overtopped the elms, and was reflected in the smooth and shining waters underneath, he saw a white sailed pleasure-boat glide under its walls and stand out again into the bed of the river. A sudden flash shot from her bow, and after the lapse of a few seconds the report of a gun struck upon his ear. At the same moment, the green flag which hung at the peak of the boat was lowered in token of courtesy, and soon after hoisted again to its former position. Kyrle, who recognised the *Nora Crejna*, felt a sudden hurry in his spirits at the sight of this telegraphic communion with the family of his beloved. The picture instantly rushed into his mind of the effects produced by this incident in the interior of Castle-Chute. Anne Chute looking up and starting from her work-table; her mother leaning on her gold-headed cane and rising with difficulty from her easy chair to move toward the window; the cross old steward, Dan Dawley, casting a grum side-glance from his desk, through the hall window; the house-maid, Syl Carney, pausing, brush in hand, and standing like an evoked spirit in a cloud of dust, to gape in admiration of the little pageant; the lifting of the sash, and the waving of a white handkerchief in answer to the greeting from the water; but could it be visible at that distance? He put spurs to his horse and rode forward at a brisker rate.

The figure of Lowry Looby, moving forward at a sling trot on the road before him, was the first object that directed his attention from the last mentioned incident, and turned his thoughts into a merrier channel. The Mercury of the cabins, with a hazel stick for his herpe, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his talaria, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze "riding coat" under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprung forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly and with such a careless freedom, that it seemed as if when once he lifted his foot from the ground he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat hung so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half-hummed, half-sung aloud a verse of a popular ballad:—

"Bryan O'Lynn had no small-clothes to wear,
He cut up a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,
'Tis pleasant and cool,' says Bryan O'Lynn.

"Lowry!" shouted Kyrle Daly.

"Going, sir!"

"Going? I think you *are* going, and at a pretty brisk rate too;—you travel merrily, Lowry?"

"Middlen, sir, middlen; as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself, an' I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, its the way with me an' I travellen, the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

"I am a bold bachelor, airy and free,
Both cities and counties are equal to me:
Among the fair-females of every degree
I care not how long I do tarry."

"Lowry, what do you think of the day?"

"What do I think of it, sir? I'm thinken 'twill rain;

an' I'm sorry for it, an' the mather's hay out yet. **There**
 signs o' wind an' rain. The forty days ar'nt out **yet,**
 there was a sighth o' rain the last Saint Sweeten." **And**
 again resumed his melody, suffering it to sink and swell in
 manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight
 mixture of that species of enunciation which Italians term
 the voice of the head :—

"I never will marry while youth's at my side,
 For my heart it is light and the world is wide,
 I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride,
 To curb me and keep me uneasy."

"And why should last Saint Sweeten have any thing to
 do with this day?"

"Oyah, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an ould fable
 about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—"

"Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry?"

"Ayeh, hear to this! Well, well,—'tis maken a hand o
 me your honour is fairly, kind father for you. He *was*, then
 buried more than once, if you go to that of it. He was
 great Saint living, an' had a long *berrin* when he died, an'
 when they had the grave dug an' were for putten him into it
 the sky opened an' it kep poweren, poweren rain for the bare
 life, an' stopt so for forty days an' nights—"

"And they could'nt bury him?"

"An' they could'nt bury him, till the forty days were
 over—"

"He had a long wake, Lowry."

"Believe it, sir. But ever since that, they remark what
 ever way Saint Sweeten's day is, it's the same way for forty
 days after. You don't b'lieve that sir, now?"

"Indeed, I am rather doubtful."

"See that why! Why then I seen a schoolmaster west-
 wards that had as much Latin and English as if he had swal-
 lowed a dictionary, an' he'd outface the world that it was as
 true as you're going the road this minute. But the *quality*
 does'nt give in to them things at all. Heaven be with ould
 times! There is nothing at all there, as it used to be, Mas-
 ter Kyrle. There is'nt the same weather there, nor the
 same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong
 whiskey, nor as good *piatees*, nor the gentlemen is'nt so
 pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the
 boys so divarten', nor the girls so coaxed', nor nothen' at all

THE COLLEGIANS.

is there as it used to be formerly. Ha:
shines as bright in the day, an' nothen' s:
night, neither spirits nor good people. In
could nt go a lonesome road at night withot
that would make the hair of his head stiffen e
Now you might ride from this to Dingle with
thing uglier than yourself on the way. But wha

“ Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king;
But this false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused this long parting between him an me,
His name I'll advance,
In Spain an' in France,
An' seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.”

“ An' you wouldn't b'lieve, now, Mather Kyrl, that
thing does be showen' itself at night at all? Or used to
of ould?”

“ It must be a very long while since, Lowry.”

“ Why then, see this, sir. The whole country will tell
you, that after Mr. Chute died, the ould man of all, Mr.
Tom's father, you heerd of him?”

“ I recollect to have heard of a fat man, the ——”

“ Fat!” exclaimed Lowry, in a voice of surprise; “you
may say fat. There isn't that doore on hinges that he'd
pass in, walken with a fair front; widout he turned sideways
or skamed in, one way or other. You an' I, an' another
along wid us, might be made out o' the one half of him,
aisy. His body coat, when he died, med a whole shoot for
Dan Dawley the steward, besides a jacket for his little boy;
an' Dan was no fishing-rod that time, I tell you. But any
way, fat or lain, he was buried, an' the world will tell you
that he was seen rising a fortnight after be Dan Dawley, in
the shape of a drove o' young pigs.”

“ A whole drove?”

“ A whole drove. An' tisen't lain, lanky caishes of store
pigs either, only fat; fit for bacon. He was passen' the
ferge, near the ould gate, an' the moon shinen' as bright as
silver, when he seen him comen' again' him on the road.
Sure he isn't the same man ever since.”

“ Dan Dawley is not easily caught by appearances. What

have had, Lowry, to recognise his
"wise!"

Well what was there. Tisn't the
Dawley seeing things o' the kind. Did
happened Dan, in regard of his

... I'll tell you. Dan was married to a
... a very intricate little creatur, that
... anaisy life from the day they married,
... Dan's luck she got a stich an' died one mornin'
... Dan made a *pilliloo* an' a *lavo* over her,
... all belongen' to him. They buried her, for all
... was witten' in his own doore, and he twisten' a
... the taste o' bacon he had, an' he singen' the
... *Journeyman* for himself, when, tundther alive! was
... in the doore to him, only his dead wife, an' she
... as well as ever! Take it from me he didn't stay long
... was. 'E'is that you, Cauth?' says he. 'The
... me,' says she, 'how does the world use you, Dan?'
... 'mama, middlen,' says Dan again. 'I didn't think we
... see you any more, Cauth,' says he. 'Nor you would
... er,' says she, 'only for yourself.' 'Do you tell me so?'
... says Dan Dawley, 'how was that?' 'There are two dogs
... says she, 'that are sleeping on the road I was going in to
... other world, an' the noise you made cryen' over me wakened
... 'em, an' they *riz* again' me, an' wouldn't let me pass.
... 'See that why!' says Dan, grinning, 'warn't they the com-
... thrairy pair?' Well, after another twelvemonth, Cauth died
... the second time: but I'll be your bail, it was long from
... Dan Dawley to cry over her this turn as he did at first.
... 'I was all his trouble to see would he keep the women
... the wake from *keening* over the dead corpse, or doing any
... thing in life that would waken the dogs. Signs on, she
... passed 'em, for he got neither tale nor tiden's of her, from
... that day to this. 'Poor Cauth!' says Dan, 'why should I
... cry, to have them dogs tearen' her may be!"

"Dan Dawley was a lucky man," said Kyrle. "Neither
Orpheus, nor Theseus had so much to say for themselves as
he had."

"I never hear talks o' them, gentlemen, sir. Wor they
o' these parts?"

"Not exactly. One of them was from the county of Attica, and the other from the county Thrace."

"I never hear of 'em. I partly guessed they wor strangers," Lowry continued with much simplicity; "but any way Dan Dawley was a match for the best of 'em, an' a luckier man than I told you yet, moreover, that 's in the first beginnen' of his days."

At this moment, a number of smart young fellows, dressed out in new felt hats, clean shoes and stockings with ribands flying at the knees, passed them on the road. They touched their hats respectfully to Mr. Daky, while they recognised his attendant by a nod, a smile, and a familiar "is that the way, Lowry?"

"The very way, then, lads," said Lowry, casting a longing look after them, "Going to Garryowen they are now, divarten, for the night," he added in a half envious tone, after which he threw the skirt of his coat from the left to the right arm, looked down at his feet, struck the ground with the end of his stick, and trotted on, singing

"I'm noted for dancen a jig in good order,
A min'et I'd march, an' I'd foot a good reel,
In a country dance still I'd be the leading partner,
I ne'er faltered yet from a crack on the heel."

My heart is with ye, boys, this night. But I was tellen you, Master Kyrle, about Dan Dawley's luck! Listen hether."

He dried his face, which was glistening with moisture and flushed with exercise, in his frieze coat, and commenced his story.

"'Tisn't in Castle Chute the family lived always, sir, only in old Mr. Chute's time, he built it, an' left the fort above, an' I'll tell you for what raison. The ould man of all that had the fort before him, used to be showing himself there at night, himself an' his wife, an' his two daughters, an' a son, an' there were the strangest noises ever you hear, going on above stairs. The master had six or seven sarvints, one after another, stopping up to watch him, but there is'nt one of 'em but was killed by the spirit. Well, he was forced to quit at last on the 'count of it, an' it is then he built Castle Chute, the new part of it, where Miss Anne an' the old lady lives now. Well an' good, if he did, he was standen one mornen oppozis his own gate on the road side, out, an' the sun shining, an' the birds singing for

themselves in the bushes, when who should he see only Dr Dawley, an' he a little gaffer the same time, screnade down the road for the bare life. 'Where to now, lad says Mr. Chute, (he was a mighty pleasant man.) 'Looking for a master, then,' says Dan Dawley. 'Why the never go past this gate for him,' says Mr. Chute, 'if you do what I bid you,' says he. 'What's that, sir?' says the boy. So he up an' told him the whole story about the fact an' how something used to be showen itself there, constant in the dead hour o' the night; 'an' have you the courage says he, 'to sit up a night an' watch it?' 'What would get by it?' says Dan, looking him up in the face. 'I give you twenty guineas in the mornen, an' a table, an' chair, an' a pint of whiskey, an' a fire, an' a candle, an' ye dinner before you go,' says Mr. Chute. 'Never say again,' says the gorsoon, 'tis high wages for one night work, an' I never yet done,' says he, 'any thing that would make me in dread o' the living or the dead; or afraid to trust myself into the hands o' the Almighty.' 'Very well away with you,' says the gentleman, 'an' I'll have your life if you tell me a word of a lie in the mornen,' says he. 'I will not, sir,' says the boy, 'for what?' Well, he went there an' he drew the table a-near the fire for himself, an' got his candle, an' began readen his book. 'Tis the lonesomest place you ever see. Well! that was well an' good, 'till he heard the greatest racket that ever was, going on above stairs, as if all the slates on the roof were fallen. 'I'm in dread,' says Dan, 'that these people will do me some bad hurt,' says he. An' hardly he said the word, when the doore opened, and in they all walked, the ould gentleman with a great big wig on him, an' the wife, an' the two daughters, an' the son. Well, they all put elbows upon themselves, an' stood looken at him out in the middle o' the floore. He said nothen, an' they said nothen, an' at last when they were tired of looken, they went out an' walked the whole house, an' went up stairs again. The gentleman came in the mornen early. 'Good morrow, good boy,' says he, 'Good morrow, sir,' says the boy, 'I had a dale o' fine company here last night,' says he, 'ladies an' gentlemen.' 'It's a lie you're tellen me,' says Mr. Chute. 'Tis not a word of a lie, sir,' says Dan, 'ther was an ould gentleman with a big wig, an' an ould lady, an' two young ones, an' a young gentleman,' says he. 'True for you,' says M

Chute, putten a hand in his pocket, an' reachen him twenty guineas. "Will you stay there another night?" says he. "I will, sir," says Dan. Well, he went walken' about the fields for himself, an' when night come——"

"You may pass over the adventures of the second night, Lowry," said Kyrle, "for I suspect that nothing was effected until the third."

"Why then, you just guessed it, sir. Well, the third night he said to himself, 'Escape how I can,' says he, 'I'll speak to that ould man with the wig, that does be putten' an elbow on himself an' looken at me!' Well, the ould man an' all of 'em came an' stood oppozit him with elbows on 'em as before. Dan got frightened, seeing 'em' stop so long in the one place, and the ould man looken' so wicked—(he was after killing six or seven in the same Fort,) an' he went down on his two knees, an' he put his hands together, and, says he——"

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life, occasioned an interruption in this part of the Legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black riband, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door and intercepted the progress of the travellers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

"Pay your footing, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther," said one.

"Don't overlook the wheel, sir," added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry, with a half smiling, half censoring, face, murmured—

"Why then, heaven send ye sense as it is it ye want this mornen."

"And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, an' double your distance, I beg o' you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long life an' a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an' I wisht I had a better bould than this o' you. I wisht that you were in *lecke*, an' that I had the finding of you this mornen'."

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and *darting* a scornful glance at Lowry Looby, she returned to her woolen wheel, singing as she twirled it round :—

“ I want no lectures from a learned master,
He may bestow 'em on his silly train—
I 'd sooner walk through my blooming garden,
An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain.”

To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain :—

“ Those dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens,
Who now looks at present so gay,
Has borrowed some words o' good English,
An' knows not one half what they say.
No female is fit to be married,
Nor fancied by no man at all,
But those who can sport a drab mantle,
An' likewise a cassimere shawl.”

“ Hoop-whishk ! Why then, she 's a clean made little girl for all, is'nt she, Master Kyrle ? But I was tellen' you— where 's this I was ? Iss, just. Dan Dawley going on his knees an' talking to the *sperrit*. Well! he raised his two hands this way, an' ‘ The Almighty be betune you an' me this night,’ says he. ‘ Ah ! that 's my good boy,’ says the ould man, ‘ I was waiting these three nights to have you speak first, an' if you had'nt that time, I 'd have your life equal to all the others,’ says he. ‘ But come with me now, an' I 'll make a gentleman o' you, for you 're the best boy that ever I see,’ says he. Well, the boy got a trembling, an' he could'nt folly him. ‘ Do'nt be one bit afeerd o' me,’ says the ould gentleman, ‘ for I wont do you a ha'p'orth o' hurt.’ Well, he carried Dan after him through the house, an' he showed him three crocks o' goold buried behind a doore, an' ‘ D'ye hear to me now,’ says he, ‘ tell my son to give one o' these crocks to my daughter, an' another to you, an' to keep the third himself ; an' then I won't show myself this way any more,’ says he— for it 's the goold that does be always troubling us in the ground. An' tell him if he lives,’ says he, ‘ to give you my daughter in marriage, an' this Fort along with her.’ ‘ Allilu ! me tell him !’ cries Dan Dawley. ‘ I'm sure I would'nt take him such a message for the world.’ ‘ Do, aych,’ says the ould man, ‘ an' show him this ring for a

token, 'an' tell him I'll be shewing myself be day and be night to him, until he'll give her to you.' So he vanished in the greatest tunder ever you hear. That was well an' good—well, the next mornen' Mr. Chute come, an' if he did, 'Good morrow, good boy,' says he; 'Good morrow, sir,' says Dan. 'Have you any news for me after the night?' says he, 'I have, very good news,' says Dan, 'I have three crocks o' goold for you, I got from the ould gentleman,' says he, an' he up an' tould him all about it, an' showed him the goold. 'It's a lie you're tellen' me,' says Mr. Chute, 'an' I'll have your life,' says he—'you went rooten' an' found these yourself.' So Dan put a hand in his pocket an' pulled out the ring and gave it into his hand. It was the ring, sir, his father wore the day he was buried. 'I give it in to you,' says Mr. Chute, 'you did see them surely. What else did he say to you?' Well, Dan begin looken' down an' up, an' this way, an' that way, an' did'n't know what to say. 'Tell me at once,' says Mr. Chute, 'an' fear nothing.' Very well. He did. 'Sir,' says he, 'the ould gentleman told me, an' sure 'tis a thing I don't expect—but he said I should get Miss Anna, your sister, in marriage.' Well, Mr. Chute stood looken' at Dan as if he had three heads on him. 'Give you my sister, you *keovt* of a *geocogh*!' says he, 'You flog Europe for bouldness—Get out o' my sighth,' says he, 'this minute, or I'll give you a kick that'll raise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence.' 'An' wont I get the crock o' goold, sir?' says Dan. 'Away out o' that with you,' says the gentleman, 'tis to rob me you want, I believe, you notorious delinquent.' Well, Dan was forced to cut, but in a while after, the ould man sent for him, an' made him a compliment o' something handsome, an' put him over his business, as he is to-day with the present people, and an honest creatur as could be. There's more people says that it was all a fable, an' that Dan Dawley *dremt* of it, but this was his own story.—An' sure I might as well be *dreming*, too," he added, casting a side glance at Kyrle, "for it's little attention you are paying to me or my story."

In this assertion, Lowry was perfectly correct, for his young master's thoughts at that moment were occupied by a far more interesting subject.

CHAPTER VI.

NOW KYRLE DALY WAS MORE PUZZLED BY A PIECE OF PAPER, THAN THE ABOLISHERS OF THE SMALL-NOTE CURRENCY THEMSELVES.

IN taking out of his pocket the piece of silver which he wanted to bestow on the cottage Omphale, he drew forth with it a little paper containing a copy of verses which he had taken from one of Anne Chute's music books. They were written in a boyish hand, and signed with the letters H. C. ; and Kyrle was taxing his memory to recapitulate all the bachelors in the county who bore those initials. There was in the first place Hyland Creagh, commonly called Fireball Creagh; a great *sweater* and *pinker*—a notorious duellist, who had been concerned either on behalf of himself or his friends, in more than one hundred "affairs of honour,"—a member of the Hell-fire club, a society constituted on principles similar to that of the Mohocks which flourished in London about half a century before Kyrle's time, and whose rules and orders the reader may peruse at full length in the manifesto of the Emperor Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, as set forth in Mr. Addison's amusing journal. Of the provincial branch of this society above mentioned, (it is a name that we are loth to repeat oftener than is necessary) Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh had been a member in his early days, and was still fond of recounting their customs and adventures with greater minuteness than always accorded with the inclinations of his hearers. There were some qualities in the composition of this gentleman, which made it probable enough that he might write verses in a lady's music-book. He was as gallant as any unmarried Irishman of his day, and he had a *fighting name*, a reputation which was at that time in much higher request than it is in our own. He had *conversation*—(an essential talent in a man of gallantry,) he dressed well, though with a certain antiquated air—and he had a little poodle dog, which shut the door when you said "*Baitherskin!*" and chucked a crust of bread from his nose.

into his mouth, at the word "Fire!" And Mr. Creagh, whenever his canine follower was called on to perform those feats, was careful to make the ladies observe, that Pincher never ventured to snap, at the word "Make ready!" or "Present!" while if you whispered "Fire!" in never so gentle a tone—pop! the bread vanished in an instant. But then there were some objections which were likely to neutralize these accomplishments of Fireball and his dog; and to render it unlikely after all, that he (that is, the former) had been the perpetrator of the verses. He had run through his property and reduced himself to the mean estate of a needy guest at other men's tables, and a drinker of other men's wine—or rather whiskey, for that was the fundamental ingredient of his customary beverage. This circumstance laid him under the necessity of overlooking a greater number of unhandsome speeches than was consistent with his early fame. And there was one other objection which rendered it still more improbable that Anne Chute would think any of his effusions worth preserving. He was just turned of sixty-five.

It could not, therefore, be Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh. H. C.? Who was it?—Hepton Connolly?

Now, reader, judge for yourself what a wise conjecture was this of Mr. Kyrle Daly's. Mr. Hepton Connolly was a still more objectionable swain than the Irish diner-out above described; indeed he had no single qualification to recommend him as a social companion, except that of being able to contain a prodigious quantity of whiskey-punch at a sitting, a virtue in which a six-gallon jar might have excelled him. Nor do I find that there was any part of Anne Chute's demeanour which could lead Kyrle Daly to suppose that this circumstance would take a powerful hold of her affections; although it secured him an envied place in those of her uncle, Mr. Barnaby Cregan of Roaring-Hall.—For the rest, Mr. Hepton Connolly was one individual of a species which is now happily extinct among Irish gentlemen. He just retained enough of a once flourishing patrimony to enable him to keep a hunter, a racer, and an insolent groom. He was the terror of all the petty-fogging lawyers, the three-and-nine-penny attorneys, bailiffs, and process-servers in the county. Against these last in particular, he had carried his indignation to such a length, as to maim one of them for life by a shot from his hall window. And he told fifty anecdotes

which made it appear astonishing that he had escaped the gallows so long. But he relied strongly (and in those days not without reason) on the fact, that there could not be a jury empannelled against him on which he might not number a majority of his own relations. It was not indeed that he calculated much on their personal regard or affection for himself, but the stain upon their own name was such, he knew, as they would not willingly incur. His reliance upon this nicety of honour in his friends was so complete, that he never suffered any uneasiness upon those occasions when it became necessary for him to plead to an indictment, however irresistible the evidence by which it was supported; and the only symptoms of anxiety which he ever manifested, consisted in a frequent reference to his watch and a whisper to the under-turnkey, to know whether he had left directions for the jail to keep his dinner hot. One amusing effect produced by Mr. Connolly's repeated collision with judicial authorities was, that he acquired a gradual fondness for the law itself, and became knowing upon the *rights of persons* and the *rights of things*, in proportion to the practical liberties which he was in the habit of taking with the one and the other. While he made little account of breaking a man's head at a second word, he would prosecute to the rigour of the law a poor half-naked mountaineer for stealing a basket of turf from his ricks, or cutting a fagot in one of his hedges. To do him justice, however, it should be mentioned that he never was known to pursue matters to extremity in the instance of punishment, and was always satisfied with displaying his own legal skill before the petty sessions. Nay, he had even been frequently known to add considerably to his own loss in those cases by making a gift to the culprit of many times the amount of the pilfered property. If Anne Clute could receive this single trait of good feeling as a counterpoise for much bad principle; if she could love to see her house filled with jockeys, horse-riders, grooms, and drunken gentlemen; if she could cherish a fondness for dogs and unlicensed whiskey; if, in a word, she could be the happy wife of a mere sportsman, then it was possible that Mr. Hepton Connolly might be the transcriber (author was out of the question) of the little effusion that had excited Kyrle Daly's curiosity.

Who was it? The question still remained without a solution. Ha!—Her cousin and his college friend, Mr. Har-

dress Cregan? The conjecture at first made the blood fly into his face, while his nerves were thrilled by a horrid sensation of mingled fear, grief, and anger. But a moment's reflection was sufficient to restore quiet to his mind, and to smite down the spirit of jealousy at its first motion within his breast. Hardress Cregan was perfectly indifferent to the lady, he seldom spoke of her, and scarcely ever visited at Castle Chute. It could not be Hardress. He was a great deal too shy and timid to carry on a lengthened interchange of raillery with any young lady, and if it were more than raillery he knew the intensity of his friend's character too well, to suppose that he would refrain from pursuing his fortunes. It could not be Hardress. He was perfectly aware of Kyrle Daly's secret; he had repeatedly expressed the warmest wishes for his success, and Hardress Cregan was no hypocrite. They had been friends, attached friends at College, and although their intercourse had been much interrupted since their return home, by difference of pursuits and tastes or habits, still their early friendship remained unchanged, and they never met but with the warmth and the affection of brothers. It was true he had heard Hardress speak of her with much esteem, on his first introduction to College, and when he was yet a very young lad; but a little raillery was abundantly sufficient to strike him dumb for ever on the subject, and he had not taken many lounges among the beauties of Capel-street, and the Phoenix-park, when he appeared to have lost all recollection of his boyish attachment. Kyrle Daly had penetration enough to be aware that he could not with certainty calculate on a character at once so profound and so unsettled as that of his young friend, who had always, even in his mere boyhood, been unapproachable by his most intimate acquaintances; and whom he suspected to be capable of one day wielding a mightier influence in society than he seemed himself to hope or ambition. But Hardress was no hypocrite. That was a sufficient security, that if there were a rival in the case, he was not the man, and if Kyrle needed a more positive argument, it might be found in the fact of a new attachment, which had of late been intimated to him by his young friend himself.

The love which Kyrle entertained for this lady was so sincere, so rational, and regulated by so fine a principle of judgment, that the warmest, the wisest, and the best of men

might condescend to take an interest in its success. Naturally gifted with the gentlest qualities of heart, and educated by a mother, who taught him the use of that mind by which they were to be directed, it would not be easy to discover a more estimable character among the circles in which he moved. He was the more fortunate, too, that his goodness was the result of natural feeling rather than of principle alone; for it is a strange and a pitiable peculiarity in our nature, that if a man by mere strength of reason and perseverance have made himself master of all the social virtues, he shall not be as much loved in the world as another who has inherited them from nature; although in the latter instance they may be obscured by many hideous vices. It may appear presumptuous to hazard an opinion upon a subject of so much gravity, but perhaps the reader will not charge us with having caught the paradoxical air of the day, if we venture to intimate, that the true source of the preference may be referred to the common principle of self-preservation. A character that is naturally, and by necessity, generous, may be calculated upon with more certainty, than that which is formed by education only, as long as men's opinions shall be found more variable than their feelings. Otherwise, why should we bestow more affection on that character which is really the less admirable of the two? But the reader may receive or reject this conjecture as he pleases; we proceed with our history.

For this, or for some better reason, it was, that Kyrle Daly, though highly popular among his inferiors and dependants, had only a second place in their affection, compared with his friend Hardress. A generosity utterly reckless and unreasoning is a quality that, in all seasons has wrought most powerfully upon the inclinations of the Irish peasantry, who are, themselves, more distinguished for quick and kindly feeling than for a just perception of moral excellence. Because, therefore, the flow of generosity in Hardress Cregan was never checked or governed by motives of prudence or of justice, while good sense and reason regulated that of Kyrle Daly, the estimation in which they were held was proportionably unequal. The latter was spoken of among the people as "a good master;" but Hardress was their darling. His unbounded profusion made them entertain for him that natural tenderness which we are apt to feel towards any object that seems to require protection. "His heart," they ob-

served, "was in the right place." "It would be well for him if he had some of Master Kyrle's sense, poor fellow." "Master Kyrle would buy and sell him at any fair in Munster."

It was only therefore among those who were thoroughly intimate with his character, that Kyrle Daly was fully understood and appreciated; and it is not saying a little in his praise, to remark that his warmest admirers, as well as his best lovers, were to be found within the circle of his own family.

It is impossible that such a mind as we have described, could give a tranquil entertainment to any serious passion. Few could suppose, from the general gayety and cheerfulness of his demeanour, and the governed and rational turn of his discourse, that he held a heart so acutely susceptible of passion, and so obnoxious to disappointment. It is true that in the present instance he was in some degree guarded by his own doubts and fears against the latter contingency, but he had also cherished hope sufficient to ensure him, in case of rejection, a grievous load of misery. He had well weighed the lady's worth before he fixed his affections upon her, and when he did so, every faculty of his mind, and feeling of his heart, subscribed to the conviction, that with her, and her alone, he could be earthly happy.

The sun had passed the meridian before Kyrle Daly again beheld the small and wooded peninsula, which formed the site of Castle Chute. The languor of heart that always accompanies the passion in its hours of comparative inaction, that luxurious feeling of mingled pensiveness and joy, which fills up the breast, and constitutes in itself an elysium even to the doubting lover, were aided in their influence by the sunny calmness of the day, and the beauty of the landscape which every step unfolded to his view. The fever of suspense became more tormenting in proportion as he drew nearer to the solution of his doubts, and the last few miles of his journey seemed incomparably the most tedious. His horse, however, who was not in love, and had not broken fast since morning, began, at sight of a familiar baiting place, to show symptoms of inanition, to remedy which, his considerate master drew up, and alighted at the inn-door.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW KYRLE DALY DISCOVERS THAT ALL THE SORROW UNDER THE SUN DOES NOT REST UPON HIS SHOULDERS ALONE.

He left Lowry-Looby standing by the trough to see justice done to the dumb creature, while he strolled onwards in the sunshine, unwilling to disturb the current of his own thoughts by any conversation with the people of the Inn.

The owner of this place of "Entertainment," also filled the dignified post of pound keeper to the neighbouring village, and his roofless Bastile was situated at no great distance farther on the road side. As Kyrle walked by the iron gate he was surprised to see it crowded by a number of Kerry ponies, such as may be discerned along the mountain sides from the Upper lake of Killarney. They were of various colours—bright bay, dun, and cream; but the shagginess of their coats, and the diminutiveness of their size, rendered them but a little more respectable in appearance, than the same number of donkeys. Several of these half-starved creatures had their heads thrust out over the low pound wall, as if to solicit the interference of passengers, while others, resigned to their fate, stood in drooping postures in the centre of the enclosure, quite chop-fallen. Kyrle Daly's curiosity was sufficiently excited to induce him to turn once more upon his path, and make some inquiry at the Inn concerning the owner of the herd.

He found the landlord at the door, a small withered old man, with an air of mingled moroseness and good nature in his countenance; the former the effect of his office—the latter of his natural disposition. He was standing on a three foot stool, and occupied in taking down a sign-board, for the purpose of transmitting it to a scene of rural festivity which was going forward in the neighbourhood.

He suspended his labours, and was about to enter into an ample exposition of the history of the ponies, when his wife, a blooming middle-aged woman, in a tête and glossy green petticoat, came to the door, and looked out to know what made the hammering cease. The glance of her eye—enough for the innkeeper, who re-commenced his work

with fresh diligence, while his watchful helpmate undertook to satisfy the curiosity of our traveller.

The ponies, she told him, were the property of a mountaineer, from Killarney, who was making a "tower" of the country, to try and sell them at the fairs and patterns. He had come to their neighbourhood last night, and turned his ponies out on the commons; but finding that it furnished only short commons for them, the poor things had made their way into the improvements of Castle Chute, and were apprehended by Mr. Dan Dawley in the act of trespass. That inexorable functionary had issued an order for their immediate committal to pound; and Miles Murphy, the owner, was now gone off to make interest with Miss Anne, "the young mistress," for their release.

"He'll be a lucky boy," she continued, "if he overtakes her at home this way—for herself an' a deal 'o quality are to be at the sands below, to see the races and doings there."

"Races?" repeated Kyrle. "I never heard of races in this quarter."

"Oyeh, what races?" exclaimed her husband. "A parcel of ould *staggeens*, sir, that 's running for a saddle, that 's all the races they 'll have."

"So itself, what hurt?" retorted the wife—"The whole European world will be there to look at 'em; and I'll be bound they'll drink as hearty as if Jerry Sneak an' Sappho were on the *coorse*. An' 'tis there you ought to be an hour ago in your tent, instead of *crusheening* here about Myles Murphy an' his ponies."

"Myles Murphy! Myles-na-coppuleen?—Myles of the ponies, is it?" said Lowry Looby, who just then led Kyrle Daly's horse to the door. "Is he in these parts now?"

"Do you know Myles, *eroo*?" was the truly Irish reply.

"Know Myles-na-coppuleen? Wisha, an' 'tis I that do, an' that well! O murther, an' are them poor Myles's ponies I see in the pound over? Poor boy! I declare it I'm sorry for his trouble."

"If you be as you say," the old innkeeper muttered with a distrustful smile, "put a hand in your pocket an' give me four and eight pence, an' you may take the fourteen of 'em' after him."

"Why then, see! I'm blest, if I had it, but I would n't break your word, this day. Or more than that, if it was in my

power for poor Myles. There is n't a better son nor brother this moment, going the road, than what he is."

"It's true for you by all accounts," said the pound-keeper, as he counted over Kyrle Daly's change, "but people must do their duty for all."

"Surely, surely," said Lowry, turning off.

Mrs. Normile, the hostess, here made her reappearance at the door, with a foaming pot of Fermoy ale in her hand, to which she directed Lowry's attention.

"A' then what's that you're doing?" he said with a look of rough remonstrance, while he fixed nevertheless a steady and wistful eye upon the draught.

"Drink it off, I tell you."

"Sorrow a drop."

"You must, again."

"I wont, I tell you."

"Do you refuse my *hansel*,* an' I going to the races? B. said by me, I tell you. The day is *drouthy*."

Lowry offered no farther objection, but made his own of the ale, observing as he returned the vessel, with closed and watery eyes, that it was "murtheren' sstrong." The colloquy above detailed was carried on with so much roughness of accent, and violence of gesture, that a person at a little distance might have supposed the parties were on the eve of coming to blows in an actual quarrel. But it was all politeness.

Kyrle Daly obtained from his attendant as they proceeded on their way, an account of the individual in whom he had expressed so deep an interest. Miles Murphy, or as he was more generally called, Myles of the ponies, was the occupier of a tract of land on one of the Killarney mountains, comprising about seven hundred acres. For this extensive holding, he paid a rent of fifteen pounds sterling in the year, and if there were a market for gray limestone in the neighbourhood, Myles would be one of the wealthiest men in Kerry. But, as the architectural taste of the vicinity ran chiefly in favour of mud, his property in mineral was left, as an heirloom, upon his hands. Of the whole seven hundred acre there was no more under tillage than sufficed to furnish potatoes for the consumption of his own family. The vast remainder was stocked with numerous herds of wild ponies

* It is considered not lucky to refuse a *hansel*.

who found scanty pasturage between the fissures of the crags, and yet were multiplied to such a degree, that Myles could not estimate the amount of his own stud.

“ His own goodness, it was,” continued Lowry, “ that got that for him. He was left, poor fellow, after his father dying of *the sickness*,* with a houseful o’ childer ; fourteen sons and two daughters, besides himself, to provide for, an’ his old mother. He supported ’em all be the labour of his two hands, till Lord K—— hear talks o’ him of a day, an’ gave him a lease o’ that farm, an’ behaved a good landlord to him since. Still an’ all, Myles do be poor, for he never knew how to keep a houl’t o’ the money. He provided for all his brothers ; had one *priested*, and another bound to a brogue-maker, and another settled as a schoolmaster in the place, and more listed from him, an’ two went to *say*, an’ I do n’t know what he done with the rest, but they ’re all very well off ; and left poor Myles with an empty pocket in the latter end.”

Lowry went on to inform our traveller that this said Myles was a giant in stature, measuring six feet four inches “ in his vamps”—that he never yet met “ that man that could give him a stroke, and he having a stick in his hand”—that he was a clean made boy as ever, “ walked the ground,” and such a master of his weapon that himself and Luke Kennedy, the Killarney boatman, used to be two hours “ oppozit” one another, without a single blow being received on either side. On one occasion, indeed, he was fortunate enough to “ get a vacancy at Kennedy” of which he made so forcible a use, that the stick, which was in the hand of the latter, flew over Ross Castle into the lower lake, merely from a successful tip in the elbow.

“ But,” Lowry added, “ there ’s a change come in poor Myles of late. It was his *loock* to meet Eily O’Connor, the ropemaker’s daughter, of a day, an’ he selling his ponies, an’ ’tis a new story with him, since. He’s mad, sir, mad in love. He isn’t good for anything. He says she gave him powders one day in an apple at Owen’s garden where they had a *benefit*, but I wouldn’t give in to such a story as that, at all ;—for Eily is as delicate and tender in herself as a lady.”

They were interrupted at this juncture by a startling incident. A mounted countryman galloped up to them, dressed in a complete suit of frieze made from the undyed wool of black sheep, such as formed the texture of the *phalang* in the

* Typhus fever.

days of Gerald Barry. His face was pale and moist, and grimed with dust. A smooth yellow wig was pushed awry upon his temples, disclosing a mass of gray hair that was damp and matted with the effects of violent exercise. He looked alternately at both travellers with an expression mingled wildness and grief in his countenance; and again clapping spurs to his horse, rode off and disappeared at short turn in the road.

"I'm blest but that flogs Europe!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, in a tone of utter surprise and concern—"There's something great happened, surely."

"Who is he, Lowry? I think I ought to know his face?"

"Mihil O'Connor, sir, father to the girl we were just talking of. He looks to be in trouble. Easy! Here's little Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, trotten' after him, as he'll tell us."

The person whom he named, a small red-haired man, rode up at the same moment, appearing to keep his seat on horseback with much difficulty. The animal he rode, though thin and bony, was of a great size, and presented a circumference much too extensive to be embraced by the short legs of the hair-cutter. His feet, for the greater security, were stuck fast between the stirrup leathers, while the empty irons remained dangling underneath. For the purpose of making assurance doubly sure, he had grasped fast with one hand the lofty pommel of the saddle, while the other was entwined in the long and undressed mane.

"Pru-h! Pruh! Stop her, Lowry, *eroo!* Stop her, an heavens bless you. I'm fairly flay'd alive from her, that's what I am,—joulten', joulten' for the bare life. Your servant, Mr. Daly,—I'm not worth looken at. See my wig," he pulled one out of his pocket, and held it up to view. "I was obleeged to take it off an' put it in my pocket, it was so tossed from the shaking I got. I never was a horseback before but once at Molly Mac's funeral, an' I never'll be a horseback again till I'm going to my own. O murder murder! I have a pain in the small o' my back that would kill the Danes. Well, Mr. Daly, I hope the master likes his new wig?—I *kep* it a long time from him, surely. I never'll be the better o' this day's riden.' Did you see Mihil-na-thiadarucha* go by this way? I'm kilt and spoiled that's what I am."

* Michael of the Ropes. This practice of naming individuals from their professions, (in which the great proportion of surnames are said to have ori-

"I did see him," said Lowry, "what's the matter with him?"

"Eily, his daughter, is gone from him, or spirited away."

"Erra, you don't tell me so?"

"She is, I tell you, an' he's like a wild man about it. Here he's back himself."

O'Connor again appeared at the turn of the road and galloped roughly back upon the group. He looked ferociously at Lowry, and pointing his stick into his face, while his frame trembled with rage, he roared out, "Tell me, did you see her, this minute, or I'll thrust my stick down your throat! Tell me, do you know any thing of her, I advise you."

"I don't!" said Lowry with equal fierceness. Then, as if ashamed of resenting a speech uttered by the poor old man, under so terrible an occasion of excitement, he changed his tone, and repeated, more gently, "I don't, Mihil, an' I don't know what cause I ever gave you to speak to me in that strain."

The old ropemaker dropped the bridle, his clasped hand fell on the pommel of the saddle, and drooped his head, while he seemed to gasp for utterance—"Lowry," he said, "heavens guide you, an' tell me, do you know—or could you put me in a way of hearing any thing of her?"

"Of who, ayeh?"

"Eily, my daughter! Oh, Lowry, *a'ra gal*, my daughter! My poor girl!"

"What of her, Mihil?"

"What of her?—Gone! lost! Gone from her ould father, an' no account of her—"

"Erra, no?"

"Yes, I tell you!" He threw a ghastly look around—"She is stolen, or she strayed. If she is stolen, may the Almighty forgive them that took her from me, an' if she strayed of her own liking, may my curse—"

"Howl! howl!* I tell you man," cried Lowry, in a loud voice, "don't curse your daughter without knowing what you do. Don't I know her, do you think? And don't I know that she wouldn't be the girl you say for her apronful of goold?"

"You're a good boy, Lowry; you're a good boy," said

ginated,) is quite general among the Irish peasantry. So far is the humour sometimes carried, that a poor widow in our village has been nicknamed *Vauria n' thau Llanuo*, i. e. *Mary of the two children*.

* Hold.

the old man wringing his hand, "but she's gone. I ha none but her, an' they took her from me. Her mother i dead these three years, an' all her brothers and sisters die young, an' I reared her like a lady, an' this is the way sh left me now. But what hurt? Let her go."

"The M'Mihons were at the fair of Garryowen yester day," said Lowry, musing. "I wonder could it be them at all. I tell you, there are bad boys among them. Ther was of 'em hanged for spiriting away a girl o' the Hayes' before."

"If I thought it was one o' them," O'Connor exclaimed stretchin' his arm to its full length, and shaking his clenched hand with great passion, "and if I knew the one that robbed me, I'd find him out, if he was as cunning as a rabbit, ar I'd tear him between my two hands if he was as strong as horse. They think to play their game on me because m hair is gray. But I can match the villains yet. If steel, fire, or pikes, or powder, can match 'em, I'll do it. Let'g my horse's bridle, an' don't be holding me here when should be flying like the wind behind 'em."

Here he caught the eye of Kyrle Daly, as the latter ask him whether he "had not lain informations before a Magtrate?"

Instead of answering, the old man, who now recognis Daly for the first time, took off his hat with a smile in whic grief and anger were mingled with native courtesy, and sai "Mr. Daly, *astore*,* I ask your pardon for not knowing yo I meant no offence to you, or to your father's son. couldn't do it. How are you, sir? How is the maste an' the mistress? The Lord direct 'em, an' spare 'em the children!" Here the old man's eyes grew watery, and th words were broken in his throat. "Lay informations?" I continued, taking up Kyrle Daly's question. "No—n sir. My *back*† isn't so poor in the country, that I need do so mean a thing as that."

"And what other course would you take to obtain justice?"

"I'll tell you the justice I'd want," said O'Connor griping his stick hard, and knitting his brows together, wh the very beard bristled upon his chin for anger. "To pla him overright me in the heart o' Garryowen fair, or wher

* My dear.

† Faction.

else he 'd like, an' give him a stick, and let me pick justice out of his four bones!" Here he indulged himself with one rapid flourish of the blackthorn stick above his head, which considerably endangered that of the young gentleman to whom he addressed himself.

At the same moment a neighbour of O'Connor's galloped up to them, and exclaimed—"Well, Mihil, agra, any tidings of her yet?"

"Sorrow tale or tiding."

"An' is it here you 're stoppen' talken', an' them villains spiriting your daughter away through the country? Wisha, but you're a droll man, this day."

Not Hamlet, in that exquisitely natural burst of passion over the tomb of "the fair Ophelia"—where he becomes incensed against the affectionate Laertes for "the bravery of his grief," and treats it as an infringement on his own prerogative of sorrow—not Hamlet, the Dane, in that moment of "towering passion," could throw more loftiness of rebuke into his glance, than did Mihil O'Connor, as he gazed upon the daring clansman who had thus presumed to call his fatherly affections to account. More temperate, however, than the Danish prince, he did not let his anger loose, but compressed his teeth, and puffed it forth between them. Touching his hat to Kyrle, and bidding Lowry "stand his friend," he put spurs to his horse, and rode forwards, followed by his friend, while Lowry laid his hand on the hair-cutter's arm, and asked him for an account of the particulars.

"Sonuher* to me if I know the half of it," said the foe of unshaven chins, speaking in a shrill, professional accent; "but I was standing in my little place, above, shaving a boy o' the Downes's against the *benefit* at Bat Coonerty's, an' being delayed a good while, (for the Downes's have all very strong hair—I'd as leave be shaving a horse as one of 'em,) I was strappen' my razor, (for the twentieth turn,) an' looken' out into the fair, when who should I see going by, only Eily O'Connor, an' she dressed in a blue mantle, with the hood over her head, an' her hair curling down about her neck like strings of goold. (Oh, the beauty o' that girl!) Well, 'It's a late walk you're taking, Eily,' says I. She made me no answer, only passed on, an' I thought no more

* A good wife.

about it till this morning, when her father walked in to me. I thought, at first, 'tis to be shaved he was coming, for, 'dear knows, he wanted it, when all at once he opened upon me in regard of his daughter. Poor girl, I 'm sure sorrow call had I to her goen' or stayen' more than I had to curl the Princess Royal's front—a job that 'll never trouble me, I 'm thinking."

"Wisha, but it's a droll business," ejaculated Lowry, letting go the stirrup-leather, which he had held fast during the foregoing narrative. "Ride on after him, Dunat, or you won't catch him before night. Oh, Vo! Vo! Eily, astora! O, wirra, Eily! this is the black day to your ould father."

"An' the black an' blue day to me, I 'm sure," squeaked out the hair-cutter, trotting forwards and groaning aloud at every motion, as he was now thrown on the pummel, now on the hind-bow of the saddle; those grievances telling the more severely, as he was a lean little man, and but scantily furnished by nature with that material which is best able to resist concussion.

The misfortune of the poor ropemaker indisposed Lowry, (who had once been a respectful and distant admirer of the lovely Eily,) from proceeding with the conversation, and his young master had ample leisure for the indulgence of his own luxurious reveries until they reached the entrance to the fair demesne of Castle Chute.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE READER, CONTRARY TO THE DECLARED INTENTION OF THE HISTORIAN, OBTAINS A DESCRIPTION OF CASTLE CHUTE.

AN old portress, talking Irish, with a huge bunch of keys at her girdle, a rusty gate lock, piers, lofty, and surmounted by a pair of broken marble vases, while their shafts, far from exhibiting that appearance of solidity so much admired in the relics of Grecian architecture, were adorned in all their fissures by tufts of long grass; an avenue with rows of elms formed a vista to the river; a sudden turn revealing a broad and sunny lawn: hay-cocks, mowers at work; a winding

gravel walk, lost in a grove ; the house appearing above the trees ; the narrow paned windows glittering among the boughs ; the old ivy'd castle, contrasted in so singular a manner with the more modern addition to the building ; the daws cawing about the chimneys ; the stately herons settling on the castellated turrets, or winging their majestic way through the peaceful kingdom of the winds ; the screaming of a peacock in the recesses of the wood ; a green hill appearing sunny-bright against a clouded horizon ; the heavy Norman arch-way ; the shattered sculpture ; the close and fragrant shrubbery ; the noisy farm-yard and out-offices—(built, as was then the fashion, quite near the dwelling-house)—the bowing monthly rose, embracing the simple pediment over the hall door ; the ponderous knocker ; the lofty gable—the pieces of broken sculpture and tender foliage, that presented to the mind the images of youth and age, of ruined grandeur and of rising beauty, blended and wreathed together under the most pleasing form.

Such were the principal features of the scenery through which Kyrle Daly passed into the dwelling of his beloved.

The necessities of our narrative forbid us to dwell at a more ample length on the mere description of a landscape.

To his surprise, and in some degree to his disappointment, he found the castle more crowded with company than he had expected. He was admitted by a richly ornamented Gothic arch-way, while Lowry remained walking his horse under the shade of the trees. A handsome, though rather ill-used curricule, which appeared to have been lately driven, was drawn up on the gravel plat ; and a servant in tarnished livery was employed in cooling two horses on the slope which shelved downward to the river side,—the foam that flecked their shining necks and covered the curbs and branches, showed that they had been ridden a considerable distance, and by no sparing masters.

“ Oh, murther, Masther Kyrle, is this you ? ” exclaimed Falvey, the “ servant boy,” as he looked into the narrow hall, and recognised the young “ collegian.” “ *Ma grine chree hu !* it’s an opening to the heart to see you ! ”

“ Thank you, Pat. Are the ladies at home ? ”

“ They are, sir. O murther, murther ! are you come at last, sir ? ”—he repeated with an air of smiling wonder ; then suddenly changing his manner, and nodding with great

freedom and cunning, "Oh, the ladies?—they are at home, sir—*both* of 'em."

"And well?"

"And well. I give praise—*both* of 'em well. Where is the horse, sir?"

"Lowry is walking him near the shrubbery."

"An' is Lowry come too? Oh, murther, murther!" He ran to the door and looked out, nodded and raised his hand in courtesy, and then hastened back to Kyrle—"Gi' me the hat, sir, an' I'll hang it up—poof, it's full o' dust—Come in here, Masther Kyrle, an' I'll give you a touch before you go up stairs—there's a power o' quollity in the drawn' room—an'——" here he again cast down his head with a knowing smile—"there's reasons for doin's—the ladies must be plaised, surely. An' how is Mr. Daly an' herself an' all of 'em, sir? Oh, murther, murther!"

"They are all well, Pat, thank you."

"The Lord keep 'em so!—There's a sighth above stairs in the new house. Mr. Cregan of Roaring Hall—(ah, that's a *rale* sporting jettleman)—an' Mr. Creagh an' Pincher, an' Docthor Lake, an' the officer, westwards;" then with another familiar wink—"there's the drollest cratur in life in the servant's hall abroad, the officer's *sarvent-boy*, a Londoner, afeerd o' the world that he'll have his throat cut be the Whiteboys before he quits the country. Poor cratur! he makes me laugh, the way he talks of Ireland, as if he was a marked man among us—the little sprissawneen, that nobody ever would trouble their heads about—Coming!"—a bell rung—"That's for the luncheon—I must smarten myself, or Miss Anne will kill me. They're all going off, after they take something, to the races near the point below, where they're to have the greatest divarsion ever you hear—An' so the master is well, eastwards? Why, then I'm glad to hear it—that's a good jettleman as ever sat down to his own table"—the bell rang again—"O murther! there's the bell again—I'll be kilt entirely!—There now, Masther Kyrle, you're purty well, I think—They're all up stairs in the drawn' room in the new house. I needn't tell you the way. Syl Carney will open the doore for you, an' I'll wait aisy a minute, for it wouldn't look seemly for me to be taking in the thray an' things close behind you."

While this communicative retainer slipped away, napkin in hand, to the pantry, Kyrle Daly ascended a corkscrew

flight of narrow stone steps, at the head of which he was met by the blooming handmaiden above named. Here he had as many "Masther Kyrle's" and pretty smiles, and officious, though kindly meant, attentions to undergo, as in the narrow hall. These he repaid in the usual manner, by complimenting Syl on her good looks—wondering she had not got married—and reminding her that Shrovetide would be shortly coming round again;—in return for which the pretty Syl repeatedly told him that he was "a funny gentleman" and "a great play-boy."

They passed through an old banquetting room which had once formed the scene of a council of the Munster chieftains, in the days of Elizabeth; and descending a flight of a few wooden steps, stood in the centre of a lobby of much more modern architecture. Here Kyrle Daly felt his heart beat a little wildly as he heard voices and laughter in the adjoining room. Modestly conscious, however, of his graceful person, and aware of the importance of displaying it to some advantage in the eyes of his mistress, he adjusted his ruffles, and with something like the feeling of a young debutant, conscious of merit, yet afraid of censure, made his entrance on the little domestic scene.

The company all rose and received him with that pompous display of affability and attention which our fathers mistook for politeness, but which their wiser descendants have discovered to be the exact contrary, and have discarded from the drawing-room, as unbecoming the ease and sincerity of social life. Mrs. Chute was unable to rise, but her greeting was at once cordial and dignified. Anne gave him her hand with the air of an affectionate relative; Mr. Hyland Craugh placed his heels together—adjusted his ample shirt frills, and bowed until the queue of his powdered wig culminated to the zenith—while Pincher wagged his tail, looked up at his master as if to inquire the nature of his movements, and finally coiled himself up on the carpet and slept; Mr. Barnaby Cregan griped his hand until the bones cracked—expressing, in very concise language, a wish that his soul might be doomed to everlasting misery in the next world if he were not rejoiced to meet him; Doctor Leake tendered him a finger, which Kyrle grasped hard, and (in revenge perhaps for the punishment inflicted on him by Cregan) shook with so lively an expression of regard, that the worthy physician was tempted to repent his condescension. To the young

officer, an Englishman, Kyrle was introduced by the formal course of—"Captain Gibson, Mr. Daly—Mr. Daly, Captain Gibson"—on which they bowed as coldly and stiffly as the figures in a clockmaker's window in Holborn, and all resumed their places.

After the usual inquiries into the condition of both families had been made and answered, Kyrle Daly indulged himself in a brief perusal of the personal appearance of the individuals in whose society he was placed. The information which he derived from the few glances that happened to fall wide of Miss Chute, shall here be laid before the reader.

Mrs. Chute, the venerable lady of the mansion, was seated in a richly carved arm-chair, near an ebony work-table, on which were placed a pair of silver spectacles and the last racing calendar. A gold-headed cane rested against her chair, and a small spaniel, in the attitude which heralds term *couchant*, lay at her side, burlesquing the lion of Britania in the popular emblem. In her more youthful days, indeed, Mrs. Chute might have assumed her part in the latter, without exciting any ludicrous association; and even in this decay and mouldering of her womanly attractions, there was a grace, a dignity, a softened fire, and even a beauty to be traced, which awakened the spectator's respect and sometimes warmed it into admiration. Old age, while it took nothing away from her dignity, had imparted to her manner that air of feminine dependence, in which she was said to have been somewhat too deficient in her youth, and replaced in tenderness and interest the beauty which it had removed.

Her daughter, who bore a very perceptible resemblance to the old lady in the cast of her features, as well as in their expression, looked at this moment exceedingly beautiful. A dark blue riding dress displayed her figure to such advantage, that if a young sculptor could have taken it as a model for a study of Minerva, and could likewise afford a lobster and a bottle of sherry to a critic in the "Fine Arts," there is little doubt that he would make his fortune. Her hair, which was shining black, cut short and curled so gracefully, that it might vie with the finest head in Mr. Hope's book of costumes, crept out from beneath her small round hat, and shaded a countenance that glowed at this moment with a sweet and fascinating cheerfulness. The common herd of mankind frequently exhibit personal anomalies of so curious

a description as to remind one of Quevedo's fanciful vision of the general resurrection, where one man in his hurry claps his neighbour's head upon his own shoulders, and the upper portion of a turtle-fed Alderman is borne along by the trembling shanks of a starveling Magazine poet. But nothing of this incongruity was observable in the charming person of the heiress of Castle Chute. Her countenance was exquisitely adapted both in form and character to the rest of her frame; and she might be justly admired as a piece of workmanship not intrusted by Nature (as in a pin-manufactory) to the hands of nine journeymen, but wrought out and polished by that great Adept herself as a sample of womankind for the inspection of customers.

It was indeed remarked by those who enjoyed only a visiting acquaintance with Anne Chute, that her general manner was somewhat cold and distant, and that there was in the wintry lustre of her large black eyes, and the noble carriage of her fine person, a loftiness which repelled in the spectator's breast that enthusiasm which her beauty was calculated to awaken, and induced him to stop short at the feeling of simple admiration. Hardress Cregan, who, with all his shyness, had the reputation of a fine critic on these subjects, had been heard to say of her on his return from College, that "she was perfect. Her form and face were absolutely faultless, and a connoisseur might with a better taste pretend to discover a fault in the proportions of the Temple of Theseus. But there," he added, "I must terminate the eulogy; for I could no sooner think of loving such a piece of frost-work than of flinging my arms in ecstasy around one of the Doric pillars of the old edifice itself."

But Hardress Cregan had been only once, and for a few minutes, in the lady's company, when he pronounced this judgment. Neither was he an impartial observer, for the embarrassment which he experienced in consequence of her unconscious dignity, made him throw more asperity into his criticism than the occasion actually required. Those who enjoyed a longer and a nearer intimacy with Miss Chute, found an additional fascination in that very coldness which kept ordinary acquaintances at a distance, and which for them was so cheerfully and so winningly removed. In proportion to the awe which it inspired on a first introduction, was the delight occasioned by its subsequent dissipation, and

it gave to her whole character that effect of surprise, which is dangerous or available to the influence of the fair possessor, according as the changes which it reveals are attractive or otherwise. The feelings which accompanied a growing intimacy with this lovely girl, resembled those of one who endeavours, by a feeble light, to discover the graces of a landscape which he knows to be beautiful, but which he is unable to appreciate, until the morning light streams in upon the picture, and brings it forth in all its exquisite reality before his eyes.

The remainder of the company are not so interesting as to claim an equal portion of the reader's notice. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, a stout top-booted elderly gentleman, with a nose that told tales of many a rousing night, was seated close to Mrs. Chute, and deeply engaged in a discussion upon cocks and cockrels, sparring, setting, impounding, the long law, the short law, and every other law that had any connection with his reigning passion. The rosy and red-coated Captain Gibson, who was a person of talent and industry in his profession, was listening with much interest to Doctor Lucas Leake, who possessed some little antiquarian skill in Irish remains, and who was at this moment unfolding the difference which existed between the tactics of King Lugh-Lamb-Fada, and those issued from his late most gracious Majesty's War-Office; between one of King Malachy's hobblers and a life-guardsmen; between an English halberd and a stone-headed gai-bulg, and between his own commission of lieutenant and the Fear Comhlan Caoguid of the Fion Eirin.

Mr. Hyland Creagh, who, as before mentioned, notwithstanding the perfect maturity of his years, still continued to affect the man of gallantry, was standing near Miss Chute, and looking with a half-puzzled, half-smiling air over a drawing which she had placed in his hands. Now and then, as he held the picture to the light, he looked askance, and with a forbidding expression, at Kyrle, who was carelessly sauntering towards the fair object of his attentions, and yet endeavouring to give his approximation rather the appearance of accident than of design. Mr. Creagh's experience in society had long since made him aware that youth was a quality which contributed materially to success with the ladies, and the consequence of this discovery was a hearty detestation—(a term more qualified would not express the

(feeling)—of every gentleman who was younger than himself. “Puppies!” he would exclaim, “they assume the air and port of men when they should be confined to bibs and frills, and bestride a blood-horse when their highest corvet should be made in the hall, on their grandfather’s walking cane.” But he had the mortification to find that his sentiments on this head were adopted by no unmarried ladies except those whose wisdom and experience were equal to his own; and about *their* opinions, unhappily, Mr. Creagh was as indifferent as the young coxcombs whom he censured.

“I profess my ignorance,” he said, after contemplating the picture for several minutes. “The drawing is admirable—the colouring has a depth and softness of tone, that I have seen rarely produced by water colours, and the whole design bears the stamp of reality upon it; but I profess my ignorance of the place which you say it is intended to represent.”

“Indeed!” said Anne, affecting a disappointed tone, and pleased to put the old gentleman’s gallantry to the torture. “Then I must have made a sad failure, for the scene ought to be quite familiar to you.”

“I am the worst person in the world at tracing a resemblance,” said Mr. Creagh, looking puzzled. “Perhaps, it is meant for Ballylin Point?”

“Oh, Mr. Creagh, can you find any resemblance? What a wretched bungler you must think me! You did well to say *meant for*—that expression indicates so exactly the degree of relation between my sketches and the originals.”

“Pon my honour, Miss Chute—’pon my honour as a gentleman.”

“Mr. Daly!”—Kyrle flew to her side.—“Perhaps you could restore me to my self-esteem. Do you know that Mr. Creagh has mistaken this for a sketch of Ballylin Point! Try if you can restore my credit, for it is sinking very fast, even in my own estimation.”

“Ballylin point!” exclaimed Kyrle, taking the drawing into his hands—“I do not see the least resemblance.” Mr. Creagh’s eyes flashed fire, at this unceremonious declaration, but he checked his resentment, and congratulated Miss Chute on this proof, that the fault lay in his want of observation, not in her want of skill.

“And do you recognise the scene?” continued Miss Chute, who was well aware of the old *servente’s* foible, and

loved to toy with it for her amusement. "Let me hear if I have been indeed so very unsuccessful."

Her lover delayed answering, not because he shared the difficulty of Mr. Creagh, but that he was wrapped in admiration of the drawing. It was an interesting landscape, and finished with more taste and fineness of touch than are usually to be traced in the efforts of accomplished young ladies. The foreground of the picture exhibited a grassy slope, which formed a kind of peninsula in a magnificent sheet of water, running a little to the left, and terminating at what artists term the middle distance in a gracefully wooded point. The remains of an old castle appeared among the trees, the gloom and majesty of which were exhibited in a striking degree, by a brilliant effect of sunshine on the water and on the green slope above mentioned. Two small islands, affording an anchorage to some open boats, broke the expanse of water on the right; while the small bay, formed by the point before described, on the left, was graced by the figures of fishermen in the act of casting their nets. The waters were bounded in the distance, by a range of blue hills, some of which projected into rocky or wooded headlands; while the whole was softened by that deep and rich blue tint, which is peculiar to the moist atmosphere of the climate; and by imparting at once distinctness and softness to the landscape, is far better adapted to scenes of rural solitude, than even the lonely splendour of a Tuscan sun.

"Ballylin!" echoed Mr. Cregan, who had walked over to look at the drawing. "'Tis as like Ballylin, as Roaring Hall is to Dublin Castle. 'Tis Castle Chute, and right well touched off, too, by Jingo." To this observation he added, in language which the altered customs of society prevent our copying *verbatim*, that he wished the spiritual foe of the human race might lay hold of him, if it were not an admirable resemblance.

Mr. Creagh had his own reasons for not taking offence at any resentment that was urged by his good friend and frequent host, Mr. Cregan, but he did not forget the difference of opinion that was hazarded by his young acquaintance. To the fair artist's raillery, he replied with a bow and an air of old fashioned politeness, that "frequently as he had had the honour of visiting at Castle Chute, he was yet unfamiliar with the scenery, for his thoughts in approaching it were exclusively occupied by *one* object."

“And even though they were at liberty,” added Kyrle, “it is more than probable Mr. Creagh has never seen Castle Chute at this point of view, so that it could hardly be expected to remain on his recollection.” Then moving closer to Anne, and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he said—“This is the very scene of which I told you Hardress Cregan was so enthusiastic an admirer. You have drawn it since?”

Miss Chute answered in the affirmative, and turning quickly away, replaced the sketch in her portfolio. Then, turning to Creagh, she told him that he would be very shortly qualified to give an opinion as to the fidelity of her design, for they would pass the spot in question, on their way to the little race course. There was some farther conversation, not worth detailing, on the subject of Hardress Cregan’s salute—and some conjectures were hazarded concerning the female in the blue cloak, none of which, however, threw any certain light upon that mystery.

CHAPTER IX.

NOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES.

PAT FALVEY, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without, to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loth, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by, when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend or guest more effectually, than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress’s ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

“A boy wanting to speak to me?” said Miss Chute. “Has he got letters?—Let him send up his message.”

“He says he must see yourself, Miss. ’Tis in regard of

some ponies of his that were impounded be Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of relasing 'em, poor cratur, an' he 's far from home. I 'm sure he 's an honest boy. He says he 'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan—"why what 's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards."

"Oh, Myles-na-Coppulleen?—Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and, whether that he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature, that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles at all events."

She was moving to the door when her uncle's voice made her turn. "Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregan, "let him come up. 'Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward *pro* and *con*. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading that may be of use to you on Circuit at one time or another."

Anne laughed and looked to Mrs. Chute, who with a smik of tolerating condescension said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles, "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat, and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles up stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson, "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, some time when you 're

alone together—where the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable.”—

“Paralon,” said Doctor Leake, Paralon of Migdonia, as the Psalter sings :

“On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,
They brought their bold ships to anchor,
In the blue fair port with beauteous shore,
Of well defended Inver Sceine.”

“In the rest of Munster, where——”

“Yes—well, you ’ll see ’em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney,” resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter to whose discourse, a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading, had given a tinge of pedantry ; and who was moreover a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the yellow book of Moling, to the black book of Molaga. “And if you like to listen to him, he ’ll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carriguline.”

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well paved brogues, on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation among the company. They heard Pat Falwey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber. “A’ lay me alone, you foolish boy ; do you think did I ever speak to *quollity* in my life before ?”

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His figure was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm, coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention ; of which his lofty and confident, although most

unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay coloured cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran among the guests at his entrance. Doctor Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the horse-guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well known countersign of "Baithershin!"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind-legs, closed it fast, and then trotted to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that flogs cockfighting. I never thought I'd live to have a dog taich me manners, any way. 'Baithershin!' says he. An' he shets the doore like a Christian!"

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer. After which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell word of the enchantress who had called him up.—"Tisn't manners to speak first before quollity," was the answer he would have been prepared to render in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregan.

"The ould wind always, then, Mr. Cregan," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a *few* o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father, (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary.

your honour's aunt, westwards. So 'tis kind for your honour to have a leaning towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles;—but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why then a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure I'd know that face all over the world,—your own liven' image, ma'am. (turning to Mrs. Chute,) an' a little, dawney touch o' the masher (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin you'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!"*

"He has made out three relations in the company already," said Anne, to Kyrle, "could any courtier make interest more skilfully?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies."

"Poor cratars, true for you sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em, for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M'Farlane from the North. They went skelping like mad, over the hills, down to Glens, when they heerd the shots. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the North Countryman that morning fairly. 'My honour is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh. 'It's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'an' it'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honour is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense, man," said Creagh, endeavouring to hide a smile of gratified vanity, "your unfortunate ponies will starve, while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Doctor Leake was on the spot the same time, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, Docthor," he continued, turning to the latter, "Old Keys, the piper, gives

* Equivalent to the French *Helas!* the Italian *Oime!* and the Spanish *Ay de mi!* &c.

it up to you of all the doctors going, for curing his eyesight. And he has a great leaning to you, moreover, your such a fine *Irishian*.”*

“Another,” said Miss Chute, apart.

“Yourself an’ ould Mr. Daly;” he continued, “I hope the master is well in his health, sir? (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congé*) may the Lord fasten the life in you an’ him! That ’s a gentleman that wouldn’t see a poor boy in want of his supper, or a bed to sleep in, an’ he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard to a little trespass that was done *unknownst*.”

“This fellow is irresistible,” said Kyrle. “A perfect Ulysses.”

“And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?”

“The Captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty, and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America. One of ’em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin’ well at Quáybec, the time of Woulf’s death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely.”

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call “the ear of the court,” the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, enclosures, and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis, the length of road they had travelled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and finally urging in mitigation of penalty, the circumstance of this being a first offence, and the improbability of its being ever rehewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Daweley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might “folly her liking” he said—but it was the last time he’d ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his, if

* One skilled in the Irish antiquities, language, &c.

all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen garden itself?

"Horses, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance—"A parcel of little ponies not the heighth o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they 'd eat as much, an' more, than a racer."

"Is it they, the cratur? They 'd hardly injure a plate o' stirabout if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh!—hugh!"

"An' tis'nt what I 'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again, a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deigning to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

"Yes, then, o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

"Will you deny it o' me, if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Bidy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can!"

"For what would I deny it?"

"Well, why! An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they had'nt the Murphys to back 'em, so they would. But what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue talking with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily, and felt a pang of sympathetic affliction for the poor fellow, in which, probably, no one else in the room would have participated; at least, not altogether so deeply.

CHAPTER X.

HOW KYRLE DALY SPED IN HIS WOOING.

THE sun was in the west when the party arrived at the bridle road that turned off to the race ground. To Kyrle Daly's great delight, Mr. Cregan had taken his horse, resigning to him the agreeable office of driving Anne Chute in the curricle, while he rode forward with the gentlemen. Seldom indeed, I believe, did the wheels of that vehicle enter so many ruts, or come in contact with so many obstacles as in this short drive, a circumstance rather to be attributed to the perplexity of the driver's mind, than to any deficiency of skill or practice in his hand.

None of the company knew, or indeed cared to be informed, what the nature was of the conversation which had passed between Miss Chute and her young escort, on the road. They observed, however, when the curricle drew up, that Kyrle looked pale and flurried, and that his manner was absent; while that of his fair companion was marked by an unusual degree of seriousness, not unmingled with confusion.

"What!" exclaimed Cregan, "you look as ruffled as if you had been sparring. Get your hutts in order, then, for you must be set again before you come to the ground. You have a quarter of a mile through the fields to travel yet."

"Why, uncle, does not the road sweep by it?"

"No nearer than I tell you; and the curricle can go no farther. Come, Cregan, give my niece her little hunter, and walk with me across the fields. Mr. Daly, I resign your seat to you once more. A pretty stepping thing this is of yours. I'd like to see her tried with ten or twelve stone weight at a steeple chase."

"Do not," said Kyrle, in a low and earnest tone, addressing Anne Chute, "do not, I entreat of you, deprive me of this last opportunity. I would give the world for a minute's conversation."

"I believe I shall walk, uncle," said the young lady with some hesitation, "and Mr. Daly is kind enough to say he will accompany me on foot."

"With all my heart," cried the cock-fighter. "I remember the time, Daly, when I would not have given up a walk through the fields with a fine girl on a sunshiny evening, for all the races in Munster. If Hepton Connolly be on the ground, as his insolent groom tells me he is, I will make him keep the *staggeens* at the starting post until you come up."

So saying, he rode on with the *ci-devant* sweater, to overtake the doctor and captain, who, he observed, had grown as *thick* as two pickpockets, since morning.

"I am afraid," said Kyrle, with a mixture of dignity and disappointment in his manner, "I am afraid, Miss Chute, that you will think this importunate, after what you have already told me. But that rejection was so sudden—I will not say so unexpected—that I cannot avoid entering more at length into the subject. Besides, it may, it *must* be a long time before we shall meet again."

"I am sorry you should think that necessary, Mr. Daly," said Anne, "I always liked you as a friend, and there is not a person I know whose society, in that light, I could prize more highly; but if you think it necessary to your own peace of mind, to remain away from us, it would be very unreasonable in me to murmur. 'Yet, I think, and hope,'" she added, affecting a smiling air as she looked round upon him, "that it will not be long before we shall see you again with altered sentiments, and a mind as much at ease as ever."

"You do me wrong, Anne!" said Kyrle, with sudden passion. "I am not so ignorant of my own character as to suppose that possible. No, Miss Chute. This is not with me a boyish fancy—a predilection suddenly formed, and capable of being just as suddenly laid aside. If you had said this last summer, a few weeks after I first saw you, the remark perhaps might have been made with justice. I knew little of you then, besides your beauty, your talents, and your accomplishments; and I will say, in justice to myself, that those qualities, in any woman, never could so deeply fix or interest me as to produce any lasting disquiet in my mind. But our acquaintance has been since too much prolonged. I have seen you too often—I have known you too well—I have loved you too deeply, and too sincerely, to feel this disappointment as any thing less than a dreadful stroke. Let me entreat of you," he continued with increasing warmth, and disregarding the efforts which Miss Chute made to interrupt him, "let me implore you to recall that hasty nega-

tive. You said you were unprepared—that you did not expect such a proposal from me. I do not press you to an answer at this moment; the torture of suspense itself is preferable to absolute despair. Say you will think of it, say any thing rather than at once decide on my—destruction, I cannot but call it.”

“I must not, I will not act with so much injustice,” said Anne, who was considerably distressed by the depth of feeling that was evident in her lover’s voice and manner. “I should be treating you most unfairly, Mr. Daly, if I did so. It is true that I did not expect such a declaration as you have made, not in the least; but my decision is taken notwithstanding. It is impossible I can ever give you any other answer than you have already received. Do not, I will in treat of you in my turn, give way to any groundless expectations, any idea of a change in my sentiments on this subject. It is as impossible we should ever be united as if we lived in two separate planets.”

The unhappy suitor looked the very image of pale and ghastly despair itself. His eye wandered, his cheek grew wan, and every muscle in his face quivered with passion. His words, for several moments, were so broken as to approach a degree of incoherency, and his knees trembled with a sickly faintness. He continued, nevertheless, to urge his addresses. Might he not be favoured with Miss Chute’s reasons? Was there any thing in his own conduct? Any thing that might be altered? The dejection that was in his accents as well as in his appearance, touched and almost terrified his obdurate mistress, and she took some pains to alleviate his extreme despondency, without, however, affording the slightest ground for a hope which she felt could never be accomplished. The consolations which she employed were drawn rather from the probability of a change in his sentiments than her own.

“You are not in a condition,” she said, “to judge of the state of your own mind. Believe me, this depression will not continue as you seem to fear. The Almighty is too good to interweave any passion with our nature which it is not in the power of our reason to subdue.”

“Aye, Anne,” said Kyrle, “but there are some persons for whose happiness the struggle is quite sufficient. I am not so ignorant as you suppose of the effect of a disappointment like this. I know that it will not be at all time-

valent and oppressive as I feel it at this moment; but I know, too, that it will be as lasting as life itself. I have experienced a feeling of regret that amounted to actual pain in looking back to years that have been distinguished by me beyond the customary enjoyments of boyhood. Imagine, then, if you can, whether I have not reason to apprehend the arrival of those hours when I shall sit alone in the evening, and think of the time that was spent in your society!"

Miss Chute heard this speech with a feeling of deep, and even sympathetic emotion. As Kyrle ventured to glance at her countenance, and observed the peculiar expression of her sorrow, the idea of a rival, which till that moment had not once occurred to him, now flashed upon his mind, and changed the current of his feelings to a new direction. The sentiment of jealousy was almost a useful stimulus, in the excessive dejection under which he laboured.

"Will you forgive me," he said, "and take the present state of my feelings as an apology, if there should be any thing offensive in the question I am about to ask you? There can be only one reason for my rejection which would save my pride the mortification of believing myself altogether unworthy. I should feel some consolation in knowing that my own misery was instrumental to your happiness; indeed, I should not think of breathing another word upon the subject, if I thought that your affections had been already engaged?"

The agitation seemed now to have passed over to the lady's side. Her brow became dark red, and then returned to more than its accustomed whiteness. "I have no other engagement," she said, after a pause—"If I had, I should think it hardly fair to press such an inquiry. But, I assure you, I have none. And since you have spoken of my own views in life, I will be more explicit, and confess to you, that I do not at present think it is likely I shall ever contract any. I love my mother; and her society is all that I desire or hope to enjoy at present. Let me now entreat you, as a friend, for my sake as well as your own, never again to renew any conversation on this subject."

This was said in a tone of such decision, that Kyrle saw it would be impossible, without hazarding the loss of the young lady's friendship, to add another word of remonstrance, or of argument. Both, therefore, continued their walk in silence, nor did they exchange even an indifferent observation until

they reached the summit of the little slope from which the course was visible.

Their thoughts, however, were not subjected to the same restriction, and the train of reflection in either case was not calculated to awaken envy.

She received my question with embarrassment toward Kyrle, and she evaded a reply. I have a rival, it is said, and a favoured, at least, if not a declared one.—Well, if it is to be happy, I am content; but unquestionably the most miserable contented man upon the earth.

The lady's meditations also turned upon the same crisis in the conversation. All that I desire? she mentally repeated quoting her own words to her rejected suitor. And how so far conquered my own feelings as to be capable with perfect sincerity of making an assertion such as that? Or if it be sincere, am I sure that I run no risk of disqualifying myself for retaining the same liberty of mind by accepting my uncle's invitation? But it is not possible, surely, that peace should be endangered in the society of one who treats me with something more, and colder, than indifference itself, and if it were, my part is already taken, and it is now too late to retract. Poor Kyrle, he wastes his eloquence in soliciting my commiseration for a state of mind with which I have been long and painfully conversant. If he knew how powerful a sympathy my own experience had awakened in him, he need not use an effort to increase it.

A loud shout of welcome, sent forth in honour of the heiress of Castle Chute, and the lady patroness of the day's amusements, broke in upon these sombre meditations, and called the attention of that lady, and of her downcast escort to a novel scene, and new performers.

*Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
Intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus
Mœmonia.*

The sounds of greeting then sank into a babbling murmur and at last into a hush of expectation, similar to that which Pasta is welcomed at the Italian opera when she comes forward to stop the mouths of the unintelligible chorus, and to thrill the bright assembly with the frantic sorrows of Medea.

The spot selected for the occasion, was the shore of a small bay, which was composed of a fine hard sand and

afforded a very fair and level course for the horses. At the farther end was a lofty pole, on the top of which was suspended by the stirrup a new saddle, the destined guerdon of the conqueror. A red handkerchief, stripped from the neck of Dan Hourigan, the house carpenter, was hoisted overhead, and a crowd of country people, dressed, notwithstanding the fineness of the day, in their heavy frieze great coats, stood round the winning-post, each faction being resolved to see justice done to its own representative in the match. A number of tents, composed of old sheets, bags, and blankets, with a pole at the entrance, and a sheaf of reed, a broken bottle, or a sod of turf erected for a sign, were discernible among the multitude that thronged the side of the little rising ground before mentioned. High above the rest Mick Normile's sign board waved in the rising wind. Busy was the look of that lean old man, as he bustled to and fro among his pigs, kegs, mugs, pots and porringers. A motley mess of felt hats, white muslin caps and ribands, scarlet cloaks, and blue riding *jocks*, filled up the spaces between the tents, and moved in a continual series of involutions, whirls and eddies, like those which are observable on the surface of a fountain newly filled. The horses were to start from the end of the bay, opposite to the winning-post, go round Mick Normile's tent, and the cowl on the hill side, and returning to the place from whence they came, run straight along the sand for the saddle. This was to be the victor's prize,

Hic, qui fortè velint rapido contendere cursu,
Invitat pretiis animos, et premia ponit.

The *solatia victo* were to be had at the rate of four-pence a tumbler, at Mick Normile's tent.

A rejected lover can hardly be supposed to have any predilection for the grotesque. Kyrle Daly however, observing that Miss Chute made an effort to appear unembarrassed, and feeling, in the sincerity of his affection, a sentiment of grief for the uneasiness he had occasioned her, compelled himself to assume the appearance of his usual good humour, and entered with some animation into the spirit of the scene. Captain Gibson, who now approached them on foot, could not, with the recollections of Ascot and Doncaster fresh in his mind, refrain from a roar of laughter at almost every object he beheld,—at the condition of the horses; the serious

and important look of the riders; the *Teniers* appet of the whole course; the band, consisting simply of a fiddler with a piece of *listing* about his waist and a about his old hat; the self-importance of the steward; Welsh the baker, and Batt Kennedy the poet or *jaan* the village, as they went in a jog trot round the course lecting shilling subscriptions to the saddle from all who appeared on horseback.

"Well, Anne," said Mr. Cregan, riding up to them, "we have lost three of our company. Hepton Conn gone off to fight a duel with some fellow from the mou that called him a scoundrel, and taken Creagh with him a second. That's the lad that'll see them proper. Doctor Leake has followed for the purpose of stopping any holes they may happen to make in one another, have all the fun to ourselves. If the doctor had his should have had so many accounts of the sports of them and all that. He is a very learned little man, the doctor don't suppose there's so long a head in the county; talks too much. Captain, I see you laugh a great deal, you mustn't laugh at our girls, though; there are some bits o' muslin there, I can tell you."

"I like them uncommonly," said the Captain, "in dress, in particular, I think very becoming. The muslin with a ribbon tied under the chin and a pretty knot at the top is a very simple and rural head dress. And the scarlet and hood, which seems to be a favourite article of costume, gives a gay and flashy air to their rustic assemblies. I like that girl, now, with the black eyes, on the bank, what a modest dress that is! A handkerchief pinned across her bosom, a neat figured gown, and a check apron; but the demon whispered her to case her little feet in black stockings and brogues?"

"They are better than the clouted shoes of the continent," said Anne, "and durability must sometimes be preferred to appearance."

"Why that's Syl Carney, Anne," exclaimed Cregan.

"It is, sir. She has seen her *beau* somewhere on the course, I will venture to say."

A roar of laughter from Captain Gibson here attracted their attention.

"Look at that comical fellow on horseback," he said, "did you ever see such a pair of long legs with so

head. A fire-tongs would sit a horse as well. And observe the jaunty way he carries the little head, and his nods and winks at the girls. That's an excruciating fellow! And the arms, the short arms, how the fellow gathers up the bridle and makes the lean animal hold up his head and jog airily forward. Is that fellow really going to run for the stake?"

Kyrle Daly turned his eyes in the same direction, and suffered them to dilate with an expression of astonishment, when he beheld his own saucy squire seated upon the hair-cutter's mare, and endeavouring to screen himself from his master's observation by keeping close to the side of Batt Kennedy, the *janius*; while the latter recited aloud a violent satire which he had made upon a rival versifier in the neighbourhood. In fact, Lowry Looby, understanding that Syl Carney was to be at the course, and wishing to cut a figure in her eyes, had coaxed Foxy Dunat "out of the loan of his mare for one hate," while that indifferent equestrian refreshed his galled person with a "soft sate," on the green sod in Mick Normile's tent.

Mr. Cregan here left the party, with the view of assuming his place as judge of the course at the winning post; while the *staggeens* with their riders moved forward, surrounded by a dense and noisy crowd, to the starting post near the elevation that was occupied by our three friends.

"We are at a loss here," said Miss Chute, "*for a list, a list of this day's running horses, the colour of the rider and the rider's name!*" [Here she imitated, with some liveliness, the accent of the boys who sell those bills at more regular fêtes of the kind.] "But you, Captain Gibson, seem to take an interest in the proceeding, and I am acquainted not only with the characters of the heroes who hold the reins, but with all the secret machinery of intrigue which is expected to interfere with the fair-dealing of the day; I will, therefore, if you please, let you into the most amusing parts of their history as they pass."

Captain Gibson, with a fresh burst of laughter, protested that "he would give the world for a peep into the social policy of an Irish village."

"Well, then," said Anne, assuming a Mock-Ossianic manner, "the first whom you see advancing, on that poor half-starved black mare with the great lump on her knee, and the hay rope for a saddle-girth, is Jerry Dooley, our village nailer,

famed alike for his dexterity in shaping the heads of his brad and demolishing those of his acquaintances. Renowned in war is Jerry, I can tell you,—Gurtenaspig and Derrygortnac loghy re-echo with his fame. Next to him, on that spavine gray horse, rides John O'Reilly, our blacksmith, not less esteemed in arms, or rather in cudgels. Not silent, Captain Gibson, are the walks of Garryowen on the deeds of Job O'Reilly, and the bogs of Ballinvoric quake when his name is mentioned. A strength of arm, the result of their *habitu* occupation, has rendered both these heroes formidable among the belligerent factions of the village, but the nail is allowed a precedence. He is the great Achilles, O'Reilly the Telemon Ajax of the neighbourhood. And to follow in my Homeric parallels, close behind him on that long-backed ungroomed creature, with the unnameable colour, rides the crafty Ulysses of the assemblage, Dan Hogan the process-server. You may read something of his vocation in the sidelong glance of his eye and in the paltry deprecating of his whole demeanour. He starts as if afraid of a blow whenever any one addresses him. As he is going to be married to Dooley's sister, it is apprehended by the O'Reilly that he will attempt to cross the blacksmith's mare, but the smoky Achilles, who gets drunk with him every Saturday night, has a full reliance on his friendship. Whether, however, Cupid or Bacchus will have the more powerful influence upon the process-server, is a question that I believe yet remains a mystery even to himself; and I suspect he has adopted the neutral part of doing all he can to win the saddle for himself. The two who ride abreast behind Hogan are mountaineers, of whose motives or intentions I am not aware; the sixth and last is Lowry Looby, a retainer of friend Mr. Daly's, and the man whose appearance made me laugh so heartily a little while since. He is the only romantic individual of the match. He rides for love, and it is the chatty disposition of the lady of his affections, our country housemaid, that I am indebted for all this information."

One would have thought the English officer was about to die with laughter several times during the course of his speech. He leaned, in the excess of his mirth, upon the shoulder of Kyrle Daly, who in spite of all his depression was compelled to join him, and placing his hand against his forehead—

“ — laughed, sans intermission,
An hour by the dial.”

The mere force of sympathy compelled the lady and gentleman to lay aside for the moment their more serious reflections, and adapt their spirits to the scene before them. It seemed curious to Kyrle Daly, that slightly as he esteemed this new military acquaintance, he felt jealous for the moment of the influence thus exercised by the latter on the temper of Anne Chute, and wished at the time that it were in his power to laugh as heartily as Captain Gibson. But a huge diaphragm, though a useful possession in general society, is not one that is most likely to win the affections of a fine girl. In affairs of the heart your mere laughter is a fool to your thinker and sentimentalist.

Before the Captain could sufficiently recover himself to make his acknowledgments for the entertainment which Miss Chute had afforded him, a cry of “Clear the coorse! Clear the coorse!” resounded along the sand, and the two stewards, the baker and poet, came galloping round at a furious rate, laying about them stoutly with their cord-whips, while their horses scattered the sand and pebbles in all directions with their hoofs, and the stragglers were seen running off to the main body of the spectators to avoid a fate similar to that sustained by the victims of Jaggernaut, in that pious procession to which his Majesty’s non-emancipating government so largely and so liberally contribute. “Clear the coorse!” shouted the baker, with as authoritative an accent as if he were King Pharaoh’s own royal dough-kneader. “Clear the coorse!” sung the melodious Batt Kennedy, the favourite of the muses, as he spurred his broken-winded Pegasus after the man of loaves; and of course, the course was cleared, and kept clear, less perhaps by the violence of Tim Welsh than the amenity of Batt Kennedy, who, though not a baker, was the more pithy and flowery orator of the two.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO SEE A STAG-
GREEN RACE.

THE signal was given—and the six horsemen started in good order, and with more zeal and eagerness in their faces than was to be found in the limbs of the animals which they bestrode. For a few moments the strife seemed doubtful, and Victory hovered, with an indecisive wing, now over one helmet, and now over another. The crowd of spectators, huddling together on a heap, with faces that glowed and eyes that sparkled with intense interest, encouraged the riders with shouts and exclamations of hoarse and vehement applause. “Success! success, Jerry!” “It’s done; a half-pint wit you, Dan Hogan wins!” “I depend my life upon John O’Reilly.” “Give her a loose, Lowry:” and other expressions of a similar nature.

But ere they again came round the winning-post, the position of the horses was altered. O’Reilly rode in front, lashing his horse in the flank with as much force as if he were pounding on his own anvil. Dooley the nailer came close behind, drubbing his black mare’s lean ribs with the calves of his legs as if designing to beat the poor beast out of the last remnant of her wind. The others followed, lashing their horses and one another, each abusing his neighbour in the grossest terms, all except Lowry Looby, who prudently kept out of harm’s way, keeping a loose in his hand, and giving the hair-cutter’s mare the advantage of what the jockeys term a *sob*, a relief, indeed, of which the poor creature stood in the utmost need. He was thus prepared to profit by the accident which followed. The blacksmith’s gray horse started at a heap of sea-weed, and suffered the nailer’s mare to come down like a thunderbolt upon his haunches. Both steeds fell, and the process-server, who rode on their heels, falling foul of them as they lay kicking on the sand, was compelled to share in their prostration. This accident produced among the fallen heroes a series of kicks and bruises in which the horses were not idle. O’Reilly,

clenching his hand, hit the nailer a straight-forward blow between the eyes, which so effectually interfered with the exercise of those organs, that he returned the favour with a powerful thrust in the abdomen of his own prostrate steed. For this good office he was rewarded by the indignant quadruped with a kick over the right ear which made it unnecessary to inflict a second, and the quarrel remained between the process-server and blacksmith, who pummelled one another as if they were pounding flax, and with as much satisfaction as if they had never got drunk together in their lives. They were at length separated, and borne from the ground all covered with blood and sand, while their horses with much difficulty were set upright on their legs, and led off to the neighbouring slope.

In the meantime, our party observed Lowry Loohy returning from the winning-post under the protection of Mr. Cregan, with the saddle torn to fitters between his hands, and his person exhibiting tokens of severe ill-usage. He had contrived to outstrip the mountaineers, and obtained the prize; but the adverse factions, irritated at beholding their laurels flourishing on a stranger's brow, had collected around and dragged him from his horse, alleging that it was an unfair heat, and that there should be a second trial. Mr. Cregan, however, with some exertion succeeded in rescuing Lowry from their hands; but not until every man in the crowd had put a mark upon him by which he might be easily distinguished at any future meeting.

Tired of the deafening uproar that surrounded him, and longing for retirement, that he might brood at leisure over his disappointment, Kyrle Daly now left the course, notwithstanding the invitation of Anne Chute, that he would return and dine at the Castle. His intention was, to spend the night at the Cottage on one of his father's dairy-farms, which lay at the distance of a few miles lower on the river side; and where one neat room was always kept in order for his use, whenever he joined Hardress Cregan in a shooting excursion towards the mouth of the stream. Hardress had promised to visit him at this cottage, a few weeks before, and as he knew that his young friend must have come to an anchor in waiting for the tide, he judged it not unlikely that he might see him this very night. He had now an additional reason for desiring to hold conversation with Hardress, in order that he might receive the consolations of his friendship.

under his own disappointment ; and, if possible, obtain some knowledge of the true condition of his mistress's affections.

Lowry Looby, once more reduced to his legs, followed him at a distance somewhat more considerable than that recommended by Dean Swift as proper to be observed by gentlemen's gentlemen. He lingered only to restore the mare to Foxy Dunat, presenting him at the same time with the mutilated saddle, and obstinately declining the hair-cutter's proposal of "traiting him to the best that the Cat an' Bagpipes could afford." After which conversation, the two friends threw their arms about each other's neck, kissed, as in France, and separated.

The night had fallen before Kyrle alighted at the cottage door. Mrs. Frawley, the dairy-woman, had been provident enough to light a fire in the little yellow room, and to place beside it the arm-chair and small painted table, with the volume of Blackstone which her young master was accustomed to look into in the evening. The night, she observed, "was *smart* enough to make *an air o' the fire* no unpleasant thing ; and even if it were not cold, a fire was *company* when one would be alone that way." With equal foresight, she had prepared the materials for a tolerable dinner, such as a hungry man might not contemn without trial. Whether it were the mere effect of custom, or an indication of actual and unromantic appetite, the eye of our desponding lover was not displeased, on entering the little parlour, to see the table decorated with a snow-white damask cloth, a cooler of the sweetest butter, a small cold ham, and an empty space which he knew to be destined for a roast duck or chickens. There is no time at which the heart is more disposed to estimate in a proper light the comforts of home and a quiet fireside, than when it has experienced some severe rejection in society, and it was with the feeling of one who after much and harassing annoyance, encounters a sudden refuge, that our drooping traveller flung himself into the chair, and exclaimed in the words of Oriana :

"Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy,
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought,
Oh, let my joys have some abiding !"

While Mrs. Frawley superintended the dressing of the

fowl in the kitchen, much wondering at the forlorn and absent air with which her officious attentions were received by the young collegian, that meditative gentleman was endeavouring to concentrate his attention on the pages of the learned work that lay before him. His eyes wandered over the concise and lucid detail of the reciprocal rights and duties of *baron* and *feme*; but what purpose could this answer, except to remind him that he could never claim the lovely Anne Chute as his *feme*, nor would the lovely Anne Chute consent to acknowledge him as her *baron*. He closed the volume, and laying it on the little chimney-piece resumed his mood of settled meditation by the fire.

The silence of the place was favourable to that sort of drowsy musing in which the mind delights to repose its energies after any strong and passionate excitement. There was no effort made to invite or pursue a particular train of reflection; but those thoughts which lay nearest to the heart, those memories, hopes, fears, and wishes, with which they were most intimately associated, passed in long and still procession before his mind. It was a dreary and funeral train to witness, but yet the lover found a luxurious indulgence in its contemplation. He remained gazing on the fire, with his hand supporting his temple, until every crackling turf and sagot became blended in his thoughts with the figures which his memory called up from the past, or his fancy created for the future.

While he leaned thus silent in his chair, he overheard in the adjoining kitchen a conversation, which for the moment diverted his attention from the condition of his own fortunes.

"Whereto are you running in such a hurry, Mary?" said Mrs. Frawley. "One would think it was for the seed o' the fire you come. Sit down again."

"O wisha," said a strange voice, "I'm tired from sitting. Is it to look after the butter Mr. Kyrle is come down to ye?"

"Oyeh, no. He doesn't meddle in them things at all. If he did, we'd have a bad story to tell him. You'll burn that duck, Nelly, if you don't mind it."

"Why so, a bad story, Mrs. Frawley?"

"I'll tell you, Mary. I don't know what the reason of it is, but our butter is going from us this two months now. I'd almost take the vestment* of it, that Mr. Euright's

* Swear on the priest's vestment.

dairyman, Bill Noonan, made a *pishog** and took away our butter."

"Oyeh!"

"What else, what would become of it? Sure Bill himself told me they had double their compliment last week, at a time when, if we were to break our hearts churning from this till doomsday, we could get nothing but the buttermilk in the latter end."

"Did you watch your cows last May-eve, to see that no one milked 'em for you?"

"I did to be sure. I sat up until twelve o'clock, to have the first milk myself: for Shaun Lauther, the fairy doctor, told me that if another milked 'em that night, she'd have their butter the whole year round. And what good was it for me? I wouldn't wonder if old Moll Noonan had a hand in it."

"Nor I neither. They say she's a witch. Did I ever tell you what Davy Neal's wife did to her of a time?"

"Not as I know."

"The same way as with yourself, the butter, no, 'tisn't the butter, but the milk itself, was going from Katty Neal, although her little cow was a kind Kerry, and had the best of grazing. Well, she went, as you done, to Shaun Lauther, the knowledgeable man, and put a half-a-crown into his hand, and asked his advice. Well! 'Tell me,' says Shaun, 'were you at Moll Noonan's yesterday?' 'I was,' says Kate. 'And did you see a hair spancel hanging over the chimney?' says he. 'I did see that too,' says Kate. 'Well,' says Shaun, 'tis out of that spancel that Moll do be milking your cows every night, by her own chimney-corner, and you breaking your heart at a dry udder the same time.' 'And what am I to do?' says Kate; 'I'll tell you,' says he.

* A mystic rite, by which one person is enabled to make a supernatural transfer of his neighbour's butter into his own churns. The failure and diminution of butter at different times, from the poverty of the cream, appears so unaccountable, that the country people can only attribute it to witchcraft; and those dairy superstitions have prevailed to a similar degree in the country parts of England. In *The Devil is an Ass*, his Satanic Majesty is thus made to jest on the petty mischief of his imp, Pug, who seeks a month's furlough to the earth:

———"You have some plot now,
Upon a tunning of ale, to stale the yeast,
Or keep the churn so that the butter come not,
Spite of the housewife's cord and her hot spit."

‘Go home and redden this horse-shoe in the fire, and observe when you’re milking, that a gray cat will sit by you on the bawn. Just strike her with the red shoe, and your business will be done.’ Well, she did his bidding. She saw the gray cat, and burned her with the shoe, till she flew screeching over the hedge.”

“O, murther, hadn’t she the courage?”

“She had. Well, the next day she went to Moll Noonan’s, and found her keeping her bed, with a great scald, she said she got from a pot of boiling water she had down for scalding the keelers. Ayeh, thought Kate, I know what ails you well, my old lady. But she said nothing, and I’ll engage she had the fine can o’ milk from her cows the next morning.”

“Well, she was a great girl.”

“A’, what should ail her?” said Nelly, the servant wench, who was employed in turning the duck, “I remember Jug Flannigan, the cooper’s wife, above, was in the same way, losing all her butter, and she got it again, by putten’ a taste o’ the last year’s butter into the churn, before churning, along with the crame, and into every keeler, in the house. Here, Mrs. Frawley, will you have an eye to the spit a minute, while I go look at them hens in the coob abroad? Master Kyrle might like a fresh egg for his tay, an’ I hear them clockin’.”

“Do then, Nell, a’ragal, and, as you’re going, turn in the turkeys, for the wind is rising, and I’m in dread that it will be a bad night.”

A loud knocking at the door was the next sound that invaded the ear of Kyrle Daly. The bolt flew back, and a stranger rushed in, while at the same moment, a gust of wind and rain dashed the door with violence against the wall, and caused a cloud of smoke and ashes to penetrate even the room in which he sat.

“Shut out the doore! shut out the doore!” screamed Mrs. Frawley, “the duck will be all destroyed from the ashes. A’, Lowry, what kep you till now?”

“Oh, let me alone, woman,” exclaimed Lowry, in a loud and agitated voice, “Where’s himself? Where’s Master Kyrle?”

“Sitting in the parlour within.—What’s the matter, eroo?”

Without making any reply, Lowry Looby presented him-

self at the parlour door, and waving his hand with much force, exclaimed, "Come out! come out, Masther Kyrle! There's the Nora Creina abroad just going down, an' every soul aboard of her. She never will retch the shore! O vo! vo! 'tis frightful to see the swell that's round her. The Lord in his mercy sthretch out his hand upon the wathers, this fearful night!"

Kyrle started up in alarm, snatched his hat, and rushed out of the room, not paying any attention to the recommendation of Mrs. Frawley, that he would throw the frieze riding coat over his shoulders before he went out in the rain. Lowry Looby, with many ejaculations of terror and of compassion, followed his master to the shore, within a gun-shot of which the cottage was situated. They arrested their steps on a rocky point, which jutting far into the river, commanded a wide prospect on either side. It was covered with wet sea-weed and shell fish, and afforded a slippery footing to the young collegian and his squire. A small fishing-boat lay at anchor on the leeward side of the point, and her crew, consisting of a swarthy old man and a youth, were standing on the shore, and watching the pleasure-boat with much interest.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW FORTUNE BRINGS TWO OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

The situation of the little vessel was in reality terrific. A fierce westerly wind, encountering the receding tide, occasioned a prodigious swell in the centre of the channel; and even near shore, the waves lashed themselves with so much fury against the rocky head-land before mentioned, that Kyrle and his servant were covered with spray and foam. There was yet sufficient twilight in the sky, to enable them to discern objects on the river, and the full autumnal moon, which, ever and anon, shot, like a flying ghost, from one dark mass of vapour to another, revealed them at intervals with a distinctness scarcely inferior to that of day. The object of the pleasure-boat seemed to be that of reaching the anchorage

above alluded to, and with this view the helmsman held her head as close to the wind as a reefed mainsail and heavy swell would allow him. The white canvass, as the boat came foaming and roaring towards the spectators, appeared half drenched in brine from the breaking of the sea against the windward bow. The appearance of the vessel was such as to draw frequent ejaculations of compassion from Lowry and the boatmen, and to make Kyrle Daly's heart sink low with fear and anxiety. At one time she was seen on the ridge of a broken wave, showing her keel to the moonlight, and bending her white and glistening sails over the dark gulf upon her lee. At another the liquid mountain rolled away and left her buried in the trough, while her vane alone was visible to the landsmen, and the surges leaping and whitening in the moonshine, seemed hurrying to overwhelm and engulf their victim. Again, however, suddenly emerging into the light she seemed to ride the waters in derision, and left the angry monsters roaring in the wake.

"She never 'll do it, I'm in dread," said Lowry, bending an inquisitive glance on the boatman. The latter was viewing intently, and with a grim smile, the gallant battle made by the little vessel against the elements.

"'Tis a good boy that has the rudder in his hand," he said; "and as for their lives, 'tis the same Lord that is on the water as on the land." When their hour is come, on sea or shore, 'tis all the same to 'em. I wouldn't wondther if he done it yet. Ah, that swell put him off for it. He must take another tack. 'Tis a right good boy that houlds the rudder."

"What?" exclaimed Kyrle, "do you think it will be necessary for them to put out into the tide again?"

"Indeed I don't say she 'll ever do without it," said the old boatman, still keeping his eyes fixed on the Nora Creina. "There she comes round. She spins about like a top, God bless her!" Then putting his huge chapped hands at either side of his mouth, so as to form a kind of speaking trumpet, he cried out in a voice as loud and hoarse as that of the surges that rolled between them, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Have an oar out in the bow, or she 'll miss-stay in the swell."

"Thank you, thank you, it is done already!" shouted the helmsman in answer—"Kyrle, my boy, how are you? Kyrle, have a good fire for us when we go in. This is cold work."

“Cold work?” repeated Lowry Looby. “Dear knows, its true for you. A’ then, isn’t it little he makes of it after all, God bless him, an’ it blowing a perfect *harico*.”

Notwithstanding the vigour and confidence which spoke in the accents of the hardy helmsman, Kyrle Daly, when he saw the vessel once more shoot out in the deep, felt as if he had been listening to the last farewell of his friend. He could not return his gallant greeting, and remained with his head leaning forward, and his arm outstretched, and trembling, while his eyes followed the track of the pleasure-boat. Close behind him stood Lowry—his shoulder raised against the wind, and his hand placed over that ear on which it blew—clacking his tongue against his palate for pity, and indulging in many sentiments of commiseration for “Master Hardress!” and “the family,” not forgetting “Danny the Lord,” and his sister, “Fighting Poll of the Reeks.”

We shall follow the vessel in her brief but daring course. The young helmsman has been already slightly introduced to the reader in the second chapter of this history, but the change which circumstances had since effected in his appearance, renders it well worthy of our pains to describe his person and bearing with more accuracy and distinctness. His figure was tall, and distinguished by that muscularity and firmness of set, which characterizes the inhabitants of the south-west of Europe. His attitude, as he kept one hand on the rudder, and his eye fixed upon the foresail, was such as displayed his form to extreme advantage. It was erect, composed, and manly. Every movement seemed to be dictated by a judgment perfectly at ease, and a will that, far from being depressed, had caught a degree of fire and excitement from the imminent dangers with which it had to struggle. The warm and heroic flush upon his cheek could not be discovered in the pale and unequal light that shone upon him, but the settled and steady lustre of his large dark eye, over which, not even the slightest contraction of the arched brow could be discerned; the perfect calmness of his manner, and the half smiling expression of his mouth, (that feature, which of all others is most traitorous to the dissembling coward) bespoke a mind and heart that were pleased to encounter danger, and well calculated to surmount it. It was such a figure as would have at once awakened associations in the beholder’s mind, of camps and action, of states confounded in their councils, and nations overrun by

sudden conquest. His features were brightened by a lofty and confident enthusiasm, such as the imagination might ascribe to the Royal Adventurer of Sweden, as he drew his sword on his beleaguers at Belgrade. His forehead was ample and intellectual in its character; his hair "coal black" and curling; his complexion of that rich deep Gipsy yellow, which, showing as it did the healthy bloom beneath, was far nobler in its character than the feminine white and red. The lower portion of his physiognomy was finely and delicately turned, and a set of teeth as white as those of a young beagle, gave infinite vivacity to the expression of his lips. The countenance was such a one as men seldom look upon, but when once beheld can never be forgotten.

On a seat at the weather side sat a young girl, her slight person wrapped in a blue cloak, while her eyes were raised to the cheerful face of the helmsman as if from him she derived all her hope and her security. The wind had blown back the hood from her shoulders and the head and countenance which thus "unmasked their beauty to the moon" were turned with a Sylph-like grace and lightness. The mass of curly hair which was blown over her left temple, seemed of a pale gold, that harmonized well with the excellent fairness and purity of her complexion; and the expression of her countenance was tender, affectionate, and confiding.

In the bow sat a being who did not share the beauty of his companions. He bore a prodigious hunch upon his shoulders, which however did not prevent his using his limbs with agility and even strength, as he tended the foresail, and bustled from side to side with an air of the utmost coolness and indifference. His features were not disagreeable, and were distinguished by that look of pert shrewdness which marks the low inhabitant of a city, and vents itself in vulgar cant, and in ridicule of the honest and wondering ignorance of rustic simplicity.

Such were the individuals whom the spirit of the tempest appeared at this moment to hold environed by his hundred perils; and such was the manner in which they prepared to encounter their destiny.

"Mind your hand, Mr. Hardress," said the boatman, in a careless tone, "we are in the tide."

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced.

An immense, overtopping billow, capped in form, came thundering downward like an avalanche upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the practised skill with which he timed the motion of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound, or a hunter on the rise—the bowsprit dipped and cracked like a withered sapling, a whole tun of water was flung over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken hart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Cregan, and her lip, though pale and quivering, was silent.

"That was right well done, sir," said Danny Mann, as the boat once more cleft the breakers, on her landward course. "A minute sooner, or a minute later, up with the hand, would put it all into her."

"A second would have done it," said Hardress, "but all is well now. A charming night this would be," he continued, smiling on the girl; "for beaver and feathers."

This jest produced a short hysteric laugh, in answer, which was rather startling than agreeable to the person who addressed her. In a few minutes after, and without any more considerable disaster, the vessel dropped her peak, and ran alongside the rocks on which Kyrle Daly was expecting them.

"Remain in the boat," said Hardress, addressing the girl, while he fastened the hood over her head—"I see that talkative fellow, Looby, above on the rocks. I will procure you an unoccupied room, if possible, in the cottage, as a neighbour and relative of Danny Mann. Endeavour to conceal your countenance, and speak as little as possible. We are ruined if I should be seen paying you any attention."

"And am I not to see you to-night, again?" said the girl in a broken and affectionate accent.

"My own love, I would not go to rest without taking leave of you, for all the world. Be satisfied," he added, pressing her hand tenderly, and patting her upturned cheek—"You are a noble girl. Go, pray—pray and return thanks for your husband's life, as he shall do for yours. I thought we should have supped in heaven. Dan!" he continued loud, to the boatman, "take care of your sister."

"His sister!" echoed Lowry Looby, on the rocks. "O, murther, is Fighting Poll of the Reeks aboard, too? Why then he needn't bid Danay to take care of her, for she is well able to do that job for herself."

Hardress leaped out upon the shore, and was received by Kyrle Daly with a warmth and delight proportioned to the anxiety which he had previously experienced.

"My dear fellow, I thought I should have never seen you on your feet again. A thousand and a hundred thousand welcomes! Lowry, run to the house and get dinner hastened—Stay!—Hardress, have you any things on board?"

"Only a small trunk, and my gun—you would for ever oblige me, Kyrle, by procuring a comfortable lodging, if you have no room to spare, for this poor fellow of mine and his sister. He is sickly, and you know he is my foster-brother."

"He shall be taken care of—I have a room—come along—you are dripping wet. Lowry, take up Mr. Cregan's trunk and gun to the cottage. Come along, Hardress, you will catch your death of cold. Pooh! are you afraid Fighting Poll will break her tender limbs, that you look back and watch her so closely?"

"No—no, my dear Daly—but I am afraid that fellow—Booby—Looby—(what's his stupid name?)—will break my trunk;—he is watching the woman and peering about her, instead of minding what he is doing. But come along!—Well, Kyrle, how are you? I saw you all in the window to-day when I was sailing by."

"Yes—you edified my mother with that little feat you performed at the expense of the fishermen."

"Ah, no—was she looking at that, though? I shall not be able to show my face to her this month to come. Hallo, you sir, Booby! Looby, come along! Do you remain long in the west, Kyrle?"

"As long as you will take a bed in the cottage with me. But we will talk of this when you have changed your dress and dined. You came on the very point of time. *Rem acu tetigisti*, as our old college tutor Doyle would say. Mrs. Frawley was just preparing to dish me a roast duck. I bless the wind, all boisterous as it was, that blew you on these shores, for I thought I should have spent a lonesome evening, with the recollections of merry old times, like so many evil families, to dine, and sup, and sleep with me. But now

that we are met again, farewell the past ! The present and the future shall furnish our entertainment, after we have done with the roast duck."

"The fume of which salutes my sense at this moment with no disagreeable odour," said Hardress, following his friend into the little hall of the cottage. "Mrs. Frawley, as fat and fair and rosy as ever ! Well, Mrs. Frawley, how do you and the cows get on ? Has any villanous imp been making *piskogs* over your keelers ? Does the cream mount ? Does the butter break ? Have you got the devil well out of your churn ?"

"Oh, fie, mather Cregan, to go spake of such a thing at all. Oh, vo, a vich-o, you're drown'ded wet, and that's what you are. Nelly, eroo, bring hether the candle. Oh, sir, you never will get over it."

"Never mind, Mrs. Frawley. I'll be stout enough to dance at your wedding yet."

"My wedding, a-vourneen !" returned the buxom dairy-woman, in a gentle scream of surprise, not unqualified however by a gracious smile, "Oyeh, if you never fut a moneen till then !—Make haste hether with the candle, Nelly, eroo, what are you doing ?"

Nelly, not altogether *point device* in her attire, at length appeared with a light to conduct the gentlemen to their chamber ; while Mrs. Frawley returned to the kitchen. This accident of the stranger's arrival was of fatal consequence to three individuals in the cottage ; namely, two fat chickens and a turkey pout, upon whom sentence of death was immediately pronounced and executed, without more form of law than might go to the hanging of a Croppy. Mrs. Frawley, meantime, fulfilled the office of Sheriff on the occasion, ejaculating, out of a smiling reverie, while she gazed listlessly on the blood of the innocent victims, "Why then I declare that Mистер Hardress is a mighty pleasant gentleman."

In the meantime, Lowry Looby was executing the commission he had received with regard to Mr. Cregan's trunk. Lowry, who was just as fond of obtaining, as of communicating, strange intelligence, had his own good reasons for standing in awe of the far-famed Fighting Poll of the Reeks, who was renowned in all the western fairs, as a fearless, whiskey-drinking virago, over six feet in her stocking vamps, and standing no more in awe of the gallows than she might of her mother's arms. It may at once be seen that a

racter of this description was the very last that could have been personated with any success by the lovely young creature who accompanied Hardress, and indeed her only chance of escaping detection consisted in the unobtrusiveness of the attempt she made, and the care she used in concealing her features. The first circumstance that excited the astonishment of Lowry, as he stood bowing with his hat off, upon the rocks, while Danny the Lord assisted her to land, was the comparative diminutiveness of her stature, and the apparent slightness of her form.

“Your sarvent, Mrs. Naughten,” he said in a most insinuating accent. “I hope I see you well in your health, ma’am. You wouldn’t remember a boy of the Looby’s at all, you met of a time at Nelly Hewsan’s wake, westwards, (heaven rest her soul this night!) That was the place where the great giving-out was, surely.”

To this gentle remembrance of old merry times, the female in the blue cloak only answered by a slight, short courtsey, while she drew the hood closer about her face, and began, though with a feeble and tottering step, to ascend the rocks.

“Bread, an’—beef, an’—tay an’—whiskey an’—turkies an’—cakes—an’ every thing that the heart could like,” the officious Lowry continued following the pseud amazon among the stones and sea-weed, and marvelling not a little at her unaccustomed taciturnity. “The Hewsans could well afford it, they were strong, snug farmers, relations o’ your own, I’m thinking, ma’am. Oh, vo! sure I forgot the trunk and there’s Mr. Hardress calling to me. Larry Kett,” he continued, addressing the old boatman before mentioned, “will you show Mrs. Naughten the way to the house while I’m getting the thrunk out o’ the boat; an’ if you want a fire o’ turf or a *gwal* o’ piatees, Mrs. Frawley will let you have ’em an’ welcome.”

The old boatman willingly came into terms so easy and advantageous; and the fair counterfeit hurried on, well pleased at the exchange of companions. Lowry in the mean time returned to the boat, and stole into conversation with Danny the Lord, whom, in fear of his sneering satirical temper, he always treated with nearly as much respect as if his title were not so purely a thing of courtesy. Danny Mann, on the other hand, received his attentions with but little complaisance; for he looked on Lowry as a foolish,

troublesome fellow, whose property in words (like the est of many a young absentee) far overbalanced his discreet and ability in their employment. He had often told Lowry in confidence, "that it would be well for him had he a big head an' a smaller mouth," alluding to that peculiar conformation of Lowry's upper man with which the reader been already made acquainted. The country people, (we are never at a loss for a simile) when they saw this long-legged fellow, following the sharp-faced little hunch-back of place to place, used to lean on their spades, and call attention of their companions to "the wran an' the cuck goen' the road."

The "cuckoo" now found the "wran" employed in coiling up a wet cable on the fore-castle, while he sang in a voice that more nearly resembled the grunting of a pig at the approach of rain, than the melody of the sweetest songstress of the hedges above named :—

"An' of all de meat dat ever was hung,
A cheek o' pork is my fancy,
'Tis sweet an' toothsome when 'tis young.
Fait, dat's no lie, says Nancy.
'Twill boil in less dan half an hour,
Den wit' your nail you may try it,
'Twill taste like any caulidower,
'Tis better do dat dan to fry it.
Sing re-rig-i-dig-i-dum-derom dum."

"How does the world use Mистер Mann this evening" was the form of Lowry's first greeting, as he bent over gunwale of the stern, and laid his huge paws on the stern-trunk.

"As you see me, Lowry," was the reply.

"A smart evening ye had of it."

"Purty fair for the matter o' dat."

"Dear knows, it's a wonther ye worn't drowneded. 'Tis blown' a *hurico*. An' you singen' now as if you wor com' from a jig-house, or a wake, or a weddin.' A' then tell me now, Mистер Mann, wasn't it your thought when you was abroad, that time, how long it was since you were with a priest before?"

"I tought o' dat first, Lowry, an' I tried to say a prayer, but it was so long from me since I did the like before, dat I might as well try to talk Latin, or any other book-larn. But sure if I tought o' myself rightly, dere wasn't de l

fear of us, for I had a book o' Saint Margaret's confessions in me buzzom, an' as long as I'd have dat, I knew dat if de boat was to go down under me itself, she'd come up again."

"Erra, no!"

"Iss, dear knows."

"I wisht I had one of 'em," said Lowry, "I do be often goen' in boats across to Cratloe, an' them places."

"You'd have no business of it, Lowry. Dem dat's born for one death, has no reason to be afeerd of anoder."

"Gondoutha! You're welcome to your joke this evening. Well, if I was to put my eyes upon sticks, Mистер Mann, I never would know your sisher again."

"She grew a dale, I b'lieve."

"Grew?—If she did, it's like the cow's tail, downwards. Why, she, isn't, to say, taller than myself, now, in place o' being the head an' two shoulders above me. An' she isn't at all the rattlen' girl she was of ould. She didn't spake a word."

"An' dat's a failing, dat's new to both o' ye," said his lordship, "but Poll made a vow again talken' of a Tuesday, bekeys it was of a Tuesday her first child died, an' dey said he was hoist away be de good people, while Poll was gossiping wit Ned Hayes, over a glass at de public."

"And that's her raison!"

"Dat's her raison."

"An' in regard o' the drink?"

"Oh, she's greatly altered dat way too, dough 'twas greatly again' natur. A limeburner's bag was notton to her for soaken formerly, but now she'd take no more dan a wet sponge."

"That's great, surely. An' about the cursen' an' swear-en'?"

"Cursen'? You'd no more find a curse after her, dan you would after de clargy. An' 'tisen't dat itself, but you wouldn't get a crooked word outside her lips, from year's end to year's end."

"Why then, it was long from her to be so mealy-mouthed when I knew her. An' does she lift a hand at the fair at all now? Oyeh, what a terrible 'oman she was, comen' again' a man with her stocken off, an' a stone in the foot of it!"

"She was. Well, she wouldn't raise her hand to a chicken, now."

"That flog's cock-fighting."

“Only, I’ll tell you in one case. She’s apt to be contrary to any one dat would be comen’ discoorsen’ her of : Thursday at all, or peepen’ or spyen’ about her, she’s vexed in herself not to be able to make ’em an answer. I used to be a word an’ a blow wit her, but now as she can have de word, ’tis de blow comes mostly first, and she didn’ make e’er a vow again’ dat.”

“Shasthone!” exclaimed Lowry, who laid up this hint for his own edification. “Great changes, surely. Well, Mistr Mann, an’ will you tell me now if you please, is your mast goen’ westwards in the boat to-morrow?”

“I don’t know, an’ not maken’ you a short answer, Lowry—I don’t care. And a word more on de back o’ dat again’ although I have a sort of a rattlen’ regard for you, still a all, I’d rader be taking a noggin o’ whiskey, to warm heart in me dis cold night, dan listening to your talken’ der. Dat I may be happy, but I would, an’ dat’s as good as it was after taking all de books in Ireland of it.”

This hint put an end to the conversation for the present and Danny the Lord (who exercised over Lowry Looby influence somewhat similar to that which tied Master Mithew to the heels of Bobadil) adjourned with that loquacious person to the comforts of Mrs. Frawley’s fire-side.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE TWO FRIENDS HOLD A LONGER CONVERSATION TOGETHER THAN THE READER MAY PROBABLY APPROVE.

THE female in the blue cloak withstood all the recommendations and entreaties of the good natured dairy-woman that she would “step in and take an air of the kitchen fire.” She pleaded extreme fatigue, and requested that she might be permitted to occupy at once the chamber in which she was to pass the night. Finding her resolute, Mrs. Frawley insisted on having a cheerful fire lighted up in the little room outside her own dormitory, which was appropriated to a fair stranger’s use. It was impossible to maintain her composure in the presence of this officious and hospitable

woman, whose regard for her guest was in no degree diminished by a view of her person and dress. Her hair was wringing wet, but her cloak had in a great measure preserved the remainder of her attire, which was just a shade too elegant for a mere *payenne*, and too modest for a person claiming the rank of a gentlewoman. The material, also, which was a pretty flowered cotton, "a dawny pattern," as Mrs. Frawley declared, proclaimed a pocket altogether at ease, and led the dairy-woman to the conclusion that "the Naughtins were decent, *credible* people, that knew how to industher, and turn and stretch a penny, as far as more would a shilling."

Having supplied the counterfeit Poll with every thing necessary for her immediate uses, Mrs. Frawley left her to make what changes she pleased in her dress, and went to look after the young gentlemen's dinner: as well as to prepare some refreshment for the weary Mrs. Naughten herself.

Scarcely had Mrs. Frawley departed, when a soft tapping at the room door announced the approach of another visiter. The lovely inconnue, who was employed at the moment in arranging and drying her hair, felt her heart beat somewhat quickly and strongly at the sound. She threw back from her temples the wavy mass of gold that hung around them, and ran to the door with lips apart, and a flushed and eager cheek. "It is he!" she exclaimed to her own breast as she undid the bolt.

It was not *he*. The weather-worn, freckled face of the little hunch-back, was the first object that met her eyes. Between his hands he held a small trunk, the lid of which was studded with brass nails, forming the letters E. O'C.

"By a dale to do, Miss, I laid houl't o' dis," said Danny; "Lowry said, de letters didn't stand for Mr. Hardress at all, only one of 'em."

"Thank you, Danny. Where is your master!"

"Aten his dinner in de parlour wit Mr. Daly before a tunderen' big fire."

"Was Lowry speaking to you?"

"Did any body ever see him oderwise? I'll be bail he was so."

"But does he know——"

"I didn't hear him say a word about it," replied the little Lord, "an' I tink, if he knew, he'd tell."

"Well, Danny, will you find an opportunity of speaking to

your master without being observed, and tell him that I wish to see him very much indeed. I am very uneasy, and he has not told me how long we are to stay here, or where we are to go next, or any thing. I feel quite lonesome, Danny, for it is the first evening I have ever spent alone in my life, I think." Here the poor young creature's lip quivered a little, and the water started into her eye.

"Never fear, ma gra hu ! ma grein chree hu !" said Danny in a soothing tone, "I'll speak a word in his ear, an' he'll come to you. Dat I may never die in a frost if I would n't go from dis to Dublin to sarve you, next to Mr. Hardress himself,

He was as good as his word ; and took an opportunity, while Hardress was giving him some directions about the boat, to mention the request of their gentle companion in the storm. The young gentleman inquired the situation of her room, and bade his servant say, that he would not fail to visit her, if only for a few minutes, before he retired to rest. It was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed to avoid awakening suspicion.

Kyrle Daly, in the mean time, was employed in manufacturing a capacious bowl of whiskey-punch by the parlour fire-side. Instead of the humble but capacious tumbler, or still more modern, small stone-china jug, over which, you, good Irish reader, are, probably, accustomed to solace your honest heart in a winter's evening, two glasses, more than a foot in height, were displayed upon the board, and seemed intended to meet the lips without the necessity of any assistance from the hand.

By one of those inconsistencies in our nature, on which it is idle to speculate, Kyrle Daly found a difficulty in getting into conversation with his friend, upon the very subject, on which, a few minutes before, he had longed for his advice and assistance. Hardress appeared to be in high, noisy, and even exulting spirits, the sound of which rang jarringly and harsh upon the ear of the disappointed lover. The uproar of his happy heart offended the languor of his young companion's mind, as the bustle of the city noon sounds strange and unfamiliar on a sick man's hearing.

Neither, perhaps, is there any subject to which young men of equal pretensions have a greater distaste than that of love-confidences one with another. If the tale be of a past and unhappy attachment, it is wearisome and annoying ; and if

it relate to a present and successful passion, a sentiment of jealousy is apt to invade the heart of the listener, while he is made to contemplate a picture of happiness, which, perhaps, the sternness of his own destiny has allowed him to contemplate as a picture only. A better test could scarcely be adopted, to distinguish a sincere and disinterested friendship from one of mere convenience, than a trial of patience on such a topic. It is true, indeed, that the incidents lately recorded afford reason to believe that Hardress Cregan was not one of those forlorn beings who are made

“to love, and not be loved again ;”

but it is certain, nevertheless, that when Kyrle Daly first mentioned his having been at Castlechute, and driving Anne to the race-course, his manner was rather reserved and discouraging, than otherwise.

“The longer I live,” Kyrle said at length with some hesitation in his manner, “the longer I live in this luckless condition, and the oftener I think of that excellent girl, the more deep and settled is the hold which she has taken of my imagination. I wonder, Hardress, how you can be so indifferent to her acquaintance. Placing my own unfortunate affection altogether out of view, I can scarcely imagine an enjoyment more desirable than that of cultivating the society of so amiable a creature.”

Here he drew a long sigh, and replenished the void thus occasioned, by having recourse to the bowl and ladle.

“I am not of the same opinion, Kyrle,” said Hardress, “Anne Chute is unquestionably a very fine girl, but she is too highly educated for me.”

“Too highly educated!”

“Echo me not. The words are mine. Yes, Kyrle, I hold that this system of polishing girls *ad unguem*, is likely to be the destruction of all that is sincere and natural and unaffected in the sex. It is giving the mind an unwholesome preponderance over the heart, occasioning what an astronomer would call an *occultation* of feeling, by the intervention of reason.”

“I cannot imagine a case,” said Kyrle, “in which the exercise of reason can ever become excessive ; and there are sneerers under the sun, Hardress, who will tell you, that this danger is least of all to be apprehended among the lovely beings of whom you are speaking.”

"I think otherwise. As I prefer the works of nature to the works of man, the fresh river breeze to the dusty and smoky zephyr of Capel-street, the bloom on a cottage cheek to the crimson japan that blazes at the Earl of Buckinghamshire's drawing-rooms ; as I love a plain beef-steak before a grilled attorney,* this excellent whiskey-punch before my mother's confounded currant-wine, and any thing else that is pure and natural before any thing else that is adulterated and artificial ; so do I love the wild hedge-flower simplicity before the cold and sapless exotic, fashion ; so do I love the voice of affection and nature before that of finesse and affectation."

"Your terms are a little too hard, I think," said Kyrle, "elegance of manner is not finesse, nor at all the opposite of simplicity ; it is merely simplicity made perfect. I grant you, that few, very few, are successful in acquiring it ; and I dislike its ape, affectation, as heartily as you do. But we find something that is conventional in all classes, and I like affectation better than vulgarity, after all."

"Vulgarity of manner," said Hardress, "is more tolerable than vulgarity of mind."

"One is only offensive as the indication of the other, and I think it not more tolerable, because I prefer ugliness masked to ugliness exposed."

"Why, now, Daly, I will meet you on tangible ground. There is our friend Ann Chute, acknowledged to be the loveliest girl in her circle, and one whom I remember a charming good-natured little hoyden in her childhood. And see what high education has done for her.—She is cold and distant, even to absolute frigidity, merely because she has been taught that insensibility is allied to elegance. What was habit, has become nature with her ; the frost which she suffered to lie so long upon the surface, has at length penetrated to her affections, and killed every germ of mirth and love and kindness, that might have made her a treasure to her friends and an ornament to society."

"Believe me—Hardress—believe me, my dear Hardress—you do her wrong," exclaimed Kyrle, with exceeding warmth.

* It is notorious, that the drumstick of a goose or turkey, grilled and highly spiced, was called a *devil*. Some elegant persons, however, who deemed that term too strong for "ears polite," were at the pains of looking for a synonyme, of a milder sound, and discovered a happy substitute in the word *attorney*, which conveys all the original force, without the coarse cacophony of the other phrase.

"It is not that I love Anne Chute, I speak—but because I know and esteem her. If you knew her but for three days, instead of one hour, you never would again pronounce so harsh a sentence. All that is virtuous—all that is tender and affectionate—all that is amiable and high-principled may be met with in that admirable woman. Take the pains to know her—visit her—speak of her to her friends—her dependants—to her aged mother—to any one that has observed her conduct, and you will be undeceived. Why will you not strive to know her better?"

"Why, you must consider that it is not many months since I returned from Dublin; and to say a truth, the single visit I paid at Castle-Chute was not calculated to tempt me to a second. Considering that I was an old play-fellow, and a kind of cousin, I thought Anne Chute need not have received me as if I were a tax-gatherer, or a travelling dancing-master."

"Why, what would you have her do? Throw her arms about your neck and kiss you, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. You know the class of people of whom little Flaccus said, *Quum vitia vitant in contraria currunt*, and, after all, I think Anne Chute is not one of those. Her education is little worth if it could not enable her to see a medium between two courses so much at variance."

"But will you allow a friend to remind you, Hardress, that you are a little overapt to take exception in matters of this kind. And notwithstanding all that you have been saying against the polite world, I will venture to prophesy this—that when circumstances shall more frequently thrust you forward on the stage, and custom shall make you blind to the slight and formal insincerities that grieve you at present, your ideas on fashion and elegance and education will undergo a change. I know you, Hardress; you are not yet of age. The shadow of a repulse is now to you a sentence of banishment from any circle in which you suppose it is offered; but when you shall be courted, when mothers shall dress their daughters at you, and daughters shall shower down smiles upon your paths; when fathers shall praise your drinking, and sons shall eulogize your horses; then, Hardress, look to it. You will then be as loud and talkative before the whole world as now in presence of your humble friend. You will smile and smile a hundred times over at your young philosophy."

"Oh, 'never shall sun that morrow see,'" cried Hardress, throwing himself back in his chair, and raising his hands in seeming deprecation—"I perceive what you are hitting at, Kyrle," he continued, reddening a little. "You allude to my—my—timidity—bashfulness—what you will, my social cowardice. But I disclaim the petty, paltry failing. The feeling that unnerves me in society is as widely different from that base consciousness of inferiority, or servile veneration of wealth, rank or power, as the anger of Achilles from the spite of Thersites. You may laugh, and call me self-conceited, but, upon my simple honour, I speak in pure sincerity. My feeling is this, my dear Kyrle. New as I was to the world after leaving college, (where you know I studied pretty hard) the customs of society appeared to wear a strangeness in my sight that made me a perfect and a competent judge of their value. Their hollowness disgusted, and their insipidity provoked me. I could not join with any ease in the solemn folly of bows, and becks, and wreathed smiles that can be put on or off at pleasure. The motive of the simplest forms of society stared me in the face when I saw them acted before me, and if I attempted to play a part among the hypocrites myself, I supposed that every eye around me was equally clear-sighted—saw through the hollow assumption, and despised it as sincerely in me, as I had done in others. The consciousness of guilt was evident in my manner, and I received the mortification which ensued as the just punishment of my meanness and hypocrisy."

"You *do* express yourself in sufficiently forcible terms, when you go about it," said Daly, smiling. "What great hypocrisy or meanness can there be in remarking that it is a fine day, or asking after the family of an acquaintance, even though he should know that the first was merely intended to draw on a conversation, and the second to show him a mark of regard?"

"Which I did not feel."

"Granted. Let him perceive that never so clearly, there is still an attention implied in your putting the question at all with which he cannot be disobliged. It is flattering to acknowledge the necessity of such a deference. And, my dear Hardress, if you were never to admit of ceremony as the deputy of natural and real feeling, what would become of the whole social system? How soon the mighty vessel would become a wreck! how silent would be the rich man's

banquet! how solitary the great man's chambers! how few would bow before the throne! how lonely and how desolate would be the temples of religion!"

"You are the more bitter satirist of the two," said Hardress.

"No, no," exclaimed Kyrle. "I merely reminded you of an acknowledged fact, that when you enrol your name on the social list, you pledge yourself to endure as well as to enjoy. As long as ever you live, Hardress, take my word for it, you never will make, nor look upon a perfect world. It is such philosophy as yours that goes to the making of misanthropes. The next time you go into society, resolve to accept any mortifications you shall endure as a punishment for your sins, and so think no more of them. This indifference will become habitual—and while it does so, those necessary hypocrisies of which you speak will grow familiar and inoffensive."

"I see no occasion," said Hardress, "to make the trial. Plain human nature is enough for me. If I were to choose a companion for life, I should rather hope to cull the sweet fruit of conjugal happiness in the wild orchard of nature, than from the bark-beds and hot-walls of society."

"I advise you, however," said Kyrle, "not to make the choice until you have greater opportunities of observing both sides of the question. Trust not to the permanence of your present feelings, nor to the practical correctness of your curious theories. It would be too late, after you had linked yourself to—to—simplicity, I shall call it, to discover that elegance was a good thing, after all."

Hardress did not appear to relish this speech, and the conversation, in consequence, was discontinued for some minutes. Young Cregan was indeed as incapable of calculating on his future character as Kyrle Daly asserted. He was in that period of life, (the most critical perhaps of all,) when the energies of the mind, as well as of the frame, begin to develop themselves, and exhibit, in irregular out-breaks, the approaching vigour and fire of manhood. A host of new ideas, at this time, crowd in upon the reason, distinguished rather by their originality and genius, than by that correctness and good order which is derivable from instruction or experience alone; and it depends upon the circumstances in which the young thinker is placed, whether his future character shall be that of a madman or a sage. It was, perhaps, a knowledge of this inventive pride in youth that made th

Stagirite assert that men should not look into philosophical works before the age of five-and-twenty.

Hardress, however, although very sensitive, was not one of those who can brood a long time over an evil feeling. "Well, Daly," he exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "we will each of us pursue our inclinations on this subject. Leave me to the indulgence of my theories, and I will wish you joy of your Anne Chute."

"My Anne Chute!" echoed Daly, sipping his punch with a sad face. "I have no *lien* upon that lady, as the counselors say. She may sue as a *feme sole* for me in any court in Christendom.

Hardress turned on him a look of extreme surprise, in answer to which Kyrle Daly furnished him with an account of his unsuccessful suit to Anne, as also with his suspicions as to another attachment. The deep feeling of disappointment under which he laboured, became apparent, as he proceeded in his discourse, in the warmth and eagerness of his manner, the frequent compression of his lips, and clenching of his trembling hands, the dampness of his forehead, and the sparkling of his moistened eyeballs. The sight of his friend, in suffering, turned the stream of Hardress Cregan's sympathies into another channel, and he employed all his eloquence and ingenuity in combating the dangerous dejection which was hourly gaining upon his spirit. He declared his disbelief in the idea of another attachment, and recommended perseverance by every argument in his power.

"But the state of her mind," he continued, "shall not remain long a secret to you. They have been both (Anne and her mother) invited to spend a part of the autumn with us at Dinis cottage. My mother is a great secret-hunter, and I need only tell her where the game lies, to make certain that it will be hunted down. Trust every thing to me—for your sake I will take some pains to become better known to this extraordinary girl; and you may depend upon it, if she will suffer me to mount above Zero, you shall not suffer in my good report.

When the conversation had reached this juncture, the silence which prevailed in the cottage showed that the night was already far advanced. The punch had descended so low, as to leave the bowl of the ladle more than half visible; the candles seemed to meditate suicide, while the neglected snuff, gathering to a pall above the flame, threw a gloomy and flickering shadow on the ceiling; the turf-fire was

little more than a heap of pale ashes, before which the drowsy household cat, in her Sphynx-like attitude, sat winking, and purring her monotonous song of pleasure; the abated storm, (like a true Irish storm) seemed to mourn with repentant howlings over the desolating effects of its recent fury; the dog lay dreaming on the hearth, the adjoining farm-yard was silent, all but the fowl-house, where some garrulous dame Partlet, with female pertinacity, still maintained a kind of drowsy clucking on her roost; the natural hour of repose seemed to have produced its effect upon the battling elements themselves; the tempest had folded his black wings upon the ocean, and the waters broke upon the shore with a murmur of expiring passion. Within doors or without, there was no sight nor sound that did not convey a hint of bedtime to the watchers.

To make this hint the stronger, Mrs. Frawley showed the disk of her full-blown countenance at the door, as round as the autumnal moon, and like that satellite, illuminated by a borrowed light, namely, the last inch of a dipped candle which burned in her hand. "Masther Kyrle, darling," she exclaimed in a tone of tender remonstrance, "won't you go to bed to-night, child? 'Tis near morning, dear knows."

"Is Lowry Looby in bed?"

"No, sir, he's waiting to know have you any commands to Cork, he's going to guide the car in the morning with the firkins."

Lowry here introduced his person before that of the dairy-woman, causing however rather a transit than an eclipse of that moon of womanhood.

"Or, Misther Cregan?" he exclaimed, "may be he'd have some commands westwards? Because if he had, I could lave 'em at the forge at the cross, above, with directions to have 'em sent down to the house."

"I have no commands," said Hardress, "except to say that I will be at home on next Friday."

"And I have none whatever," said Kyrle Daly, rising and taking one of the candles. "Hardress, mind you don't give me the counterfeit, the slip, in the morning."

This caution produced a hospitable battle which ended in Hardress Cregan's maintaining his purpose of departing with the dawn of day. The friends then shook hands and separated for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW LOWRY BECOMES PHILOSOPHICAL.

As Lowry Looby returned to the kitchen he was met by Nelly the housemaid, who reminded him that he would be obliged to start before the potatoes could be boiled in the morning, and recommended, as a preparatory measure, that he should take his breakfast over night. Secure of his indulging her in so reasonable a request, she had already, under Mrs. Frawley's favour, laid on a little table before the kitchen fire, the remains of the roast ducks (so often commemorated in this narrative,) a plate of "re-heaters," (such was Nelly's term for potatoes suffered to cool and warmed again in the red turf ashes,) as also a piece of pork, four inches in depth, and containing no lean that was visible on a cursory inspection. This last was a dish for which Nelly knew Lowry Looby to entertain a fondness worthy of his ancient Irish descent. Indeed on all occasions Nelly was observed to take an interest in consulting the inclinations of this long-legged person; a kindness upon her part which the ungrateful Lowry seemed little inclined to appreciate.

The present proposal however harmonized so sweetly with his own feelings, at the moment, that he signified a speedy compliance, and followed the nymph into her culinary retreat. The kitchen presented a scene no less drowsy than the parlour. Mrs. Frawley was saying her prayers by the fire-side, with a string of beads that hung down to the ground, now and then venting a deep sigh, then "running her godly race," through a fit of yawning, and anon casting a glance over her shoulder at the proceedings of the two domestics, while every new distraction was followed by a succession of more audible groans, and more vehement assaults with the closed hand upon her bosom. Danny Mann was sleeping heavily on the other side of the fire, with his red woollen comforter drying on his knee. In order to avoid disturbing either the slumbers of the one, or the devotions of the other, Nelly and

her swain were obliged to carry on their conversation in a low whispering voice which gave additional effect to the sleepy tone of the entire scene. The shadows of the whole party, like the fame of genius magnified by distance, were thrown in gigantic similitude upon the surrounding walls. There Mrs. Frawley dilated to the dimensions of an ogre's wife, and here Danny Mann's hunch became to the original as Ossa to Knock Patrick. Looby's expanded mouth showed like the opening to Avernus, and the tight little Nelly herself, as she sat opposite, assumed the stature of Mr. Salt's black breccia Memnon, which any reader, who is curious about Nelly's personal outline, may behold in the ninth room of the British Museum.

While Lowry consoled himself with the greasy pork, swallowing it with as lively a relish as if it were the green fat of a Gallipagos turtle, he gave Nelly a history of the day's adventures, not forgetting his own triumph at the *staggeen* race, and the disappearance of Eily O'Connor. Nelly was the better pleased with his account of these transactions, as he thought fit to abstain, in the first instance, from all mention of Syl Carney; and, in speaking of the ropemaker's daughter, to omit those customary eulogies which he dealt forth whenever her name was brought in question. Emboldened by this circumstance, Nelly did not hesitate to throw out some plain insinuations as to the probable cause of the mystery, which did not much redound to the honour of the charming fugitive, and she became still more impassioned in her invective, after Mrs. Frawley had relieved them from the restraint of her presence, and retired to her sleeping room.

"Often an' often I told you, Lowry, that it wasn't for you to be looken' afther a girl of that kind, that thought herself as good as a lady. Great business, indeed, a poor man o' your kind would have of one like her, that would be too grand to put a leg in a *skeogh** to wash the potatoes, or lay a hand on the pot-hooks to sthrain 'em if they wor broke to tatters."

"That I may never die in sin if ever I had a thought of her, Nelly, only just divarten' at Batt Coonerty's."

"What a show the house would be with ye!" continued Nelly, still following up the matrimonial picture, "an' you a

* Basket.

hard worken' boy, obleest to be up early and late at other people's bidden'. I'll be bound that isn't the girl that would be up with the lark an' have a fire made, an' a griddle o' bread down in the morning before you, an' you going a long road; or have the hearth swep, an' your supper ready, an' every thing nate about the place for you, when you'd be coming back at night. But I believe there's a *chimæra** before the boys' eyes that they don't know what's good for 'em."

"Look!" exclaimed Lowry, while he broke a potato between his fingers, swallowed one half at a mouthful, and tossed the crisped peel upon the table. "That I may be happy, if she was offered to me this minute if I'd take her. Sure I know I'd have no more business of such a girl upon my floore than I would of Miss Chute herself. But there's no raisin for all why I wouldn't be sorry for ould Mihil's trouble. He's gone westwards, Foxy Dunat the hair-cutter tells me, to Castle-island, to his brother, Father Ned, I suppose to get him to publish her from the altar or something. They think 'tis westwards she went."

Happening at this moment to cast his eyes upon Danny Mann, Lowry perceived, with a sensation of disagreeable surprise, that he was awake, and peering curiously upon him from below the half-raised lids. The red fire-light which gleamed on the eyeballs gave them a peculiar and equivocal lustre, which added force to their native sharpness of expression. Danny felt the ill effect he had produced, and carried it off with a fit of yawning and stretching, asking Lowry at the same time, with a drowsy air, if he meant to go to bed at all?

"To be sure I do," said Lowry, "when it's pleasing to the company to part. There's a time for all things, as they say in the Reading-made-asy."

"Surely, surely," returned Danny with a yawn, "Dear knows, den, the Readen-made-asy time is come now, for 'tis a'most mornen'."

"I always, mostly, smoke a dress before I go to bed of a night," said Lowry, turning toward the fire, and clearing the bowl of his pipe by knocking it gently against the bar of the grate, "I like to be smoken' an' talken' when the company is agreeable, and I see no rason for bein' in a hurry to-night

* An optical illusion.

above all others. Come, Nelly," he added, while he chopped up a little tobacco, and pressed it into the bowl with the tip of his little finger, "Come here, an' sit near me, I want to be talken' to you."

Saying this, he took a half-burnt sod from the fire, crushed the bowl into the burning portion, and after offering it in vain to Danny, placed it in the corner of his mouth. He then remained for some moments, with his eyes half closed, drawing in the fire with his breath, and coaxing it with his finger, until the vapour flowed freely through the narrow tube, and was emitted at intervals, at the opposite corner of his mouth, in a dense and spiry stream.

"An' what do you want to be saying?" said Nell, taking her seat between Lowry and the Lord, "I'll engage you have nothing to say to me after all."

"Come a little nearer," said Lowry, without changing his position.

"Well, there, why," returned Nelly, moving her chair a little closer, "will that do?"

"No, it won't. 'Tis a whisper I have for you. Mистер Mann would hear me if I told it to you where you are."

"Oh, a whisper! Well, now I'm close enough any way," she said, placing her chair in contact with that of Lowry.

The latter took the pipe from his mouth, and advanced his face so close to that of the expectant house-maid, that she feared he was about to snatch a kiss. Perhaps it was in mere curiosity, to satisfy herself whether in fact he could possess so much audacity, that Nelly did not avoid that danger by moving her head aside; but greatly to her surprise, and doubtless, likewise to her satisfaction, the honest man proved that he had no such insolent intention. When he had attained a convenient proximity, he merely parted his lips a little, and puffed a whole volume of smoke into her eyes. Nelly uttered a gentle scream, and covered her face with her hands, while Danny and Lowry exchanged a broad grin of satisfaction.

"Well, Lowry," exclaimed the girl with much good humour, "you're the greatest rogue going, and that's your name this night."

Lowry appeared to muse for a few moments while he continued the enjoyment of his pipe. In a little time he once more took it from his lips, puffed forth the last whiff, and said, "Mистер Mann, they may say this and that of the world;

an' of poverty and riches, an' humility and gentility, and every thing else they like, but here 's my word, ever. If I was a king upon a throne this minute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fire-side, why if I was to do my best, what could I smoke but one pea'orth o' tobacco in the night afther all? An' can't I have that, as it is, just as asy? If I was to have a bed with down feathers upon it, what could I do more than sleep there? An' sure I can do that in the settle-bed above? If I was able to buy the whole market out an' out, what could I ate of it more than I did to-night of that pork upon the table? Do you see now, Mither Mann? Do you see, Nelly? Unless he could smoke two pipes of a night instead of one, or sleep more, or ate more without hurt, I don't say what 's the advantage a king has over a poor man like myself."

"A' sure, you know that 's foolish talk, Lowry. Sure the King could buy and sell you at the fair if he liked."

"He couldn't without the Jury," returned Lowry, "the Judge and Jury ever. He couldn't lay a wet finger on me, without the Jury, be coorse of law. The round o' the world is as free to me as it is to him, if the world be round in airnest, as they say it is."

"Round, ayeh?" said Nell.

"Iss, to be sure."

Danny Mann looked at him for a moment. "Is it the world we're walkin' on?" he asked in some surprise.

"To be sure, what else?"

"A' don't be talking," returned Danny, turning his head away in perfect scorn of the hypothesis.

"Faix, I tell you no lie," said Lowry, "'tis printed in all the books in Europe. They say that if it wasn't round, we'd soon be done fer. We couldn't keep our houl't upon it at all, only to go flyin' through the elements, the Lord save us!"

"Oh, vo! vo!" said Nelly, "well, that bates Ireland."

"Sure there 's more says that it isn't the sun above do be moven at all, only we goin' round it."

"That the sun doesn't stir?"

"Not a peg."

"Well, now you may hould your tongue, after dat," said Danny, "after wantin' to take de eyesight from us. Sure the whole world sees the sun goin', any way."

"I wouldn't b'lieve that," said Nelly, "if they were to put their eyes upon sticks."

"I wouldn't be so," returned Lowry, "what business would a poor boy o' my kind have goin' again men that are able to write books, let alone readen 'em. But 'tis the foolishness of the women," he continued, fixing upon Nelly as the least pugnacious opponent, "women are always for foolishness. They 'll b'lieve or not b'lieve, just as they like themselves. Equal to Dan Dawley's second wife,—Did you ever hear o' that business, Mистер Mann?"

"Not as I know."

"Well, stir up the fire, Nelly, an' put down a couple o' sods, an' I'll tell it while I am finishing my pipe, and then we'll all be off to bed. Dan Dawley was married the second time to a very nice girl, one Jug Minaham, (he's the steward at Castle Chute, behind.) Well, he was out of a day at work, an' his wife was setten' alone by the fire, a few weeks afther they being married. Now there was one o' the stones in the chimney, (as it might be that stone there,) an' it stood out loose from the morthar a dale beyond the rest. Well, she sat looking at it for a while, and the thought come in her head, 'If I had a child now,' says she, 'an' he was standing a-near that stone, may be 'twould fall out and brain him on me.' An' with the thought o' that, she began roaring and bawling equal to any thing ever you hear."

"Oh, then, she was a foolish girl," said Nelly.

"Dear knows that was her name," said Danny.

"Well, her old Mother heerd her bawling, an' she came in the greatest hurry. 'A' what ails you, Jug?' says she. So Jug up and told her her thought about the stone, an' began bawling worse than ever. An' if she did, the mother joined her, and such a pillilu as they raised between 'em was never known. That was well an' good. Well, Dan was abroad in the potatie-garden, an' he heard the work goin' on in his house, crying equal to a fuperal. 'What's this about?' says Dan, 'there's somebody murdered, surely.' So he made for the doore, an' in he walked, an' there he found the pair o' ladies. 'A' what ails you, mother?' said he, 'Jug will tell you, agra,' says the mother. So he looked at Jug. 'Thinken' I was,' says she, still crying, 'that if the child was born, an' if that stone there fell upon him, 'twould brain him on me.' Well, Dan stood for a while looken' at her, 'If the sky fell,' says he, 'we'd catch larks.

An' is that all that happened you?' 'Isn't it enough?' says she again. Well, he stopped a long while thinking in his mind, and then he reached out a hand to her. 'Well,' says he, 'that's the foolishhest thing I ever knew in my life, an' I'll tell you what it is, I never 'll take a day with you from this hour, until I'll find a woman,' says he, 'that's foolishher than yourself.' No sooner said than done, out he walked, laving 'em after him to do as they plazed. Well, there was a long day before him, an' he walked a dale before night-fall, an' he didn't know where he 'd turn to for his bed and dinner. 'But sure I'm asy about it,' says he, 'sure while there's fools of women in the place, I'll engage I needn't starve.' Well, he called a garcoon that was going the road. 'Whose farm-house,' says he, 'is that I see over there?' 'It's be longin' to a widow woman, sir,' said the boy. 'What sort of a man was her husband?' says Dan. 'A small, dark man, an' wearing top boots,' says the boy. Well became Dan, he made for the house, an' axed for the lone woman. She was standen' on the lawn looking at her cows milking, when Dan made towards her. 'Well, where do you come from?' says the widow-woman, 'From heaven, ma'am,' says Dan, making a bow. 'From heaven?' says she, looking at him with her eyes open. 'Yes, ma'am,' says he, 'for a little start. An' I seen your husband there too, ma'am.' 'My husband, inagh,* says she, looking at him very knowing, 'ca you tell me what sort of man he was?' 'A small dark man,' says Dan, 'an' wearing top boots.' 'I give it in to you,' says she, 'that's the man. Come this way, an' tell me what did he say to you, or did he give any message to me?' Well, Dan put no bounds to his tongue, just to thry her. 'He bid me tell you,' says he, 'that he's very badly off for want o' victuals; an' he'd like to have the young gray horse to be ridin' for himself, an' he'd do as much if you could send 'em to him.' 'Why then I'll do that,' says the widow, 'for he was a good husband to me when he lived. What time will you be going back?' 'To-morrow or ather,' says Dan, 'ather I see my people. 'Well, stay here to-night,' says she, 'an' I'll give you something to take to him in the morning.' Well became her, she brought him in, and trated him like a prince that night, with music an' dancing; an' in the morning she had the gray horse at the

* Is it?

doore with a bag o' flour, and a crock o' butter, an' a round o' corned beef. Well, Dan mounted the horse, an' away with him home to his wife. 'Well, Jug,' says he, 'I'll take with you all my days, for as bad as you are, there's more that's twice worse; an' I believe if I went farther 'tis worse an' worse I'd be getting to the world's end.' So he up an' told 'em the whole business, an' they had a merry supper that night, and for weeks afther, on what Dan brought home with him.

"He was a rogue, for all," said Nelly, "to keep the poor woman's horse upon her."

"She deserved it," says Danny, "an' worse. I never hear o' such a fool. Well, Lowry, will you go to bed now at last?"

The question was answered in the affirmative; and Danny was at the same time pressed to take a share of the sweets of the table, which he resolutely refused. Soon after, the careful Nelly, having made Lowry turn his head another way, ascended by a ladder to her pallet, on a loft over the parlour; while Lowry and the little lord rolled into the settle-bed together, the one to dream of breakers, raw onions, whiskey, and "Misther Hardress;" the other, of Foxy Dunat's mare, and the black eyes of Syl Carney.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW HARDRESS SPENT HIS TIME WHILE KYRLE DALY WAS ASLEEP.

ALL were now asleep, except the two strangers, and the silence, which reigned throughout the little cottage, showed Hardress that no ear was capable of detecting his movements. He opened his room door softly, slipped his shoes from his feet, and leaving the light burning on his table, trusted to the famous sixth sense of the German physiologists, for a chance of finding his way among the chairs and tables in the dark. He reached the door without a stumble; and perceived by the light, which streamed through the key-

hole and under the door of his fair friend's apartment, that she still expected him.

Their meeting, though silent, was impassioned and affectionate. Hardress inquired, with the tender and sedulous attention of a newly married man, whether she felt any injurious effects from the storm—whether she had changed her dress, and taken some refreshment—whether, in fine, her situation was in any way inconvenient to her?

“In no way at all, Mr. Hardress, as to any of these things you mention,” she replied in a low voice, for she was fearful of waking Mrs. Frawley in the next room. “But as to the mind!—May heaven never give you the affliction of spending two such hours as I have done since I entered this room!”

“My life, why will you, speak so? What other course remained for our adoption? You know your father's temper, he would as soon have died as sanctioned a private marriage, such as ours must be for some time longer. It would be absolute ruin to me if my mother knew of my having contracted such an engagement without consulting her wishes—and my father, as I have before told you, will act exactly as she desires. And why, now, my love, will you indulge those uneasy humours? Are you not my bride, my wife, the chosen of my heart, and the future partner of my fortunes? Do you really think that I would forget my little angel's feelings, so far as to omit any thing in my power that might set her mind at rest? If you do, I must tell you that I love you more than you imagine.”

“Oh, Mr. Hardress! oh, don't say that at all, sir,” said the young woman with frankness and ready warmth of manner. “Only I was just thinking, an' I sitting by the fire, what a heart-break it would be to my father, if any body put it into his head that the case was worse than it is,” [here she hung down her head] “and no more would be wanting but just a little word on a scrap o' paper, to let him know that he needn't be uneasy, and that he'd know all in time.”

This suggestion appeared to jar against the young gentleman's inclinations. “If you wish,” said he, with a little earnestness of voice, “I will return with you to Garryowen to-morrow, and have our marriage made public from the altar of John's Gate chapel. I have no object in seeking to avoid my own ruin, greater than that of preventing you from sharing it. But if you will insist upon running the hazard—

hazard? I mean, if you are determined on certainly destroying our prospects of happiness, your will shall be dearer to me than fortune or friends either. If you have a father to feel for, you will not forget, my love, that I have a mother whom I love as tenderly, and whose feelings deserve some consideration at my hands."

The gentle girl seemed affected, but not hurt, by this speech. "Don't be angry with me," she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "don't be angry, Mr. Hardress. I know I have a very bad head, and can't see into every thing at once; but one word from you, (and it needn't be an angry one either) is enough to open my eyes. *Insist*, do you say, Mr. Hardress? Indeed, sir, I was never made to insist upon any thing. But when a thought, foolish as it is, once comes into my head, I long to speak of it, to know what you will say, to know if it is wrong or right. You wouldn't wish that I should keep it from you, sir?"

"Never, oh, never? Do not think of that."

"I never will practise it long, any way, for such thoughts as those, if I were to hide them, would kill me before a month. But keep always near me, my dear, dear Mr. Hardress, for though you showed me that there is nothing very criminal in what I have done, yet when you leave me long alone, the reasons go out of my head, and I only think of what the neighbours are saying about me, this way, and of what my father must feel, listening to them. Don't think now, sir, that I am going to question what you tell me (for I trust in you next to heaven) but if I am not so much to blame, why is it that my mind is not at ease? The storm, sir—oh, that storm! When the waves rose, and the boat rocked, and the wind howled about me, how my feelings changed on a sudden! I strove to look quiet before you, but my heart was leaping for fear within me. When we sank down in the darkness and rose in the light, when the waves were dashen' in over the side, and the sails were dippen' in the water, I thought of my father's fire-side, and I was sure that it was the anger of the Almighty, hunting the disobedient child over the dark waters. I thought I never would walk the land again—and how will it be, says I, if the boat breaks under us, and my father is told that his daughter was washed ashore a corpse, with a blot upon her name, and no one living that can clear it?—But, I give thanks to Heaven!" the poor girl continued, clasping her

hands, and looking upward with tears in her eyes—"that judgment has been spared; not for my merit, I am sure, but for its own mercy."

"And is not that a quieting remembrance, Eily?" said her husband.

"Oh, that is not all," said Eily, "that is not the worst. Every movement that I make seems to bring down the anger of heaven, since I first thought of deceiving my father. Do you remember the morning of our marriage?" she added with a slight shudder, "I never can put that frightful morning out of my mind. 'Tis always before my eyes. The little room inside the sacristy, and the candles burning on the small table, and the gray dawn just breaking through the window! We did not marry as other people do, in their families, or in the open daylight. We married in secret, like criminals in prison, without preparation, without confession, or communion, or repentance. We chose a priest that was disgraced by his Bishop, to give us that great sacrament, for money. May heaven forgive him! how soon and suddenly he was called to judgment for that act!"

Hardress, who had himself been struck by the circumstance last alluded to, remained silent for a moment, while his eyes were fixed upon the earth.

"Why did you go back to the chapel that time, Eily," he said at length, "after I parted from you at the door?"

"Every thing looked bad and disheartening," said the young woman, "I was just going to lift the latch of my father's door, when I found that I had forgot the priest's certificate. I went back to the chapel as fast as I could walk. I passed through the sacristy and into the little room. The certificate was there upon the table, the candles were burning, and the clergyman was sitting upright in his chair—a dead man! Oh, I can no more tell you how I felt that moment than if I was dumb. I thought the world was coming to an end, and that I had no more hold of life, than of the wind that was going by me. I ran out into the chapel and strove to pray, but my blood was boiling out at my fingers' ends. While I was on my knees, I heard the people running to and fro in the sacristy, and I hurried out of the chapel for fear I'd be questioned."

"And did you go home at once?"

"No; I took a walk first, to quiet my mind a little, and when I did go home, I found my father was up and getting

the breakfast ready before me. Ah, he deserved a better daughter than Eily!"

"Come, come!" said her husband kindly, "you will be a good daughter to him yet."

"I hope so, sir," said Eily, in a mournful voice. "There 's one thing, at all events. He loves me very well, and whenever I return, I am sure of being easily forgiven."

"And can you find no encouragement in that?" Hardress said, while he took her hand in his, and pressed it in a soothing manner. "You say that you have confidence in me—and the few happy weeks that we have counted since our marriage have furnished me with no occasion for complaint on that subject. Continue yet a little longer to trust in your own Hardress, and the time will shortly come when you shall find that it was not bestowed in vain. Come, now, let me dry those sweet eyes, while I tell you shortly what my plans shall be. You have heard me speak of Danny Mann's sister, Naughten, who lives on the side of the Purple Mountain, in the Gap of Dunlough—(you don't know those places now, but you'll be enchanted with them by and by.) She is a good-natured creature, though somewhat violent; and is, moreover, entirely at my command. I have had two neat rooms fitted up for you in her cottage, where you can have some books to read, a little garden to amuse you, and a Kerry pony to ride over the mountains, and see all that is to be seen about the lakes. In the meantime I will steal a visit now and then to my mother, who spends the autumn in the neighbourhood. She loves me, I know, as well as I love her; and that is very well. I will gradually let her into my secret, and obtain her forgiveness—I am certain she will not withhold it—and my father's will follow as a matter of course—for he has the greatest respect for her opinions." [If Hardress had not been Barney Cregan's son, he would have given this respect another name.] "I shall then present you to my mother, she will commend your modesty and gentleness;—to my father, who will rasp out an exclamation on your beauty:—we shall send for *your* father and priest O'Connor to the hauling-home, and then where is the tongue that shall venture to wag against the fame of Eily Cregan? If such a one there be, it shall never sting again, for I will cut the venom out of it with my small-sword."

"Hush! hush, sir! Do not speak so loud," cried the

young woman in some alarm—"there's one asleep in the next room."

"Who is it? Mrs. Frawley?"

"The fat, good old woman that got dinner ready for me."

"Never fear her. She is a hard-working diligent woman, that always minds the business she has in hand. It was not to lie awake and make use of her ears that she got between the blankets. Hark!—There is a clearer proof still that she is asleep. She must be dreaming of a hunt, she imitates the horn of chase so finely. Well, Eily, be ready to start for Ballybunion at sunrise in the morning. You must contrive to slip down to the shore without being seen by Lowry, or any body else, if possible."

The creaking of the bed, which sustained the ponderous Mrs. Frawley, here startled the young and passionate, though most ill-sorted, pair. After a hurried good night, Hardress returned to his room just in time to escape the observation of the good dairy-woman, who had been awaked out of a dream of pecks and keelers and fresh prints by the sound of voices in the stranger's room. On opening the door, however, she was a little astonished to observe the lovely guest in the attitude of devotion. Deprived, by this circumstance, of the opportunity of putting any awkward questions, Mrs. Frawley, after yawning once or twice, and shaking her shoulders as often, tumbled into bed again, and speedily resumed the same tune upon the horn which had excited the admiration of Hardress.

Reader, I desire you not to think that this speedy fit of devotion was a manœuvre of the gentle Eily. The sin, assuredly, was not done with reflection. But if the case appears suspicious, go down upon your knees and pray that as (alas, the while!) it has not been the first, it may be the last instance in which religion shall be made subservient to human and terrestrial purposes!

There was a slight feeling of chagrin mingled with the happier emotions of the young husband as he prepared for slumber. Gifted, as he was, with a quick preception and keen feeling of the beautiful and worthy, the passion he had conceived for the gentle Eily had been as sudden as it was violent. The humility of her origin, at a period when pride of birth was more considered in matrimonial alliances than it is at present, might, it is true, have deterred him from con-

travening the wishes of his friends, if the impression made on his imagination had been less powerful ; but his extreme youth, and the excelling beauty of his bride, were two circumstances that operated powerfully in tempting him to overlook all other counsels than those which love suggested. He thought, nevertheless, that he had acted towards Eily O'Conner with a generosity which approached a species of magnanimity, in preferring her before the whole world and its opinions ; and perhaps, too, he entertained a little philosophical vanity in the conceit that he had thus evinced an independent reliance on his own mental resources, and shown a spirit superior to the ordinary prejudices of society. He felt, therefore, a little chagrined at Eily's apparent slowness in appreciating so noble an effort, for indeed she did him the justice to believe that it was a higher motive than the love of self-adulation which induced him to bestow upon her his hand and his affections. But the reader is yet only partially acquainted with the character of Hardress, and those early circumstances which fashioned it to its present state of irregular and imperfect virtue ; we will, therefore, while that fiery heart lies quenched in slumber, employ those hours of inaction in a brief and comprehensive view of the natural qualities and acquirements of our hero.

While Hardress Cregan was yet a child, he displayed more symptoms of precocious ability, than might have shed a lustre on the boyhood of many a celebrated genius. He obtained, even in his school-days, the sobriquet of " Counsellor" from his fondness for discussion, and the childish eloquence which he displayed in maintaining a favourite position. His father liked him for a certain desperation of courage which he was apt to discover on occasions of very inadequate provocation. His mother, too, doted on him for a mother's own, best reason ; that he was her child. Indulgent she was, even to a ruinous extent ; and proud she was, when her sagacious acquaintances, after bearing her relate some wonderful piece of wit in little Hardress, would compress their lips, shake their heads with much emphasis, and prophesy that " that boy would *shine* one day or another." His generosity too (a quality in which Mrs. Cregan was herself pre-eminent) excited his mother's admiration, and proved indeed that Hardress was not an ordinary child.

And yet he was not without the peculiar selfishness of genius, that selfishness which consists not in the love of get-

ting, or the love of keeping, in cupidity or avarice ; but in a luxurious indulgence of all one's natural inclinations, even to an effeminate degree. His very generosity was a species of self-seeking, of that vulgar quality which looks to nothing more than the gratification of a suddenly awakened impulse of compassion, or, perhaps, has a still meaner object for its stimulus, the gratitude of the assisted, and the fame of an open hand. If this failing were in Hardress, as in Charles Surface, the result of habitual thoughtlessness and dissipation, it might challenge a gentler condemnation, and awaken pity rather than dislike ; but young Cregan was by no means incapable of appreciating the high merit of a due self-government, even in the exercise of estimable dispositions. He admired, in Kyrle Daly, that noble and yet unaffected firmness of principle which led him, on many occasions, to impose a harsh restraint upon his own feelings, when their indulgence was not in accordance with his notions of justice. But Hardress Cregan, with an imagination which partook much more largely of the national luxuriance, and with a mind which displayed, at intervals, bursts of energy which far surpassed the reach of his steady friend, was yet the less estimable character of the two. They were, nevertheless, well calculated for a lasting friendship ; for Kyrle Daly liked and valued the surpassing talent of Hardress, and Hardress was pleased with the even temper and easy resolution of his schoolfellow.

Seldom, indeed, it was, that esteem formed any portion in the leading motive of Hardress Cregan's attachments. He liked for liking's sake, and as long only as his humour lasted. It required but a spark to set him all on fire, but the flame was often as prone to smoulder, and become extinct, as it was hasty to kindle. The reader is already aware that he had formed, during his boyhood, a passion for Anne Chute, who was then a mere girl, and on a visit at Dinis Cottage. His mother, who, from his very infancy had arranged this match within her own mind, was delighted to observe the early attachment of the children, and encouraged it by every means in her power. They studied, played, and walked together, and all his recollections of the magnificent scenery of those romantic mountain-lakes were blended with the form, the voice, the look and manner of his childish love. The long separation, however, which ensued when he was sent to school, and from thence to college, produced a total alter-

tion in his sentiments ; and the mortification which his pride experienced on finding himself, as he imagined, utterly forgotten by her, completely banished even the wish to renew their old familiar life. Still, however, the feeling with which he regarded her was rather one of resentment than indifference, and it was not without a secret creeping of the heart, that he witnessed what he thought the successful progress of Kyrle Daly's attachment.

It was under these circumstances, that he formed his present hasty union with Eily O'Connor. His love for her was deep, sincere, and tender. Her entire and unbounded confidence, her extreme beauty, her simplicity and timid deference to his wishes, made a soothing compensation to his heart for the coldness of the haughty, though superior, beauty, whose inconstancy had raised his indignation.

"Yes," said Hardress to himself as he gathered the blankets about his shoulders, and disposed himself for sleep. "Her form and dispositions are perfect. Would that education had been to her as kind as nature! Yet she does not want grace nor talent ;—but that brogue! Well, well! the materials of refinement are within and around her, and it must be my task, and my delight, to make the brilliant shine out that is yet dark in the ore. I fear Kyrle Daly is, after all, correct in saying that I am not indifferent to those external allurements." [Here his eyelids drooped.] "The beauties of our mountain residence will make a mighty alteration in her mind, and my society will—will—gradually—beautiful—Anne Chute—Poll Naughten—independent—"

The ideas faded on his imagination, a cloud settled on his brain, a delicious languor crept through all his limbs, he fell into a profound repose.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE FRIENDS PARTED.

"Is Fighting Poll up yet, I wonder," said Lowry Looby, as he stood cracking his whip in the farm-yard, while the morning was just beginning to break, and the dairy people were tying down the firkins on his car. "I'd like to see her before I'd go, to know would she have any commands westwards. There's no houl't upon her to hinder her speaking of a Friday, whatever."

"Is who up?" exclaimed a shrill voice which proceeded from the grated windows of the dairy. It was that of the industrious Mrs. Frawley, who, as early, if not as brisk and sprightly as the lark, was already employed in setting her milk in the keelers.

"Fighting Poll of the Reeks," replied Lowry, turning toward the wire grating, through which he beheld the extensive figure of the dairy-woman, as neat as a bride, employed in her health-giving, life-prolonging, avocations.

"Who is she, why?" said Mrs. Frawley.

"Don't you know the girl that come in the boat with Mистер Cregan, and *sleep* in the room outside you?"

"Oyeh! I did'nt know who you meant. The boatman's handsome little sister?"

"Handsome, ayeh?"

"Yes, then, handsome. She has the dawniest little nose I think I ever laid my two eyes on."

"Why then 'tis a new story with it for a nose. Formerly, when I knew it, it was more like a button mushroom than any thing else, and the colour of a boiled carrot. Good raison it had for that, as the publicans could tell you."

"Hold your tongue, man. Is it to drink you say she used?"

"A thrife, I'm tould."

"E' then, I never see one that has less the sign of it than what she has."

"She's altered lately, Danny Mann tells me. Nelly, eroo," he added, changing his tone, "*Sonuber** to you, now,

* A good husband.

an' get me a dram, for it 's threatening to be a moist foggy mornen', an' I have a long road before me."

Nelly was occupied in liberating a whole regiment of ducks, hens, pouts, chicks, cocks, geese, and turkeys; who all came quacking, clucking, whistling, chirping, crowing, cackling, and gobbling, through the opened fowl-house door into the yard; where they remained shaking their wings on tiptoe, stretching their long necks over the little pool, the surface of which was green, and covered with feathers; appearing to congratulate each other on their sudden liberation, and seeming evidently disposed to keep all the conversation to themselves.

"What is it you say, Lowry? Choke ye, for ducks, will ye let nobody spake but ye'rselves? What is it, Lowry?"

Lowry repeated his request, making it more intelligible amid the clamour of the farm-yard, by using a significant gesture. He imitated the action of one who fills a glass and drinks it. He then laid his hand upon his heart and shook his head, as if to intimate the comfort that would be produced about that region by performing in reality what he only mocked at present.

Nelly understood him as well as if he had spoken volumes. Commissioned by Mrs. Frawley, she supplied him with a bottle of spirits and a glass, with the use of which, let us do Lowry the justice to say, there was not a man in the barony better acquainted.

While he dashed from his eyes the tears which were produced by the sharpness of the stimulus, he heard footsteps behind him, and looking round, beheld Danny the Lord, and the *soi-disant* Mrs. Naughten, still muffled in her blue cloak and hood, and occupying a retired position near the kitchen door.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nelly," said Lowry with a knowing wink to the *soubrette*. "Poll Naughten lives very convenient on the Cork road, or not far from it, an' I do be often goen' that way of a lonesome night, I'll make a friend o' Poll before she leaves this, so as that she'll be glad to see me another time. I'll go over an' offer her a dhram. That I may be blest, but I will."

So saying, and hiding the bottle and glass under the skirt of his coat, he moved toward the formidable heroine of the mountains with many respectful bows and a smile of the most winning cordiality.

"A fine, moist mornen', Mrs. Naughten. I hope you feel no *fatigue* after the night, ma'am. Your sarvant, Misther Mann. I hope you didn't *feel* us in the yard, ma'am. I sthrove to keep 'em quiet, o' purpose. 'Tisn't goen' ye are so airy, Misther Mann?"

Danny, who felt all the importance of diverting Lowry Looby's attention from his fair charge, could find no means so effectual as that of acknowledging the existence of a mystery, and admitting him into a pretended confidence. Advancing, therefore, a few steps to meet him, he put on a most serious countenance and laid his finger warily along his nose.

"What's the matther?" whispered Lowry, bending down in the eagerness of curiosity.

Danny the Lord repeated the action with the addition of a cautionary frown.

"Can't she talk of a Friday either?" said Lowry, much amazed. "I understand, Mister Mann. Trust me for the bare life. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"Or ass eider," muttered the hunch-back as he turned away.

"But, Misther Mann!" cried Lowry, laying his immense claw upon his lordship's shoulder. "Listen hether. The mornen' will be smart enough, and may be I'd betther offer her a dhram, and she goen' upon the wather?"

He strode past the Lord and was close to the muffled fair one, when Danny pulled him back by the skirt.

"Did'nt I tell you before," said he, "dat Poll never drank?"

"'Iss, of a Thursday you said."

"Or a Friday, or any day. On den, oh den, Lowry!"

"Well, I meant no harm. May be you'd have no vow yourself on the head of it any way, sir?" And he displayed the bottle.

"Dere are tree kinds of oats, Lowry," responded Danny Mann, as he twined his bony fingers fondly around the neck of the bottle; "Dere are tree kinds of oats dat are forbidden to be tuk as unlawful. Dey are false oats, rash oats, and unjust oats. Now do you see me, Lowry," he continued, as he filled his glass—"if I made a vow o' dat kind, it would be an unjust oat, for it would be traiten' myself very bad, a poor boy dat's night and day at sech cold work as mine, an' it would be a rash oat, Lowry, for—" [here he

tossed off the spirits] "I'm blest but it wouldn't be long before I'd make it a false oat."

Lowry was greatly shocked at this unprincipled speech. "That's a nate youth," he said privately to Nelly. "That's a nice poet, not judging him. If that lad doesn't see the inside of the Stone Jug* for some bad business one time or another, I'll give you lave to say black is the white o' my eye. If the gallows isn't wrote upon his face, there's no mait in mutton. Well, good mornen' to you, Nelly, I see my load is ready. I have every thing now, I suppose, Mrs. Frawley. Whup, get up here, you old garron! Good mornen' to you, Mrs. Naughten, an' a fair wind after you. Good mornen' Mистер Mann." He cracked his whip, tucked the skirt of his riding coat under his arm, as usual, threw his little head back, and followed the car out of the yard, singing in a pleasant contented key:—

"Don't you remember the time I gave you my heart?
 You solemnly swore from me you never would part.
 But your mind's like the ocean,
 Each notion
 Has now taken flight,
 And left me bemoaning the loss of the red-haired man's wife."

Kyrle Daly and his young friend were meanwhile exchanging a farewell upon the little gravel plot before the front door.

"Come, come, go in out of the air," said Hardress, "you shall not come down to the shore in that slight dress. Remember what I have told you, and sustain your spirits. Before another month shall pass, I pledge myself to become master, for your sake, of Anne Chute's secret."

"And to honour it?" said Kyrle, smiling as he gave him his hand.

"According to its value," replied Hardress, tossing his head, "Good bye; I see Danny Mann and his sister coming round, and we must not lose the morning's tide."

They shook hands and parted.

It was one of those still and heavy mornings which are peculiar to the close of summer in this climate. The surface of the waters was perfectly still, and a light wreath of mist steamed upward from the centre of the channel, so as to veil from their sight the opposite shores of Clare. This

* The jail.

mist, ere long, became a dense and blinding fog, that lasted until noon, and together with the breathless calm that lay upon the land and water, prevented their reaching Ballybunion until sunset. In one of those caverns which are hollowed out of the cliffs on the shore, the traveller may discern the remains of an artificial chamber. It was used at the period of which we write, as a kind of ware-room for contraband goods ; a species of traffic which was freely engaged in by nearly all the middling gentry and small farmers along the coast. A subterraneous passage, faced with dry stone work, opened into the interior of the country ; and the chamber itself, from constant use, was become perfectly dry and habitable. In this place Hardress proposed to Eily that they should remain, and take some refreshment, while Danny the Lord was despatched to secure a better lodging for the night, at some retired farm-house in the neighbourhood.

A small canvass-built canoe, summoned from the interior of the cave by a whistle from the Lord, was employed to convey them from the pleasure-boat into the gloomy porch of this natural souterrain. Before the fragile skiff had glided into the darkness, Eily turned her head to catch a parting look of the descending sun. The scene which met her gaze, would have appeared striking, even to an accustomed eye ; and to one like hers, acquainted only with the smoky splendour of a city sunset, it was grand and imposing in the extreme. Before her lay the gigantic portals of the Shannon, through which the mighty river glided forth with a majestic calmness, to mingle with the wide and waveless ocean that spread beyond and around them. On her right rose the cleft shores of Clare, over which the broad ball of day, although some minutes hidden from her sight, seemed yet, by refraction, to hold his golden circlet suspended amid a broken and brilliant mass of vapours. Eily kept her eyes fixed in admiration on the dilated orb, until a turn in the cave concealed the opening from her view, and she could only see the stream of light behind, as it struck on the jagged and broken walls of the orifice, and danced upon the surface of the agitated waters.

The place to her seemed terrible. The hollow sound of the boatman's voice, the loud splash of the oars, and the rippling of the water against the vessel's prow, reverberating through the vaulted chambers ; the impenetrable darkness

into which they seemed to plunge headlong, and reckless of danger or impediment ; all united, constituted a scene so new to the simple Eily, that she grasped close the arm of her husband, and held her breath for some moments, as if in expectation of some sudden and terrific encounter. In a little time the boatman rested on his oars, and a voice from the interior of the cave was heard exclaiming in Irish, " Is it himself ? "

" It is," said the boatman in the same language. " Light up the fire at once, and put down a few of the fresh herrings. The lady is hungry. "

" You will join for the first time, Eily," said Hardress, " in a fisherman's supper. Well, Larry, had you much luck last night ? "

" Poor enough, masher," said the same oracular voice, which Eily now recognised as that of the man to whose escort she had been intrusted by Lowry Looby on the previous evening. " We left Mистер Daly's point as soon as the wind fell, and come down as far as Kilcordane, thinking we might come across the skull ; but, though we were out all night, we took only five hundhert, more or less. A' why don't you light up the fire, Phaudhrig ? And 'twasn't that the herrings didn't come into the river either, for when the moon shone out we saw the scull to the westward, making a curl on the waters, as close an' thick as if you threw a shovel full o' gravel in a pond. "

The fire now blazed suddenly upward, revealing the interior of the apartment before alluded to, and the figure of the rough old boatman and his boy. The latter was stooping forward on his hands, and kindling the fire with his breath, while Larry Kett himself was rinsing a small metal pot at the water-side. The effect of the smoky and subterraneous light upon those uncouth and grisly figures, and on the rude excavation itself, impressed the timid Eily with a new and agitating sensation, too nearly allied to fear to leave her mind at ease.

In a few minutes she was seated on a small keg near the fire, while Hardress hurried the men who were preparing dinner. Larry Kett was not so proficient in the science of gastronomy as the celebrated Louis of Crockford's, and yet it is to be questioned, whether the culinary preparations of the latter were ever despatched with more eagerness and satisfaction. Eily, indeed, ate only a heroine's proportion ;

but she wondered at the voracity of the boatmen, one of whom placing a raw onion on an unpeeled potato, swallowed both at a mouthful, almost without employing a single masticatory action.

Danny Mann in the meantime was occupied in procuring a more eligible lodging for the night. He returned when they had concluded their unceremonious meal, to say that he had been successful in procuring two rooms, in the house of "a little 'oman dat kep a private bottle between dat 'an Beale."

"A private bottle?" exclaimed Hardress; "what do you mean by a private bottle?"

"I mean," replied the little lord, "dat she sells as good a drop as if she paid license for it: a ting she never was fool enough to do."

"Where does she live?"

"Close to de road above. She told me," [here he drew Hardress aside] "when I axed her, dat Myles of de ponies, and de master, an' a deal o' gentlemen went de road westwards yesterday, an' dat Phil Naughten. (Poll's Phill) was in Beale waiten' for you dese two days wit de horse an' jauntin' car."

"I am glad to hear it. Step over there to-night, and tell him to be at the door before daybreak to-morrow morning. Tell him I will double his fare if he uses diligence."

"Why din, indeed," said Danny, "I'll tell him notin' o' de sort. 'Twould be de same case wit him still, for he 's a boy dat if you give h'm England, Ireland, an' Scotland for an estate, he'd ax de Isle o' Man for a kitchen garden."

"Well, well, do as you please about it, Danny, but have him on the spot. That fellow," he continued, speaking to Eily as he conducted her out of the cavern, "that fellow is so impudent sometimes, that nothing but the recollection of his fidelity and the honesty of his motive keeps my hand at rest. He is my foster brother, and, you may perceive, with the exception of one deformity, a well-looking man."

"I never observed any thing but the hunch," said Eily.

"For which," added Hardress with a slight change in his countenance, "he has to thank his master."

"You, Mr. Hardress!"

"Even so, Eily. When we were both children, that young fellow was my constant companion. Familiarity produced a feeling of equality, on which he presumed so far

as to offer a rudeness to a little relative of mine, a Miss Chute, who was on a visit at my mother's. She complained to me, and my vengeance was summary. I met him at the head of the kitchen stairs, and without even the ceremony of a single question or preparatory speech, I seized him by the collar and hurled him with desperate force to the bottom of the flight. He was unable to rise as soon as I expected, and on examination it was discovered that an injury had been done to the spine, which, notwithstanding all the exertions that were employed to repair it, had its result in his present deformity."

"It was shocking," said Eily, with much simplicity of feeling. "No wonder you should be kind to him."

"If I were a mere block," said Hardress, "I could not but be affected by the goodnature and kindly feeling which the poor fellow showed on the occasion, and indeed down to the present moment. It seemed to be the sole aim and study of his life to satisfy me that he entertained not even a sentiment of regret for what had happened; and his attachment ever since has been the attachment of a zealot. I know he cannot but feel that his own prospects in life have been made dark and lonely by that accident; and yet he is congratulating himself whenever an opportunity occurs, on his good fortune, in being provided with a constant service, as if (poor fellow!) that were any compensation to him. I have been alarmed to observe that he sometimes attaches even a profane importance to his master's wishes, and seems to care but little what laws he may transgress when his object is the gratification of my inclinations. I say, I am alarmed on this subject, because I have taken frequent occasion to remark that this injury to his spine has in some degree affected his head, and left him less able to discern the impropriety of such a line of conduct than people of sounder minds."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HARDRESS LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET FROM A DYING HUNTSMAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the message which Hardress Cregan sent by Lowry Looby, it was more than a week before he visited his parents at their Killarney residence. Several days were occupied in seeing Eily pleasantly settled in her wild cottage in the Gap, and a still greater number in enjoying with her the pleasures of an autumnal sojourn amid those scenes of mystery, enchantment and romance. To a mind that is perfectly at freedom, Killarney forms in itself a congeries of Elysian raptures; but to a fond bride and bridegroom!—the heaven, to which the mountains rear their naked heads in awful reverence, alone can furnish a superior happiness.

After taking an affectionate leave of his beautiful wife, and assuring her that his absence should not be extended beyond the following day, Hardress Cregan mounted one of Phil Naughten's rough-coated ponies, and set off for Dinis Cottage. It was not situated (as its name might seem to import) on the sweet little island which is so called, but far apart, near the ruined Church of Aghadoe, commanding a distant view of the lower lake and the lofty and woody Toomies.

The sun had gone down before he left the wild and rocky glen in which was situated the cottage of his bride. It was, as we have already apprized the reader, the first time Hardress had visited the Lakes since his return from College, and the scenery, now, to his matured and well-regulated taste, had not only the effect of novelty, but it was likewise invested with the hallowing and romantic charm of youthful association. The stillness, so characteristic of majesty, which reigned throughout the gigantic labyrinth of mountain, cliff, and valley through which he rode; the parting gleam of sunshine that brightened the ever-moving mists on the summit of the lofty peaks by which he was surrounded; the solitary appearance of the many nameless lakes that slept in

black repose in the centre of the mighty chasm ; the echo of his horse's hoofs against the stony road ; the voice of a goat-herd's boy, as he drove homeward, from the summit of a heath-clad mountain, his troublesome and adventurous charge ; the lonely twitter of the kirkeen dhra, or little water hen, as it flew from rock to rock on the margin of the broken stream—these, and other long forgotten sights and sounds, awakened at the same instant the consciousness of present, and the memory of past enjoyments ; and gradually lifted his thoughts to that condition of calm enthusiasm and fullness of soul which constitutes one of the highest pleasures of a meditative mind. He did not fail to recall at this moment the memory of his childish attachment, and could not avoid a feeling of regret at the unpleasing change that education had produced in the character of his first, though not his dearest love.

This feeling became still more deep and oppressive as he approached the cottage of his father. Every object that he beheld, the lawn, the grove, the stream, the hedge, the stile—all brought to mind some sweet remembrance of his boyhood. The childish form of Anne Chute still seemed to meet him with her bright and careless smile, at every turn in the path ; or to fly before him over the shorn meadow, as of old ; while the wild and merry peal of infant laughter, seemed still to ring upon his hearing. " Dear little being ! " he exclaimed, as he rode into the cottage avenue. " The burning springs of Gluver, I thought, might sooner have been frozen, than the current of that once warm and kindly heart ; but like those burning springs, it is only in the season of coldness and neglect that fountain can resume its native warmth. It is the fervour of universal homage and adulation that strikes it cold and pulseless in its channels."

The window of the dining parlour alone was lighted up, and Hardress was informed in answer to his inquiries, that the ladies, Mrs. Cregan and Miss Chute, were gone to a grand ball in the neighbourhood. Mr. Cregan, with two other gentlemen, was drinking in the dining-room ; and, as he might gather from the tumultuous nature of the conversation, and the occasional shouts of ecstatic enjoyment, and bursts of laughter which rang through the house, already pretty far advanced in the bacchanalian ceremonies of the night. The voices he recognised, besides his father's, were those of Hepton Connolly, and Mr. Creagh, the duellist.

Feeling no inclination to join the revellers, Hardress ordered candles in the drawing room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely however taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton the huntsman was "a'most off," in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he'd go. "He never was himself rightly, a 'ra gal," said old Nancy, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, "since the master sold the hounds and tuk to the cock-fighting."

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along, "Poor Dalton! And is that breath that wound so many merry blasts upon the mountain, so soon to be extinguished?—I remember the time, when I thought a monarch upon his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist! Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle, as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper! How often has he carried me before him on his saddle bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with tales of hunts hard run, and neck or nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last recheat, and carry his own old bones to earth at length!—never again to waken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

"Ære cire viros, Martemque accendere cantu!"

The fox may come from kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his layer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay."

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out

huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favourite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following :—

“Ah, huntsman dear, I’ll be your friend,
 If you let me go till morning;
 Don’t call your hounds for one half hour,
 Nor neither sound your horn;
 For indeed I’m tired from yesterday’s hunt,
 I can neither run nor walk well,
 ’Till I go to Rock hill amongst my friends,
 Where I was bred and born.
 Tally ho the fox!
 Tally ho the fox!
 Tally ho the fox, a collaunce,
 Tally ho the fox
 Over hills and rocks
 And chase him on till morning.”

“He cannot be so very ill,” said Hardress, looking at the old woman, “when his spirits will permit him to sing so merrily.”

“Oyeh, heaven help you, a gra!” replied Nancy, “I believe if he was at death’s doore this moment, he’d have that song on his tongue still.”

“Hush! hush!” said Hardress, raising his hand, “he is beginning again.”

The ballad was taken up, after a heavy fit of coughing, in the same strain.

“I locked him up an’ I fed him well,
 An’ I gave him victuals of all kinds;
 But I declare to you, sir, when he got loose,
 He ate a fat goose in the morning.
 So now kneel down an’ say your prayers,
 For you’ll surely die this morning.
 ‘Ah, sir,’ says the fox, I never pray,
 ‘For my father he bred me a quaker.’
 Tally ho the fox!
 Tally ho the———”

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the *refrain*.

The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption. A red nightcap was pushed back from his wasted and sunken temples, and a flush like the bloom of a withered pippin played in the hollow of his fleshless cheek.

“Cead millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my

own masher Harddress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skeleton hand from beneath the brown quilt, "I can die in pace now, as I see you again in health. 'These ten days back they're telling me your're coming, an' coming, until I began to think at last that you would'nt come until I was gone."

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Dalton—How did you get the attack?"

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the masher sold the hounds—(Ah, masher Harddress! to think of his parting them dogs and giving up that fine, manly exercise for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them an' took to the cock-fighting, my heart felt as low an' as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the masher, I turned my hand to the cocks, an' used to go every morning to the hounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food an' water; but I could *never warm* to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Masher Harddress, in comparison of a well-rod hunt among the mountains, with your horse flying under you like a fairy, and the cry o' the hounds like an organ out before you, and the ground fleeting like a dream on all sides o' you, an', ah! what's the use o' talking?" Here he lay back on his pillow with a look of sudden pain and sorrow that cut Harddress to the heart.

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Harddress, and said in a faint voice, "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the wood; and in the morning I'd be up with the first light, to blow a call on the top o' the hill as I used to do, to comfort the dogs; and then I'd miss their cry, an' I'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the mountains, till my heart would sink as low as my ould boots. And bad boots they wor too, signs on, I got wet in 'em; and themselves, and the cold morning air, and the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' every thing, brought on this fit. Is the mistriss at home, sir?" he added, after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No, she is at a ball, with Miss Chute."

"Good *look* to them both, wherever they are. That's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness, some dancin', and more dyin'."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had

to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, mas-ther Hardress, that loves you well."

The young gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one too that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I'd like to see happy before I'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of Bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of inquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened, and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ragal!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish or my heart, that speaks it. The mas-ther and the gentlemen sent me into you, an' bid me tell you, for the sake of old times, to give them one fox huntin' screech before you go."

The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said, "And did the mas-ther send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed. Aye, the gentlemen must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman, after a long pause. Then raising his head with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued. "Why then, I'm glad to see the mas-ther hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, and tell him that I'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' Parliament punch, an' I'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit any way."

The punch was brought, and in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman then sat erect in the bed, and letting his head

back, and indulged in one prolonged "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrow from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining parlour, chorussed by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamour from the fowl-house. "Another! Another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive was not in a condition to gratify the revellers. When Hardress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood, and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner Death, in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain;—his teeth——, but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

Hardress Cregan felt less indignation at this circumstance than he might have done if it had occurred at the present day; but yet he *was* indignant. He entered the dining parlour to remonstrate, with a frame that trembled with passion.

"And pray, Hardress?" said Hepton Connolly, as he emptied the ladle into his glass and turned on him an eye whose steadiness, to say the least, was equivocal. "Pray now, Hardress, is poor Dakton really dead?"

"He is, sir. I have already said it."

"No offence my boy. I only asked, because if he be, it is a sure sign, [here he sipped his punch and winked at Cregan with the confident air of one who is about to say a *right good thing*,] it is a sign that he never will die again."

There was a loud laugh at Hardress, which confused him as much as if he had been discomfited by a far superior wit. So true it is that the influence, and not the capacity, of an opponent, renders him chiefly formidable; and that, at least, a fair half of the sum of human motive may be placed to the account of vanity.

Hardress could think of nothing that was very witty to say in reply, and as the occasion hardly warranted a slap on the face, his proud spirit was compelled to remain passive. Unwilling however to leave the company, while the laugh continued against him, he called for a glass and sat down among them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN SPENT THE EVENING, WHICH PROVED RATHER WARMER THAN HARDNESS EXPECTED.

"PEACE!" said Hepton Connolly, with a face of drunken seriousness, "peace be to the manes of poor Dalton!"

"Amen, with all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "although the cocks are well rid of him. But a better horseman never backed a hunter."

"I drink him," said Hyland Creagh, "although I seldom care to toast a man who dies in his bed."

"That's all trash, and braggery, Creagh," cried Connolly—"we'll have you yet upon the flat of your back, and roaring for a priest into the bargain."

"Upon my honour as a gentleman, I am serious," said Creagh. "They may talk of the field of battle and bloody breaches, forlorn hopes, and hollow squares, and such stuff; but what is the glory of a soldier after all! To drag through the fatigues of a whole campaign, with its concomitant of night-watches, marches in marshes, and bivouacs in rainy weather, and with no brighter prospect at the year's end, than that of making one among half a million of fighting fellows who are shot on a heap like larks. And, even then, you meet not hand to hand, but cloud to cloud, moving about in a flock, and waiting your turn to take your allowance of cold lead, and fill a pit with your neighbours. Glory? What glory is there in figuring in small types among a list of killed and wounded? the utmost distinction that a poor sub. can ever hope for. Why, a coward is no more ball proof than a gallant fellow, and both may often shine upon the same list. No—my ambition should have a higher aim. While I live, let my life be that of a fearless fellow; and when I die, let my epitaph be found in a handsome paragraph, under the head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' in the county journal. "*Affair of honour.* Yesterday morning at five o'clock—meeting took place—Hyland Creagh, Esquire attended by Blank, Esquire—and Captain Blank, attended by Blank, Esquire—regret to state—Mr. Creagh—

third fire—mortally wounded—borne from the ground.—The affair, we understand, originated in a dispute respecting a lovely and accomplished young lady, celebrated as a reigning toast in that quarter.”

“And grand-niece, we understand,” added Hardree, laughing, “to the unhappy old gentleman, whose fate we have just recorded.”

There was a laugh at Creagh.

“Nay, my young friend,” he said, adjusting his ruffles with the air of a Chesterfield—“the journal that shall mention *that* circumstance must be dated many years hence.”

“Adad, not so far off neither, Creagh,” exclaimed Mr. Cregan, “and if you were to go out to-morrow morning, I should not like to see you go posting to the devil upon such a mission as that.”

“Talking of the devil,” said Hepton Connolly, “did you hear, Creagh, that the priest is to have us all upon the altar next Sunday, on account of that little squib we had in the mountains the day of the races?”

“It may be,” said Creagh, with a supercilious smile; *mais ce n'est pas mon affaire*. I have not the honour to belong to his communion.”

“Oh,” cried Mr. Cregan, “true enough. You belong to the genteel religion.”

“There you have the whip-hand of me,” said Connolly. “for I am a papist. Well, Creagh, not meaning to impugn your gallantry now, I say this; a papist, to fight a duel, requires and possesses the courage of a protestant ten times over.”

“Pray, will you oblige me with a reason for that pleasant speech?”

“’Tis as clear as this glass. A protestant is allowed a wide discretionary range on most ethical, as well as theological points of opinion. A poor papist has none. The Council of Trent in its twenty-fifth session (I have it from the bishop) excommunicates all duellists, and calls the practice an invention of the devil. And what can I say against it? I know something of the common law, and the rights of things, persons, and so forth, but the canonical code to me is a fountain sealed. ’Tis something deeper than a cause before the petty sessions. ’Tis easier to come at Blackstone, or even Coke upon Lyttelton himself, than at Manochius, or Saint Augustine.”

“Well, but how you run on! You were talking about the courage of a protestant and catholic.”

“I say a papist must be the braver man; for in addition to his chance of being shot through the brains on a frosty morning in this world, (a cool prospect) it is no joke to be damned everlastingly in the next.”

“That never struck me before,” exclaimed Cregan.

“And if it had,” said Creagh, “I confess I do not see what great disadvantage the reflection could have produced to our friend Connolly; for he knew, that whether he was to be shot yesterday in a duel, or physicked out of the world twenty years hence, that little matter of the other life will be arranged in precisely the same manner.”

“As much as to say,” replied Connolly, “that now or then, the devil is sure of his bargain.”

“My idea precisely; but infinitely better expressed.”

“Very good, Creagh. I suppose it was out of a filial affection for the sooty old gentleman you took so much pains to send me to him the other morning.”

“You placed your honour in my hands, and I would have seen you raked fore and aft, fifty times, rather than let the pledge be tarnished. If you did go to the devil, it was my business to see that you met him with clean hands.”

“I feel indebted to you, Creagh.”

“I have seen a dozen shots exchanged on a lighter quarrel. I was present myself at the duel between Hickman and Leake, on a somewhat similar dispute. They fired fourteen shots each, and when their ammunition was exhausted, actually remained on the ground until the seconds could fetch a new supply from the nearest market-town.”

“And what use did they make of it when it came?”

“Give me time, and you shall hear. 'Twas Hickman's fire, and he put his lead an inch above Leake's right hip; (as pretty a shot as ever I saw in my life), Leake was not killed though, and he stood to his ground like a man. I never will forget the ghastly look he gave me, (I was his second,) when he asked whether the laws of the duello would allow a wounded man a chair. I was confident they did, so long as he kept his feet upon the sod, and I said so. Well, the chair was brought. He took his seat somewhat in this manner, grasping the orifice of the wound closely with his disengaged hand. [Here the speaker moved his chair some feet from the table, in order to enact the scene

with greater freedom.] There was a fatal steadiness in every motion. I saw Hickman's eye wink, and not without a cause. It winked again, and never opened after. The roof of his skull was literally blown away."

"And the other fellow?" said Hardress.

"The other gentleman fell from his chair, a corpse, at the same moment; after uttering a sentiment of savage satisfaction, too horrible, too blasphemous, to think of, much less to repeat."

"They were a murderous pair of ruffians," said Hardress. "and ought to have been impaled upon a cross-road."

"One of them," observed Hyland Creagh, sipping his punch, "one of them was a cousin of mine."

"Oh, and therefore, utterly blameless, of course," said Hardress with an ironical laugh.

"I don't know," said Creagh; "I confess I think it a hard word to apply to a gentleman who is unfortunate enough to die in defence of his honour."

"Honour!" exclaimed Hardress, with indignant zeal, (for though he was no great devotee, he had yet some gleam of a half religious virtue shining through his character;) "call you that honour? I say a duellist is a murderer, and worthy of the gallows, and I will prove it. The question lies in the justice or injustice of the mode of reparation. That cannot be a just one which subjects the aggressor and aggrieved to precisely the same punishment. If the duellist be the injured party, he is a suicide; and if he be the inflicter of the wrong, he is a murderer."

"Ah, Hardress," said his father, "but there are cases—"

"Oh, I know what you mean, sir. Fine, delicate, thin-spun modes of insult, that draw on heavier assaults, and leave both parties labouring under a sense of injury. But they are murderers still. If I filled a seat in the legislature, do you think I would give my voice in favour of a law that made it a capital offence to call a man a scoundrel in the streets? And shall I dare to inflict with my own hand, a punishment that I would shudder to see committed to the hangman?"

"But if public war be justifiable," said Connolly, "why should not private?"*

* I am sorry the author of *Guy Mannering* should have thought proper to adopt the same mode of reasoning. Will posterity remove that bar sinister from his literary escutcheon?

"Ay," exclaimed Hardress, "I see you have got that aphorism of Johnson's, the fat moralist, to support you; but I say, shame upon the recreant, for as mean and guilty a compliance with the prejudices of the world as ever parasite betrayed. I stigmatize it as a wilful sin, for how can I esteem the author of *Rasselas* a fool?"

"Very hardly," said Creagh, "and pray what is your counter argument?"

"This. Public war is never (when justifiable) a quarrel for sounds and conventual notions of honour. Public war is at best a social evil, and cannot be embraced without the full concurrence of society, expressed by its constituted authorities, and obtained only in obedience to the necessity of the case. But to private war, society has given no formal sanction, nor does it derive any advantage from the practice."

"Upon my word," said Creagh, "you have some very curious ideas."

"Well, Hardress," exclaimed Connolly, "if you have a mind to carry those notions into practice, I should recommend you to try it in some other country besides Ireland; you will never go through with it in this."

"In every company and on every soil," said Hardress, "I will avow my sentiments. I never will fight a duel; and I will proclaim my purpose in the ears of all the duellists on earth."

"But society, young gentleman—"

"I bid society defiance; at least that reckless, godless, heartless crew, to whom you wrongfully apply the term. The greater portion of those who bow down before this bloody error, is composed of slaves and cowards, who are afraid to make their own conviction the guide of their conduct."

*'Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage.'*

"I am sure," said Creagh, "I had rather shoot a man for doubting my word than for taking my purse."

"Because you are as proud as Lucifer," exclaimed Hardress.—"Who but the great father of all injustice would say that he deserved to be shot for calling you a—(it is an unpleasant word to be sure)—a liar?"

"But he does more. He actually *does* strike at my life and property, for I lose both friends and fair repute, if I suffer such an insult to pass unnoticed."

In answer to this plea, Hardress made a speech, of which (as the newspapers say) we regret that our space does not allow us to offer more than a mere outline. He contended that no consequences could justify a man in sacrificing his own persuasion of what was right to the error of his friends. The more general this error was, the more criminal it became to increase the number of its victims. The question was not whether society would disown or receive the passive gentleman, but whether society was in the wrong or in the right; and if the former, then he was bound to adopt the cause of justice at every hazard. He drew the usual distinction between moral and animal courage, and painted with force and feeling the heroism of a brave man encountering alone the torrent of general opinion, and taking more wounds upon his spirit than ever Horatius Cocles risked upon his person. He quoted the celebrated passage of the faithful seraph in Milton, alluded to the Athenian manners, and told the well-known story of Lucian Anacharsis, all which tended considerably more to exhaust the patience than to convince the understanding of his hearers.

"Finally," said he, "I denounce the system of private war, because it is the offspring of a barbarous pride. It was a barbarous pride that first suggested the expedient, and it is an intolerable pride that still sustains it. Talk of public war! The world could not exist if nation were to take up the sword against nation upon a point of honour, such as will call out for blood between man and man. The very word means pride. It is a measureless, bloody pride, that demands a reparation so excessive for every slight offence. Take any single quarrel of them all, and dissect its motive, and you will find every portion of it stained with pride, the child of selfishness—pride, the sin of the first devil—pride, the poor pitiful creature of folly and ignorance—pride, the ———"

"Oh, trash and stuff, man," exclaimed Connolly, losing patience, "if you are going to preach a sermon choose another time for it. Come, Creagh, send the bowl this way, and let us drink. Here, young gentleman, stop spouting, and give us a toast. You'll make a fool of yourself, Hardress, if you talk in that manner among gentlemen."

Without making any answer to this speech (which however he felt a little difficulty in digesting) Hardress proposed the health and future fame of young Kyrle Daly.

"With all my heart!" exclaimed both his father and Connolly.

"I'll not drink it," said Creagh, putting in his glass.

Hardress was just as proud (to borrow his own simile) as Lucifer himself; and probably it was on this account he held the quality so cheap. It must be admitted, likewise, that his ambitious love of singularity formed but too considerable a part of his motive in the line of argument which he had followed up; and he was by no means prepared to perform the heroic part which he had described with so much enthusiasm. Least of all could he be expected to do so at the present moment; for while he was speaking, he had also been drinking, and the warmth of dispute, increased by the excitement of strong drink, left his reason still less at freedom than it might have been under the dominion of an ordinary passion. He insisted upon Creagh's drinking his toast.

"I shall not drink it," said Creagh; "I consider him as an impertinent puppy."

"He is my friend," said Hardress.

"Oh, then of course," said Fireball, with an ironical smile, (evidently intended as a retort,) "he is utterly blameless."

To use a vulgar but forcible expression, the blood of Hardress was now completely up. He set his teeth for a moment, and then discharged the contents of his own glass at the face of the offender. The fire-eater, who, from long experience, was able to anticipate this proceeding, evaded by a rapid motion the degrading missile; and then, quietly resuming his seat, "Be prepared, sir," he said, "to answer this in the morning."

"I am ready now," exclaimed Hardress. "Connolly, lend me your sword, and be my friend. Father, do you second that gentleman, and you will oblige me."

Mr. Barnaby Cregan rose to interfere, but in doing so, he betrayed a secret which had till that moment lain with himself; he was the first who fell.

"No, no swords," said Connolly, "there are a pretty pair of pistols over the chimney-piece. Let them decide the quarrel."

It was so agreed. Hardress and Creagh took their places in the two corners of the room, upon the understanding, that both were to approach step by step, and fire when they

pleased. Hepton Connolly, took his place out of harm's way in a distant corner, while Cregan crept along the floor, muttering in an indistinct tone, "Drunk? ay, but not dead drunk. I call no man dead drunk while he lies on the high road, with sense enough to roll out of the way when a carriage is driving towards him."

Hardress fired, after having made two paces. Creagh, who was unhurt, reserved his shot until he put the pistol up to the head of his opponent. Hardress never flinched, although he really believed that Creagh was about to shoot him.

"Come," said he, loudly, "fire your shot, and have done with it. I would have met you at the end of a handkerchief upon my friend's quarrel."

Hyland Creagh, after enjoying for a moment the advantage he possessed, uncocked his pistol and laid it on the table.

"Hardress," said he, "you are a brave fellow. I believe I was wrong. I ask your pardon, and am ready to drink your toast."

"Oh, well," said Hardress, with a laugh; "if that be the case, I cannot, of course, think of pursuing the affair any farther." And he reached his hand to his opponent with the air of one who was exercising, rather than receiving, a kindness.

The company once more resumed their places at the table, somewhat sobered by this incident, which, though not unusual at the period, was yet calculated to excite a little serious feeling. It was not long, however, before they made amends for what was lost in the way of intoxication. The immense blue jug, which stood inside the fender, was replenished to the brim, and the bowl flew round more rapidly than ever. Creagh told stories of the Hell-fire Club in the sweating and pinking days. Connolly overflowed with anecdotes of attorneys outdone, of plates well won, of bailiffs maimed and beaten; and Cregan (whose tongue was the last member of his frame that became accessory to the sin of intoxication) filled up his share in the conversation, with accounts of cocks, and of ghosts, in the appearance of which last, he was a firm, though not a fearful believer. Hardress remained with the company until the sound of a vehicle drawing up at the hall door, announced the return of his mother and cousin. He then left the room and retired to

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his own apartment, in order to avoid meeting them under circumstances which he well supposed were not calculated to create any impression in his own favour.

We cannot better illustrate the habits of the period, than by transcribing an observation made in Mr. Cregan's kitchen at the moment of the dispute above detailed. Old Nancy was preparing the mould candles for poor Dalton's wake, when she heard the shot fired in the dining-parlour.

"Run in to the gentlemen, Mike, eroo," she exclaimed, without even laying aside the candle, which she was paring with a knife, in order to make it fit the socket more exactly. "I lay my life the gentlemen are fighting a *jewel*."

"It can't be a *jewel*," said Mike the servant boy, who was courting slumber in a low chair before the blazing fire. "It can't be a *jewel*, when there was only one shot."

"But it isn't long from 'em, I'll be bail, till they'll fire another if they don't be hindered; for 'tis shot for shot with 'em. Run in, eroo."

The servant stretched his limbs out lazily, and rubbed his eyes. "Well," said he, "fair play all the world over. If one fired, you wouldn't have the other put up with it, without havin' his fair revinge?"

"But may be one of 'em is kilt already!" observed Nancy.

"E'then, d' ye hear this? Sure you know, well, that if there was any body shot, the master would ring the bell!"

This observation was conclusive. Old Nancy proceeded with her gloomy toil in silence, and the persuasive Mike, letting his head hang back from his shoulders, and crossing his hands upon his lap, slept soundly on, undisturbed by any idle conjectures on the cause of the noise which they had heard.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW HARDRESS MET AN OLD FRIEND AND MADE A NEW ONE.

FANCY restored the dreaming Hardress to the society of his beloved Eily. He sat by her side once more, quieting with the caresses of a boyish fondness, her still recurring anxieties, and comforting her apprehensions by endeavouring to make her share his own steady anticipation of his mother's favour and forgiveness. This hope, on his own part, it must be acknowledged, was much stronger in his sleeping than his waking moments; for it was extraordinary how different his feeling on that subject became after he had reached his home, and when the moment of disclosure drew near. His extreme youth, all ruined as he was by over-indulgence, made him regard his mother with a degree of reverence that approached to fear; and as he seldom loved to submit when once aroused to contest, so he was usually careful to avoid, as much as possible, any occasion for the exercise of his hereditary perseverance. The influence of his parent, however, consisted not so much in her parental authority, as in the mastery which she held over his filial affections, which partook of the intensity that distinguished his entire character. Mrs. Cregan governed both her husband and her son; but the means which she employed in moulding each to her own wishes, were widely different. In her arguments with the former, it was her usual practice to begin with an entreaty and end with a command. On the contrary, when she sought to work upon the inclinations of Hardress, she opened with a command, and concluded with an entreaty. It was, indeed, as Hardress had frequently experienced, a difficult task to withstand her instances, when she had recourse to the latter expedient. Mrs. Cregan possessed all the national warmth of temperament and liveliness of feeling. Like all naturally generous people, whose virtue is rather the offspring of a kindly heart than a well-regulated understanding, Mrs. Cregan was not more boundless in her bounty than in her exaction of gratitude. She not only looked for gratitude to those whom she had obliged, but was

so exorbitant as to imagine that all those likewise whom she really wished to serve should return her an equal degree of kindness : and actually evince as lively a sense of obligation as if her wishes in their favour had been deeds. Alas ! in this selfish world, we are told that real benefits are frequently forgotten by the receiver, and sometimes repaid by cold unkindness or monstrous hostility. It is no wonder then, that Mrs. Cregan should have sometimes found people slow to appreciate the value of her vain desires.

While Hardress was still murmuring some sentiment of passionate admiration in the ear of his visionary bride, he was awakened by the pressure of a light finger on his shoulder. He looked up and beheld a lady in a broad-leaved beaver hat, and ball dress, standing by his bed-side, and smiling down upon him with an air of affection and reproof. Her countenance, though it had already acquired in a slight degree that hardness of outline which marks the approach of the first matronal years, was striking, and even beautiful in its character. The forehead was high and commanding, the eye of a dark hazel, well opened, and tender and rapid in its expression. The entire face had that length of feature which painters employ in their representations of the tragic muse, and the character of the individual had given to this natural conformation a depth of feeling which was calculated to make a strong and even a gloomy impression on the imagination of the beholder. Her person likewise partook of this imposing character, and was displayed to some advantage by her dress, the richness of which was perfectly adapted to her lofty and regal air. It consisted of a beautiful poplin, a stomacher set off with small brilliants, and a rich figured silk petticoat, which was fully displayed in front. The skirt of the gown parted and fell back from either side, while a small hoop, occupying the position of the modern Vestris, imparted to this interesting portion of the figure a degree of fashionable slimness and elegance. An amber necklace, some enormous broches, and rings containing locks of hair, the bequest of three succeeding generations, completed the decorations of her person.

"You are a pretty truant," she said, "to absent yourself for a whole fortnight together, and at a time too when I had brought a charming friend to make your acquaintance. You are a pretty truant. And immediately upon your return, instead of showing any affectionate anxiety to compensate

for your inattention, you run off to your sleeping chamber, and oblige your foolish mother to come and seek you?"

"My trim, mother, would have hardly become your drawing-room."

"Or looked to advantage in the eyes of my lovely visiter?"

"Upon my word, mother, I had not a thought of her. I should feel as little inclined to appear waiting in respect to you, as to any visiter to whom you could introduce me."

"Respect?" echoed Mrs. Cregan, while she laid the light away upon the dressing-table (in such a position, that it could shine full and bright upon the features of her son,) and took a chair near his bed-side. "Respect is fond of going well dressed, I grant you; but there is another feeling, Hardress, that is far more sensitive and exquisite on points of this nature, a feeling much more lively and anxious than any that a poor fond mother can expect. Do not interrupt me; I am not so unreasonable as to desire that the course of human nature should be inverted for my sake. But I have a question to ask you. Have you any engagement during the next month, that will prevent your spending it with us? If you have, and if it be not a very weighty one, break it off as politely as you can. You owe some little attention to your cousin, and I think you ought to pay it."

Hardress looked displeased at this, and muttered something about his inability to see in what way this obligation had been laid upon him.

"If you feel no disposition to show a kindness to your old play-fellow," said his mother, endeavouring to suppress her vexation, "you are of course at liberty to act as you please. You, Hardress, in your own person, owe nothing to the Chutes, unless you accept their general claim, as near relatives of mine."

"They could not, my dear mother, possess a stronger. But this is a sudden change. While I was in Dublin, I thought that both you and my father had broken off the intercourse that subsisted between the families, and lived altogether within yourselves."

"It was a foolish coldness that had arisen between your aunt and myself on account of some free, some very free

expressions she had used with regard to your father. But when she fell ill, and my poor darling Anne was left to struggle unassisted, beneath the weight of occupation that was thrown thus suddenly upon her hands, my self-respect gave way to my love for them both. I drove to Castle-Chute, and divided with Anne the care of nurse-tending and house-keeping, until my dear Hetty's health was in some degree restored. About a fortnight since, by the force of incessant letter-writing, and the employment of her mother's influence, I obtained Anne's very reluctant consent to spend a month at Killarney. Now, my dear Hardress, you must do me a kindness. I have no female friend of your cousin's age, whose society might afford her a constant source of enjoyment, and in spite of all my efforts to procure her amusement, I cannot but observe, that she has been more frequently dull, than merry, since her arrival. Now you can prevent this if you please. You must remain at home while she is with us, entertain her while I am occupied, walk with her, dance with her, be her *beau*. If she were a stranger, hospitality alone would call for those attentions, and I think under the circumstances, your own good feeling will teach you, that she ought not to be neglected."

"My dear mother, do not say another word upon the subject. It will be necessary for me to go from home sometimes; but I can engage to spend a great portion of the month as you desire. Send for a dancing-master to-morrow morning. I am but an awkward fellow at best, but I will do all that is in my power."

"You will breakfast with us then to-morrow morning, and come on a larking-party? It was for the purpose of making you promise, I disturbed your rest at this hour; for I knew there was no calculating in what part of Munster one might find you after sunrise."

"How far do you go?"

"Only to Innisfallen."

"Ah! dear, dear Innisfallen! I will be with you certainly, mother. Ah, dear Innisfallen! Mother, do you think that Anne remembers the time that Lady K—— invited us to take a cold dinner in Saint Finian's oratory? It is one of the sweetest days that ever brightened my recollection. I think I can still see that excellent lady laying her hand upon Anne Chute's shoulder, and telling her that she should be the little princess of this little fairy isle. Dear Innis-

fallen! If I were but to tell you, mother, how many a mournful hour that single happy one has cost me!"

"Tell me of no such thing, my boy. Look forward, and not back. Reserve the enjoyment of your recollections until you are no longer capable of present and actual happiness. And do not think, Hardress, that you make so extraordinary a sacrifice in undertaking this pretty office. There is many a fine gentleman in Killarney who would gladly forego a whole season's sport for the privilege of acting such a part for a single day. I cannot describe to you the sensation that your cousin has produced since her arrival. Her beauty, her talents, her elegance and her accomplishments are the subject of conversation in every circle. You will acquire a greater brilliance as the satellite of such a planet than if you were to move for ages in your own solitary orbit. But if I were to say all that I desire, you should not sleep to-night; so I shall reserve it to a moment of greater leisure. Good night, Hardress, and sleep soundly, for the cockswain is to be at the door before nine."

Mrs. Cregan was well acquainted with the character of her son. The distinction of attending on so celebrated a beauty as his cousin was one to which his vanity could never be indifferent, and nothing could be more agreeable to his pride than to find it thus forced upon him without any effort of his own to seek it. To be thus, out of pure kindness, and much against his own declared wishes, placed in a situation which was so generally envied! To obtain likewise (and these were the only motives that Hardress would acknowledge to his own mind,) to obtain an opportunity of softening his mother's prejudices against the time of avowal, and of forwarding the interest of his friend Kyrle Daly in another quarter. All these advantages were sufficient to compensate to his pride for the chance of some mortifying awkwardness, which might occur through his long neglect of, and contempt for, the habitual forms of society.

And of all the places in the world, thought Hardress, Killarney is the scene for such a debut as this. There is such an everlasting fund of conversation. The very store of commonplace remarks is inexhaustible. If it rains, one can talk of the Killarney showers, and tell the story of Mr. Fox; and if the sun shine, it must shine upon more wonders than a hundred tongues as nimble as those of Fame herself could tell. The teasing of the guides, the lies of the boatmen, the

legends of the lakes, the English arrivals, the echoes, the optical illusions, the mists, the mountains. If I were as dull as Otter, I could be as talkative as the barber in the Arabian Nights on such a subject, and yet without the necessity of burthening my tongue with more than a sentence at a time.

Notwithstanding these encouraging reflections, Hardress, next morning, experienced many a struggle with his evil shame before he left his chamber to encounter his mother's charming visiter. What was peculiar in the social timidity of this young gentleman lay in the circumstance that it could scarcely ever be perceived in society. His excessive pride prevented his often incurring the danger of a mortifying repression, and it could hardly be inferred from his reserved and, at the same time, dignified demeanour, whether his silence were the effect of ill temper, stupidity, or bashfulness. Few indeed ever thought of attributing it to that lofty philosophical principle to which he himself pretended; and there was but *one*, in addition to Kyrle Daly, of all his acquaintances on whom it did not produce an unfavourable impression.

After having been summoned half a dozen times to the breakfast-parlour, and delaying each time to indulge in a fresh glance at the mirror, to adjust his hair, which had now too much, and now too little powder; to alter the disposition of his shirt frill, and consummate the tying of his cravat, Hardress descended to the parlour, where, to his surprise, he found his cousin seated alone. She was simply dressed, and her hair, according to the fashion of unmarried ladies at the period, fell down in black and shining ringlets on her neck. A plain necklace of the famous black oak of the lakes, and a Maltese cross formed from the hoof of the red deer, constituted the principal decorations of her person. There was a consciousness, and even a distress in the manner of their meeting. A womanly reserve and delicacy made Anne unwilling to affect an intimacy that might not be met as she could desire; and his never-failing pride prevented Hardress from seeming to desire a favour that he had reason to suppose might not be granted him.

Accordingly, the great store of conversation which he had been preparing the night before, now, to his astonishment, utterly deserted him, and he discovered that subject is an acquisition of little use while it is unassisted by mutual confidence and good will among the interlocutors. Nothing

was effective, nothing told; and when Mrs. Cregan entered the parlour, she lifted her hands in wonder, to see her fair visiter seated by the fire, and reading some silly novel of the day (which happened to lie near her) while Hardress affected to amuse himself with Creagh's dog Pincher at the window, and said repeatedly within his own heart, "Ah, Eily, my own, own Eily! you are worth this fine lady a hundred times over!"

"Anne! Hardress! My lady, and my gentleman! Upon my word, Hardress, you ought to be proud of your gallantry. On the very first morning of your return, I find you seated at the distance of half a room from your old playfellow, and allowing her to look for entertainment in a stupid book! But, perhaps you have not spoken yet? Perhaps you do not know each other? Oh, then it is *my* duty to apologize for being out of the way. Miss Chute, this is Mr. Hardress Cregan; Mr. Hardress Cregan, this is Miss Chute." And she went through a mock introduction in the formal manner of the day.

The lady and gentleman each muttered something in reply. "We *have* spoken, ma'am," said Hardress.

"We *have* spoken, ma'am!" echoed Mrs. Cregan. "Sir, your most obedient servant! You have made a wonderful effort, and shown a great deal of condescension! You *have* spoken! You have done every thing that a gentleman of so much dignity and consequence was called upon to do, and you will not move a single footstep farther. But perhaps," she added, glancing at Anne, "perhaps I am dealing unjustly here. Perhaps the will to hear and not the will to say, was wanted. If the fault lay with the listener, Hardress, speak! It is the only defence that I will think of admitting."

"Except that the listener might not be worth the trial," said Anne, in the same tone of liveliness, not unmingled with pique, "I don't know how he can enter such a plea as that."

"Oh! Hardress! Oh fie, Hardress! There's a charge from a lady."

"I can assure you," (said Hardress, a little confused, yet not displeased with the manner in which his cousin took up the subject,) "I am not conscious of having deserved *any* such accusation. If you call on me for a defence, I can only find it in a simple recrimination. Anne has been to

distant to me ever since my return from Dublin, that I was afraid I had offended her."

"Very fair, sir, a very reasonable plea, indeed. Well, Miss Chute," continued Mrs. Cregan, turning round with an air of mock gravity to her young visiter, "why have you been so distant to my son since his return, as to make him suppose he had offended you?" And she stood with her hands expanded before her, in the attitude of one who looks for an explanation.

"Offended me?" said Anne, "I must have been exceedingly unreasonable indeed, if I had quarrelled with any thing that was said or done by Hardress, for I am sure he never once allowed me the opportunity."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, clasping her hands, and bursting into a fit of laughter. "You grow more severe. If I were a young gentleman, I should sink down with shame after such an imputation as that."

Hardress found himself suddenly entrapped in a scene of coquetry. "Might not one do better, mother," he said, running lightly across the room, and taking a seat close by the side of his cousin—"Might not one do better by endeavouring to amend?"

"But it is too late, sir," said Anne, affecting to move away, "My aunt Cregan is right, and I am offended with you. Don't sit so near, if you please. The truth is, I have made up my mind not to like you at all, and I never will change it, you may be certain."

"That is too hard, Anne. We are old friends, you should remember. What can I have done to make you so inveterate?"

"That's right, Hardress," said Mrs. Cregan, who had now taken her place at the breakfast-table—"do not be discouraged by her. Give her no peace, until she is your friend. But in the meantime, come to breakfast. The cockswain has been waiting this half hour."

The same scene of coquetry was continued during the morning. Hardress, who was no less delighted than surprised at this change of manner in his lovely cousin, assumed the part of a duteous knight, endeavouring, by the most assiduous attentions, to conciliate the favour of his offended "ladye;" and Anne maintained with a playful dignity, the inexorable coldness and reserve which was the prerogative of the sex in the days of chivalry and sound sense. We

hate those, says Bruyere, who treat us with pride ; but a smile is sufficient to reconcile us. In proportion to the chagrin which the fancied coldness of his fair cousin had occasioned to the quick-hearted Hardress, was the pleasure which he received from this unexpected and intimate turn of manner. And now it was, moreover, that he became capable of doing justice to the real character of the young lady. No longer embarrassed by the feeling of strangeness and apprehension which had kept her spirits back on their first meeting, Anne now assumed to him that ease and liveliness of manner with which she was accustomed to fascinate her more familiar acquaintances. He was astonished even to a degree of consternation at the extent both of her talents and her knowledge. On general subjects, he found with extreme and almost humiliating surprise, that her information very nearly approached his own ; and in a graceful and unostentatious application of that knowledge to familiar subjects she possessed the customary female superiority.

We will not intrude so far upon the peculiar province of the guide-books as to furnish any detail of the enchanting scenery through which our party travelled in the course of the forenoon. Every new sight that he beheld, every new hour that he spent in the society of his cousin, assisted in disabusing his mind of the prejudice which he had conceived against her, and supplying its place by a feeling of strong kindness. It happened, likewise, that in the course of the day, many circumstances occurred to render him well satisfied with the company of his new associates. The disposition to please and be pleased was general among them ; and Hardress was flattered by the degree of attention which he received, not only from his own party, but from his mother's fashionable acquaintances, to whom he was introduced in passing. Life, spirit, courtliness of manner, and kindness of feeling, governed the tone of conversation throughout the day ; and Hardress bore his part, in quality of host, with a degree of success and effect that was a matter of astonishment to himself. One or two of the younger ladies only were heard to say that Mr. Cregan was a little inattentive, and that he seemed to imagine there was not another lady of the party beside Miss Chute ; but it is suspected that even those pretty murmurers were by no means the least sensible of the merit of the person whom they censured. When the evening drew near, and the party left the island

for home, Hardress was once more surprised to find, that although he had been speaking for nearly half the day, he had not once found it necessary to make allusion to the Killyarney showers, the optical deceptions, or the story of Charles James Fox.

When he parted from the merry circle in order to fulfil his promise to Eily, a feeling of blank regret fell suddenly upon his heart, like that which is experienced by a boy, when the curtain falls at the close of the first theatrical spectacle which he has ever witnessed. His mother, who knew him too well to press any inquiry into the nature of his present engagement, had found no great difficulty in making him promise to return on the next day, in order to be present at a ball, which she was about to give at the cottage. The regret which Anne manifested at his departure, (to her an unexpected movement) and the cordial pleasure with which she heard of his intention to return on the next morning, inspired him with a feeling of happiness, which he had not hitherto experienced since his childhood.

The next time he thought of Anne and Eily at the same moment, the conjunction was not so unfavourable to the former as it had been in the morning. "There is no estimating the advantage," he said within his own mind, "which the society of so accomplished a girl as that must produce on the mind and habits of my dear little Eily. I wish they were already friends. My poor little love! how much she has to learn before she can assume with comfort to herself the place for which I have designed her. But women are imitative creatures. They can more readily adapt themselves to the tone of any new society, than we, who boast a firmer and less ductile nature; and Eily will find an additional facility in the good nature and active kindness of Anne Chute. I wish from my heart they were already friends."

As he finished this reflection, he turned his pony off the Gap-road, upon the crags which led to the cottage of Phil Naughten.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW HARDRESS HAD A STRANGE DREAM OF EILY.

THE burst of rapture and affection with which he was received by Eily, banished for the moment every other feeling from the mind of the young husband. Her eyes sparkled, and her countenance brightened at his entrance, with the innocent delight of a child. Her colour changed, and her whole frame was agitated by a passion of joy, which Hardress could scarcely have anticipated if his absence had been prolonged to a much more considerable time. He could not avoid feeling, that Eily was as far beyond his cousin in gentleness of feeling, in ready confidence and winning simplicity of manner, as she was excelled by the latter in dignity of mind and of demeanour, in elegant knowledge, and in correctness of taste.

They stood at the open door, Eily being yet encircled by the arm of her husband, and gazing on his face, while the expression of rapture that had illumined the countenances of both, faded gradually away into a look of calm and settled joy. On a sudden, their ears were startled by a hoarse, husky, and yet piercing voice, which seemed to proceed from a crag, that sheltered the cottage on the left side. Looking upward, Hadress beheld a woman standing on the turf, whose gesture and appearance showed her to be one of a race of viragoes who are now less numerous in the country parts of Ireland, than they were some twenty years since. Her face and hair announced a Spanish origin; her dress consisted of a brown stuff garment, fastened up at the back with a row of brass buttons, and a muslin cap and ribbon, considerably injured by the effect of long possession. An old drab *jock*, soiled and stained by many a roll in the puddle of the mountain fairs, was superadded; and in her right hand she grasped a short, heavy oak stick; which, if one might judge by the constant use she made of it in enforcing her gestures, was as necessary to her discourse as the famous

thread of Lord Chesterfield's orator. Her eyes were blood-shot from watching and intemperance; and the same causes, joined to an habitual violence of temper, had given to her thin, red, and streaky countenance, a sudden and formidable turn of expression.

"Ha! ha! my children! my two fine, clever children, are ye there? O, the luck o' me, that it wasn't a lad like you I married; a clever boy, with the red blood running under his yellow skin, like that sun over behind the clouds, instead of the mane, withered disciple that calls my house his own this day. Look at the beauty of him! look at the beauty of him! I might have been a lady if I liked. Oh, the luck o' me! the luck o' me! Five tall young men, every one of 'm a patheren for a faction, and all, all dead in their graves, down, down, an' no one left but that pitchur o' misery, that calls himself my husband. If it wasn't for the whiskey," she added, while she came down the crags, and stood before the pair, "my heart would break with the thoughts of it. Five tall young men, brothers every one, an' they to die, an' he to live! Wouldn't kill the Danes to think of it! Five tall young men! Gi' me the price of the whiskey."

"Indeed I will not, Poll. You have had enough already."

"No, nor half!" shouted the Amazon. "A dhram is enough, but two dhrams isn't half enough, an' I had only two. Coax him, *ma chree, ma lanuv*, to gi' me the price o' the whiskey."

Eily, who stood in great terror of this virago, turned a supplicating glance on Hardress.

"Your young mistress," said the latter, "would not become a participator in the sin of your drunkenness."

"*My* Misthress! The rope-maker's daughter! *My* Misthress! Eily-na-thiadarucha! Welcome from Gallow's Green, my misthress! The poor silly crathur! Is it because I call you with the blood of all your fathers in your veins, a gentleman, my mather, that I'd call her a lady, and my mistress? Gi' me the price o' the whiskey!"

"I shall not, Poll. Go back."

"Gi' me the price o' the whiskey, or I'll tear the crooked eyes out o' your yellow face! Gi' me it, I tell you, or I'll give my misthress more kicks than ha'-pence, the next time I catch her alone in the house, an' you away coorting and divarting at Killarney."

"Cool yourself, Poll, or I'll make you cool."

"You a gentleman! There isn't a noggin o' gentee blood in the veins o' your whole seed, breed, an' generation. You have a heart! you stingy bone-polishing, tawny faced, beggarly, mane spirited mohawk, that hadn't the spirit to choose between poverty an' dignity! You a gentleman! The highest and finest in the land was open to you, an' you hadn't the courage to stand up to your fortune. You a heart! Except a lady was to come an' coort you of herself, sorrow chance she'd ever have o' you, or you of her. An' signs on, see what a mistress you brought over us! I wonder you had the courage to spake to her itself. While others looked up, you looked down. I often seen a worm turn to a butterfly, but I never heard of a butterfly turning to a worm in my life before. You a heart! I'll lay a noggin, if the doctors open you when you die, they won't find such a thing as a heart in your whole yellow carcass, only a cold gizzard like the turkies."

Hardress turned pale with anger at this coarse, but bitter satire. "Do stop her mouth, my dear Hardress," murmured Eily, whose total want of pride rendered her almost incapable of resentment. "Do silence her. That woman makes me afraid for my very life."

"Never entertain the least apprehension on that subject, Eily. There is one key to the good will of Fighting Poll, by which you may be always certain of keeping your place in her affections. It is whiskey. Keep her in whiskey, as you keep her faithful. Nor need you ever fear to be purchased; for Poll has just good principle enough to prefer a little whiskey with honesty, to a great deal obtained as the wages of treason. Well, Poll," he continued, turning to the Amazon, "you are too many for me. Here is half-a-crow to drink my health, and be a good girl."

"Half-a-crown!" shouted the woman, catching the glittering coin as Hardress sent it twirling through the air. "I knew you were your father's son, for all! I knew 'tis o' your pose you were. I knew you had the nature in you, after all! Ha! here comes Phil and Danny at last. Come, sthrip, now Phil! Sthrip off the coat at once, an' let us see if M^c Donough laid the horsewhip over your shoulders to-day."

The man only returned her a surly glance in answer to this speech.

“What M^r Donough is this, Phil,” said Hardress, “what horsewhipping do you speak of, Poll?”

“I’ll tell you, sir,” returned Phil. “He is our landlord, an’ the owner of all the land about you, as far as you can see, an’ farther. He lives about a mile away from us, an’ is noted for being a good landlord to all, far an’ near. Only there’s one fashion he has, and that’s a troublesome one to some of his people. As he gives all manner of lases at a reasonable rent himself, he wishes that his land should be sublet reasonable also, which makes him very contrary whenever there’s does be any complaints of hard usage from the under tenants. I’ll tell you his plan when he finds any thing o’ the sort after his head tenants. He doesn’t drive ’em, nor be hard upon ’em, nor ax for the arrears, nor one ha’p’orth, only sends his sarvant-boy down to their house with a little whip-handle, about so big, that’s as well known upon his estate, as the landlord’s own face. Well, the sarvant-boy comes in, as it might be to my cabin there, (if he hard any thing again’ me) and without ever saying one word, he walks in to the middle o’ the floore, an’ lays the whiphandle upon the table, and walks out again without ever sayin’ one word. Very well, the tenant knows when he sees the whip, that he must carry it up to his landlord next morning, as sure as he has a head upon his shoulders; an’ take it from me, there’s many lads among ’em have no great welcome for the sight of it. Well, up they go to the great house, an’ there they ax for the masher, an’ they carry the whip handle into his parlour, where he locks the door upon ’em, an’ if they can’t well account for what they done, he makes them sthrip, and begins flaking ’em with a horsewhip until their back is all one griskin; an’ then he tells ’em to go about their business, an’ let him hear no more complaints in future. I thought it was a ghost I seen myself, last night, when I found the whip handle on my own table. But I made all clear when I seen the master.

“That is pushing his authority to a feudal extent,” said Hardress.

“A what, sir?” asked Phil, looking puzzled.

“Nothing, Phil, nothing. Poll, go in now, and get supper ready in your mistress’s room.”

“Let Phil get it,” returned the amazon, “I want to step over to the *sthreet** for a pound o’ candles.”

* Village.

"A pound o' candles!" echoed her helpmate, with sneering emphasis.

"Iss, what else?" exclaimed Poll, grasping her baton, and looking back on him with a menacing gesture.

"You know best what else, yourself," said the husband. "We all know what sort o' candles it is—you're going for. I lay my life you're afther gettin' money from the masther. But away with you, dont think I want to stop you. Your absence is better company than your presence any day in the year." So saying, he preceded our hero and heroine into the cottage, muttering, in a low voice, a popular distich:

"Joy be with you, if you never come back,
Dead or alive, or o' horseback."

In the course of this evening, Eily remarked that her husband, though affectionate as she could desire, was more silent and abstracted than she had ever seen him, and that he more frequently spoke in correction of some little breach of etiquette, or inelegance of manner, than in those terms of eloquent praise and fondness which he was accustomed to lavish upon her. One advantage, however, of Eily's want of penetration was, that the demon of suspicion never disturbed the quiet of her soul; and it required the utmost, and the most convincing evidence of falsehood, to shake the generous and illimitable confidence which she reposed in any person who was once established in her affections. While she felt therefore some little pain on her husband's account, she never experienced the slightest trouble on her own. She endeavoured with cheerfulness to adapt herself to his wishes, and though not in this she could become immediately successful, he would have owned a rigid temper. indeed, if it had not been softened by the submissive sweetness of her demeanour.

And Hardress was softened, though not satisfied by her gentle efforts. He observed on this evening a much more considerable number of those displeasing blemishes than he had on any other, and the memory of them pursued him even into his midnight slumbers, where Fancy, as usual, augmented their effect upon his mind. He dreamed that the hour had come on which he was to introduce his bride to his rich and fashionable acquaintances, and that a large company had assembled at his mother's cottage to honour

the occasion. Nothing however could exceed the bashfulness, the awkwardness, and the homeliness of speech and accent, with which the ropemaker's daughter received their compliments; and to complete the climax of his chagrin, on happening to look round upon her during dinner, he saw her in the act of peeling a potato with her fingers! This phantom haunted him for half the night. He dreamed, moreover, that, when he reasoned with her on this subject, she answered him with a degree of pert vulgarity and impatience which was in "discordant harmony" with her shyness before strangers, and which made him angry at heart, and miserable in mind.

The dreams of passion are always vivid, distinct, and deeply impressive. The feeling of anger and annoyance remained on the mind of Hardress even after he awoke, and although he never failed to correct and dispel the sensation, whenever it arose, yet throughout the whole of the following morning, a strong and disagreeable association was awakened whenever he looked upon Eily.

Before he again left her, Hardress explained the nature of his present condition with respect to his mother, and informed his wife of the necessity which existed for spending a considerable portion of the month which was to come at his father's cottage. Eily heard this announcement with pain and grief, but without remonstrance. She cried, like a child, at parting with him; and after he had ridden away, remained leaning against the jamb of the door with her moistened handkerchief placed against her cheek, in an attitude of musing sorrow. He had promised to return on the second day after, but how was she to live over the long, long interval? A lonesomeness of heart, that was in mournful accordance with the mighty solitudes in which she dwelt, fell down and abode upon her spirit.

On that night Hardress was one of the gayest revellers at his mother's ball. Anne Chute, who was, beyond all competition, the star of the evening, favoured him with a marked and cordial distinction. The flattering deference with which he was received, by all with whom he entered into conversation during the night, surprised him into ease and fluency; and the success of his own eloquence made him in love with his auditory. When it is considered that this was the very first ball he had ever witnessed since his boyhood, and that his life, in the interim had been the life of a

recluse, its effect upon his mind will cease to be a matter of surprise. The richness of the dresses—the liveliness of the music—the beauty of the fair dancers—the gayety of their young partners—the air of elegant mirth that filled the whole apartment—produced a new and delicious sensation of happiness in the susceptible temper of Hardress. Our feelings are so much under the government of our habits, that a modern English family in the same rank might have denied the praise of *comfort* to that which in the unaccustomed eyes of Hardress wore the warmer hue of luxury; for he lived at a time when Irish gentlemen fostered a more substantial pride than at present; when appearances were comparatively but little consulted, and the master of a mansion cared not how rude was the interior, or how ruinous the exterior of his dwelling, provided he could always maintain a loaded larder, and a noisy board. The scene around him was not less enervating to the mind of our hero because the chairs which the company used were of plain oak, and the light from the large glass lustre fell upon coarse unpapered walls, whose only ornament consisted of the cross-barred lines drawn with the trowel in the rough gray mortar. Many of those who are accustomed to scenes of elegant dissipation, might not readily give credence to the effect which was wrought upon his feelings by circumstances of comparatively little import. The perturbed air of the room the loftiness of the ceiling, the festooning of the drapery above the windows, the occasional pauses and changes in the music, all contributed to raise his mind into a condition of peculiar and exquisite enthusiasm, which made it susceptible of deep, dangerous, and indelible impressions. The wisdom of religion, in prescribing a strict and constant government of the senses, could not be more apparent than on an occasion like this, when their influence upon the reason became almost as potent and absorbing as that of an internal passion.

In the midst of this gayety of heart and topping fulness of mind, a circumstance occurred to throw it into a more disturbed and serious, but scarce less delightful, condition. The intervals in the dancing, were filled up by songs from the company, and Anne Chute in her turn was called on for her contribution of melody. Hardress was leaning over her chair, and looking at the music-book, which she was turning

over leaf after leaf, as if in search of some suitable piece for the occasion.

“ Ah, this will do, I think,” said Anne, pausing at a manuscript song, which was adapted to an old air, and running a rapid prelude along the keys of the instrument. The letters H. C. were written at the top of the page, and Hardress felt a glow like fire upon his brow the instant he beheld them. He drew back a little out of the light, and listened, with an almost painful emotion, to the song which the fair performer executed with an ease and feeling that gave to the words an effect beyond that to which they might themselves have pretended. They were the following :

I.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear ;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

II.

Remember me—not as a lover
Whose hope was cross'd—
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost.
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
O, dearest ! remember me.

III.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Could'st thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee !
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine ;
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

IV.

Remember me then !—O, remember
My calm, light love ;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove.
That life will, though lonely, be sweet
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind look when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW HARDRESS MET A STRANGE TRIAL.

"MOTHER, can you tell me why Anne Chute appears so abstracted and so reserved in her manner these few days past? Is she ill? Is she out of spirits? Is she annoyed at any thing?"

Hardress Cregan, who spoke this speech, was resting with his arm on the sash of one of the cottage windows. Mrs. Cregan was standing at a table in the centre of the room, arranging several small packages of plate, glass, and china, which had been borrowed from various neighbours on occasion of the ball. At a little distance stood old Nancy in her blue cloak and hood, awaiting the commands of her mistress, who, as she proceeded with her occupation, glanced, at intervals, a sharp and inquiring eye at her son.

"Here, Nancy, take this china to Mrs. Geogheghan, with my compliments, and tell her that I'm very much obliged to her—and, for your life, you horrible old creature, take care not to break them."

"Oyeh, murther! is it I? Fake 'em sure, that I won't, so."

"And tell Mike, as you are going down stairs, to come hither. I want to send him with those spoons to Miss McCarthy."

"Mike isn't come back yet, ma'am, since he wint over with the three-branch candlestick to Mrs. Crasbie."

"He is a very long time away, then."

"Can you tell me, mother," said Hardress, after in vain expecting an answer to his former queries, "Can you tell me, mother, if Anne Chute has had any unpleasant news from home, lately?"

"Well, Nancy," continued Mrs. Cregan, appearing not to have heard her son, "run away with your parcel, and deliver your message as you have been told, and hurry back again, for I have three more places to send you to before dinner."

"Allilu! my ould bones will be fairly wore from under

me, with the dint o' thrallivantin," muttered Nancy, as she left the room.

"I beg your pardon, Hardress, my dear. Were you not speaking? My attention is so occupied by these affairs, that I have not a head for any thing besides. This is one of the annoyances produced by your father's improvidence. He will not purchase those things, and I am obliged to borrow them, and to invite their owners into the bargain. I should not mind the borrowing but for that, as they are, generally speaking, very inferior in quality to the articles they lend me. In my thoughts, the latter always occupy so much more important a place than their possessors, that in sending a note of invitation to Mrs. Crosbie, (or Crasbie, as Nancy calls her,) the other day, I was on the point of writing, 'Mrs. Cregan presents her compliments to the three-branched candlestick.'—But were you not speaking to me?"

"I merely asked you, mother, if you knew the cause of the change which has lately appeared in Anne Chute's manner, and which I have observed more especially since the night of the ball?"

"I do," said Mrs. Cregan.

Hardress turned his face round, and looked as if he expected to hear more.

"But before I inform you," continued Mrs. Cregan, "you must answer me one question. What do you think of Anne Chute?"

"Think of her, mother?"

"Think of her, mother! You echo me, like the ancient in the play. I hope it is not that you have got any such monster in your thoughts as may not meet the light."

Hardress shook his head with a smile of deep meaning. "Indeed, mother," he said, "it is far otherwise. I am ashamed to trust my lips with my opinion of Anne Chute. She is, in truth, a fascinating girl. If I were to tell you, in the simplest language, all that I think, and all that I feel in her favour, you would say that you had found out a mad son in Hardress. She is indeed an incomparable young woman."

"A girl," said his mother, who heard this speech with evident satisfaction—"a girl, who is far too amiable to become the victim of disappointed feelings."

"Of disappointed feelings?"

"Another echo! Why you seem to have caught the mocking spirit from the lakes. I tell you she is within the danger of such an event."

"How is that, mother?"

"Close that door and I will tell you. I see you have remarked the increasing alteration in her manner. If I should intrust you with a lady's secret, do you think you know how to venerate it?"

"Why so, mother?"

"Ah, that's a safe answer. Well, I think I may trust you without requiring a pledge. Anne Chute has met with the usual fate of young ladies at her age. She is deep in love."

Hardress felt the hot blood gather upon his breath, when he heard these words. "You are jesting, mother," he said at length, and with a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for poor Anne, however," said Mrs. Cregan with much seriousness. "She is completely caught indeed. I never saw a girl so much in love in my life."

"He is a happy fellow," said Hardress, after a pause, and in a deep voice, "he is either a very stupid, or a very happy fellow, whom Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard. And happy he must be, for a stupid lover could never press so wearily upon the remembrance of such a girl. He is a very happy fellow."

"And yet, to look at him, you would suppose he was neither the one nor the other," said his mother.

"What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?"

The name of Kyrle Daly rose to the lips of Hardress, but from some undefinable cause he was unable to pronounce it. "Guess?" he repeated, "not I. Captain Gibson?"

"Pooh! what an opinion you have formed of Anne, if you suppose her to be one of those susceptible misses to whom the proximity of a red coat, in country quarters, is an affair of fatal consequence."

"Kyrle Daly, then?"

"Poor Kyrle, no. But that I think she has already chosen better, I could wish it were he, poor fellow! But you do not seem inclined to pay your cousin a compliment this morning. Do you not think you guess a little below her worth?"

“Not in Kyrle Daly. He is a lover for a queen. He is my true friend.”

“*That*,” said his mother with emphasis, “might be some recommendation.”

Hardress gazed on her as if altogether at a loss.

“Well, have you already come to a stand?” said Mrs. Cregan. “Then I believe I shall not insist on your exposing your own dulness any longer. Come hither, Hardress, and sit near me.”

The young gentleman took a chair at his mother’s side, and awaited her further speech with increasing interest.

“Hardress,” she said, “I have a claim, independent of my natural right, to your obedience; and I must insist, in this instance at least, on its not being contested. Listen to me. I have now an object in view, to the accomplishment of which I look forward with a passionate interest, for it has no other aim than the completion of your happiness; a concern, my beloved boy, which has always sat closest to my heart, even from your childhood. I have no child but you. My other little babes are with their Maker. I have none left but you, and I think I feel my heart yearn towards you with all the love, which, if those angels had not flown from me, would have been divided among them.”

She paused, affected; and Hardress lowered his face in deep and grateful emotion.

“It is, I think, but reasonable, therefore,” Mrs. Cregan continued, “to desire your concurrence in a project which has your own happiness only for its object. Are you really so dull of perception as not to be aware of the impression you have made on the affections of Anne Chute?”

“That *I*—*I* have made?” exclaimed Hardress, with a confusion and even a wildness in his manner, which looked like a compound of joy and terror. “That *I*—did you say, mother?”

“That *you* have made,” repeated his mother. “It is true indeed, Hardress. She loves you. This fascinating girl loves you long and deeply. This incomparable young woman, with whose praises you dare not trust your tongue, is pining for your love in the silence of her chamber. This beautiful and gifted creature, who is the wonder of all who see, and the love of all who know her, is ready to pour forth her spirit at your feet in a murmur of expiring fondness. Use your fortunes. The world smiles brightly on you. I

say again, Anne Chute is long, deeply, and devotedly your own."

Hardress drank in every accent of this poisonous speech, with that fatal relish which is felt by the infatuated Eastern, for his draught of stiling tincture. While he lay back in his chair, however, to enjoy the full and swelling rapture of his triumph, a horrid remembrance suddenly darted through his brain, and made him start from his chair as if he had received a blow.

"Mother," said he, "you are deceived in this. It is not, it cannot be, the fact. I see the object of which you speak, and I am sure your own anxiety for its accomplishment has led you to miscalculate. My own surmises are not in unison with yours."

"My dear child," replied his mother, "I have a far better authority than surmise for what I say. Do you think, my love, that I would run the hazard of disturbing your peace without an absolute assurance of the truth of my statement? I have an authority that ought to satisfy the most distrustful lover, and I will be guilty of a breach of confidence, in order to set your mind at rest, for I am certain of your honour. It is the confession, the reluctant and hardly won confession, of my darling Anne herself."

Again, a revulsion of frightful rapture rushed through the frame of the listener, and made him resume his chair in silence.

"When we came here first," continued Mrs. Cregan, "I could perceive that there *was* a secret, although I was far from suspecting its nature. The first glimpse of light that broke upon the mystery was produced by accident. You remember poor Dalton, our old Huntsman? I happened to speak to Anne of his attachment to you, and could at once observe that her interest for the man was ardently awakened."

"I remember, I remember like a dream," said Hardress, raising his finger in the manner of one endeavouring to strengthen an indistinct recollection, "Poor Dalton told me Anne had been kind to him. Anne? No, no," he added, with much confusion, "he named no one. He said, a person in this house had been kind to him. I was prevented from inquiring farther."

"That person," said Mrs. Cregan, "was Anne Chute. From the moment of that conversation my eyes were opened; and I felt like one who has suddenly discovered the principle

of an intricate and complicated system. I saw it in her silence, while your arrival was delayed ; I saw it, on the morning of your meeting ; I saw it, throughout that day ; I saw it, in her dissembled grief, in her dissembled joy. Poor, dear girl ! I saw it, in the almost childlike happiness that sparkled in her eyes when you came near us, and in the sudden gloom that followed your departure. For shame, my child ! Why are you so dull of perception ? Have you eyes ? Have you ears ? Have you a brain to comprehend, or a heart to estimate, your good fortune ? It should have been your part, not mine, to draw that dear acknowledgment from the lips of Anne, last night."

To this observation, Hardress replied only by a low moan, which had in it an expression of deep pain. "How, mother," he at length asked, in a hoarse tone, "by what management did you draw this secret from her ?"

"By a simple process. By making it worth her while to give me her confidence. By telling her what I have long since perceived, though it may possibly have escaped your own observation, that her passion was not unrequited ; that you were as deeply in love with her, as she with you."

"Me ! me in love ! You could not, you would not, surely, mother, speak with so much rashness," exclaimed Hardress, in evident alarm.

"Why—do you *not* love her, then ?"

"Love her, mother ?"

"I see you have not yet done with the echoes."

"I love her as a cousin should love a cousin, nothing more."

"Ay, but she is no cousin of yours. Come ! It must be either more or less. Which shall I say ?"

"Neither. It is in that light I have always looked upon Anne. I could not love her less. I would not, dare not love her more."

"Dare not ? You have got a strange vocabulary for a lover. What do you mean by 'dare not ?' What mighty daring is requisite to enable a young man to fall in love with a young lady of whose affection he is already certain ? The daring that is necessary for wedlock, is an old bachelor's sneer, which should never be heard on lips that are ruddy with the blood of less than forty summers. Why dare you not love Anne Chute ?"

"Because by doing so, I should break my faith to another."

Mrs. Cregan fixed her eye on him, as if somewhat stunned. "What do you say, Hardress?" she murmured, just above her breath.

"I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and that I must not break my engagement."

"Do you speak seriously?"

"I could not jest on this subject, if I were so inclined."

"And dare you tell me this?" Mrs. Cregan exclaimed, starting up from her seat with a sudden fierceness of manner. "You have no daring! You dare not love the love that I have chosen for you, and you dare tell me to my face of such a boldness as this! But dare me not too far, I warn you, Hardress. You will not find it safe."

"I dare tell the truth when I am called on," replied Hardress, who never respected his mother so little, as in her moments of passion or authority; "in all places, and at all hazards, even including that of incurring my mother's displeasure."

"Listen to me, Hardress," said his mother, returning to her seat, and endeavouring to suppress her anger, "it is better we should fully understand each other."

"It is, mother; and I cannot chose a better time to be explicit than the present. I was wrong, very wrong, in not taking an earlier opportunity of explaining to you the circumstances in which I stand. But it is better even now than later. Mother," he continued, moving near to her, and taking her hand between his, with a deprecating tenderness of manner, "forgive your own Hardress! I have already fixed my affections, and pledged myself to another."

Mrs. Cregan pressed her handkerchief against her face, and leaned forward on the table, which position she maintained during the dialogue which followed.

"And who is that other?" she asked, with a calmness that astonished her son. "Is she superior to Anne Chute in rank or fortune?"

"Far otherwise, mother."

"In talent then, or manner?"

"Still far beneath my cousin."

"In what then consists the motive of preference, for I am at a loss?"

"In every thing that relates to acquirement," said Hardress, "she is not even to be compared to Anne Chute."

It is in virtue, alone, and in gentleness of disposition, that she can pretend to an equality. I once believed her lovelier, but I was prejudiced."

Mrs. Cregan now raised her head, and showed by the change in her appearance what passionate struggles she had been endeavouring to overcome. The veins had started out upon her forehead, a dull fire shone in her eyes, and one dark tress of hair, uncurled by dampness and agitation, was swept cross her temples. "Poor, low-born, silly, and vulgar!" she repeated with an air of perplexity and suppressed anger. Then, assuming an attitude of easy dignity, and forcing a smile, she said, "Oh, my dear Hardress, you must be jesting, for I am sure you could not make such a choice as you describe."

"If it is a misfortune," replied Hardress, "I must only summon up my philosophy, mother, for there is no escaping it."

Mrs. Cregan again pressed her hand upon her brow for some moments, and then said, "Well, Hardress, let us conduct this discussion calmly. I have got a violent shooting in my head, and cannot say so much as I desire. But listen to me, as I have done to you. My honour is pledged to your cousin for the truth of what I have told her. I have made her certain that her wishes shall be all accomplished, and I will not have my child's heart broken. If you are serious, Hardress, you have acted a most dishonourable part. Your conduct to Anne Chute would have deceived—it *has* deceived, the most unbiassed among your acquaintances. You have paid her attentions which no honourable man could offer while he entertained only a feeling of indifference towards their object."

"Mother! Mother! how can you make such a charge as that? Was it not entirely, and reluctantly, in compliance with your own injunctions that I did so?"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Cregan, a little struck, "but I was not then aware of your position. Why did you not *then* inform me of all this? Let the consequences, sir, of your duplicity fall on your own head, not on my poor girl's nor mine. I could not have believed you capable of such a meanness. Had you then discovered all, it would have been in time for the safety of your cousin's happiness, and for my own honour, for that too is staked in the issue. What, Sir? Is your vanity so egregious that, for its gratification merely,

you would interfere with a young girl's prospects in life, by filling up the place at her side to which others, equal in merit and more sincere in their intentions, might have aspired? Is not that consideration alone (putting aside the keener disappointment to which you have subjected her) enough to make your conduct appear hideous?"

The truth and justice of this speech left Hardress without a word.

"You are already contracted, at every fireside in Kerry and Limerick also," continued his mother, "and I am determined that there shall be no whispering about my own sweet Anne. You must perform the promise that your conduct has given."

"And my engagement?—"

"Break it off!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, with a burst of anger, scarcely modified by her feeling of decorum. "If you have been base enough to make a double pledge, and if there must be a victim, I am resolved it shall not be Anne Chute. I must not have to reproach myself with having bound it for the sacrifice. Now take your choice. I tell you, I had rather die, nay, I had rather see you in your coffin, than matched below your rank. You are yet unable to cater for your own happiness, and you would assuredly lay up a fund of misery for all your coming years. Now, take your choice. If you wed as I desire, you shall have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and honour, and domestic affection, can secure you.—If against my wish—if you resist me, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the wretchedness that extreme poverty can furnish, for whether I live or die, (as indeed I shall be careless on that subject henceforward,) you never shall possess a guinea of your inheritance. So now, take your choice."

"It is already made," said Hardress, rising with a mournful dignity, and moving toward the door. "My fortunes are already decided, whatever way my inclinations move. Farewell, then, mother. I am grateful to you for all your former kindness, but it is impossible that I can please you in this. As to the poverty with which you intend to punish me, I can face that consequence without much anxiety, after I have ventured to incur the hazard of your anger."

He was already at the door when his mother recalled him with a softened voice. "Hardress," she said, with tears in her eyes, "I mistake my heart entirely. It cannot afford to

lose a son so easily. Come hither, and sit by me, my own beloved boy. You know not, Hardress, how I have loved, and love you. Why will you anger me, my child? I never angered you, even when you were an infant at my bosom. I never denied you any thing, in all my life. I never gave you a hard word, or look, since you were a child in my arms. What have I done to you, Hardress? Even supposing that I have acted with any rashness in this, why will you insist on my suffering for it?"

"My dear mother——"

"If you knew how I have loved you, Hardress; but you can never know it, for it was shown most frequently and fondly when you were incapable of acknowledging or appreciating it. If you knew how disinterestedly I have watched and laboured for your happiness, even from your boyhood, you would not so calmly resign your mind to the idea of such a separation. Come, Hardress, we must yet be friends. I do not press you for an immediate answer, but tell me you will think of it, and think more kindly. Bid me but smile on Anne when I meet her next. Nay, don't look troubled, I shall not speak to her until I have your answer, I will only smile upon her—that's my darling Hardress."

"But, mother——"

"Not one word more. At least, Hardress, my wishes are worth a little consideration. Look there!" she suddenly exclaimed, laying her hand on the arm of her son, and pointing through the open window, "Is that not worth a little consideration?"

Hardress looked in that direction, and beheld a sight which might have proved dangerous to the resolution of a more self-regulated spirit. It was the figure of his cousin standing under the shade of a lofty arbutus, (a tree which acknowledges Killarney alone of all our northern possessions for its natal region.) A few streaks of the golden sunshine streamed in upon her figure, through the boughs, and quivered over the involutions of her drapery. She was without a bonnet, and her short black ringlets, blown loose about her rather pale and careful countenance, gave it somewhat of the character of an Ariadne, or a Penthesilea. She walked toward the house, and every motion of her frame seemed instinct with a natural intelligence. Hardress could not (without a nobler effort than he would use) remove his eyes from this beautiful vision, until a turn in the gravel walk concealed

it from his view, and it disappeared among the foliage, as a lustrous star is lost in a mass of autumnal clouds.

"Mother," said Hardress, "I will think on what you have said. May heaven defend and guide me! I am a miserable wretch, but I will think of it. Oh, mother, my dear mother, if I had confided in you, or you in me! Why have we been thus secret to each other? But pardon me! It is I alone that am deserving of that reproach, for you were contriving for my happiness only. Happiness! What a vain word that is! I never shall be happy more! Never indeed! I have destroyed my fortunes."

"Hush, boy, I hear Anne's foot upon the lobby. I told her you would walk with her to-day."

"Me walk with her?" said Hardress with a shudder. "No, no, I cannot, mother. It would be wrong. I dare not, indeed."

"*Dare not again?*" said Mrs. Cregan, smiling. "Come, come, forget this conversation for the present, and consider it again at your leisure."

"I will, I will think of it," repeated the young man, with some wildness of manner. "May heaven defend and guide me! I am a wretch already."

"Hush! hush!" said his mother, who did not attach too much importance to those exclamations of mental distress; "you must not let your mistress hear you praying in that way, or she will suppose she has frightened you."

"*My Mistress*, mother!"

"Pooh, pooh! your cousin, then. Don't look so terrified. Well, Hardress, I am obliged to you."

"Ay, mother, but don't be misled by—"

"Oh, be in no pain for that. I understand you perfectly. Remain here, and I will send your cousin to you in a few minutes."

It would have at once put an end to all discussion of this subject, if Hardress had informed his mother that he was in fact already married. He was aware of this, and yet he could not tell her that it was so. It was not that he feared her anger, for that he had already dared. He knew that he was called on in honour, in justice, and in conscience, to make his parent aware of the full extent of his position, and yet he shunned the avowal, as he would have done a sentence of despair.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS PROCEEDED.

DURING the few weeks that followed the conversation just detailed, Eily perceived a rapid and a fearful change in the temper and appearance of her husband. His visits were fewer and shorter than before, and when he did come, his manner was restrained and conscious in an extraordinary degree. His eye looked troubled, his voice was deep and broken, his cheek grew pale and fleshless, and a gloomy air, which might be supposed the mingled result of discontent and dissipation, appeared in all his person. He no longer conversed with that noisy frankness and gayety which he was accustomed to indulge in all societies where he felt perfectly at his ease. To Eily he spoke sometimes with coolness and impatience, and very often with a wild affection that had in it as much of grief as of tenderness. To the other inmates of the cottage he was altogether reserved and haughty, and even his own boatman seldom cared to tempt him into a conversation. Sometimes Eily was inclined to think that he had escaped from some displeasing scenes at home, his demeanour during the evening was so abstracted and so full of care. On other occasions, when he came to her cottage late at night, she was shocked to discover about him the appearances of a riotous indulgence. Born and educated as she was in the Ireland of the eighteenth century, this circumstance would not have much disturbed the mind of our heroine, but that it became gradually more frequent of occurrence, and seemed rather to indicate a voluntary habit than that necessity to which even sober people were often subjected, when they mingled in the society of Irish country gentlemen of that period. Eily thus experienced, for the first time, and with an aching spirit, one of the keenest anxieties of married life.

“Hardress,” she said to him one morning when he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence, long unbroken, “I won’t let you go among those fine ladies any

more, if you be thinking of them always when you come to me again." -

Her husband started like one conscience-struck, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say, then," said Eily, smiling and nodding her head, with a pretty affectation of authority. "Those fine ladies musn't take you from Eily. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress: whisper!" she laid her hand on his shoulder, raised herself on tiptoe, and murmured in his ear, "I'll not not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know, yourself;" Eily continued, nodding and smiling; "it is a teaching that you would never learn from Eily if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there e'er a priest living in this neighbourhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eily, bending on him a look of piercing sweetness—"If I thought he would forgive me afterward, as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear of that;" said Eily. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep thought, Eily resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands in the still expanded one of her husband, she continued, "Well then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me. I'm afraid I'm going wrong entirely, this time back. I got married, sir, a couple o' months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman that I'm very fond of."

"Too fond, perhaps?"

"I'm afraid so, rightly speaking, although I hope he deean't think so. But he told me when he brought me down to Killarney, that he was going to speak to his friends,

[the brow of the listener darkened,] and to ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily. And there's nearly two months now, since I came, and what I have to charge myself with, sir, is, that I am too fond of my husband, and that I don't like to vex him by speaking about it, as may be it would be my duty to do. And, besides, I don't keep my husband to proper order at all. I let him stop out sometimes for many days together, and then I'm very angry with him, but when he comes, I'm so foolish and so glad to see him, that I can't look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get all Ireland for it. And more than that, again; I'm not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don't ever question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes to, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner, for indeed, my husband is often more merry than wise, when he comes home to me late at night, and still Eily says nothing. And besides all this, I think my husband has something weighing upon his mind, and I don't make him tell it to me, as a good wife ought to do, and I'd like to have a friend's advice, as you're good enough to offer it, sir, to know what I'd do. What do you think about him, sir? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy? Or do you think he's growing tired of Eily? Or that he doesn't think so much of her now that he knows her better? What would you advise me to do?"

"I am rather at a loss," said Hardress, with some bitterness in his accent, "it is so difficult to advise a *jealous* person."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eily with a slight blush, "Ah, now I'm sorry I came to you at all, for I see you know nothing about me, since you think that's the way. I see now that you don't know how to advise me at all, and I'll leave you there. What would I be jealous of?"

"Why, of those handsome young ladies that your husband visits."

"Ah, if I was jealous that way," said Eily, with a keen and serious smile, "that isn't the way I'd show it."

"How then, Eily?"

"Why, first of all, I wouldn't as much as think of such a thing, without the greatest reason in the world, without being downright sure of it, and if I got that reason, nobody

would ever know it, for I wouldn't say a word, only walk into that room there, and stretch upon the bed, and die."

"Why, that's what many a brutal husband, in such a case, would exactly desire."

"So itself," said Eily, with a flushed, and kindling cheek—"so itself. I wouldn't be long in his way, I'll engage."

"Well then," Hardress said, rising and addressing her with a severe solemnity of manner, "my advice to you is this. As long as you live, never presume to inquire into your husband's secrets, nor affect an influence which he never will admit. And if you wish to avoid that great reason for jealousy of which you stand in fear, avoid suffering the slightest suspicion to appear; for men are stubborn beings, and when such suspicions are wantonly set afloat, they find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible."

"Well, Hardress," said Eily, "you are angry with me, after all. Didn't you say you would forgive me? Oh, then, I'll engage I'd be very sorry to say any thing, if I thought you'd be this way."

"I am not angry," said Hardress, in a tone of vexation.

"I do forgive you," he added in an accent of sharp reproof, "I spoke entirely for your own sake."

"And wouldn't Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke?"

"Joke!" exclaimed Hardress, bursting into a sudden passion, which made his eyes water, and his limbs shake as if they would have sunk beneath him. "Am I become the subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Give me your hand! Do you feel how that heart beats? Is that a subject, Eily, for joke or jest? Do you think this face turns thin and yellow for nothing? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!—"

"Yes!—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! Let go my knees! Let go my arm! I hate you! Take the truth,

"I'll not be poisoned with it. I am sick of you, you have disgusted me! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women, it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk, and make myself the beast you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you!"

"Oh, Hardress," shrieked the affrighted girl, "you are not in earnest now?"

"I am! *I do not* joke!" her husband exclaimed with a hoarse vehemence. "Let go my knees! you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly."

"Oh, my dear Hardress! Oh, my own husband, listen to me! Hear your own Eily for one moment! Oh, my poor father!"

"Ha!"

"It slipped from me! Forgive me! I know I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress, but forgive me! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off! I will do any thing to please you, I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that! Oh, heavens," she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture and clasped her husband's feet. "Merciful Heaven, direct him! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home! think of all you promised me, and how I believed you! Stay with me for a while at any rate! Do not——"

On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms, without doing her a violence—Eily felt a swimming in her head, and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless.

The first face which she beheld on recovering from her insensibility was that of Poll Naughten, who was seated in a low chair, and supporting Eily's head against her knees, while she was striking her in the open palm with a prodigious violence.

"Ah, then she draws the breath," said Fighting Poll. "Oh, wirra, missiz, what brought you out on your face and hands in the middle of the floore, that way?"

Eily muttered some unmeaning answer and remained for some minutes struggling with the consciousness of some undefined horror. Looking around at length, and missing the figure of Hardress, she lay back once more, and burst

into a fit of hysterical weeping. Phil Naughten, who was smoking a short pipe by the fire-side, said something in Irish to his wife, to which the latter replied in the same language, and then turning to Eily, said :—

“ Will you take a drop of any thing, achree ? ”

Eily raised her hand in dissent.

“ Will you come in, and take a stretch on the bed then ? ”

To this Eily answered in the affirmative, and walked with the assistance of the hostess into her sleeping chamber. Here she lay during the remainder of the day, the curtain suffered to fall so as to keep the broad sunshine from her aching eyes and head. Her reflections, however, on the frightful and sudden alteration which had taken place in her condition were cut short, ere long, by a sleep, of that sound and dreamless nature which usually supervenes after an access of passionate excitement or anxiety.

In the meantime Hardress hurried along the Gap road with the speed of one who desires to counteract by extreme bodily exertion the turbulence of an uneasy spirit. As he passed the lonely little bridge, which crosses the stream above the Black Lake, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice which appeared to reach him from the clouds. Looking over his shoulder to the summit of the Purple Mountain, he beheld Danny Mann, nearly a thousand feet above him, moving toward the immense pile of loose stones, (from the hue of which the mountain has derived its name,) and driving before him a small herd of goats, the property of his brother-in-law. Turning off the road, Hardress commenced the ascent of this toilsome eminence, partly because the difficulty afforded a relief to his spirits, and partly because he wished to converse with his dependant.

Although the day was fine, and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountain, its summit was wrapped in mist, and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic, and sternly barren. The figure of some wonder-hunting tourist, with a guide-boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals, among the lesser undulations of the mountain side, and the long road, which traversed the gloomy valley, dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray and misty Reeks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sullen congress between their peaks, and, some-

times floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower, of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted spectre of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge, itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and divided amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and mystery. Down, it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which, at this altitude, presented the resemblance of a rich mosaic, of a thousand colours, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren and shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself. As Hardress approached the summit, this scene of grandeur and of beauty was shut out from his view by the intervening mist, which left nothing visible but the peak on which he stood, and which looked like a barren islet in a sea of vapour. Above him was a blue sky, broken up with masses of cloud against which the rays of the sun were refracted, with various effect, according to their degrees of density and altitude. Occasionally, as Hardress pressed onward through the heath, a heavy grouse would spring up at his feet, challenge, and wheel to the other side of the mountain. Sometimes also, as he looked downward, a passing gust of wind would draw aside the misty veil that lay between him and the world, and cause the picture once more to open on his sight.

His attendant now met, and greeted him as usual. "It's well for you, Master Hardress, dat hasn't a flock o' goats to be hunting after dis mornin';—my heart is broke from 'em, dat's what it is. We turn 'em out in de mornin,' and dough dey have plenty to ate down below dere, dey never stop till dey go to de top o' the mountain, nothing less would do for 'em; like many o' de Christians demselves, dey'll be mountain always, even when it's no good for 'em."

"I have no remedy," said Hardress musing, "and yet the thought of enduring such a fate is intolerable."

"What a fine day dis would be for de water, Master?" continued his servant—"You don't ever care to take a sail now, sir?"

"Oh, Kyrle! Kyrle Daly, what a prophetic truth was in your words! Giddy, headlong wretch that I have been! I wish that my feet had grown to my mother's hearth when

I first thought of evading her control, and marrying without her sanction." He passed in a mood of bitter retrospection. "I'll not endure it!" he again exclaimed, starting from his reverie, "It shall be without recall. I will not, because I cannot. Monster! Monster, that I am! Wed one, and woo another! Both now are cheated! Which shall be the victim?"

The devil was at his ear, and whispered, "Be not uneasy, hundreds have done the same before you."

"Firm as dat mountain stands, an' as it stood dis hundred, ay, dis tousand year, may be," continued Danny Mann, "still an' all, to look up dat way at dem great loose stones, dat look as if dey were shovelled up above us by some joyants or great people of ould, a body would tink it hardly safe to stand here onder 'em, in dread dey'd come tumblin' down, may be, an' make *smiddereens* of him, bless de mark! Wouldn't he now, master Hardress?"

The person so addressed turned his eyes mechanically in the same direction. A kind of desperate satisfaction was visible on his features, as the idea of insecurity, which his servant suggested, became impressed upon his mind. The latter perceived and understood its expression on the instant.

"Dere 's something troublin' you, Master Hardress; dat I see plain enough. An' 'tisin't now, nor to-day, nor 'ister-day, I seen it, aider. Is dere anything Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say the word dis moment, an' I'll be bail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress after a pause, "I am troubled. I was a fool Danny, when I refused to listen to your advice upon one occasion."

"An' dat was the time when I tould you not to go again' de missiz, an' to have no call to Eily O'Connor."

"It was."

"I tought it would be dis way. I tought, all along, dat Eily was no wife for you, master Hardress. It was not in natur she could be, a poor man's daughter, widout money or manners, or book-larnen', or one ha'p'ort'. I told you dat, 'master Hardress, but you wouldn't hear me, by any means, an' dis is de way of it, now."

"Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis done," said Hardress, with sullen impatience, "I was to blame, Danny, an' I am suffering for it."

"Does she know herself de trouble she is to you?"

"I could not keep it from her. I did not know, myself, how utterly my dislike had prevailed within me, until the occasion arose for giving it utterance, and then it came forth, at once, like a torrent. I told her what I felt; that I hated, that I was sick of her! I could not stop my tongue. My heart struck me for the base unkindness, the ungrateful ruffianism of my speech, and yet I could not stop my tongue. I have made her miserable, and I am myself accursed. What is there to be done? Have you only skill to prevent mischief? Have you none to remedy?"

Danny took thought for a moment. "Sorrow trouble would I ever give myself about her," he said at last, "only send her home packin' to her fader, an' give her no thanks."

"And with what face should I appear before my honourable friends, when that old rope-maker should come to demand redress for his insulted child, and to claim her husband's promise? Should I send Eily home, to earn for myself the reputation of a faithless villain?"

"I never tought o' dat," said Danny, nodding his head. "Dat 's a horse of anoder colour. Why, den, I'll tell you what I'd do. Pay her passage out to Quaybec, and put her aboard of a three-master, widout ever sayin' a word to any body. I'll tell you what it is, master Hardress. Do by her as you'd do by that glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as well as it come on, and if it fits too tight, take de knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me de word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, only if you're agreeable, take off dat glove an' give it to me for a token. Dat'll be enough. Lave de rest to Danny."

A doubtful, horrible sensation of fear and anxiety gathered upon the heart of the listener, and held him for a minute fixed in breathless expectation. He gazed upon the face of his servant, with an expression of gaping terror, as if he stood in the presence of the Arch Tempter himself. At length he walked up to the latter, laid his open hand upon his neck, and then drawing his fingers close, until the fellow's face was purple with blood, he shook him as if he would have shaken his joints out of their sockets.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, with a hoarseness and vehemence of tone, which gave an appalling depth to his ex-

pressions. "Dangerous villain and tempter! If you ever dare again to utter a word, or meditate a thought of violence towards that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb between my hands!"

"Oh, murder, Master Hardress! Dat de hands may stick to me, sir, if I tought a ha'p'ort o' harm!"

"Do you mark me well, now? I am quite in earnest. Respect her, as you would the highest lady in the land. Do as she commands you, without murmuring. If I hear her say, (and I will question her upon it) that you have leered one glance of those blood-looking eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world."

"Oh, Vo! Dat I may never die in sin, Master Hardress if—"

"Begone! I am glad you have opened my eyes. I tread more safely now. My heart is lighter! Yet that I should have endured to be so tempted! Fellow, I doubt you for worse than you appear! We are here alone; the busy world is hid beneath us, and we stand here alone in the eye of the open heaven, and without roof or wall, to screen us, even in fancy, from the downright reproach of the beholding angels. None but the haughty and insulting Lucifer, himself, could think of daring Providence upon the threshold of his own region. But be you fiend, or mortal, I defy and dare you! I repel your bloody temptation! I tell you, fiend or mortal, that my soul abhors your speech and gesture both. I may be wretched and impious; I may send up to heaven a cry of discontent and murmuring; the cry of blood shall never leave this earth for me. Blood! *Whose* blood? Hers? Great heaven! Great heaven defend me!" He covered his face with his hands, and bent down for a moment in dreadful agitation; then suddenly starting up, and waving his hand rapidly, he continued, "Away! away at once and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom. My heart may burn for years within my breast, if I can find no other way to sooth it. I know how to endure, I am wholly ignorant of guilt like this. Once more," he added, clenching his fist, and shaking it towards his startled dependant, "Once more, I warn you, mark my words, and obey them."

So saying, he hurried down the hill, and was hid in the ascending mist; while his affrighted servant remained gaping after him, and muttering mechanically such asseverations as "Dat I may never sin, Master Hardress! Dat de head

may go to de grave wit me! Dat I may be happy! Dat de hands may stick to me, if I tought any harm!"

More than half of the frantic speech of Hardress, it may be readily imagined, was wholly unintelligible to Danny, who followed him down the mountain, half crazed with terror, and not a little choked into the bargain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW AN UNEXPECTED VISITER ARRIVED IN EILY'S COTTAGE.

TOWARDS nightfall, Eily awoke with that confused and strange feeling which a person experiences, who has slept at an unaccustomed hour. The sun had already set; but the red and faintly lustrous shadow of her window, which was thrown on the opposing wall, showed that his refracted light was yet strong and bright on the horizon. While she lay back, endeavouring to recall the circumstances which brought her into her present situation, a voice assailed her ear which made her start in sudden alarm from her reclining posture. It was that of a person singing in a low voice outside her window in the following words:—

“As I roved out on a fine summer morning,
A speculating most curiously,
To my surprise I soon espied
A charming fair one approaching me.
I stood awhile—

here the melodist knocked gently at the door of the cottage—

I stood awhile in deep meditation,
Contemplating what I should do;
Till, at length, recruiting all my sensations,
I thus accosted the fair Colleen rae.”*

At the close of the verse, which was prolonged by the customary nasal twang, the singer knocked a little more loudly with the knuckle of his fore-finger:—

* Red little girl.

THE COLLEGIANS.

"Oh, was I Hector, that noble victor,
Who died a victim to the Grecian skill ;
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various,
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill
I'd roam through Asia, likewise Arabia,
Or Pennsylvania—

here he knocked again—

Or Pennsylvania looking for you,
Through the burning regions, like famed Orpheus,
For one embrace of you, Colleen rue."

"I am ruined! I am undone!" thought Eily, as she listened in deep distress and fear, "my father has found me out, and they are all come to look for me! Oh, Hardress! Hardress!"

"They're all dead, or dhraming here, I believe," said the singer; "I'm in fine luck, if I have to go down the old gap again ather night-fall." Stimulated by this reflection, he turned his back to the door, and began kicking against it with his heel, while he continued his song:

"And are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
Or Eutherpasia, or fair Vanus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare,
Whoam Paris stole from the Grecian's sight?
Thou fairest creature, how you've enslaved me
I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whoose golden notes and infatuations,
Have deranged my ideas for you, Colleen rue."

Here the same air was taken up by a shrill and broken female voice, at a little distance from the house, and in the words which follow:—

"Sir, I pray be aisy, and do not tease me
With your false praises most jestingly;
Your golden notes and insinwayshuns
Are vaunting speeches deceaving me.
I'm not Aurora, nor the goddess Flora,
But a rural female to all men's view,
Who's here condoling my situation,
And my appellation is the Colleen rue."

"You're not Aurora?" muttered the first voice. "Wisha, dear knows, it isn't aisy to conthradict you. They'd be the dhroll Auroras an' Floras, if that's the figure they cut. Ah! Mrs. Naughten!" he added, raising and changing his voice as the shadow of the female figure crossed the window of

Eily's apartment, "How are you this evening, ma'am? I hope you got well over your voyage that morning?"

"What voyage? Who is it I have there at all?" said Poll in a tone of surprise. "Oh, Lowry Looby! Oh, ma gra hu! how is every inch of you, Lowry? It raises the very cockles o' my heart to see you."

"Purty well, indeed, as for the health, Mrs. Naughten, we're obleest to you."

"Oh, vo, vo! An' what brought you into this part of the world, Lowry? It's a long time since you an' I met."

"'Tis as good as two months, a' most, I b'lieve."

"Two months, eroo? 'Tis six years if it's a day."

"Oh 'iss, for good; but I mane the time we met in the cottage behind at the dairy farm, the night o' the great starm, when ye were near being all lost, in the boat, if it wasn't the will o' Heaven."

"The dairy farm! lost in the boat! I don't know what is it you're talken' about at all, man. But come in, come in, Lowry, and take a-sate. Stop, here's Phil. Phil, eroo, this is Lowry Looby, that you heard me talk of being a friend o' the Hewsans formerly."

Thus introduced, Phil and Lowry both took off their hats, and bowed repeatedly, and with a most courteous profundity of obeisance. The door was then opened, and a polite contest arose as to the right of the precedence between the gentlemen, which was finally decided in favour of Lowry, as the visiter.

"Well, Lowry, what news eastwards?" was the next question.

"Oh, then nothing strange, Mrs. Naughten. I was twice by this way, since I seen you that night. Coming from Cork I was to-day, when I thought I'd step over, and see how you wor, after the voyage. I left the horse an' car over, in Mr. Cregan's yard."

"I believe you're lost with the hunger. Phil, stir yourself, an' put down something for supper."

"Don't hurry yourself on my account," said Lowry, affecting an indifference which he did not feel, "I took something at Mr. Cregan's. I saw Mather Hardress there in the parlour windee, playin' chests (I think it is they called it) with Miss Anne Chute. Oh, murder, that's a darling, a beautiful lady! Her laugh is like music. Oh dear! oh, dear! To see the smile of her, though, an' she looking at him! It flogged

the world! Mike, the boy, they have there, an' old Nancy, told me, she's greatly taken with the young masher."

"Why then, she may as well throw her cap at him."

"Why so, eroo?"

"Oh—for reasons."

"There's one thing Mike told me, an' I'm sure I wondher I never heerd a word of it before; that there was some talks of herself and my young masher, Mr. Kyrle Daly. I know he used to be going there of an odd time, but I never heerd any thing that way. There's a dale that's looking after her, Mike tells me. Whoever gets her, they say, he'll have as much *jewels* to fight, as will keep him going for the first quarter, any way."

"Tha go brag!" said Phil, tossing his head, "that's what bothers the gentlemen. *Jewels, jewels*, always."

"Jewels always, then, just as you say, Mистер Naughten," said Lowry. "It's what ruins 'em, body and soul. At every hand's turn nothing but a jewel! Let there be a conthrairy look, and pistols is the word at once."

"An' if a poor boy is *reflected* upon, an' goes to a fair to thry it out, with an innocent little kippen, O the savages! the gentlemen cry at once. O the blood-thirsty villyans! And they'll go themselves and shoot one another like dogs for raison."

"It's thru, for you," returned Lowry. "Sure 'twould be a blessing for a man to be aiting a dhry piatie from morning till night, an' to have quietness. I'll tell you what it is, Mистер Naughten. I spake for myself, of all things going, I wouldn't like to be born a gentleman. They're never out o' throuble, this way, or that way. If they're not fighting, they have more things upon their mind, that would bother a dozen poor men; an' if they go divarting, ten to one they have a *jewel* before the day is over. Sure if it was a thing, two gentlemen axed a lady to dance, an' she gave in to one of 'em, the other should challenge him for to go fighting! Sure, that flogs Europe! And they have so much books to read, to be able to converse genteel before the ladies. I'm told, a gentleman isn't fit to show his face in company, till he reads as much books as would stretch from this to the doore over. And then to be watching yourself, an' spake Englified, an' not to ate half your nough at dinner, an' to have 'em all looking at you, if you took too big a bit, or done any thing again manners, and never have your own fling, an' let you

do what you liked yourself! I wouldn't lade such a life, if I got Europe. A snug stool by the fireside, a boiled piatie in one hand, a piggin 'o milk in the other, and one (that I won't name now) smiling overright me, that's all the gentility I'd ever ax for this world, any way. I'd a'most as lief be born a female as a gentleman, maning no offence to the ladies, Mrs. Naughten.

"Every one to his taste, Lowry. Many men have many minds. Phil, will you go out now, and help Danny to put up them goats, not to have them straying over on Myles Murphy's ground as they wor o' *Chuesday* week. I see Danny coming down the mountain.

The obedient husband did as he was commanded, and Lowry took advantage of his absence, to enter into a more confidential communication with his formidable hostess.

"Well, Mrs. Naughten, if I was to hear a person swear this upon a book, I'd say 'twas a lie he was telling me, if I didn't see it with my own eyes."

"What is it you see?"

"Oh, then, nothing but what I'm well pleased to see. Well, I thought one that once gave themselves a bad habit, could never be broke of it again, no more than a horse could be broke of starting."

At this the virago fixed upon him a kindling and suspicious eye.

"And tell me now, Mrs. Naughten," continued Lowry, not perceiving the indication of incipient wrath, "how did it come on you first when you dhropt the cursing that way entirely? I think I'd feel a great loss for the first week or fortnight."

"Folly on! Mистер Looby, folly on! You're welcome to your sport this evening."

"Sport? Faiks it's no sport to me, only an admiration. All the people that ever I heerd of making a vow o' the kind wor sure to break it again, if they didn't get inside of it, one way or another by shkaming. Sure there was, to my own knowledge, John O'Reilly, the blacksmith near Castle Chute, made as many vows as I have fingers an' toes again' the dhrink, an' there isn't one of 'em but what he got the advantage of. First he med a vow he wouldn't dhrink a dhrop for six months to come, any way, either in a house or out of a house. An' sure 'tis where I found him the fortnight after was at Mick Normile's, an' he dhrinkin' as if it

was for bets, an' he sitting in a chair upon the threshold o' the doore with a leg at this side and a leg at that. 'Is that the way you 're keeping your vow, Misther O'Reilly?'" says I, when I seen him. "'Tis," says he, 'what else? sure I can dhrink here,' says he, 'an' no thanks, while I'm neither in the house nor out of it.' And sure 'twas throe for him. Well, there's no use in talking, but some people would live where a fox would starve. Sure, of another time, he med a vow he wouldn't dhrink upon Ireland ground, an' where do you think did I get him afther only sitting cross legs upon a branch o' the big beech-tree near Normile's, an' he still at the ould work, dhrinking away! Wisha, long life to you, says I, if that's the way; a purty fruit the tree bears in you, says I, this morning. People o' that kind, Mrs. Naughten, has no business making vows at all, again' the dhrink, or the cursing either."

"I'm hearing to you, Lowry," said Fighting Poll, with an ominous sharpness in her accent.

"An' do you hould to the same plan still, ma'am?"

"What plan do you mane?"

"The same plan as when I met you that night at the Dairy Cottage. Not to be talking, nor drinking, nor cursing, nor swearing, nor fighting, nor———Oh, murther, Mrs. Naughten, sure you 're not going to sthrike me inside your own doore?"

"To be sure I would, when I see you daar make a hand o' me!"

"Me make a hand o' you, woman! What hand am I making?"

"Every hand!" exclaimed the Penthesile, raising her voice. So saying, and with the accustomed yell of onset, she flourished her short stick, and discharged a blow at Lowry's little head, which, if it had not been warded off by a dexterous interposition of the chair on which he had been sitting, would have left him something to think of for a week to come.

The scuffle waxed hot, and would doubtless have terminated in some serious bodily injury to the party assailed, but that the sudden re-entrance of Phil, with his brother-in-law, Danny Mann, brought it to a premature termination.

"Poll! Poll, aye! Misther Looby! What's the mather? Worn't ye as thick as cousins this moment?"

"A' Lowry, is dat you? What's all dis about?"

"Don't hould me Phil, an' I'll bate him while bating is good for him! an' that's from this till morning."

"Here's usage, Mr. Naughten! Mr. Mann, here's thretement! Gi' me my ould hat an' let me be off, I was a fool to come at all! And after my civility eastwards, when you come dhripping wet into the cottage! Well, it's all one."

"Whisht eroo!" said Danny Mann, in a conciliating tone, "Come dis way, Lowry, I want to talk to you." And he led him out of the cottage.

Eily, who was perfectly aware of the cause of this misconception, had listened to the whole scene, at one time with intense and painful anxiety; and at another with an inclination to laugh in spite of all the difficulties and dangers by which she was surrounded. Before long, however, an idea entered her mind, which wholly detached her attention from the melay in the kitchen. She resolved to write to her father by Lowry, to make him aware, at least, of her safety and of her hope to meet him again in honour, if not in happiness. This would at least remove one great load from her mind, and prepare him for her return. While she arranged her writing materials at the small table, the thoughts of home came crowding on her, so thick and fast, that she found a difficulty in proceeding with her task. It was an humble home, to be sure, but yet it *was* her home. He was an humble father, but he *was* her father. She painted a little picture, unconsciously, to her own mind, of that forsaken dwelling. She saw her father sitting by the turf fire, leaning forward with his elbow resting on his knee, a finger beneath his temple, and his gray watery eye fixed on her accustomed chair, which stood empty, on the opposite side. His hair had received another shower of silver since they parted. She scarcely dared to breathe aloud, lest she should disturb the imagined loneliness of his condition. On a sudden she figured to herself the latched door put gently back, and the form of Lowry Looby entering, with her letter in his hand. She marked the air of cold and sad indifference with which the old man recognised him, and received the letter. He looked at the direction—started—tore off the seal and looked within, while his whole frame trembled until the gray hairs were shaken loose upon his temples. She saw the passion struggling in his throat, and her own eyes were blinded by tears; the picture here became too vivid for her

feelings, and pushing the little desk aside, she sank down into her chair in a violent fit of sobbing.

While she remained in this condition, Poll Naughten entered the room, arranging her disordered headdress, and bearing still upon her countenance the traces of the vanished storm. Its expression, however, was completely altered, when she observed the situation of Eily.

"What ails you, a ra gal?" she asked in a softened voice, "Arn't you betther afther the sleep at all?"

"Poll, do you know that man who is in the kitchen?"

"Is it Lowry Looby? Ah ha! the scoundhril! 'tis I that do, an' I'll make him he'll know me too before I part him."

"Hush! Poll, come hither. I want you to do me a service. I know this man, too."

"Why then he's little credit to you, or any one else."

"I want to caution you against saying a word of my name, while he is in the house. It would be ruinous both to your master and myself."

"Faiks, I'll engage he won't be a bit the wiser of it for Poll Naughten."

"And I wished besides, that you would give him, if he intends going to Limerick, a letter; which I will have for you in a few minutes. You need not tell him from whom it comes, do not even let him know that it is from a person in the house. And now, Poll, will you light me one of those candles, and close the window-shutters?"

This was done, and Eily commenced her letter. Before she proceeded far, however; it occurred to her, that the superscription might awaken the suspicions of Lowry, and besides, she felt a very accountable difficulty about the manner of addressing her offended parent. Finally she decided on forwarding a brief and decorous note, to "Mr. Dunat O'Leary, Hair-cutter, Garryowen;" in which she requested him to communicate to his old neighbour the circumstances of which she desired the latter should be made aware.

While she folded the letter, she heard the cottage door once more open, and two persons enter the kitchen. A stillness ensued, which was first broken by the voice of Danny Mann.

"I was spaking to this boy here, Poll," he said, "an' I see 'tis all rising out of a mistake betune de two o' ye. He didn't mane any thing by it, he tells me. Eh, Lowry?"

"It would be long from me, Mrs. Naughten, to say any thing offensive to you, or any o' your people. Misther

Mann here explained to me the nature of the matter. I own I didn't mane a ha'p'worth."

"Well, that's enough, that's enough. Give him the hand now, Poll," said her husband, "and let us ate our little supper in pace."

Eily heard no more, and the clatter of knives and forks, soon after, informed her that the most perfect harmony had been re-established among the parties. Nothing farther occurred to disturb the good understanding which was thus fortunately restored, or to endanger the secret of our heroine, although Lowry was not without making many inquiries as to the name and quality of the lodger in the inner-room. It was a long time, too, before he ceased to speculate on the nature of the letter to Foxy Dunat. On this his hostess would give him no information, although he threw out several hints of his anxiety to obtain it, and made many conjectures of his own, which he invariably ended by tossing the head, and declaring that "It flogged the world."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW EILY UNDERTAKES A JOURNEY IN THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

EILY heard Lowry Looby take his departure on the next morning, with as lively a sensation of regret as if he had been a dearer friend. After the unkindness of her husband, she trembled, while she wept, to think that it might be a long time before she could meet one more interested in her fortunes.

Happier anticipations than this might not have been so perfectly fulfilled. The first weeks of winter swept rapidly away, and Eily neither saw, nor heard from, Hardress. Her situation became every moment more alarming. Her host and hostess, according as she appeared to grow out of favour with their patron, became at first negligent and surly, and at last insulting. She had hitherto maintained her place on the sunny side of Poll's esteem, by supplying that virago with small sums of money from time to time, although

her conscience told her that those donations were not appropriated by the receiver to any virtuous end, but now her stock was running low, Hardress, and this was from mere lack of memory, had left her almost wholly unprovided with funds.

She resolved to write to him, not with the view of obtaining mere pecuniary assistance, but in order to communicate the request which is subjoined in her own simple language :

“ MY DEAR HARDRESS,

“ Do not leave me here, to spend the whole winter alone. If Eily has done any thing to offend you, come and tell her so, but remember she is now away from every friend in the whole world. Even, if you are still in the same mind as when you left me, come, at all events, for once, and let me go back to my father. If you wish it, nobody, besides us three, shall ever know what you were to your own

EILY.”

To this letter, which she intrusted to Danny the lord, she received no answer ; neither Hardress nor his servant being seen at the cottage for more than a week after.

Matters in the mean time grew more displeasing between Eily and her hosts. Poll treated her with the most contemptuous rudeness, and Phil began to throw out hints which it was difficult to misconceive respecting their poverty, and the unreasonableness of people thrusting idlers upon them, when it was as much as they could do to maintain themselves in honesty. But Poll, who possessed the national recklessness of expense, whenever her husband spoke in this niggardly humour, turned on him, not in defence of Eily, but in abuse of his “ mainness,” although she could herself use the very same cause of invective when an occasion offered. Thus Eily, instead of commanding like a queen, as she had been promised, was compelled to fill the pitiable situation of an insecure and friendless dependant.

The wintry year rolled on, in barrenness and gloom, casting an air of iron majesty and grandeur over the savage scenery in which she dwelt, and bringing close to her threshold the first Christmas which she had ever spent away from home. The Christmas eve found her still looking anxiously forward to the return of her husband, or of his messenger. The morning had brought with it a black frost,

and Eily sat down alone to a comfortless breakfast. No longer attended with that ready deference which marked the conduct of the Naughtens while she remained in favour, Eily was now obliged to procure and arrange all the materials for her repast with her own hands. There was no butter, nor cream; but as this was one of the great Vigils or fast days of her Church, which Eily observed with a conscientious exactness, she did not miss these prohibited luxuries. There was no fast upon sugar, however, and Eily perceived, with some chagrin, that the sugar-bowl also was empty. She walked softly to the chamber-door, where she paused for a moment, with her handkerchief placed before her cheeks in that beautiful attitude which Homer ascribes to Penelope at the entrance of the "stout-built hall." At length she raised the latch, and opened the door to a few inches only.

"Poll," she said, in a timid and gentle voice, "do you know where 's the sugar?"

"It's in the *cubbert* I suppose," was the harsh and unceremonious answer.

The fact was, Poll had begun to keep the Christmas the evening before, and treated herself to a few tumblers of hot punch, in the manufacture of which she had herself consumed the whole of Eily's sweets. And there might have been some cause of consolation, if Poll's temper had been rendered the sweeter by all the sugar she took, but this was not the case.

"There is none there, Poll," said Eily.

"Well, what hurt? Can't you put a double allowance o' crame in the tay, an' dhrink it raw, for once?"

"Ah, but this is a fast day," said Eily.

"Oyeh, choke it, for work! Well then, do as you plase, I can't help you. I haven't a spoonful o' groceries in the house, girl, except I went for 'em, a thing I'd be very unfond to do on a morning like this."

"Well, I can do without it, Poll," said Eily, returning to the table, and sitting down to her, unmetaphorically, bitter draught with the meekest resignation.

"Gi' me the money, by an' by, when I'm going into town for the Christmas candle, an' I'll buy it for you, itself, an' the tay."

"But I have no money, Poll."

"No money, inagh? An' isn't it upon yourself we're

dependin' this way to get in the things again' to-morrow, a Christmas day?"

"Well, I have not a farthing."

"Didn't you tell me yourself, the other day, you had a half-crown keepin' for me again Handsel Monday?"

"I gave it to Danny. I thought I'd have more for you before then."

Here Poll dashed in the door with her hand, and confronted her affrighted lodger with the look and gesture of a raging Bacchanal.

"An' is that my thanks?" she screamed aloud, "Why then, cock you up with bread and tay this morning. Go look after Danny, now, if you want your *bruk'ast*." And so saying she seized two corners of the table-cloth, and upset the whole concern into the fire-place.

Terror and astonishment deprived Eily for some moments of the power of speech or motion. But when she saw Poll taking breath, for a moment, and looking around to know what farther devastation she might commit, the forlorn helplessness of her condition rushed at once upon her mind, and she fell back into her seat in a violent fit of hysterics.

This is a condition in which one woman can rarely behold another without emotion. Poll ran to her relief, uttering every sound of affectionate condolence and encouragement which arose to her lips.

"Whisht, now, a' ra gal! Whisht now, missiz, a-chree! Oh, ma chree, m'asthora, ma llanuv, you wor! Howl, now, a' ra gal! Oh vo! vo!—howl!—howl ashore! What ails you? Sure you know 'tis only funnin' I was. Well, see this! Tell me any thing now in the wide world I'll do for you, a' ra gal."

"Poll," said Eily, when she had recovered a certain degree of composure, "there is one thing that you can do for me, if you like, and it will relieve me from the greatest distress."

"An' what is that, a-chree?"

"To lend me one of the ponies, and get me a boy that can show the way to Castle-Island."

"Is it goin' you 're thinking of?"

"I will be here again," said Eily, "on to-morrow evening." Eily spoke this without any vehemence of asseveration, and in the quiet manner of one who had never been accustomed to have her words doubted. So irresistible, too,

is the force of simple truth, that Poll did not even entertain a suspicion of any intent to deceive.

“An’ what business would carry you to Castle-Island, a’ ra gal?”

“I have a friend there, an uncle,” Eily replied, with tears starting into her eyes at the remembrance of her old preceptor. “I’m sure, Poll, that he would assist me.”

“I’m in dhread ’tis going from uz you are now, o’ ’count o’ what I said to you. Don’t mind that at all. Stop here as long as ever you like, an’ no thanks. I’ll step across the road this minute, an’ *borry* the sugar for you if it’s it you want.”

“No, no. I only want to do as I have told you. I’ll engage to screen you from all blame.”

“Blame! A’ whose blame is it you think I’d be afeerd of? I’ll let you see that I’ll do what I like myself, an’ get you the pony saddled an’ all this minute. But you didn’t ate any thing hardly. Here’s more bread in the cupboard, and strengthen yourself again’ the road while I’m away.”

She left the room, and Eily, who had little hope of succeeding in her request, proceeded to make her preparations for the journey, with as much despatch and animation as if she had discovered a sudden mode of release from all her anxieties. For a considerable time, the prospect of meeting with her uncle filled her bosom with sensations of unmingled pleasure. If she looked back, (while she tied her bonnet strings below her chin, and hurried on the plainest dress in her trunk,) if she looked back to those days in which her venerable relative presided over her evening studies, and directed their application, it was only to turn her eyes again upon the future, and hope for their speedy renovation.

Having concluded her arrangements, and cautioned Poll not to say a word of her destination, in case Hardress should come to the cottage, Eily now set out upon her lonely journey. The person whom Poll Naughten had procured for her guide was a stout made girl, who carried an empty spirit-keg, slung at her back, in the tail of her gown, which she had turned up over her shoulders. She informed Eily that she was accustomed to go every Saturday to a town at the distance of fourteen miles, and to return in the evening with the keg full of spirits. “But this week,” she continued, “I’m obleest to go twice, on account o’ the Christmas-day falling in the middle of it?”

“And what does your employer want of so much whiskey?” said Eily, a little interested in the fortune of so hard-working a creature.

“Want o’ the whiskey, iñagh?” exclaimed the mountain girl, turning her black eyes on her companion, in surprise. “Sure isn’t it she, that keeps the public house above the Gap, an’ what business would she have wit a place o’ the kind without a drop o’ whiskey?”

“And what are you paid, now, for so long a journey as that?”

“Defferent ways I’m paid, defferent times. If it’s a could evening when I come home, I take a glass o’ the spirits itself, in preference to any thing, an’ if not, the mistress pays me a penny every time.”

“One penny, only!”

“One penny. Indeed it’s too little, but when I spake o’ it, the mistress tells me she can get it done for less. So I have nothin’ to say but do as I’m bid.”

Eily paused for some moments, while she compared the situation of this uncomplaining individual with her own. The balance of external comforts, at least, did not appear to be on the side of the poor little mountaineer.

“And have you no other way of living now, than this?” she asked with increasing interest.

“Illiloo! Is it upon a penny a week you think I’d live?” returned the girl, who was beginning to form no very exalted idea of her companion’s intellect.

“Do you live with your mistress?”

“No, I live with my ould father. We have a spot o’ ground beyant, for the piatees. Sometimes I dig it, but mostly the young boys o’ the place comes and digs it for us on a Sunday or a holyday morning, an’ I stick in the seed.”

“And which is it for the sake of, the father or the daughter, they take that trouble?”

“For the sake, I b’lieve, of the Almighty that made ’em both. Signs on, they have our prayers, night an’ morning.”

“Is your father quite helpless?”

“Oyeh! long from it. He’s a turner. He makes little boxes, and necklaces, and things that way, of the arbutus, and the black oak of the Lakes, that he sells to the English an’ other quollity people that comes to see them. But he finds it hard to get the timber, for none of it is allowed to be cut, and ’tis only windfalls that he can take when the stormy

saison beg'ns. Besides, there's more in the town o' Killarney that outsells him. He makes but a poor hand of it afther all."

"I wonder you have not got a sweetheart. You are very pretty, and very good."

The girl here gave her a side-long glance, and laughed so as to exhibit a set of teeth of the purest enamel. The look seemed to say, "Is that all you know about the matter?" but her words were different in their signification.

"Oyeh, I don't like 'em for men," she said with a half smiling, half coquetish air. "They 're deceivers an' rovers, I believe, the best of 'em."

"Well, I wouldn't think that, now, of that handsome young man, in the check shirt, that nodded to you as we passed him, while ago. He has an honest face."

The girl again laughed and blushed. "Why then I'll tell you," she said, at length seduced into a confidence. "If I'd b'leive any of 'em, I think it is that boy. He is a boatman on the Lakes, and airns a sighth o' money, but it goes as fast as it comes."

"How is that?"

"O then, he can't help it, poor fellow. Them boatmen ar'n't allowed to dhrink any thing while they 're upon the lake, except at the *stations*, but then, to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and dhrinking, all night, 'till they spend whatever the quollity gives 'em in the day. Luke Kennedy, (that's this boy,) would like to save, if he could, but the rest wouldn't pull an oar with him, if he didn't do as they do. So that's the way of it. And sometimes afther being up all night a'most, you 'll see 'em out again at the first light in the morning. 'Tis a pity the quollity would give 'em money at all, only have it laid out for 'em in some way that it would do 'em good. Luke Kennedy is a great fencer, I'm tould. Himself an' Myles Murphy, behind, are the best about the Lakes at the stick. Sure Luke taught fencing himself, once. Did you ever hear o' the great guard he taught the boys about the place?"

Fame had not informed Eily of this circumstance.

"Well, I'll tell you it. He gev it out one Sunday, upon some writing that was pasted again the chapel door, to have all the boys, that wor for larnen to fence, to come to him at sech a place, an' he'd taich 'em a guard that would hindher 'em of ever being sthruck. Well, 'tis an admiration what a

gathering he had before him. So when they wor all listehing, 'Boys,' says he, getting up on a table an' looking round him, 'Boys, the guard I have to give ye, that 'll save ye from all sorts o' sthrokes, is this, to keep a civil tongue in yer head at all times. Do that,' says he, 'an' I 'll be bail ye never 'll get a sthroke.' Well, you never seen people wondher so much, or look so foolish as they did, since the hour you wor born."

"'Twas a good advice."

"An' that 's a thing Luke knew how to give, better than he'd take. I hardly spake to him at all now, myself."

"Why so?"

"Oh, he knows, himself. He wanted me a while ago to marry him, and to part with my ould father."

"And you refused him?" said Eily, blushing a conscious crimson.

"I hardly spoke to him ather. He'd be the handsome Luke Kennedy, indeed, if he'd make me part the poor ould man that way. An' my mother dead, an' he having no else but myself to do a-ha'p'orth for him. What could I expect if I done that? If Luke likes me, let him come and show it by my father—if not, there 's more girls in the place, an' he 's welcome to pick his choice, for Mary."

Every word of this speech fell, like a burning coal, upon the heart of Eily. She paused a moment in deep emotion, and then addressed her companion :

"You are right, Mary, you are very right. Let nothing, let no man's love, tempt you to forget your duty to your father. Oh, you don't know, much as you love him, what thoughts you would have, if you were to leave him as you say. Let nothing tempt you to it. You would neither have luck, nor peace, nor comfort, and if your husband should be unkind to you, you could not turn to him again for consolation. But I need not be talking to you; you are a good gril, and more fit to give me advice, than to listen to any I can offer you."

From this moment Eily did not open her lips to her companion, until they arrived in Castle-Island. The Christmas candles were already lighted in every cottage, and Eily determined to defer seeing her uncle until the following morning.



This book should be returned to
date

