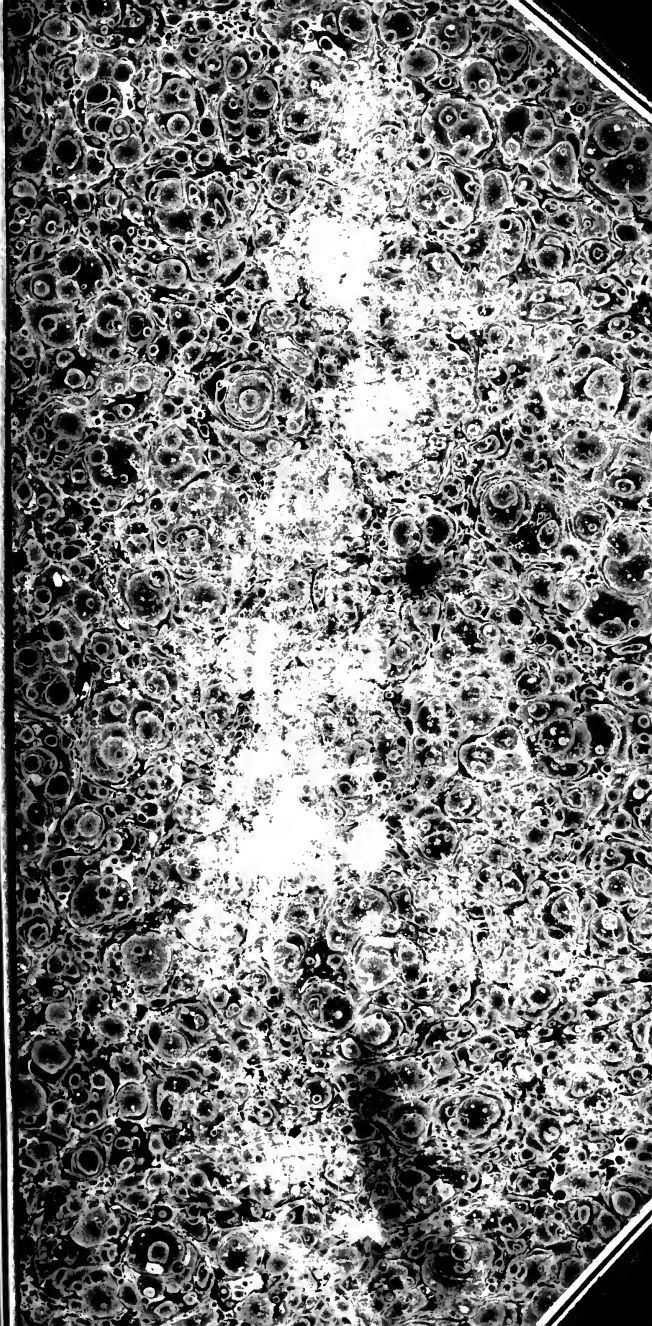


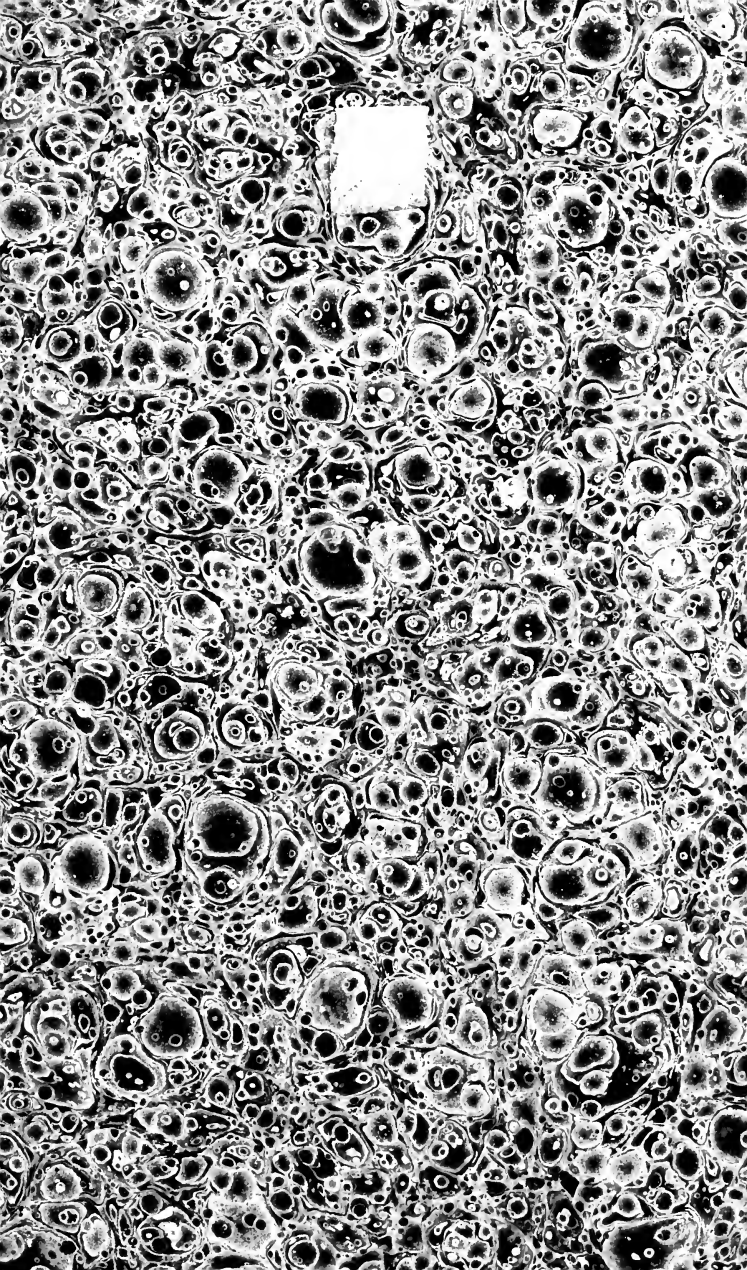
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GRACE CASSIDY;

OR,

THE REPEALERS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Some popular chief
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd:
And one and all 's the word: true cocks o' th' game!
They never ask for what, or whom they fight;
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe;
Cry Liberty! and that's a cause for quarrel.

DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)

1833.

THE REPEALERS.

CHAPTER I.

Hail land whose verdure with the emerald vies,
 Whose sons are manly, generous—all—but wise;
 Where hearts are warm, but heads, alas! are hot,
 And prudence, goodly prudence, worshipp'd not.
 Gem of the West, set in a stormy sea,
 As if e'en Nature meant thee to be free;
 The waves like barriers guarding thy green shore,
 Or ready still to bear thee commerce o'er,
 Say why has Nature smiled on thee in vain,
 When still thy reckless sons her gifts profane,
 And give to licence what is Freedom's due,
 Freedom, that hapless Erin never knew,
 And ne'er can know, till reason points the way,
 And passion yields to her benignant sway.

Unpublished Poem.

“OCH! Jim, is this the way you come home to me?” said Grace Cassidy, a young and pretty Irishwoman, to her intoxicated husband,

who, staggering into the kitchen where she was seated by the fire, became almost sobered by the look of plaintive suffering with which she regarded him.

“ Arrah! be aisy, Grace, and don’t be angry with me; sure it’s only a little dhrop too much I’ve taken, and the air has got the bbetter of me—faith and troth that’s all; and it shan’t happen again, if it vexes you, my Colleen dhas, for sure I’d never let the dhrop into my mouth again, rather than see you, with your pale face and watery eyes, rocking yourself on the boss,* and looking as if you had small hopes of my mending. If you scoulded me, or were sulky with me, I would not mind it so much; but when I do wrong, you have a way of looking at me, Grace, that breaks the heart of me, though somehow or other, and more’s the pity, I forget it when I meet them boys,

* A tabouret of straw.

and when they coaxes me to go into the Cat and Bagpipes.”

“ Och ! Jim, and is this the way you keep the Bible oath you took to Father Cahill last Easter Sunday, that you would not dhrink a dhrop in any shebean-house for a year and a day ? Think of your precious soul, Jim, and think of the dismal thoughts that comes into my head, when I am here all alone by myself, and see your chair empty right forenent me at th’other side of the fire.”

“ Faith and soul, Grace, you make me quite unaisy ; but one thing I have to say—I did not dhrink a dhrop in the shebean-house, for I put my head clean out of the window while I was dhrinking, so my oath is safe ; and if it come to the worst, I would not go to purgatory for the oath neither, for I only kissed my thumb when Father Cahill give me the Bible, so you see all is safe, my Colleen.”

“ Jim dear, will you never harken to raison?” replied poor Grace; “ and do you know that what you’re now telling me of kissing your thumb, is the worst of all, for it plainly shows me you were deceaving the priest, and me too, when you took the oath; for sure it is not the kissing the book, or the thumb, that makes the difference, but the intention. And isn’t it a sin and a wickedness to go to tie oneself up with a thought of slipping out of the oath all the while? And sure the putting your head out of the window at the shebean-house to dhrink, is just the same wicked deceaving of God and man; and it’s such false ways, that breaks the heart of me, and dhrives away all the confidence that I wish to keep about believing you. Thruth is thruth, Jim dear, and there is no pace without it; and I would rather you took the dhrop for months, though God knows the thought of it falls like burning

lead on my heart, than that you took such mane ways to falsify your oath. How is it, Jim dear, that I, who love you betther than ever I loved myself, and you, who say you love me—that we, who have but one heart, can have two minds? *I* scorn a lie to God or man, and you think you ’re chating the devil when you’re kissing thumbs, and dhrinking out of the window at the shebean-house.”

“ Well, na bochlish, Grace, what ’s done can’t be undone; but you ’ll see I ’ll be a good boy, and this time I ’ll kiss no thumbs, but on my bended knees promise, before God and you, Grace, that a dhrop of spirits, good or bad, shan’t enter my lips for a year and a day; and who knows but once I ’m used to doing without the creathure, I can lave it off altogether?”

Jim kept to his resolution so well, that Grace now began to think that all her troubles were

over, and that her husband had become the same sober, industrious man that he had been while courting her. Everything seemed to prosper around them : their cow was the sleekest, their pig the fattest, their little patch of garden-ground the best kept, and their cottage the cleanest, in the whole village of Collogan, one of the most romantic spots in the county of Waterford. With pride did Grace rub the windows bright, and place in them a few plants given her by the gardener of Springmount ; and when Jim returned from his work in the evening, he found a cheerful turf-fire, a tidily swept hearth, an ample wicker-basket of laughing potatoes, with wooden piggins, emulating in whiteness the milk with which they were filled, and a plate of butter, or *kirkime*,*

* *Kirkime*, eggs boiled hard, and chopped, and then mixed with fresh butter, a favourite luxury among the peasantry in the south of Ireland.

awaiting him, with the smiling welcome of his now happy wife, who smoothed her shining hair, and arranged her neat mob-cap, that her best looks might greet his arrival.

Things were in this happy state, when Jim was summoned to attend the election at Dungarvan, and Grace saw him depart with a heavy heart. He repeatedly promised her that he would not “dhrink a dhrop of anything sthronger than the Blackwather cyder, and little of that same, and that he would vote as the masther tould him.”

After a week’s absence, during which her mind was filled with forebodings, Grace saw her husband return, and was cheered by the assurance he gave her, that he had rigidly kept his promise.

“As for the dhrink, cuishlamachree, the devil a bit did I mind the not taking it, for the fancy for it is gone clean out of my head ;

but for the vote, och my Colleen, it went hard against my heart and conscience to give it to the Sassenach, when I saw the real old Milesian Repalers in want of it; but I thought of my promise to you and the masther, and I voted for the Englisher. It's myself that's quite entirely bothered, now that I see and hear how bad things are going on. Sure one knows nothing at all at all here of what's happening, and how the English has kilt this counthry by taking away the Parliament, and all the good ould Irish laws that was made for us, and giving us English laws that's only fit for themselves. Faith, they might as well take away the praties from us, and give us bread in place of 'em, which, to my thinking, would be a bad swop any way. Here was I, working, and eating, and dhrinking, and sleeping, as if nothing at all was the mather, while the poor counthry is intirely ruint, and I'd never know

a word about it, only that the Repalers let the cat out of the bag. Och! Grace asthore, it's a cruil thing to be living in pace, and never knowing so much as a word of the throubles that 's going on in the world."

"Well, Jim, that bates every thing I ever heard; why I think it's a blessing to be in pace, especially as it's no use to be throubling ourselves about what we can't help; and if there's so much throuble in the world, we ought to thank God we have escaped it."

"Faith and troth, so I said to myself at first," said Jim; "but the Repalers showed me the difference, and now I feel quite bothered any how, and won't be contint till we've got our parliament back, and got all the Sassenachs out of the counthry. Sure that 'ill be a great day for the Irish!"

"Whisth! Jim, honey, what quare notions you've got in your head; sure it's almost as

bad as the dhrink. It makes me quite unaisy to see you bothering your poor brains after such a fashion. If the counthry is in throuble, sure the great gentlemen that took the parliament over the water to teach it English, knows better what to do for it than a set of poor spalpeens, who only do what the Repalers tell 'em, and don't understand what made the vexation, nor what will cure it, any more than you or me."

"Och ! fie upon you, Grace ; is that the way you 'd give up liberty ? Sure, the Repalers said as how life is only a curse without liberty, and here we have been ever since we were born, ay, faith, and a long time before, in all this throuble, just bekase we have no liberty. Liberty, Grace a-vourneen, is just like what we imagine of the grand ould times in Ireland ; it 's something that we don't quite rightly understand, but which, we believe, must be all

the finer for that. Faith I'll try to turn it over in my mind, and once I can make it out, I'll tell you all I can about it, for I think you have more gumption in such matters than I have, bekase you never get in a passion about 'em."

CHAPTER II.

O Liberty ! the purest gift from Heaven,
That ever was to erring mortals given ;
The heart and mind that's formed to worship thee
Must be from every groveling passion free ;
The Patriot would thy noble precepts use,
While *Demagogues* but know thee, to abuse.

Unpublished Poem.

“ WELL, Jim dear,” asked Grace, “ have you yet rightly made out what was perplexing you last night? I’ve been thinking about it, and it seems to me that we have been as happy and contented as ever two creatures was, and hasn’t our people, and all our relations been the same

before us? and now you want to persuade me that we haven't been happy together! Jim, Jim, I fear you're a hard-hearted ungrateful man, and no good can come of it, to forget all the blessings we have had from Providence, and the peaceful happy days we have spent together."

"Grace a-vourneen, it is not that at all I mane. I know God is good, and I don't forget that we have had some happy days; but if we had liberty it would be quite a different thing, and that's what I want."

"And what's liberty, Jim dear, for I can't rightly make out what you mane?"

"Why, liberty, cuishlamachree, manes to do everything we like ourselves, and hinder every one else from doing it. It also manes to prevent every mother's soul in Ireland from going to church, and making them go to mass, whether they like it or no. Wouldn't this be a great day for the Irish, Grace? And all this

will happen, if we only vote for Repalers, pay no tithes, and always keep repating that the English are the cause of all our throubles. I wish you had heard all that the Repalers said, for I'm sure 'twould have quite convinced you, as it did me, and all the others who kept bawling and screeching out all the time, they were so delighted to hear that we were all ruint quite entirely clear and clean, and had only now found friends to tell us so; but when I thry to think of all they said, I can't make out the half of it, and don't feel at all as I did when all the gorsoons were shouting and bawling round 'em. But one thing I'm determined on, the divil a tithe I'll ever pay; not that I begrudge the durty thrifle to Parson Disnay, but just out of charity, to keep them poor hereticks from being lost entirely, for if the parsons don't get any tithe, sure they must turn from being Protestants and come back to the

thru faith, the ould religion, which will save their poor sinful souls; and Parson Disnay and his coadjutor Parson Wells are too good men not to be turned to the right road. In like manner the mather will be saved, for if we pay him no rint, and I'm sure 'twill come to this point in time, faith he'll be obliged to turn Catholic, or else leave the counthry, and that'll be the making of him."

"Och! Jim, who on earth has been putting all this nonsense into your head? Sure it's a sin and wickedness for them that turns many a good heart, and an honest mind, from the straight high road of truth to the crooked by-roads of falsehood and cunning! Isn't it enough for poor ignorant people like us to do our duty, and follow our own religion, without throubling ourselves about the religion of others? And sure that religion can't be bad that makes the good mather, and Parson Disnay and his coadjutor,

do us all the good in their power, without ever so much as axing if we go to church or to mass."

"Indeed and troth Grace that's throe, for you, ma vourneen; but still if all them heretics as goes to church cannot be saved like us after they die, oughtn't we to thry to turn 'em? and as the Roman religion is the ould ancient and real religion, we must make it the only one. Och! Grace honey, it would do your heart good to hear the fine discourse I hard from Tim Fogarty, the schoolmaster at Abbey side, whin he was converting Dick Nowlan. Dick, like a poor ignorant creathure as he is, said that the Protestant religion was the best, for says he, 'Isn't it the *reformed* religion, and a'n't ye all crying out for reform from morning till night, and here's a reformed religion ready made to your hand?'—'Why then bad luck to you, ye spalpeen,' says Tim, 'sure the *Roman* is the only old throe faith; didn't you see or

hear of Paul's Epistle (which manes a letter) to the Romans?'—'Yis, I did, sure enough,' says Dick.—'Well, then,' says Tim, 'did ye ever see or hear of Paul, or any other of the Saints, writing a letter to the Protestants? Now, Dick, what have you got to say?'—Faith, Grace honey, that foolish fellow, Dick Nowlan, was dumb founded, and could not say bo to a goose; and who, afther that, could doubt the Roman Catholic religion being the only throe one; and who could help wishing to convart the good masther and Parson Disnay, and the rest of the good people, to it?"

“Well, Jim, sure, allowing that ours is the oldest religion, that does not make it the best. I don't know enough of book-learning to be able to chop Latin with Tim Fogarty, to prove whether the Saints ever wrote to the Protestants, as they did to the Romans; but faith, I

know well enough that many things are none the better for being ould. Look at the ould castle on the hill, with its little narrow peep-holes for windows, its dark passages, and inconvenient rooms, and tell me, if it is to be compared with the fine elegant house at Springmount, where the broad, clear, bright windows, let in the light of heaven—the halls and lobbies so genteel, and the rooms so beautiful, that I never could be tired of looking at them. To be sure, when the ould castle was built, I'm tould that they were forced to make it so sthrong bekase the people were always fighting and attacking one another, so that they were more desirous to keep enemies out than to let the fine cheerful daylight in; and also the poor people had no glass for their windows, I'm told, in those ould bad times; sure we ought to be thankful that we have the luck to live in better days. Now, I'm thinking, Jim agrah, that the

ould Roman religion, like the ould castle, was only fit for the ould times in which they were made, and that the Reformed religion, like Springmount-house, is the best for the present time: not that I would wish to forsake the creed in which I was brought up, but I would like to let other people follow their own wishes in going whichever road they liked on the same journey we must all go. Sure there's different roads from this to Dungarvan—some thinks one road pleasanter, and some thinks another; wouldn't it be mighty foolish to quarrel for this?—and sure isn't it twice worse to thry to interfere with people for choosing the road they like best to Heaven?"

“ Be my soul, Grace, there's some raison in what you say, but if them that knows the rights of the question say that no soul can be saved that passes through any other gate but the Catholic, wouldn't it be a pity to lave 'em in the wrong path?"

“ Jim, to my mind it is bettther to thry and keep what we believe to be the right path ourselves, and lave the rest to God. He best knows, and we never can be wrong if we believe He will show His mercy to those who may have made a mistake in their journey to Him.”

“ Faith, Grace, you have a way of coming over me, that knocks clean out of my head all the fine speechafying I have been listening to. When I heard the Repalers, I thought there was not a word to be said against ’em; but now I hear you, I forget what it was they said that made the heart jump in my breast, and the angry thoughts come into my head. When I heard ’em, I felt as if a thrumpet was sounding in my ears, and that I could kill hundreds for the parliament and the ould religion; and when they dhrove us all mad with the burning words they spoke, and then thried to throw could

water on us, be telling us to be quiet, to disperse, and go home decently, be my soul I thought it was like lighting a great fire, and covering it over with ever so much wet slack, and telling it not to burn up, when you know, Grace, it would be sure to blaze out soon after, and difficult would it be for the same hands that lighted it to quench it. Now when you talk to me, ashore, with your own quiet, downright earnest words, it seems to me as if I was listening to the fife made out of a reed that Thedy Mulvany used to play upon when he was tending the masther's sheep on the hills: and that same fife used to often make a fool of me, bekase somehow or other, when it came on me from the distance, it was so soft and pleasant, that it made me look around me on the beautiful heavens, the quiet river, stealing along like time, making small noise, but still always going away from us; the green trees, looking so

proud, and yet returning the salutes of the wind by gentle bows, just as the masher and the family do of a Sunday to the poor people. The bleating of the sheep, and the moans of the cows, all seemed to me more pleasant, though the tears came into my eyes, I couldn't tell for what; and you were in my mind all the while; and now, when I hear your own sweet voice reasoning with me, the life and all them things comes back to me, and I feel as if I couldn't kill a fly, but would save all the world if I could."

A mutual embrace followed Jim's confession, and before they retired to their rustic couch, he had promised Grace to leave politics to the Repealers, and to be happy as heretofore.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis wonderful, what may be wrought out of their discontent, now that their souls are topfull of offence.

King John.

NOTWITHSTANDING Jim's promises to abandon political, and to think only of civil economy, poor Grace soon found that when he attended the markets on Saturdays, he might be seen not only with open ears, but with open mouth also, devouring the inflated and inflammatory news poured forth to the ignorant multitude; and which produced much the same effect on their fiery spirits, that their favourite

beverage, whisky, would have done, if thrown on a blazing turf fire. It took her hours, nay days, to neutralise the poison imbibed in a few minutes from the mouthing orators, who *always* address the *imagination* of their hearers, and *never* their *reason*.

All who know Ireland are aware, that in proportion to the exuberance of imagination in her sons, is the deficiency of reason and judgment; and her wily orators fail not to take advantage of this peculiarity. A few spirit-stirring words, echoed by shouts, can at any time drive this excitable people to madness; and the high courage, which forms one of their most marked characteristics, renders them reckless of consequences. This same undaunted and undauntable courage, that made the Irish regiments proverbial for their valour, winning for them the rarely-sought distinction of being chosen for forlorn-hope service, becomes the

instrument of their destruction when mis-directed.

Well do I remember a discharged soldier of the 88th, who had been as remarkable for bravery and discipline in his regiment, as he had unfortunately become for habits of intoxication and insubordination in his native village, answering a person who remonstrated with him on this subject, "Och! Sir, you are right; what a pity it is we should ever have peace! If the war lasted, this could not happen; I would have been taking towns, scaling fortresses, dreaming of glory at night and winning it by day. Instead of drinking all night and quarrelling all day, as at present, I would be fighting for the honour of that same Old England, of which we used to be so proud that it was our rallying word, and of which we are now so jealous that we are crying out to be separated from her. Och! Sir, all this

comes from the misfortune of having peace, and having so much idle time on our hands that we don't know what to be at. I often think, if I had only the same work, even with the pipe-clay, that I used to have to do, it would keep the devil out of me; for when I was with my regiment I never thought of anything but glory and plunder, and cared not a pin about all that now bothers my brains from morning till night, since the Repealers have opened my eyes. Faith, Sir, we poor devils always require a commanding officer to keep us in order; and had we but one of our old officers in every district, to tell us now and then what we ought to think and do, we would not fall into the hands of the Repealers, who are the only people, God help us! who take the trouble of directing, or misdirecting us. Sir, they drive us mad, for with a noggin of whisky in my stomach, and one of their speeches

in my head, I feel like a mad bull goaded on by firebrands, and am ready to rush on my own destruction, provided it could destroy those they are always pointing out to our vengeance. But, when they have maddened us, then to hear them telling us to be quiet and orderly, sure it's enough to bother and perplex us entirely, and I lose all patience with them. Sir, it's a terrible thing to have a sort of a heart that is ready to jump up and fight on the least occasion, and not to have any natural enemies to fight with; it makes one quarrel with one's own friends, and then when the anger is gone out of the head, one feels foolish and ashamed, because it's so hard to remember what the falling out was about. As long as we were at war with the French, every thing went well; they like fighting as well as we do, and kept us constantly employed. Sir, they were our natural enemies, and when once

we had a good set-to, we bore no ill-blood ; but, Sir, when we quarrel with the English, it's like quarrelling with our own blood-relations, and we feel more bitter after every fight, because we know we are partly in the wrong, and they know the same, and neither, like relations, will allow it. Another thing, Sir, is, that lately the Repealers have been attacking and abusing a man I cannot help liking, ay, by my soul, and loving too, as if he was my brother ; a man, Sir, that is as brave as an Irishman, as honourable as an Englishman, and as chivalrous as a Frenchman. A man, Sir, that I have fought in the same field with, and that left as handsome a leg at Waterloo, as ever won a lady's heart. I cannot hear this noble man run down, knowing his courage and his generosity as I do ; and this has opened my eyes to the blarney, and blow-coal attacks of the Repealers ; and yet, Sir, once I have

taken a glass too much of that fiery whisky, and heard their still more fiery speeches, I lose all command over myself, and God knows how it will end.”

There was something prophetic in poor M'Murogh's last observation ; for he soon after met a violent death in a fray with the police, into which the excited state of his feelings, worked upon by seditious counsels, had hurried him : and his death was but one of the many to which evil advice and ill-directed courage have led in the unfortunate country where it occurred.

Each market-day produced an increase of Jim's moodiness : his features seldom relaxed into a smile, except when Grace sought to excite one by her playful sallies, and then the smile passed over his lips like a ripple on the surface of the clear and rapid stream in front of his cottage, while the depth below was unbroken.

Often did Grace say to him, “Och, Jim darlint, I fear it’s the want of the dhrop you’ve been used to lately, that makes you seem so down-hearted. Sure it’s myself that’s sorry I made you take the oath against it, for when I see you looking so gloomy, and taking no pleasure in anything that’s going on, it breaks the heart of me.”

“Then it’s a sorrowful day to me, Grace a-vourneen, that I should be bringing throuble to your tender heart; I wish I could forget all the vexing thoughts that have got lodged in my mind, for I’m sorely perplexed, and feel always as if I was expecting to hear some great news or other, and that things can’t go on as they are. This unsettles and makes me feel discouraged for my work. Instead of thinking for the year to come, and laying up our provision for the winter, I am thinking that, before that, some great throuble will take

place, and that it's no good to lay by for the future. Indeed, the Repealers told me as much, and therefore I have not the heart to work as I used. When I look at the beautiful flowers you have taken so much pains to rear, I think who will be one day pulling 'em, or perhaps thrampling 'em under foot; and that our cabbages, carrots, and onions will one day be canted for the tithes, as well as the cow and the pig that we have taken such care of. Och! Grace, isn't this enough to make a man gloomy? and can you wonder that I am all no how?"

"Why should the cow, or the pig, or the vegetables, be canted for the tithes now, Jim, when they never were before?" asked Grace: "Haven't we got eight pounds in the bank, before us in the world? and haven't I got thirty shillings in the chest; besides what the house-keeper at Springmount owes me for the cream

cheeses, and all the hanks of fine yarn I have been spinning? So you see, Jim dear, we have plenty of money to pay the tithes, if they rise ever so much. And don't we know that good Parson Disnay never raises 'em unjustly?"

"Grace, you don't understand my throuble," said Jim; "it isn't the money I'm fretting about, as I know we have enough to pay all; and even if we hadn't, Parson Disnay, or the masther, never would distress us; but if I pay tithes when all the counthry is up and sworn not to pay, I'll be ashamed to show my face among the boys: indeed as it is, they laugh and sneer at me, and say I have not the courage of a man, let alone an Irishman, and that I'm afraid of you, Grace, and this vexes me."

"Jim honey, what you say goes to my heart—sure I thought you had more raison than to mind what a set of drunken disorderly spalpeens, like them that follows the Repalers,

would say to you ; and when you know you are doing what is right, how can you listen to their balderdash? Faith, Jim asthore, I thought you had more gumption in you ; sure it 's a pity for both our sakes that I was mistaken."

CHAPTER IV.

“ Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.”

A MAN must have either a better head or heart than falls to the lot of most, who can pardon the superiority of a wife, however meekly she may use it. Poor Jim Cassidy's head was like the generality of those of his countrymen of that class, not remarkable for its reasoning powers ; hence he was on equal ground with his companions, while with Grace, he felt he never had the best of an argument ;

nay, he usually found hers so unanswerable, that he speedily arrived at the conclusion that she was *terrible cute*, which in Irish phraseology means clever. From the moment this discovery forced itself on his mind, he began to respect her more, but to love her less; a change of sentiment, that no loving heart like hers could be satisfied with. It was the facility with which Grace refuted the arguments of the Repealers, that conveyed the idea of her superiority to Jim; it was less mortifying to think her *terrible cute*, than to acknowledge himself *terrible botherheaded*; it was therefore a relief to him to find himself listened to with attention by his companions, over whom his sobriety gave him a considerable advantage.

This cemented his increased intimacy with them, and drew him still more frequently from his home. Their enthusiasm, excited by inebriation and the artful recapitulation of real

and imaginary wrongs, worked on the morbid feelings of poor Jim, until he believed himself the wretched slave they asserted him to be, and that it had become his duty to burst the chains which enslaved him.

When he returned from a meeting where sedition and whisky had been doing their demoralising work, both freely distributed by the emissaries of the agitators, poor Grace has been astonished and grieved by his declamation. "Millions in chains, a starving and oppressed people, Saxon tyrants, no tithes, and repeal of the Union," were become familiar words in the mouth of poor Jim; and blood, and bloody, were the terms applied to every demonstration of a power, whose mildness and clemency was by most people considered blameable, in so long permitting its justice to be called in question.

"Yes, I'm a slave, a chained slave, you're a slave, Grace, and we're all slaves," used Jim

to say ; “ the nigers ar’n’t half so ill-used as we are ; obliged to pay the teachers of a religion we abominate ; obliged to submit to have our parliament carried into a land of strangers, where our lamentations and tears, sent over through our reform members, only make the English laugh. They laugh at the brogue, instead of thrying to find out where the shoe pinches. Ar’n’t we all starving, and crushed by the plough of oppression ? sure it calls for vinge and blood ! ”

“ Och ! Jim, your poor head is surely turned. How can you say you are a slave, or that them boys you go with are slaves, when they are free to run wild over the counthry, making mischief at every side ? How can you say you ’re starving, when you know you ate a fine piece of pork with plenty of greens and potatoes for your dinner, and that we have a tub full of salt mate, and four fitches of bacon in the house,

with the loft full of potatoes? Sure, only I'm too unhappy to laugh at anything now, I could laugh enough to hear you say you're a slave and starving; and sure this must be what makes the English people, who like the plain truth, laugh whenever them repaling members tells 'em such *rhaumeish*.* Now hear me, Jim: if half what them Repalers tell you, and the boys that goes shouting after them, was throe, wouldn't it be decenter, and kinder, not to make bad worse, but to give you all good advice, and encourage you to be quiet? And sure, if we have troubles to bear in Ireland, and every place has its share, wouldn't it be wiser for them Repalers that can blow hot and could with the same breath, to make you all keep quiet, and orderly to your work, and be able to tell the Lord Leftenant, or the King himself—
' You see, my Lord, how quiet the poor Irish-

* Exaggeration.

men are in all their troubles, they pay all they can, neither burn houses, nor flog, nor murder; and ever since you gave 'em mancipation they have been thrying to show how much they feel the compliment. Sure, if they behave so well, and that there 's no complaint against 'em when they have cause for complaint, your Lordship will take away their troubles, and put in a good word for 'em to the King.' What could be said against this, Jim? don't you think it would be better than having murders, floggings, burnings, and sociations going on at every side, so that if we have troubles in Ireland, and ask the help of the Lord Leftenant, or the King, sure they can stop our mouths, by saying, 'Arrah! be aisy, you ill-behaved spalpeens; sure you don't know how to be grateful. Didn't I give you mancipation, and ar'n't you twice worse ever since? and now ar'n't you raving mad for repale, which is just one as if you said you were

determined to do all the mischief you could ?' Sure, Jim honey, for Ireland to thry to do without England, is just as if you and I thried to do without the good masther that supports us. No, Jim, I'm afraid there's no honesty in them people that works you all up to madness, and then tells you to be quiet. I think, God forgive me if I'm wrong, that what they mane is to make you all furious, and then, when all your madness is known at every side, to be able to say to the Lord Leftenant, 'Now, my Lord, you see what a state they 're in, and it's only *me* that can make 'em be quiet. If I say the word, they 'll be aisy ; so make me a judge, or a great lord, and then I'll keep them mad Irish under my thumb for evermore ; but if you don't, faith they'll ruin themselves downright to spite you.'"

“ Well, Grace, haven't we tried every thing to get our rights, just as we waited so many long years to get mancipation, which the Eng-

lish never gave us, nor never would give us, as the Repalers say, if we had not kicked up such a row, and frightened 'em into it."

"No, Jim dear, ye haven't tried every way, for ye never tried to deserve a good character, which, to my poor thinking, would be the safest, and the pleasantest way too, to earn good treatment; for sure if even it does not succeed in getting justice, it laves the comfort, and a great one it is, Jim, of having deserved it. What do the Repalers gain for Ireland, Jim agraah? Mistrust and dislike, instead of confidence and pity; for sure the warm hearts and generous feelings of our poor misguided countrymen, if they were really known, would be valued; but England hears only of their crimes, and, more's the pity, can hear nothing of their virtues. Is it a wonder, then, that the English think us savages, when every ship takes over to them fresh and frightful stories

of all the cruel and wicked things the boys are always doing? Faith, Jim, I think them that calls themselves our friends, are our worst enemies. Is it like friends to be always telling ye that ye're slaves, that ye're trampled on, that ye have none of your rights, and that ye're starving, when the most part of ye have plenty of wholesome food in your stomachs, and more than plenty of the wicked potheen in your heads? No, Jim, a throe friend would raison with ye, and say, 'Be aisy and decent, boys, and show the English how well ye can behave, even when ye have cause to be discontented.' This will be an honour and a credit to Ireland, and England will then be ashamed not to do ye justice. But, no; your pretended friends maddens ye with burning words, that, like the fiery whisky, puts all raison out of your heads, and anger and desperation into your hearts;—and mind my words, and sor-

rowfully I say them, no good can come of all this."

"Can you deny, Grace, that we got manci-pation by making such a row in the counthry, that they were afraid to refuse us?"

"Faith, Jim, I can't believe it, and I don't wish to believe it. I'd rather think they gave it to us because they believed it was all we wanted to make us contented; and so ye were all saying from morning till night; ye did not speak a word of Repaling then, and them that guides ye said the manci-pation would give every blessing. But no sooner did ye get it, than your bad advisers turned round, and instead of thanking them that gave it to ye, many of them, as I'm tould, acting against their judgments in so doing, they only say, 'No thanks to ye. We've got it by frightening ye, and now we've found out the way, we'll ask for something fresh every year, till we've

bothered ye all, and tired ye out, and then we will get what we want for *ourselves* and our own relations, and desire the fools we have been driving mad so long to be quiet, and do as they are bid.' Faith, Jim, the way as the Repealers uses ye, reminds me of the puppet-show I saw at Dungarvan, when one man pulled the wires, and made all the little puppets jump, act, and fight as he liked. All the people looked at the puppets, and were surprised what movements they were making; but I minded the showman pulling the wires, and think of him every time I see or hear the Repealers working ye up to madness, or ordering ye to be aisy, just as it serves their convenience at the time."

CHAPTER V.

Erin, thy verdant sea-girt shore
Was never made for slaves to tread,
Though changed are now the days of yore,
When monarchs for thee fought and bled.

Old Song.

“TELL me, Grace a-vourneen,” said Jim, “when you hear the fine songs that describe how grand and great Ireland was before she was thrampled upon by the English, don’t you feel your heart rising to your throat, and the tears coming into your eyes? If you, a woman, feel this for the poor ould cuntry, what must men feel? Och! the Repalers are right;

there's something in our hearts that won't let us be content while we are slaves; for haven't I seen men, able and willing to fight too, cry like girls when they first begin to love, at hearing one of the ould cronauns of the counthry sung, with its dismal, but sweet music, and its throe words about our past glory and present slavery."

"Jim, you make me angry to hear you talk of slavery. I won't allow you're a slave, or that I am the wife of a slave. You pay your rint, we owe no one a tenpenny, we have something before us in the bank in case of a rainy day, and no one can molest us while we do our duty. Sure then this proves we are not slaves, though wicked people would thry to persuade us into thinking so. No, Jim, the ould songs have often brought tears into my eyes, and made my heart swell, and, therefore, I don't sing 'em any more, as it's ungrateful to be re-

greeting what we never knew, (and which, after all, maybe is not thtrue,) when we have so much to be thankful for. When I see a lovely evening, with the beautiful sun entering his rose-coloured palace, and the trees, hills, and rivers all looking so grateful for the warmth he gave 'em before he wished 'em good night, do you think that if any ould song, or discontented person tould me that long ago the sun was finer than now, and that all I think so beautiful, was much more so in past time—do you think that ought to make me unhappy? No, Jim, I ought and would think that the beautiful sight before my eyes was quite beautiful enough, and thank the good God that gave it.”

“ Well, Grace, you have such a quare way of being satisfied with every thing, that it's no use thrying to put you out of conceit with things.”

“ No, Jim dear, you are wrong there, for I’m not easily satisfied with anything I can make better ; it ’s only things that I can’t alter or mend, that I think it best not to be grumbling about, bekase a discontented spirit grows faster on one than people imagine.”

“ Faith, it ’s throe enough, for you, Grace ma-vourneen, as I know to my cost ; and sorry enough I am that ever the Repalers blew the bad breath into me which keeps me always upon the fret, bemoaning the eligance and grandeur of this poor counthry in ould times, wnen people came flocking from all parts of the world to larn knowledge in Ireland. Then we had kings and queens too, as witness Granawail, but now we have nothing but tyrants and slaves : sure the notion of it is enough to break one’s heart !”

“ Then where are the tyrants, Jim agrah ? for sorrow a bit, much as I’ve been hearing

about 'em, if ever I see one yet in all the country."

"What would you say, Grace, if you were tould that Colonel Barron, Sir John Smith, ay, be me troth, and the mather too, were tyrants?"

"Say, Jim? I'd say whoever said so, spoke what was not throe! Colonel Barron, that is never tired of doing good—a tyrant! Sir John Smith, who spinds hundreds for the poor, without even so much as axing a question, except whether they are in want; and the mather, the dear fine generous mather! blessings on his white locks—he a tyrant! a gentleman that has no more pride than a new-born babe, and whose word is like a bond! Och, Jim! if ye have got so far on the road of falseness as to call such as these tyrants, then I have little hopes that ever ye'll see the straight road."

"Well now, Grace, don't be angry, and

I'll tell you the truth : sure it was not I, nor the likes of me, that called the gentlemen tyrants ; it was the Repalers as said as how our landlords dhrove us like galley-slaves before 'em, to vhote at the elections for whoever they bid us, and that this showed they were tyrants ; so faith I could say nothing against it."

" Now listen to me, Jim, and I'll tell you what you could have said. You might tell 'em the landlords were estated gentlemen, that had larning and knowledge, and that their great properties in the counthry gave them a much greater stake in it than a poor man could have, therefore they must, even if it was only for their own interest, wish to do what was best for the good of all. Their larning gives them the power of knowing what is best to be done ; so in choosing a Member, they like to recommend one to their poor ignorant tenants who is most likely to do good to

the counthry, and keep it peaceable. And ar'n't they right, Jim? And for this, the poor deluded creathures that's misled by bad advisers would call 'em tyrants."

"Och! but Grace, they do other things that 's worse: don't they let their lands to whoever will give 'em the highest rent, over the heads of the ould tenants, whose fathers, and fathers' fathers have been on the soil? And don't they encourage English settlers to come over and fix themselves over our heads?"

"Tell me, Jim dear, if you had a pig to sell at the market, wouldn't you sell it to the one that offered the highest price, and wouldn't you have a right to do so? And if one of the neighbours was to throw in your teeth, that you preferred selling your pig to a stranger who gave you a larger price, than to a neighbour who gave you only half, but who had bought his pigs of you for years, when maybe

they were much cheaper, or that you didn't want the money so much, wouldn't you think he was a foolish man, and an unreasonable one? To be sure you would; and yet ye blame the landlords, and call them tyrants, for getting the best price they can for their land, which is as much theirs as the pig is yours. And as for encouraging strangers to come and fix among us, sure it's a real blessing. The rich English farmer, who takes the land held before by perhaps twenty poor men, employs the twenty as labourers, with good and regular pay; he advises 'em, gives 'em what's better than all advice, a good example; teaches 'em to keep their word and engagements, encourages schools, and helps the poor families in all difficulties, and shows us the comfort and decency of cleanliness and good order. He puts the land into fine condition, instead of letting it go to rack and ruin, and, while paying a

fair rent, makes an honest profit. Often and often do I think, that never would I know what I do, little as it is, if it was not for the pattern set me in Farmer Thomas's house; and sure one such family as that does more good than twenty buckeen farmers, like them of our own country, who are neither gentlemen nor farmers, though they pretend to be both."

"I can't but allow, Grace, that Mr. Thomas and his family have done good, but that's no raison to encourage so many other English to come over our heads; and though you find words to excuse every one, what can you say for us Catholics to be paying the clergy for the Protestants? Sure it's a sin and a shame. No, Grace, the tithes is against all raison, and you can't defend 'em."

"Faith, Jim, I'm a poor hand at defending, but still I think, when you consider that all we pay in tithes is spint among us, and comes

back to us in twenty ways, it's money laid out at good interest, and it's better than the saving bank. Look at the employment the clergy gives us, besides plants for our little gardens, medicine if we are sick, a word of comfort if we are sad, and constant encouragement and kind offices if we deserve it ;—sure, Jim, all we give 'em comes back to us, one way or another.”

“ Faith, it's yourself, Grace, that bothers me by contradicting all the things the Repalers tells me ; sure you can't like me as ye used to do, that you 're always showing me I'm in the wrong. It isn't kind of you, Grace, nor what I expected.”

“ Och ! Jim, would it be kind to let you keep false and bad thoughts in your poor head, and see 'em pushing you into wicked actions, that may cause the misery and disgrace of us both, instead of reasoning with you. It's I, Jim, that has cause to be sorrowful, and to think you

don't like me as you used to do; for you're quite changed, always discontented, and picking flaws in them you once used to like in your heart. They are not changed, nor am I, but you cuishlamachree, (for you'll always be that, in spite of everything,) *you* are changed. You call them tyrants that is your truest friends; yourself, a slave, that has your liberty as all can see, and are bemoaning and bewailing for things that never came into your mind till them wicked Repalers put 'em there."

"Maybe, Grace, you'd next be after telling me that the absentees, as they call 'em, have a right to spend all their money in England that is earned by our hard labours."

"Why, tell me, Jim, if you liked to spend the little savings we have in the bank, in Youghal, instead of Dungarvan, who'd have a right to blame you? But do you consider also, that for the fine lords and ladies who have seen

foreign parts, and are used to live in England, with everything elegant and comfortable about and around 'em, it is hard to live in poor Ireland, where everything is at sixes and sevens, with constant troubles and disturbances, and where no one is sure of life a single day. Isn't it hard to drive the grand lords and ladies away by your bad behaviour, and then to blame 'em for going? Who, that can help themselves, would stay in a throubled country, where one man can set the whole of the people in a brain fever whenever he likes; and sure those that stay are but poorly thanked, as witness the dear good masher, and the other gentlemen. When I see you, my dear Jim, that has a good honest heart, and used to be a pattern for decency and good behaviour, forgetting all the blessings you have, and turning your mind to thoughts that you cannot understand, it falls on my heart like a lump of ice, and makes me see how

little an Irishman can be depended on. Jim, what makes the English respected, but that they have a fixed notion of what's right, in their heads, and will act up to it? Do you think one or two mischievous men, who wanted to make a ladder of the poor ignorant creatures below 'em to climb up to power, could succeed with the sober, steady English? No, they would only be followed by the idle and worthless, who had nothing else to do. But in Ireland, any man who has what is called the gift of the gab, who can bother the brains of his hearers by making 'em angry, and telling 'em they are slaves, may govern the poor misguided creatures as he likes."

"Will you tell me, Grace, if you please, isn't it enough to dhrive a man mad, to see the police going about at every side, and on every occasion, like spies, to see what's doing, and like tyrants to punish?"

“ Faith, Jim, if people mean to do no harm, they need not be afraid of spies ; and sure it ’s a lucky thing for the few that ’s sober and steady, to have witnesses to prove that they are so, in a country where the bad conduct of so many makes all suspected. And that ’s another wickedness of them Repealers, that they are always inflaming the people against the police, and encouraging bad blood between ’em, instead of saying, ‘ Boys, take care, and show the police how little they are wanted in the country.’ And once the Parliament and the King is sure of this, they won’t long be left here : the only way to do this is never to break through the laws, and to be orderly.”

“ Faith, Grace, you ’re grown quite a politician ; I ’m surprised where you got all those quare notions into your head.”

“ Now, Jim dear, don’t say such a thing, for you ’re mocking me. How could the like

of me be a politician? and wouldn't it be foolish for a poor ignorant woman to thry to be one? No, my buckaleen bawn, it's only the plain sense of one who wishes to live in peace and quietness, and to see those she loves thriving and decent, instead of getting into scrapes. Besides, Jim, I hate ingratitude; and when I see, that to do the bidding of the Repalers, a man must be ungrateful to his landlord and the clergy, who though of a different persuasion, have been always doing him good; when I see that a man must fly in the face of God by breaking his commandments, make his parents and their friends unhappy, and och! Jim, break the heart of his poor wife, sure who can help thrying to open the eyes of those who are led astray from their duty by such bad advisers?"

Poor Grace's discourse was closed by tears,

that fell in torrents on her fair cheek ; and Jim, while wiping them with a corner of her apron, kissed their traces away. But, alas ! the tears still flowed, for he made no promise of abandoning the courses which caused them ; and Grace felt a presentiment that he might cause her to shed still more, so infatuated did his weak mind appear. The woman who has to mourn over the weakness and bad conduct of him she loves, but cannot respect, is placed in one of the most painful and humiliating situations possible. Poor Grace felt keenly this unhappy conviction ; and as the blundering perversity of her husband became more apparent to her, and she saw he could not even defend the opinions he had adopted, she began to despair of leading him back to reason, well knowing there is no obstinacy like that which is founded on weakness and ignorance. She shuddered as

she reflected on the strong hold the Repealers must have established on such a basis ; and saw with dismay that they had entirely possessed themselves of the only tangible points in their unfortunate adherents—imagination, passion, and ignorance.

CHAPTER VI.

“ In this wide world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.”

GRACE prepared herself with a heavy heart, for her accustomed visit to the housekeeper at Springmount, to whom she was taking her humble offering of new honey, fresh eggs, and cream-cheese.

Such visits had hitherto been epochs of pleasure in the simple life of poor Grace. The compliments she received on the excellence of her presents—the kind and gentle words of encouragement spoken by the mistress, and

the young lady — with the useful gifts bestowed on her by them, had rendered her visits to Springmount fête-days to which she looked forward with delight, and, being passed, remembered with gratitude. But now, how differently should she face the great house! for well she knew that Jim's altered conduct was well known there. How mortifying to hear him blamed without being able to defend him! And what could she say, except what she had already so frequently said to herself, without its producing any satisfactory result, even to her partial feelings, "that he was led astray?"

"Och! Jim," ejaculated poor Grace, "little did I think, that I should live to be ashamed of you; to hear you blamed, and not be able to clear you! I was too proud of you; and pride is sinful; so I am punished in the tenderest point. Sure if I tell 'em you are led

astray by bad advisers, is it not owning at once that you are a fool? and they will look down on you as a poor weak creature; and yet this I must admit, for fear they should think you something worse, which I could not bear. Och! how lucky are those whose husbands have good heads as well as good hearts, and who are not obliged to make excuses for those they were once proud of. When I look at that hive of honey, as clear and bright as the elegant brooch Miss Desmond wears in her habit-shirt, and think that last year, when I took one up to the great house, how the mistress herself and the young lady both came into the housekeeper's-room to look at it, and told me that it was richer and brighter than any they had ever tasted or seen, except some in a foreign country with an outlandish name; sure it was I that was proud to tell 'em, that if my honey was

better than all the honey around the country, it was all because Jim filled the garden with such quantities of sweet flowers, that the bees were feasting all day long without ever having the throuble of flying about the country, to find a wild flower here and there, and then come home only half laden, with their poor wings tired, but had the finest, and sweetest of flowers on the spot. How pleased the young lady used to look, and the good mistress too! Then when they praised the cream-cheese, I could tell 'em that Jim took pride in having the nicest field of clover in the whole country for our cow, and hurdled it off every week to give the creathure a fresh bite, so that our cream was richer and thicker than any the neighbours' cows produced. The eggs too, they used to tell me, were whiter and cleaner than any one else's, and looked like snow-drops in the basket. I was proud then

of hearing things praised, because Jim came in for the best part of it; but now, little he troubles himself about the flowers for the bees, or the grass for the cow, since he has taken to be always thinking of Repaling; and as it's only me that takes care of things, I have no pleasure in hearing praises, because he has no share in them."

This was the soliloquy of poor Grace as she pursued her solitary walk to the great house, laden with her rustic dainties. A susceptibility, caused by the consciousness of her husband's folly, made Grace unusually observant of her reception by the housekeeper. She thought, but it might be only fancy, that there was an air of commiseration in the look and tone of Mrs. Macnab, when addressing her, that betrayed she knew that Grace was no longer the enviable being she had hitherto considered herself to be; and when the presents were

uncovered, the observation of Mrs. Macnab, "Sure they are as fine as ever, which is more than I expected from what I heard," made Grace feel that all was known.

"I'm sorry to see you looking so pale and thin, Mrs. Cassidy," continued the good-natured but obtuse housekeeper. "I'm afraid you have cause for it. Come don't cry; crying won't help you, as I tells my niece every day, when she is crying and bemoaning her husband who died last year; and yet she tould me that she cried the more because she knew it was no good. I tould her it was better her husband died while he was an honest, sober man, than to have him live to turn out a Repaler; and says I, 'Look at Jim Cassidy, wasn't he the pattern of a boy last year, and see what he is now! Sure it would be better for his wife he was dead of a natural death, than to live to see him hanged or shot.'"

A deadly paleness overspread the face of poor Grace: she made an effort to approach the open window for air; but, overcome by the dreadful images which the obtuse Mrs. Macnab had called up in her mind, she fell fainting into a chair, to the no small discomfiture of the housekeeper, who, while assisting her, murmured to herself, "Well, this is the way, whenever I speak sense to people, and think to condole with 'em; they only take it more to heart, which is very ungrateful."

The mistress and the young lady at this moment approached the window, to give some orders to Mrs. Macnab; when, observing the situation of their humble favourite, Grace, they hurried into the room to assist her. The voluble housekeeper detailed to them the unaccountable, as she called it, fainting of Mrs. Cassidy, on her just hinting the probability of her husband's being hanged or shot;

and the two ladies were obliged to command her to be silent, ere she could refrain from commenting on the grievous effects her reasonings and consolations never failed to produce on the unhappy, who always took every thing ill that she said for their good.

On Grace's opening her eyes, the first objects that presented themselves before her, were the dear good mistress herself applying a smelling-bottle to her nostrils, and the darlint young lady, as she always called her, bathing her temples with eau de Cologne.

This goodness was overpowering to the already deeply-excited feelings of poor Grace ; and as she received their active and kind services, she thought it was terrible that her husband and his misguided friends should have been wrought on to believe that such people could be their enemies—could be aught except pitying friends.

“Och!” thought Grace, “could Jim now see ’em, tending and nursing me as if I was a born lady, what *would* he, what *could* he think? And these are hereticks! people in the wrong road! Och! why was I born to see what is right, and to love it, yet be obliged to stick by what is wrong and false, because the *one* I love best on earth shuts his eyes against *raison*? Och! Jim, why cannot I lave off loving you when I cannot respect you? but to have my poor heart torn to pieces between blaming you and pitying you, sure it’s too cruel; and yet didn’t I take you for better for worse, for richer for poorer, which, for poor people, must mane being happy or unhappy? And now, when the *raison* has left you, and you have most need of me, I’d be for blaming you, or laving you too! Och! no, cuish-lamachree, I’ll bear with your weakness; and never shall it be said that Grace Cassidy

gave up her husband because he had fallen into troubles, though he brought 'em on himself."

All these thoughts had produced torrents of tears from the eyes of poor Grace, accompanied by tremulous pressures of the hands of the dear mistress and the darlint young lady. The pressures were understood, and kindly returned, and glances of unutterable love and gratitude disclosed her feelings to her dear good protectresses.

A glass of wine having restored Grace to something like composure, she begged to be allowed to spake alone with the ladies, and Mrs. Desmond having led the way to her morning-room, insisted on Grace's taking a chair.

"Och ! my honoured mistress," said Grace, "your goodness overpowers me. Had you reproached me with the failings of my husband,

I could have borne it; but to see your patience, your condescension, sure it 's too much. I see my poor Jim's wakeness; my heart drops tears of blood more bitter than the tears that fall from my eyes, when I see his folly—his infatuation. Sure, I pass my time in thrying to raison with him, but what can a poor, ignorant, wake woman, like me, say against all that them wicked, clever Repalers has put into his head? If they tould him plain sense and common raison, sure one might hope that he could tell what it was that convinced him, and one might thry to argue with him; but, no! it 's a parcel of fiery, flashing burning words, enough to raise the anger of a passionate man and the disdain of a reasonable one, that they have poured like melting lead into his ears, and like that same melted lead, the words keep the same fantastic images when cold that they had when they were hot, and the poor foolish

crathers that keep 'em in their minds, thry to warm 'em again when they want to use 'em, but never can. Och! ladies, don't hate my poor Jim. The head is gone wrong, but the heart is as right and honest as ever it was, and will bring him to the right road once more, or else I must find mine to the chuchyard. Ye'll hear stories of him, och! dear ladies, but do not believe that he is more than foolish; wicked, I trust, he will never be,—or if he should, then I pray that I may not live to see it;—And yet what am I saying? Ought I not to pray that if such a misfortune is to befall him, I may live to comfort him, when nobody else will."

Mrs. Desmond and her daughter tried to console Grace by kind and soothing expressions of their confidence in her good sense and conduct, and the salutary effect they hoped it would produce on her husband.

They were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Desmond, or the mather, as Grace always called him, accompanied by Colonel Forrester, the commanding officer of the cavalry regiment at Waterford, who had come to pass a few days at Springmount. The kind salute by Mr. Desmond of "How d'ye do, my pretty Grace? I'm sure you have brought us some of your fine honey," and the guinea slipped into her hand, prevented not Grace's observing, with the intuitive quickness of a woman, and a woman who has loved, that the presence of the handsome Colonel Forrester had suffused the cheeks of Miss Desmond with a brighter red than she had ever seen them wear. And as the Colonel fixed his intelligent eyes, with an expression of pleasure that could not be mistaken, on the countenance of Miss Desmond, Grace could not help offering up a mental prayer, that his head might be able to

resist bad advisers, and that her darlint young lady might never live, like her, to be ashamed of the object of her love.

“But,” thought Grace, “am I not an ignorant, foolish creature to be thinking of such a thing? Sure he’s a gentleman, and what’s more, an Englishman; and they always listen to *raison*, and are never for breaking the law.”

Colonel Forrester, seeing the kindness with which Grace was treated by the family at Springmount, and being interested by her pretty face and graceful figure, addressed a few words of compliment to her, not on her personal attractions,—for he had perception to feel she would have little pleasure in listening to this species of homage, but on her honey, which he told her he had tasted on his last visit, and which reminded him of that he had eaten in Greece some years before.

Grace left Springmount with a heart more at ease than when she had entered it. The kind and unaltered manners of the family had reassured her, and she felt that, arrive what might, on them she could reckon as true friends, prepared to put the most favourable interpretation on all her actions, and the least severe one on those of her misguided, but still dearly beloved husband.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Lightly thou say’st that woman’s love is false ;
The thought is falser far—
For some of them are true as martyrs’ legends ;
As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
Of high devotion—worthier of heaven than earth.”

ON her route towards home, Grace met Mr. Disnay, and his wife and daughter, coming to dine at Springmount. Her humble courtsey was returned by the kind greetings of the family, each of whom had something good-natured to say to her. The jaunting-car, on which they were seated, was stopped some time that they might converse with her, and the good rec-

tor's wife told Grace, she had bought a gown for her from the pedlar a few days before, and hoped she would soon come for it. How did her grateful heart swell with thankfulness towards this excellent family! yet there was bitterness mingled in the overflowing stream that ran through it, when she reflected, that such were the persons against whom the Repealers would arm the hand of her weak-minded husband.

“To think,” said Grace to herself, “how changed Jim is! how, a few short months ago, he loved the mather and the family quite as well as I do, and Parson Disnay the same, though now—och! shame on them that turns the poor against their best friends, and breaks down confidence and dependence between them!”

On returning to her home, she found Jim moodily ruminating over the half-extinguished

fire, on which was placed the iron pot that contained their evening repast. He hardly noticed her entrance, and this unnatural coldness from one who had been accustomed to welcome her with joyful acclamations, brought tears into her eyes. She felt this neglect perhaps the more forcibly, from the contrast it offered to the kindness she had met with abroad; but resolving not to show that she observed it, lest she should offend Jim, she approached him with a smile, and stooped to kiss his forehead. He submitted in silence to the caress, that he had till lately sought with eagerness, and then said—

“ So, Grace, I find you have been thrying to curry favour, by taking your presents of honey, cream-cheese, and eggs, over to the great house? Sure it’s very mane of you, to be putting your ‘*come hither*’ on them proud grandees that’s leagued with the English against us.

Isn't it very quare to see a wife turning against her own husband,—moreover a wife that is devout? Sure the Repalers are right enough when they say, that the worse we're traited the greater slaves we are."

"Jim dear," said Grace, "you've let the boodoch* get into your own good heart at this present moment; you think of our throe friends not as they are—not as you've known 'em, and proved 'em to be for years, but as your bad advisers thry to make you believe they are. You well know I would not, I could not turn against you, if the whole world was turned against you; and sure, Jim, it's a bad sign of your new friends, when they make you suspect your own wife. Look at me, my own dear Jim, and tell me if I'm not the same Grace you married two years ago—that you loved—but that, och! Jim, that I

* Anger.

should live to say it! you love no longer. If my cheeks are pale, and my eyes heavy, och! think, Jim, it's fretting and grieving that makes 'em so; and could I see you as you used to be, I'd soon look as gay and as happy as ever I was. You used to make me the happiest woman in all Cologan; but now, Jim," and here her voice faltered from emotion, "I am the most unhappy, because I can't forget what you were."

"Well, Grace ma-vourneen, I'm grieved to hear you say this. Faith, I love you better than every thing in the world, barring the poor country; and it's because I wish to help to get her out of her troubles that I put you into your's. Sure it's hard for a man to choose between his wife and his country anyway, when the good of one is often quite opposed to the good of the other; just as it's hard to hate tyrants in a body, and to like 'em separately.

Now I larned to like the masher and the other gentlemen about here, before ever I knew they were tyrants; and now I am tould they are so, I can't get the ould liking out of my heart, and this keeps me always in a bad humour. You think, a cuishlamachree, that you have all the sorrowful thoughts to yourself, but you're mistaken. Sure this evening, when I was here, all alone by myself, and looked about me, and saw the stocking you were knitting for me, with my name so beautifully knit in it, and the flower-pots in the window, all placed by your own hands, and every thing so tidy and so clean—sure I fell into a sort of a waking dream, and thought over all the past times; and while I was thinking, the smell of the flowers came in through the open windows; and when the smell of fine flowers comes near me, it always reminds me of you, Grace, and puts soft thoughts into my heart.

Then the bees came humming about, with such a pleasant sound, and the birds began singing, as if they knew they were among friends; the cricket chirping in the corner of the hearth, just as if it never minded me. Sure the tears came into my eyes, and I thought what a pleasant, beautiful world this would be if every one was content! But then came the remembrance of all that the Repealers tell us, and I grew angry with myself for forgetting, which I am constantly doing, that I'm but a thrampled slave, kissing the hands of the tyrants that have thrown the chains over me; and just as I had got angry with myself, you came in, a-vourneen, and, like a brute, I did not receive you as I ought."

"Och, Jim, one kind word from your own dear mouth can always console me, and what you've now been telling me of what passes in your mind, gives me hopes that you'll soon

open your eyes to the folly of listening to bad advisers, and open your heart to all the innocent pleasures this beautiful, pleasant world can give. Sure they 're ungrateful, agrah, that says this is a bad world, and that we live in bad times ; if the world and the times are bad, it 's our own evil thoughts and evil ways that makes 'em so. Who that has the blessing of a free conscience, can look around in the summer, and see the beautiful skies, earth, and waters, with the trees, herbs, and flowers which God has given us, and hear the happy birds carolling around, without feeling that such a pleasant world was not given for people to be discontented in ? Each season has its pleasures ; for when the winter comes, and all without doors looks so cold and dreary, not a leaf on the poor shivering trees, or a flower to be seen, sure it 's a pleasure to see a fine blazing fire, a nice clean hearth, with a warm, com-

fortable supper, and every thing around the little kitchen shining by the light of the fire, and the people that love each other sitting by it, and thanking God that gives such pleasant changes to the seasons. Och ! Jim, how much we have to be grateful for, and what a sin it is to be discontented !”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.”

MR. DESMOND, the landlord, or masher as he was called by his tenants, was a gentleman of ancient family and large fortune, deservedly popular in his county. He had travelled much in his youth, and had, late in life, married an English lady of high birth, his junior by many years, who made him the happy father of Frances Desmond, the young lady, or the young mistress, as the peasantry loved to call

her, who has been already presented to our readers.

Mr. Desmond was in his sixtieth year, and his fair daughter had just entered on her eighteenth, at the period when Colonel Forrester's regiment came into their neighbourhood. An acquaintance, commenced through that urbane hospitality which distinguishes the Irish gentry, had soon ripened into intimacy between Mr. Desmond and the Colonel, and into a still warmer feeling between him and Miss Desmond. His visits to Springmount were as frequent as his military duties would permit; and they were welcomed by the whole family with undisguised pleasure. Indeed, the personal and mental qualifications of Colonel Forrester were such as must have insured him a cordial reception wherever he presented himself; but in the remote quarter where he was at present

established, he was so superior to the generality of the surrounding young men, that the welcome accorded to him lavishly displayed all the friendship and esteem which his valuable qualities so deservedly inspired.

Mrs. Desmond, accustomed to the good-breeding and reserve that characterizes her countrymen,—which, if less calculated to amuse, is more formed to excite respect than is the gay flippancy of the more mercurial Irish gentlemen,—felt highly gratified by the society of Colonel Forrester; and perhaps the pleasure was enhanced by the knowledge that he belonged to a high aristocratic family with whom her own was distantly connected.

Mr. Desmond had lived so long in England, that he had adopted all its elegances and comforts in his dwelling and mode of life, and its refinement in manners was grafted on the unceremonious cordiality that always re-

mains such an agreeable peculiarity in the high-bred Irish. He loved the English, as he often declared, for many reasons, but principally on account of his wife; while she on every occasion displayed a partiality to her adopted country, no less indicative of her goodness of heart, than of the strong affection that bound her to him who had transplanted her to his native soil. While ameliorating the condition of the tenants and labourers of her husband, and giving them a taste for cleanliness, and the power of enjoying it, no mortifying comparisons between them and the more civilized peasantry of happier England ever escaped her. Their self-love was never wounded, though all that could excite emulation in habits of order and decency, were put into action.

The gardener had orders to supply every family around with plants, and to encourage

the propagation of the different vegetables, to diversify their food. Flower roots, seeds, and slips of geraniums, were liberally supplied to all who wished to decorate their gardens or flower-pots; and the housekeeper had instructions never to refuse assistance to the sick or needy, but to furnish them with broth, food, or wine. Clothing was distributed to those who were too poor to buy it, and useful presents were sent to the more wealthy; so that it is not to be wondered at, that the family of Springmount were loved and respected by the whole country.

The beneficent influence which they exercised, was visible in the appearance of the whole neighbourhood around them. The clean, and well-built cottages, with glass windows made to open; the gay patches of gardens in front, where flaunted many a flower from the parent stock at Springmount;

the tidy, well-clipped hedges, and the total absence from sight of dunghills, and their animated accompaniments—pigs wallowing in the verdant mire, proclaimed that improvement was abroad, and that the lower orders of Irish only want example and assistance to become a civilized peasantry, instead of a lawless set of savages. Whole fields of turnips might be seen in the neighbourhood of Springmount, unmolested by any robber, save the birds, because Mr. Desmond had cultivated them so largely that, with all the disrespect for *meum* and *tuum* attributed to the poor Irish, there was now no temptation to steal what all might have for the asking; while on a neighbouring property, the few turnip-fields scattered around were obliged to be guarded, and were pillaged whenever opportunity admitted of depredation.

Mrs. Desmond encouraged dairies, and her

dairy-maids taught those who were willing to learn, how to make milk-cheeses, so that the poor labourers went to their work with a provision of home-made bread and cheese, instead of half-cold potatos, their former habitual food; and seldom did they partake their more comfortable repasts, without thanking the good mistress who had been the means of their enjoying it.

The country was in this progressive state of improvement, when a contested election disturbed its tranquillity, and Repeal (that watch-word of agitation) spread like wildfire over it. Their very prosperity was pointed out to the poor illiterate peasantry, who had hitherto been proud of it, as the badge of their slavery; their comforts and luxuries were decried as the cunning inventions of their tyrants, to render them dependent and luxurious; and they were told that their gardens were filled with flowers,

to prevent their observing the evil weeds that were springing up afresh every day in the rank garden of corruption ; and the words, “Tyrant,” and “Slave Driver,” were now become the synonymes for landlord.

The Irish heart is not naturally ungrateful, far from it ; but unfortunately, as in the richest soils tares and briars will spring up among the flowers, so in the good hearts of the Irish many virtues are sullied by defects ; and the mobility of disposition of this fiery people renders them so incapable of reflection, that, hurried away by their impetuosity, they often appear ungrateful when they are only forgetful ; the forgetfulness being produced by the temporary predominance of some other feeling ; for rarely does the mind of an Irishman possess the power of entertaining two passions at the same moment.

The peasants in the neighbourhood of Spring-

mount now began to view even the acts of kindness shown to them with a suspicious eye, and to consider advice or remonstrance as an unjust and tyrannical interference with their free will. Beholding every thing through the discoloured medium of their over-excited imaginations, the most unimportant occurrences assumed a grave aspect. Every attempt to control their turbulence was resented as an injury, and the cause of such attempts was forgotten by the reckless perpetrators, in the resentful fury the effects produced. It is with the Irish people as with sin,—who shall say to either, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?” The first step made, the descent becomes rapid; and they who have invoked the storm, are often powerless to save their agents from its fearful devastation.

Mr. Desmond had too much knowledge of human nature in general, and of Irish nature

in particular, to be as much surprised as he was pained, by the change operated on the minds of his tenantry by the popular clamour. He felt that, if met with prudence and firmness, the sea of trouble that threatened to overflow might subside ; but that any display of undue warmth in resisting their encroachments, might make that a party feeling which was at present but a partial infatuation ; and he dreaded to see enlisted beneath the banners of popular excitement, the heated and exaggerated sentiments of his too easily-excited countrymen. He represented to the gentlemen and magistrates in the country, the necessity of perfect union and good understanding among themselves, to oppose the unruly and misguided peasantry, and to prevent their taking any decisive step in their meditated violation of the laws.

“ Better is it,” said he, “ to prevent crime,

than to have to punish it;" and acting on this principle,—a principle hitherto far too little acted upon in Ireland,—he determined to await the result, and opposed the proposals of the gentry around him, to demand an increase of military force and civil power from the Government.

“ Let us not show these misled people that we fear them,” said Mr. Desmond ; “ but let us by our forbearance, as long as forbearance is possible, prove that we prefer convincing their reason to coercing their persons. The laws have never been respected, as they ought to be, in Ireland. Military force is always called in to support them, and it is difficult to impress on an ignorant people, a respect for that which the bayonet alone forces them to endure.”

Mr. Desmond had a large fortune in the funds, and his estates being unentailed, he had the power of bequeathing it to his daughter. This rendered her in point of wealth, one of

the richest heiresses in the kingdom, and, joined to her personal attractions, had already obtained numerous suitors for her hand. Colonel Forrester was the first who had made a favourable impression on her youthful fancy, and this was strengthened by each succeeding interview. The passion she had excited in him, was the strongest he had ever known; and its vividness and increasing warmth led him to reflect on their mutual positions.

“Was it likely,” he asked himself, “that Mr. Desmond would give his fair heiress to a soldier, whose patrimony consisted of an estate of not more than two thousand a-year? No! he surely would wish to see her allied to some nobleman, or at least to some person of suitable fortune to her own. With this conviction, ought he to continue his visits to Springmount—visits that could only serve to rivet still more closely the chains that bound

him to its fair heiress? And yet how resign the happiness of seeing her?

But when did a man in love do what he ought to do, except in fiction? The next day saw the handsome Colonel pursuing his route to Springmount, thinking only of the pleasure of seeing the lovely Frances' eyes sparkle at his approach, and her cheeks blush a rosier red.

In compliance with all received notions on such points, Frances Desmond ought to have concealed every external demonstration of the pleasure Colonel Forrester's visits gave her, until he had made her a formal declaration. Her wishes, according to the verse of the most witty and not most delicate-minded woman of her day, ought to have been in her keeping until he had told her what they were to be. But she was an artless child of Nature, and had wished that Colonel Forrester

might always be at Springmount long before she knew that the feeling was reciprocal ; and he found the wish increase on his part by observing the involuntary proofs of satisfaction his presence afforded her. He rode by her side, to see all the fine points of view in the neighbourhood ; and, strange to say, neither felt the presence of Mr. Desmond a restraint, nor—as in fashionable phraseology, a third person, and that person a father, under such circumstances would be considered—a bore.

I would it were possible, consistently with truth and nature, to paint Frances Desmond otherwise than as she is, or was, reader, when we knew her in the year 1832. Then would you see our veritable heroine as heroines are seen on paper, but not as they are found in real life, if, indeed, heroines still exist. With heroic courage, yet timid as the fright-

ened fawn; possessing all the delicacy of indisposition, and yet all the bloom of health—two qualifications that it never has been our good fortune to encounter, except on paper,—refined sensibility, “dying of a rose in aromatic pain,” united to

“The will to suffer, and unshrinking bear

Ills that the timid fill with trembling fear;”

she should unite in her sweet and fragile person all the opposing qualities that the stepdame Nature never allows to meet; and when we had drawn this “faultless monster that the world ne’er saw,” we should feel convinced of having merited your suffrages.

But, alas! the age of heroines, as well as of chivalry, is past, and we must be content to represent Frances Desmond as Nature made her, not a faultless person, but a very attractive and lovely girl.

The morning after Colonel Forrester’s arri-

val, the letter-bag brought him a letter, forwarded from head-quarters, the perusal of which seemed to afford him little pleasure; and the same conveyance brought Mr. Desmond an official document, dated "Castle, Dublin," that appeared to give him still less satisfaction.

We have frequently had opportunities of observing the various emotions exhibited on the arrival of the locked post-bags in country-houses; and truth compels us to declare, that the predominating feelings on such occasions have been generally gloomy or vexatious. This observation of ours has led us to reflect still farther on the subject; and the *resumé* of our reflections is this suggestion,—that henceforth the opening of the Sibyl bag be performed in solitude; and that the letters be placed on the dressing-tables of the addressed, where the reader may contemplate, between each period,

its effects on his or her countenance reflected in the mirror, and endeavour to profit by the admonition thus impressively conveyed, instead of being surrounded by the inquisitive observers who invariably infest the breakfast-tables or desserts, the usual places and hours of receiving letters in country-houses.

But to return to Springmount, whence we have been withdrawn by this digression. The owner of this mansion and Colonel Forrester exchanged glances on perusing the concluding lines of their respective communications, and retired to the library, where we shall leave them in consultation, while we return to the humble cottage of Jim Cassidy.

CHAPTER IX.

“Grief is the unhappy charter of our sex ;
The gods who gave us readier tears to shed,
Gave us more cause to shed them.”

WE left Jim with softened feelings, attuned to those of Grace, which were overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

A peaceful night followed their tranquil evening, in which Jim dreamed that he fought and vanquished the hydra-headed enemy that assailed his poor ould counthry — one face darting forth its forked tongue, filled with venom to destroy, and the other trying to re-

move the poison with its slaver. Jim imagined that he was placing the crown of Ireland (that crown whose thorns have pierced every head that has worn it) on the white locks of the ould masther, when he was awakened by repeated knocking at his door, to inform him that the "Sociation would meet at Kilmackthomas that evening, and that there would be great work there."

"Och! don't go, Jim dear," cried Grace, while her face became blanched with terror. "On my bended knees I pray you not to go, and sure you can't have the heart to refuse your own poor Grace this prayer."

"Well sure, Grace ma-vourneen, I'm sorry to refuse you, but it's quite impossible for me not to go. What would the boys think?"

"Jim, Jim, what matter what they think? Does their thoughts make your happiness or unhappiness? But sure, Jim, your own faith-

ful wife, your poor Grace, who has no happiness but you—can you leave me, with all this terrible foreboding at my heart, as if ice-water was running through my veins? Och! Jim, it 's throe I 'm but a wake woman, but if the notion of what all the world put together might think of any thing I was to do came in comparison with one thought of yours, sure I 'd never balance one minute, but give up all to make you contented. Och! Jim, this is the way a woman loves; why don't men, who are stronger, love as well?"

This is a problem whose solution may more probably be found in the weakness than in the strength of men.

Vain were Grace's arguments, entreaties, and tears, to retain Jim. To the "Sociation" he was determined to go, and the obstinacy of his weak head triumphed over the pleadings of his heart, which urged him to comply with the

prayers of his wife. Obstinacy is almost always found to exist in proportion to the weakness of the intellect where it is lodged, and, strange to say, is often mistaken by its possessor for firmness; he, however, is the only person who can entertain any doubt on this subject, for all who come in contact with him, are soon aware of the difference,—a difference unlike many others, because it has a striking distinction.

Grace is not the first, and certainly will not be the last, woman whose strength of head offered little consolation for her weakness of heart; and she mourned the departure of her husband with bitter tears; partly occasioned by her dread of his compromising his safety or reputation at the “Sociation;” and partly by the consciousness that he no longer heeded her prayers, though once, and at no distant period, they could stay his most stubborn resolves.

Tears are never so bitter as when we know that they fall unheeded, and poor Grace felt that her's had lost their power. She tried to occupy herself with her household duties ; sat down by the window to her spinning-wheel, and while her foot sent it revolving, and her taper fingers spun the thread, she murmured the following ditty :—

“ Och ! once I thought no tear of mine
 Could fall, but soon you 'd wipe it dry ;
But now I 'm left alone to pine,
 Och ! woe is me, I can't but cry.

“ For you I left a mother's care,
 And an adoring father too ;
I little thought I 'd have to bear
 Cold looks, and colder words, from you.

“ Och ! where 's the love you swore to me,
 For which I gave you all my heart ?
Ah ! woe is me, too plain I see
 That happiness and I must part.”

The plaintive voice of Grace, and the senti-

ment of the simple ditty, which was the lament of the wife of a freebooter, composed some fifty years before, accorded so well with her present feelings, as to renew her tears. She left her wheel, and, drying her eyes, stood at the open door, trusting that the fine day and elegant prospect, as she called it, might divert her.

It was one of those beautiful, calm, sunshiny days, when the sky is one unbroken sheet of blue, and the clear waters that reflect it seem to give back its azure tint in sparkling brilliancy; the trees were scarcely agitated by the air, and yet there was a lightness and freshness in the atmosphere, that brought relief to the feverish brow and heated eyes of poor Grace.

“Sure he’ll have a beautiful day for his walk across the mountain,” thought Grace, reverting with true feminine feeling to *him* who occupied all her thoughts. “How strange

it is that I can't see a fine day, a clear blue sky, or the beautiful trees looking down at themselves in the river, but it makes me think of Jim. Sure this is mighty quare; I wonder if the quality have such notions. I wonder if Miss Desmond thinks of the Curnel when she sees every thing looking so elegant about her; but I suppose she has too many fine thoughts in her head to have room for all the loving ones that's in mine, for sure the love and liking is the chief comfort of the poor, and the rich have so many other comforts, that they can't enjoy this as we do, and yet for all this, faith, the dear young lady looked as foolish at the Curnel as I used to do at Jim before he axed me to marry him."

CHAPTER X.

“ Oh ! grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours, with Time’s deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.”

GRACE’S soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of Larry M’Swigger, an old neighbour of her father’s, who, happening to be in that part of the country, came to see her.

“ Then how are you, Mistress Cassidy ?” demanded Larry, saluting Grace with a cordial shake of the hand and a kiss on the cheek. “ Sure it’s myself that’s glad to see you anyways, for the sight of you is good for sore

eyes; and, faith, mine has a good right to be sore, for sure I've had salt tears in 'em enough to salt a leg of pork,—ay, faith, a whole side of pork, this last three months.”

“ Indeed, and I'm sorry for your throuble, Larry,” answered Grace. “ I heard, sure enough, that you lost your poor woman some time ago, but I thought that as you hadn't seen her for a long while, maybe you had got used to living without her.”

“ Och ! then, Mistress Cassidy, how can you, who have a tinder heart, be after saying such a thing to me ? Sure it's the being such a long while without seeing my poor Molly, that makes me in all this throuble. If we had been living dacently and respectably together, quarrelling every day, like most other married couples, I might soon get over my grief, and think, perhaps, her going before me on the long road was all for the better ; but it's so

long since I parted from the creathure, and she had gone so clear and clane out of my head for so many years, that now I know she is dead, faith, she comes back into my mind for all the world as she was whin I first married her, and I can't for the life of me dhrive her away. She is always before me, with her purty coal-black hair, her cheeks like two red apples, and her roguish eyes laughing in her head; and sure isn't this enough to break the heart of me? If I saw her as she was latterly, sure I could not have such false rations, for then I'd know that it was a poor ugly ould woman that was dead, instead of a sprightly, purty girl; but it's all in vain for me to be thrying to remember how she looked before I parted from her, when we used to be fighting and squabbling all day bekase I'd take the dhrop, and that I used to think she looked like the north side of a crab-tree, so sour and contrairy when I came

home. No, faith, Mrs. Cassidy, all this is gone clane out of my mind, and I'm just grieving my heart out for the clane, sprightly Colleen dhas I was once so fond of, instead of thinking of the poor ould woman that 's gone to her long home. Then whin I thry to comfort myself by rimimbering the nicknames and bitter words she used to say to me, I can't bring one of 'em fresh into my thoughts, but all the loving words is always coming into my ears; and aren't I obliged to go and look at myself in the bit of looking-glass I've got, to prove I'm not the buckaleen bawn, and the clane, tidy boy that poor Molly used to call me in ould times; and whin I see the ould wizen face of me in the glass, and all the wrinkles falling out about my eyes like an ould stocking about the heels of a beggar-man, faith, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, I feel so quare. Och! Mistress Cassidy, sure it's a droll thing to have the

thoughts and loving notions I had forty years ago all coming back young and fresh into my heart, for all the world as if they had been asleep ever since, and to see the ould face and the ould body outside, that is like a cabin falling to ruin, and the inside so fresh. All this comes from poor Molly's dying: sure it has brought grief and throuble on me any way."

"Indeed, Larry, I feel for you, and am sorry for your poor wife. Won't you break bread in the house, for lucksake?"

"I won't refuse you, Mistress Cassidy, for sure enough the ould saying is throe, sorrow is dry, and I'll be glad enough to take a glass of whatever you give me, while I tell you the rest of my troubles."

While Larry M'Swigger partook of the repast Grace laid before him, to which he did ample honour, washing it down with repeated

draughts of cider, he continued his narrative in the following words :

“ Maybe you ’d be thinking, Mistress Cassidy, that it was throuble enough for me to lose poor Molly *once* by death ; but what will you say when I tell you I have lost her three times ? ”

Grace’s countenance expressed the astonishment to which she was going to give utterance, when Larry emphatically exclaimed, “ *Whisht !* ” the Irish word for silence, and thus continued : “ *Whisht !* don’t stop or hinder me till I ’ve told you all ; for if you do, the story is so long, that I won’t have finished it this blessed night.”

The threat produced the desired effect on Grace, who, though her curiosity was somewhat excited, had no desire that the narrative or the narrator should continue until night.

“ Well, then, to begin at the beginning,

Mistress Cassidy. Sure when myself heard from Dublin that poor Molly had died in the hospital, and that she begged with her last words that I'd take her home, and bury her dacently among her people, and not lave her to lie among strangers in Dublin,—sure I promised before God and man, that I'd neither stop nor stay till I'd bring her home; so I took a car, and put a good feather-bed in it, and put sallys and kippins about it, and covered it over with a fine stuff quilt, till I made it into as ilegant a chaise-marine as ever you set your eyes on, for I was determined the poor creature should have every thing dacent for her journey home, and that the rain should not come to her. Well, I took old Baucherem, my horse, that drew the car quite aisy and comfortable, and faith we arrived in Dublin the sixteenth day.

“ I went next morning to the hospital.

They showed me the grave where poor Molly was put in, and I took the coffin and all, just as it was, put it in my chaise-marine, and packed up half-a-dozen bottles of parliament whisky with it, just to refresh me on the road, and to keep the throuble out of my heart. When the night was falling, I didn't quite like to be all alone with poor Molly, so I made ould Baucherem gallop while ever I could; and to hear the coffin rattling against the car, faith, it was very awful! But at last the coffin seemed to be fixed quite steady, for I heard no more noise; and when I came to the public-house where we were to stop for the night, and tould 'em who was in the chaise-marine, sure they wint out to help me to bring Molly into a dacent room, that we might wake her genteelly, when the devil a bit of poor Molly was there; and we found the rungs of the car behind broken clane away, so I guessed the

coffin must have fallen on the road. This I call the second time of losing poor Molly, and we had eleven miles to go before we found her again.

“ Well, to make a long story short, at last I arrived at her own place, and I had got so used to having the poor creathure with me, that many’s the shanahos about ould times I had with her on the road. I tould her every thing that happened ever since she went away, and often I thought, Mistress Cassidy, that poor Molly must be grately altered to let me have all the talk to myself. Sure when I reflected I had not behaved genteelly to her for so many years, in never sending her anything, not so much as a scratch of a pen, faith, I thought I’d make up for it, and I axed her pardon, and said every thing that was dacent and comfortable to her, to make her mind and my own aisy.

“ Well, sure there was Nelly Lynch, an old gossip of Molly’s, at Cappoquin; and when I was waking Molly the night before I was to bury her, sure Nelly and I took a glass too much in dhrinking a happy and a blessed rest to poor Molly, and Nelly takes it into her head that we should open the coffin, and look at poor Molly. No sooner said than done; but just think what I felt when I saw a bald head and an ugly ould face, no more like Molly’s than I’m like what I was. ‘ Sure,’ says I, ‘ this never can be my Molly,—she that was such a purty, clane, sprightly girl!’ ‘ Well,’ says Nelly, ‘ that baits everything. Here you are thrying to conceit an ould woman of past sixty into a purty clane girl,’ and Nelly was quite affronted like, bekase I wanted to prove that Molly was once too handsome to be like the ugly ould creathure in the coffin.

“ She looked at her again and again, and said she ’d know her amongst a thousand, for that she was not a bit changed. This vexed me, and I went up quite close to the coffin, with the candle in my hand, and looking close to the corpse, I said, ‘ Well, Mistress Lynch,’ for I was too angry to call her Nelly, ‘ maybe you ’d be for telling me that my poor wife had grey whiskers, and a beard twice as thick and as hard as my own, for here they are.’ She was thrying to persuade me that she had, and that this was still Molly, when, in my passion, I lifted up the winding-sheet, and there was —not Molly, sure enough, but a poor ould soldier with a wooden-leg, and covered over with the marks of wounds. This was what I call losing Molly a third time, and after all the expinse and throuble I had to bring her down. And to think of my opening my heart and

telling my secrets to a stranger, and a man too, instead of my poor woman.

“ But great as my grief and disappointment was, still it was a comfort to show Nelly Lynch that my poor wife was not grown an ugly, ould, bald-headed creathure ; and now I’ll always maintain, in spite of her teeth, that Molly died a clane, purty, sprightly girl, the notion of which puts the envious, jealous creathure out of her wits. I buried the poor ould soldier dacently, and as I never can have money enough to go to Dublin again to bring down Molly to lie among her people, faith, she must take the will for the deed, and be contint where she is. And for my part, Mistress Cassidy, now that I have not seen her so long, and never did see her as a corpse, I have the satisfaction, and a grate one it is, if you believe me, of thinking of her only as she was

forty years ago, and that makes me feel quite young myself into the bargain."

The long narrative of Larry M'Swigger had beguiled the time of poor Grace, and he left her, promising another visit at no distant day.

CHAPTER XI.

“ Dans les conseils d'un état, il ne faut pas tant regarder ce qu'on doit faire, que ce qu'on peut faire.”

THE letter that clouded the brow of Mr. Desmond came from the Secretary for Ireland ; it detailed the exaggerated accounts received at the Castle, and the anxiety of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to ascertain whether such reports were correct, and what steps the resident gentry considered would be most likely to establish peace and good understanding in the country. Mr. Desmond made Colonel Forrester acquainted with its contents,

who, in return, laid before him the letter from the General commanding his district, urging the necessity of keeping the troops always on the alert, and the officers at their posts.

“ How, my dear young friend,” said Mr. Desmond, “ shall I answer this unanswerable letter ? There is so much truth mingled with the misrepresentations that have gone to the Castle, that it is difficult to draw the line between what to believe or disbelieve. Judging by the actions of our poor misguided peasantry, the statements sent to his Excellency may be borne out, for, alas ! we all know that the *actions* of Irishmen are the *avant-couriers* of their intentions, instead of being, as in sober England, the followers ; and if they are judged by them, then must they be condemned. A prejudiced judge for or against might find sufficient evidence to acquit or condemn them ; while I, who am impartial, see *much* to lament, *much* to

blame, and if the country was freed from the hateful influence of agitators, *little* to fear. But how to suggest the remedy, how cut the Gordian-knot of habitual misrule ; how solve that enigma, more difficult than that of the sphynx, and which has puzzled every statesman for centuries to expound, namely,—what is the best plan to govern Ireland peaceably ? First, get rid of agitators—buy them at any price ; for as well may a physician endeavour to bring back health to the system of a patient dying of fever, without having unseated the disease, as a government attempt to restore peace and good order to this country, until its moral typhus, so much more fatal than all the physical fevers that ever attacked it, is subdued. But while the government is deliberating, the evil gains ground. This very day there is a meeting of the association held at Kilmackthomas, where the seeds of discontent and dissension

will be widely disseminated in the fruitful soil of the inflammable minds of the people, to bring forth an abundant harvest of mischief at no distant day. I hope, my dear Colonel, that I need not impress on your mind the prudence of not placing your brave troops too much at the beck of the alarmists. All collision between the people and the military leads to evil, and should only be had recourse to in cases of absolute necessity ; but here, in this unhappy, and, alas ! wilfully unhappy country, where every district presents opposing factions and interests, and where the good of the many is sacrificed to the advantage of the few, it is most difficult for a military man to know how to steer his course, and impossible to avoid being thought too lenient by the alarmists, and too severe by the disaffected. I shall go to Dublin, and reply in person to the letter from the Castle ; and as I am no jobber and have no

object at heart, except the interest and welfare of my poor country, I shall be listened to with attention.”

Mr. Desmond left the library to prepare for his departure, and Colonel Forrester sought the boudoir of Mrs. Desmond, where he knew he was certain of finding the fair Frances, pursuing her accustomed occupations of reading, working, or drawing, by the side of her mother.

Mr. Desmond ascertained that the meeting at Kilmackthomas passed off more peaceably than he had expected, though, as usual, inflammatory language had excited the passions of the people, who returned to their homes, bearing in their minds the seeds of discontent and sedition, ready to fructify into acts of hostility on the first occasion. He found that nearly the whole of his tenantry had attended the meeting, and were as loud and

animated in their plaudits of the hyperbolic speeches of the popular speaker, as if they had personally experienced all the miseries arising from the tyranny and oppression which the artful demagogue so glowingly depicted.

The good man felt grieved at their ingratitude, and sighed to think that a long life, passed in a conscientious and zealous discharge of the duties of a resident landlord, had made so little impression on their ductile feelings, and that the spirit-stirring *words* of the Repealers could efface the *deeds* of the friend. It is such examples of ingratitude that wean people, less resolute than Mr. Desmond in virtue and forbearance, from the discharge of their patriotic duties; and send many a well-intentioned man, an absentee to other countries, where property and life are secured on a more solid basis

than the impulses of passion, which madden into fury, or melt into regret, at the mandates of the factious exciter of the day, whoever he may happen to be.

“How long have I defended these misguided people,” said Mr. Desmond, “and maintained that good-treatment was all they required to render them good and happy! What have I left undone? And yet they now turn from my counsel as if I had been the most negligent of all the absentee landlords—nay, resent my offering them good advice, as if it was an encroachment on their personal liberty. ‘Divide and govern,’ may well serve as the motto of the Repealers, for they have broken asunder all the ties of good-will between landlord and tenant; mutual confidence is destroyed, and their interests, which are and must be inseparable, now only seem as a chain, that holds toge-

ther natural enemies instead of friends — a state of things that cannot last long, and must end in ruin to both.”

The mob, like the ocean, is very seldom agitated without some cause superior and exterior to itself; but, to continue the simile, both are capable of doing the *greatest* mischief, after the cause which *first* set them in motion has ceased to act. He must be determined to shut his eyes and his ears against conviction, who is prepared to deny that Ireland has not had grievous cause for discontent; but he must be equally blind, who does not see that the time and money frittered away in quelling the tumults, which have been the *effects* of a long period of misrule, might have done much towards removing the cause, and that the persons who excite the violence of the people retard the ameliora-

tion which the justice of England is disposed to grant them.

How large a portion of every session of Parliament is occupied in debates on measures of severity, and modes of punishment, which might be so much better employed in devising means of rendering severity and punishment unnecessary! But violence demands to be checked, and the consequences of the evil that has existed in Ireland for centuries, occupy the time that ought to be filled in removing the original cause, until Ireland and the Irish become

“ Words of fear,
Unpleasing to each *member's* ear.”

What has given power to agitators? Misrule. And what will most effectually destroy their influence?—the removal of the just grounds of discontent. Let the people be made to un-

derstand that their tranquillity and orderly conduct will insure attention to their grievances, and consideration as to the means of redressing them ; and this instruction will do more towards opening their eyes to the folly of their violence, than the most harsh though necessary laws. He would be, indeed, a true friend to Ireland, who would use his influence over her excitable sons, in impressing on their minds a respect for the laws, and a horror for the acts of blood-stained cruelty that have so often sullied them. Such a man might be proud of his empire over them, when he could boast that he found his countrymen savages and left them men.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Qui ne sent rien, parle à merveille ;
Doutes d’un amant rempli d’esprit ;
C’est ton cœur, et non ton oreille,
Qui doit écouter ce qu’il dit.”

WE left Colonel Forrester entering the boudoir of Mrs. Desmond. He seated himself by Frances, who was engaged in copying a bouquet, placed in a vase on the table ; the flowers had been gathered that morning by Colonel Forrester, who presented them to Frances, and he felt flattered by observing the interest with which she was perpetuating their lovely hues on the paper before her.

“What a delightful and enviable talent you possess, Miss Desmond,” said the Colonel, “in thus being able to fix the evanescent beauty of those bright but frail flowers, and to retain the shadow when the substance shall have passed away. When I gathered them this morning, their leaves sparkling with dew, I thought how soon they must fade and wither, and that a few hours would behold them robbed of all their beauty. I did not think that I should see them transfixed on paper, as blooming and fair as when I culled them, and borrowing from your pencil an immortality that Nature has denied them. How admirably you have coloured the petals of the rose! it looks as if the next zephyr’s breath might send it floating in the air—how I wish it was mine!”

The cheeks of Frances almost rivalled the rose she was copying, at this address, and

became still more suffused when her mother replied, "I am sure Frances will have great pleasure in giving it to you."

"Certainly," said Frances, "but it is hardly worth offering. I have some drawings that are better."

"Oh! no, let me have this," said Colonel Forrester; "I prefer it to all others."

A certain bashful consciousness betrayed that Frances knew why he preferred it.

"I never," said Frances, "pluck a bouquet without a sort of melancholy feeling of how short must be the duration of the beauties that tempted me to make it mine. I believe this is a sentiment partaken of in common with every one who can feel; for we find it expressed in all languages, and in all times; and its generality deducts nothing from its truth. Nay, I rather think that it adds to its intensity, as in experiencing what has been

thought by so many, the bond of union that binds us to our species is strengthened, and we recognise the universal sympathy."

"I remember," said Colonel Forrester, "having seen a beautiful Album in France, that was displayed to me as the *ne plus ultra* of sentimentality. It was entitled '*La Guirlande de Julie*,' and contained copies of the bouquets presented to her each day by her lover during his courtship. The flowers were elaborately painted by the first artists of the day, and the verses that accompanied them were quite as laboured; those of the lover perhaps less so than the others, but still showing that the imagination had more share in the affair than the heart. Of all displays, that of sentimentality is the one I feel the least disposed to pardon," continued Colonel Forrester, "because it shows a premeditation incompatible with real feeling.

False sentiment *affichés*, but true sentiment betrays itself; and I am inclined to doubt whether the hymeneal wreath of Julie contained as gay flowers as those painted in the exotic garland; and whether Le Duc de Pen-thièvre was not more formed for a lover than a husband. I remember an acquaintance of mine, a young Frenchman, who wore the ignoble chains of a *Déesse de Théâtre*, and who, during the *grande passion*, collected the bouquets and *guirlandes* showered on his favourite every night that she acted, and preserved them in an *armoire*. He displayed them to me, and seemed disappointed that I showed no sentiment on the occasion. To me they smelt of the lamps, and brought back set phrases, artificial looks, and an applauding audience, whose plaudits stamped as public property that which a lover, to have any illusion, must wish to consider private;

and with such souvenirs, the withered flowers looked as meretricious as the goddess to whom they had been dedicated. The ‘*Guirlande de Julie*,’ copied by paid hands, and the verses written by wit instead of passion, excited much the same feeling. Had the loved or the lover copied the flowers, then I would have owned the “soft impeachment;” as it was, I felt impenetrable. But here am I talking of flowers and sentiments when I ought to be endeavouring to forget both, as what makes me feel the charms of one and the other must be abandoned, for I must leave Springmount.”

“Leave Springmount!” exclaimed Frances, and her cheek lost its rosy hue; “why, when do you go?” Then, as if sensible of the feeling her abrupt questions betrayed, she added, “I hope you are not obliged to leave us so very soon.”

At this moment a servant entered, to announce that Mr. Desmond wished to speak with Mrs. Desmond in the library. The lovers were left alone, and the heightened colour and agitated breathing of Frances showed how much she felt the delicacy and awkwardness of their position. Colonel Forrester detected all that was passing in her mind, and, with the intuitive tact that belongs to true passion, saw that he must be explicit, or else leave her under the mortifying conviction that she had revealed a preference unsought by him who had excited it.

To avow the sentiment she had inspired, and the motives that prevented his declaring them to her before, was the business of a few minutes. With the candour and simplicity that marked all her actions and thoughts, Frances Desmond confessed that his avowal had given her pleasure, and that she believed her father

and mother loved her too well to disapprove her choice. She added that she had never concealed a thought from them, and, therefore, wished that he should make them acquainted with his feelings.

We will pass over all the lover-like raptures of Colonel Forrester, and the chastened delight with which Frances listened to them, until Mrs. Desmond entered, on which Frances having hastily retired, the lover opened the state of his heart to the mother of his beloved, and was listened to with nearly as much complacency as he had been by the daughter.

A mother, who feels as a mother ought, hears the first avowal of a passion excited by her child, with much of the same trembling anxiety with which she heard the first declaration of love for herself. Her daughter is a dearer self; one in whom she sees her

youth renewed. She has the same sensitiveness for her, rendered more acute by experience. The mingled feelings of pleasure at the admiration excited, and the anxiety for the future, with the always painful vista of separation, produce an agitation even more durable than that of the daughter.

“ Speak to my husband,” said Mrs. Desmond, “ and if he approves, I can have no objection. I do not ask you to love my child, because I know it is unnecessary ; but I ask you, I implore you, never to forget that she has been an only, an idolized child, accustomed to be watched over, shielded, and cherished, and to whom unkindness is unknown.”

The affectionate warmth with which Colonel Forrester pressed the mother’s hand to his lips, as he vowed that the happiness of her daughter should be his first, his most precious care, car-

ried balm to the heart of Mrs. Desmond, and she felt that in giving her daughter to this excellent young man, she lost not her, but gained a son.

There is no occasion in human life which furnishes a better criterion for judging a family, than that of the marriage of a daughter. The mother who sees her child about to leave the home of her childhood, the happy scene of her infancy, without feeling anxiety and dread, and without endeavouring to attach to her by links of love the new found son on whom the future happiness of her child is to depend, must possess little of the sentiments that a mother ought to have; and the daughter who can leave the home of her happy, careless infancy, the mother who watched over her, and the sisters who shared her pastimes, without a tender regret, and without endeavouring to

excite in the breast of her future husband a portion of the affection she feels for those dear relations, must have a character that promises but little for the discharge of the duties she is about to undertake. In such circumstances the husband has no reason to be proud of the cheerfulness with which he is followed to the nuptial home.

Colonel Forrester met with nearly as tender a hearing from the father as had been accorded to him by the mother of his beloved ; but Mr. Desmond made his consent conditional on his quitting the army. “ A married soldier I never could approve of,” said the good old gentleman, “ as I am of the old opinion that ‘ Cupid may wear a red coat, but Hymen never.’ Under such circumstances, a man must be a bad husband or a bad soldier ; the duties of both are incompatible, and I

will not have my son-in-law either. Therefore, my dear young friend, the army must be given up."

If such a proposition had been made to Colonel Forrester before he had known Frances Desmond, he would have felt it as an insult; but, as the condition of being blessed with her hand, he hesitated not a moment in acceding to it; and, accompanied by Mr. Desmond, he sought the boudoir, to announce to Mrs. Desmond the consent of her husband. This time he was not content with simply pressing his lips to the hand of his future mother, but pressed them to the cheek, and a happier group could not be found than the boudoir now contained. Frances was summoned to partake the general joy, and the tears from her eyes that bedewed the cheeks of her parents, had no bitterness in them, as, alternately pressed in their arms, they embraced her again and again.

It was decided that Mr. Desmond should not set out for Dublin until next day, and Colonel Forrester wanted but little persuasion to postpone his departure for head-quarters until the same moment.

My readers must imagine all that persons under such circumstances are likely to feel. Those who have been similarly placed, have only to exercise the powers of memory ; and those who have yet to experience the position, must endeavour to picture it in their minds. Whether the former or the latter are most likely to draw a just notion of the feelings of the lovers, is not for us to decide ; inasmuch as the result will be influenced in proportion as memory or imagination happens to be most powerful in such as depend on the agency of those faculties. For ourselves, we lean to imagination, and, therefore, have formed in our mind's eye, a brilliant tableau

of this happy day at Springmount ; but, like all days, happy or unhappy, it finished at about the usual hour.

There are some people whom it is difficult to convince of the even tenour of the march of time. These sceptics are the happy and the unhappy. The first believe that he gallops, and the second are convinced that he crawls ; and it is only those who are neither exalted nor depressed, that can really judge of his paces. If we gave our opinion on this momentous point, it would furnish a clue to the inquisitive, for guessing to which class we belong ; and as we neither wish to excite envy, by being supposed to belong to the happy sceptics, or pity (because we like not pity) by being considered among the unhappy, we will even leave it to others to decide “ who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he

stands still withal ;” merely premising that the venders of curls, rouge, and all the list of et cetera, to supply the place of youthful charms, maintain that he never stands still, whatever else he may do.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Here ’s a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.”

“ WELL, sure, Grace, there never was so fine a speech as Mr. O’Blarney gave us to-day,” said Jim Cassidy to his wife, on entering the cottage and dropping his wearied person into a chair ; “ faith, I wish you ’d been there, for it would have melted the heart out of your body, burnt up the marrow in your bones, and set the blood galloping all through your veins. One thing he said, which I’ll never

forget, 'twas so moving; he said that the French had a way, and a cruel way sure enough it is, to put their live geese before the fire, and keep 'em there, giving 'em salt and water to drink, till the heat swelled up their livers so big that they could no longer contain 'em, and the poor creathures were killed to save their lives; and these same big livers were made into pies, and sent all over France and England to be eaten by the epicures. 'Now,' says Mr. O'Blarney, 'we are served like the poor geese at Perigord (I think he called it). We are put before the fire of bad treatment, and forced to gulp down the salt of hard usage, 'till our hearts become too big for our bodies, and then we are hung, or transported, or imprisoned, to cure our complaints.' Sure, Grace, this was very moving; it dhrew tears from many of the people, though that foolish boy, Bill Mul-

louny, began to laugh, and said he 'd never see a goose without thinking of the Repalers."

Grace, though little disposed to smile at the moment, could not resist yielding to the impulse, and Jim looked at her with a face of seriousness that indicated he thought the smile little short of profanation, so impressed was he with the pathetic imagery in the speech of O'Blarney.

"Sure, Grace, these are no times for laughing," said Jim, "when the whole counthry is up, and determined to have justice. Sure we're carrying everything before us; all the elections are in our favour, and ther'll be more Irishmen and Catholics, ay, be my soul, and Repalers too, in the Parliament in England, than of our enemies; and as every rale Irishman can make a speech out of nothing, whereas them English are mighty sparing of their words, and come out with 'em only as

they do with their guineas, when they think they are really wanted, sure we'll bother 'em entirely, and dhrive 'em out of the place; they'll be so tired of hearing all the Repealing members speechifying one after another in the rich elegant brogue of the poor ould counthry. And then sure, if the English members say a word against us, haven't we plenty of our own friends that will tell 'em they'll talk to 'em in another place? which manes they'll be for offering 'em gunpowder tay, and sugar a lead for their breakfasts, which they'll not like to take, for the English are not half so fond of fighting as we are, in a sociable way, and think people can raison without pistols, which, after all, every Irish gentleman knows is the argument that hits oftenest. Then they'll not like to be made cry, when our speechifiers comes over 'em with all the melting mournful descriptions of

our slavery ; and they 'll soon be glad to join all together, and ax the King to let us have a parliament of our own in Dublin, for sake of peace and quietness, and to get rid of us. What a blessing it is for me to be able to read the newspaper down at the Cat and Bagpipes, and so know all they say in the Parliament ! though I must say Mr. O'Blarney, long may he live to reign over us ! didn't spake half so elegantly in London as he does in the ould counthry ; but I suppose he thought that giving 'em the same fine words he gives us, would be throwing pearls before swine, for they haven't the gumption to understand 'em.

“ That man might do anything with us, Grace,” continued Jim, “ every word he says makes the heart beat quicker ; sure, I've heard Tom Jeffreys, that was in Portugal with the cavalry, say, that when they were going into

battle, and that many of 'em felt a little quare, the sound of the trumpets roused up their courage, and the very horses became impatient to rush into action, such a power had that music on man and baist. Now, this is the effect that O'Blarney's speeches have on us: we go to hear him, half inclined to go no more, talked over against it by landlords, fathers, mothers, and wives; but before he has spoken half an hour, ay! be my troth ten minutes, it's all over with us: the heart begins to thump against the side, the chest begins to heave up as if it hadn't half room, one gets hot and could fits by turns, that rush up to the very roots of the hair, and landlords, fathers, mothers, and wives, are no more thought of than if they never were in the world. He might lead us to death that very minute; we'd face the mouth of a cannon, and glory in every danger, while his words are tingling in our

ears; but when we come home, and see the friends we love unhappy, and a wife like yourself, dear Grace, looking pale and sorrowful, all the grand thoughts he put into our heads go clean out of 'em; and when we thry to remember them, it's all like a throubled dream, and one feels quite tired and low-spirited, and cross-like, just as I used to feel the morning after I had taken the wicked whisky, out of humour with myself and all the world. Sure, I wish the King of England would make O'Blarney King of Ireland, for then 'twould be his interest to keep us all quiet and decent, and as he can do what he likes with us, 'twould be as aisy for him to make us orderly as to make us what we are, and the families at home would be satisfied, and we wouldn't be argufying as we all now are always doing, more's the pity.

“ Sure, Grace,” Jim continued, after a short

pause, "the power that a man like O'Blarney can gain over hundreds and thousands of his fellow-creatures, is almost like witchcraft, and the more one thinks of it, the more wonderful it appears. His words stir up thoughts and feelings that were sleeping in the mind, and that are as obedient to his call as are the soldiers called out on the parade as I saw at Dungarvan. And then to think that this power, this mighty power, comes not from wealth, from station, or from anything but the strength of master thoughts, and big words, which have greater power than flaming swords, and can madden or melt; it's a quare thing, Grace, and we can no more account for it than we can explain why some music, and some perfumes, work our feelings into joy or sadness, bringing back pleasant or bitter thoughts, over which we have no control."

"I believe, Jim dear," said Grace, "that it

is because we all have in our hearts some feelings that remain quietly there, until they are touched by some one who knows how to play on 'em. Look at the pipes that Kernes Fitzpatrick can make send out the most sweet and doleful tunes, until the hearts of those that hear them are as soft and dismal as themselves, and seem to sigh back an echo to every note ; and then hear him play the ' Foxhunter's Jigg,' the ' Moddhoreen Rhu,' or any of the hundred wild, joyous, frolicksome tunes he gives us ; and one forgets every melancholy thought, and is ready to jump out of one's very skin for gladness. If his notes didn't find some notes in our hearts that answered 'em, 'twould be quite another guess thing ; and so it is with Mr. O'Blarney—he awakens up the sleeping thoughts, but, och ! Jim, he only awakens to intoxicate 'em, and uses the gift of God, big and burning words, to scorch those

he plays 'em off on. I don't like to say I detest him, Jim, because it's a hard word to come from a woman's lips; but when I think of the good he might do, and the harm he does, sure I think he's for all the world like a comet, bright and flaming, that all gaze on, but that all dread to come too near."

"Who ever lived, Grace a-vourneen, so mane and chicken-hearted, as not to feel his spirit rise at the fine word 'Liberty,' and his cheek grow red with shame at the word 'Slave?' These are the words with which O'Blarney can madden us, for our hearts understand 'em, though our heads do not; and often's the time that my poor head is all in a cumfluster, when I can't tell what I mane or what I wish, except that I would die for liberty, and kill him who would enslave me. There's two kind of senses—the sense of the head, which is all for money and prudence, and the sense of the heart,

which is all for liberty and love. They never are good friends together, and troth, I believe few Irishmen have much share of the first, though they have so much of the second. People say of a man he has a sensible head, but they never say he has a sensible heart."

"And how could they, Jim dear?" said Grace, "seeing as how if the heart was sensible, it would not act so as to vex itself, and you must allow that those who follow what they call liberty, generally soon take leave of love. Liberty, according to my notion, Jim, is something so fine, so pure, and holy, that it couldn't burn in a heart without making it better; and all the sins and crimes that are committed in its name, only prove to me that they who commit 'em are guilty of two great crimes, those of falseness, and throwing a bad repute on what ought to be free from stain. I can fancy dying, or slaying in the field of bat-

tle, felling, or falling with a thousand wounds, to preserve one's country, one's family, or one's honour; but to commit murders on poor wretches who cannot defend themselves, to burn, to destroy, and say that such base crimes are in the cause of liberty—och! Jim, it's a sin and a shame, and he who rouses you with the name, leaves you to worship a blood-stained shadow, instead of teaching you to adore the purest of all feelings, and one that never can make her dwelling but in noble hearts that turn from cruelty and crime. He leads ye with the name, but leaves ye in ignorance of the substance.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“ It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous thing to astonish them ; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.”

ON arriving in Dublin, Mr. Desmond waited on the Secretary, and met the ready attention which his own high character so well deserved. He found Mr. Manly the enlightened and intelligent gentleman he had been led to expect, deeply impressed with the alarming state of the country, and truly anxious to tranquillize it by every means in his power. While doing justice to the statesmanlike views of the Secretary, and

the unbending honesty with which he pursued the line marked out by duty, though thereby exposing himself to the unjust odium of popular clamour, — heaped on him by those who could not, or would not, render justice to the purity of his motives, or the firmness and ability with which he resisted intimidation, — Mr. Desmond was forced to admit that it was peculiarly unfortunate, that, at such a crisis, the person placed in so arduous a situation united not a more conciliatory *manner* to the various solid and excellent qualities that adorned him.

The coldness and hauteur of Mr. Manly's manner, lent a sternness and severity to observations which, if made in a more good-natured tone, might have had a less repulsive effect on his hearers. *C'est l'air qui fait le chanson*, is an old phrase that one was perpetually reminded of when listening to him, for the *matter* of his observations on Ireland

had nothing harsh or unkind ; on the contrary, it was dispassionate and full of forbearance ; but the *manner* was cold and repulsive.

Mr. Desmond had mixed too much with the world, not to make ample allowance for the *fiercé* of a naturally proud and noble mind, at finding itself for the first time opposed to elements so jarring and uncongenial as those which constituted the minds of the greater part of the persons with whom Mr. Manly was brought in contact in Ireland. The habits of strict veracity, so indispensable in the character of a gentleman in England, peculiarly unfit him for looking with a lenient eye on the habitual disregard to truth that candour compels us to own is one of the characteristic and besetting sins of Ireland : hence a constitutional coldness and hauteur on the part of the high-born Secretary, had been increased by his continually witnessing the misrepresen-

tations, wilful or unintentional, of those who approached him ; but it soon wore off when he found himself with persons on whose assertions he could place faith.

From the Castle, Mr. Desmond proceeded to the Lodge at the Phoenix Park, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, where he received a most kind and cordial reception from the Viceroy. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have found a nobleman in England more calculated to fill with distinction the high situation to which he was appointed in Ireland, than the Marquis of Mona. Brave to a proverb; frank, generous, and unsuspecting, he was the very *beau ideal* of chivalry. To the gallant bearing of a soldier he united the *fierté* of aristocracy, softened down by high breeding and grace of manner, as peculiar as it was captivating. Mr. Desmond had long known and learned to estimate his

noble qualities, and, as was the case with all who approached the Viceroy, the frankness of his demeanour, gained on the confidence of the fine old man, who listened with pleased attention to the animated and feeling representations of the Marquis ; all of which only served to convince him more strongly of that which he had never allowed his mind to doubt—the warm and deep interest the Lord Lieutenant entertained for the country he governed.

A greater proof of the wish of the English Government to conciliate Ireland, could hardly be given than in selecting as her Viceroy a nobleman so calculated to charm the sympathies of the people. In this spirit was he received, and wherever he publicly appeared, his presence was hailed with an universal enthusiasm, until defamation propagated a thousand slanders, which every action of his, if properly viewed, must have refuted, but which it was too much the interest of the propagators

to keep alive; so that he who was formed to be the idol of the enthusiastic, warm-hearted, and generous nation he was sent to rule, was held up to them as the betrayer of their interests—one whom they were neither to trust nor to love.

When Mr. Desmond was made acquainted with the multiplied and conflicting reports of the state of the country sent up to the Castle, he no longer marvelled at the impossibility of the Irish Government being able to arrive at just conclusions, and, consequently, to apply remedies. The statements sent from his own county alone were so various and contradictory, that on perusing them, he almost doubted the evidence of his senses.

Each reporter viewed, or at least represented, the state of affairs through the medium of his own political feelings and prejudices. An ultra Tory Lord wrote that the country was in open rebellion. Anarchy and confusion reigned around; the Church

was in danger; and the Protestant ascendancy tottering. All this (as was more than insinuated by the writer) proceeded from the impolitic measure of granting the Catholics emancipation, and not compelling the strong body of the people of Ireland to bow to the supremacy of the *weak*. The Irish Government were reproached indirectly with their ill-judged lenity, and an air of triumphant self-complacency at the shrewdness and superior judgment of the writer, pervaded what was meant to be a true and impartial statement of evils, the source of which he was more anxious to attribute to the Government than to remedy. Party feeling, narrow prejudices, and illiberal sentiments, marked every line of the Orange Lord's sapient epistle; all that he reported seemed tinged with the atrabilarious hue of his own politics; and Mr. Desmond finished its perusal with disgust, to look over the report of a *liberal* county member.

Here again disappointment awaited him. Instead of a simple statement of *facts*, he found a recapitulation of *motives*, all coloured with the glowing tints of the writer's imagination, and evidently painted with a view to produce a scenic effect at some future election. The *tyranny* of Protestants who, forsooth, had the audacity to protect their rights and properties, was dwelt on with unmitigated censure; and Mr. Desmond, on perusing the inflated detail, seriously wished that an attentive study of "Crabbe's Synonymes" might be recommended to the Irish gentlemen to be laid on their tables, with "Burn's Justice's Guide," as some restraint on their powers of hyperbole.

The statement of the liberal was laid by, with opinions similar to those which had been excited by the perusal of the ultra Tory's report; and Mr. Desmond felt a sentiment of increased admiration mingle with the respect due to those

distinguished members of the English aristocracy, who could consent to leave their happy and civilized country, their tranquil homes, and agreeable habits of life and society, to accept the office of viceroy in a semi-barbarous kingdom, torn by factions, where the wisdom of the serpent, the courage of the lion, and the peacefulness of the dove, would be powerless when opposed to people determined to ruin their country for the mere gratification of wreaking a mutual and individual vengeance.

Mr. Desmond failed not to impress on the Lord Lieutenant's mind, that the statements he had read were founded in error, and that the mass of the people were but as tools in the hands of those who wielded them for their own selfish and interested purposes. "Deprive such hands of power, my Lord," said he, "and their weapons become useless; but if, as hitherto, the people are punished for the crimes

of those who lead them into danger, and then evade responsibility, little progress is made in staying the evil that has been undermining Ireland for years. As well might the combustible materials that spread conflagration be considered the *cause* of the flames, instead of the incendiary who applied the torch to them, as the misguided, impetuous, warm-hearted peasantry be condemned for the excesses to which they have been led by the artful and designing men who make a merchandize of the very qualities that are but the exuberance of a too rich soil, and traffic with the excited passions of those ductile people. The more I love my country, my Lord, and pity its deluded peasantry, the more I loathe those who lead them like victims to the sacrifice.”

CHAPTER XV.

“ If those alone who ‘ sowed the wind did reap the whirlwind,’ it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculations of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and the unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp.”

MR. DESMOND found the Lord Lieutenant and Secretary so disposed to try every effort of conciliation before they called in the strong arm of power, that he thought it his duty to impress on them the utter hopelessness of such measures.

“The country is now, my lord, in that state,” said he, “that the people must be taught to *fear* the laws before they can respect them; and, unhappily, conciliation in the present moment would be more likely to be viewed as a proof of the *weakness* than of the *kindness* of the Government. There is no protection for person or for property. Who can count for twenty-four hours on a people whom an inflated speech from an agitator may send forth to use physically the firebrands he has been morally scattering abroad? Is it to be borne with, that any man is to be allowed the volcanic power of rocking a whole kingdom to its centre, whenever he chooses to send forth his mandates? No, my lord; were an individual to be found who could use such power wisely and moderately, never wielding it but for the benefit of his countrymen, even then, it would be dangerous and unwise to permit his retention

of it. Such precedents are full of danger ; they offer an opportunity to every political adventurer to elevate himself on the ruins of his country. Tranquillize Ireland, what becomes of its agitators ? They know that they must sink into comparative insignificance ; and rather would they make a funeral pile of the kingdom, and consume themselves on it, than willingly abandon “ the fearful and dizzy height ” to which they have elevated themselves at the expense of their country. The people are proud of the Colossus they have reared ; they admire their own strength, as displayed in supporting this proof of its unhealthy exuberance, but the moment that strength is directed to useful and profitable purposes, they will see their past delusion, and abandon their errors.”

Mr. Desmond was invited to dine at the Phoenix Park, and while partaking the hospitality of the Viceroy, was pleased to see

assembled round his splendid board all the rank and talent that Dublin could boast. The polished urbanity of the noble host, the amiable politeness of his high-born and high-bred wife, and the interesting group of young people around them, whose attentions to their father's guests were as delicate as they were judicious, were highly gratifying to a mind like Mr. Desmond's, who felt that all he saw was indicative of the cordial good will, and spirit of conciliation, which had marked the conduct of the gallant and generous Viceroy from the moment of his touching Irish ground; and he mentally execrated the pernicious counsels that would pervert the people, or induce them to wish to dissolve the bond of union that linked them to a country which could send such examples of all that was most excellent amongst them.

Before leaving the Lodge, Mr. Desmond could

not refrain from expressing the pleasure he should feel, if the Marquis and Marchioness of Mona made a tour through the South of Ireland, and honoured Springmount with their presence.

While acknowledging the hospitality and politeness of the invitation, the gallant Marquis declined it, and Mr. Desmond felt that delicacy and tact dictated the refusal. Had the Viceroy undertaken a tour, it must have been made with something of “the pomp and circumstance” of regal splendour. All the great houses passed by without a visit, even though a visit was unsought, would become focuses of discontent, around which the satellites of each would rally; and to prevent this, the Lord Lieutenant declined many an invitation where his presence could not have failed to excite affection and good-will.

Unhappy is the country whose ruler is

forced to such self-denial, and unhappy the people who are deprived of ocular demonstration of the qualities of him to whom their destinies are confided, and whom they only know through the medium of misrepresentation !

Mr. Desmond left Dublin next day, being most anxious to join his family, and feeling that the present was not a time to leave them to the tender mercies of the misguided peasantry in the country. He travelled rapidly, and observed with inquietude the groups of idle gloomy-looking persons that were loitering around the inns in all the towns where he changed horses, and who examined him with curious eyes, as if they expected some exciting intelligence.

On drawing nearer home, he was surprised to find that he was no longer welcomed by the animated salutations, and reiterated professions of affection, with which the people

had been wont to receive him. His carriage being recognized, a respectful, but cold uncovering of the head, was the only notice given to him.

“ Poor unhappy people !” thought Mr. Desmond, “ it is thus you always repay those who are your best, your truest friends. When will you learn to distinguish between the egotistical political speculators who use you as their tools, and those who would honestly and honourably serve you ? You murdered a Mountjoy, a kind, a noble, and true friend ; and you insulted and would have destroyed a Grattan, whose genius, whose patriotism, threw a halo over his country.”

The recollection of the two persons whose memories he had invoked, brought sadness to the heart of Mr. Desmond. The Lord Mountjoy had been the friend of his early youth, and was the model on which he had formed him-

self. The chivalrous sense of honour, the love of literature and of the fine arts, and above all, the devotion to his country, which distinguished that amiable and beloved nobleman, had endeared him to all who knew him; but by Mr. Desmond,—who had been the companion of his travels in Italy, and who, though many years his junior, had learned to appreciate his noble qualities,—he had ever been revered as a bright example of virtue, whose tragic death, met at the hands of those whose interests his life had been spent in upholding, was never remembered but with sorrow and with bitterness. Grattan, great, good, and glorious Grattan, whose genius was only equalled by his honesty, whose long and honourable life was passed in advocating the cause of freedom, but who, while worshipping the pure flame of liberty, turned with honest disgust from the destroying fire of licence.

“ And can it be,” thought Mr. Desmond, “ that this fickle, this ungrateful people, can forget the pure idol they worshipped, to set up in its stead the man of law, who can calculate how far democracy can safely go, and where ends the line of demarcation between agitation and treason ?”

Such thoughts were indeed bitter. Mr. Desmond dwelt on the hopes of his youth, when he had looked forward to seeing his country emerge from the dark cloud that overshadowed it, and, emulating England, make rapid strides to civilization. How had those hopes been frustrated !—Whig and Tory Governments had alternately applied themselves to redressing the evils under which she groaned for centuries, but had applied themselves in vain ; and now, after yielding emancipation, which had been considered as the panacea that was to heal every disease, and all parties concluded that

tranquillity would be established, a new *ignis fatuus* sprang up to mislead this reckless people, and conduct them to the very verge of utter ruin. Thus, in his declining life, Mr. Desmond endured that bitter infliction for a patriotic spirit ;—the misery of witnessing the civilization and happiness of his unfortunate country retrograding much more rapidly than he had ever seen them advance.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ Adieu for him

The dull engagements of the bustling world !
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise,
And hope, and action ! for with her alone,
By streams and shades to steal these sighing hours
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !”

WHEN Colonel Forrester returned to Waterford, he found that the few days which had elapsed during his absence, had been marked by fresh riots, tumultuous meetings, and resistance to the laws. On sending his resignation to the War Office, he regretted the being obliged to withdraw his services at a crisis.

which threatened to require them. But his promise was pledged, and he felt that under the circumstances of his present engagement, his first duty was to attend to the happiness of his future wife and that of her parents, which happiness, he was decidedly of opinion, could only be secured by their fixing their residence in England.

His brother officers heard that they were to lose Colonel Forrester with deep regret, for he was as universally as he was deservedly beloved and respected in his regiment. The few days that must pass ere he could receive the acceptance of his resignation, he determined to remain at head quarters; but he daily dispatched a servant with letters to Springmount, and thence, in return, received tidings fraught with affection.

An authority, whom to doubt would be profanation, has said that “the course of true

love never did run smooth ;” and, according to all received usage, we have committed an unusual solecism in allowing our hero and heroine to meet, love, and become affianced lovers, without any of the usual obstacles that intervene on such occasions. Yet, they loved not the less ardently because no such obstacles had occurred ; and had the father of the heroine been a domestic tyrant, who refused to listen to the pleadings of affection, and forbade the lover the sight of his daughter, they could not be more anxious or impatient to meet again.

“ What !” exclaims one of my female readers, “ when there was neither risk nor difficulty in the meeting ? no mother to be deceived, and no father to be outwitted ?”

It is even so, kind and gentle reader, but then, remember, that Frances Desmond resembled in nought, save in beauty, a heroine of romance, according to the received notions

of such a personage ; and that her lover as little resembled a hero, except in being handsome, brave, and in love. Nay we must add, that the certainty that Colonel Forrester's presence would be hailed with delight by her parents, increased the pleasure and impatience with which Frances looked forward to his arrival ; and after this confession, she must forfeit all claims to the distinction of a heroine.

The attachment between Frances and her parents seemed to have become more tender since she had been affianced to Colonel Forrester. It was as though she was desirous of proving to them that the new sentiment she experienced, a sentiment considered to supersede and engross all others, had not diminished her affection for them, while they felt all the bonds of love drawn still more closely, as they contemplated the possibility and probability of a separation from their child.

They had always wished to make her residence with them a condition of her marriage; but delicacy, and a fear of being thought to dictate to a son-in-law whose inferior fortune rendered the marriage in some degree unequal, restrained them from expressing their wishes, and Frances having never for a moment contemplated the possibility of leaving her father and mother, the subject was un-named, though it occupied all the thoughts of the doting parents, and filled their eyes with tears whenever they dwelt on their child, and thought of her being taken from them.

This was the only alloy to their happiness, the only drop of bitterness in their cup. But so it is ever, even with the happiest—some care or fear will always arise to throw a cloud over what otherwise might be too bright for our imperfect natures.

To a practical knowledge of the world, that is in no school more readily acquired than in

the army, Colonel Forrester united an affectionate disposition, and deep tenderness of nature, which that school too often tends to blunt. Left an orphan at an early age, the sole protector of a lovely young sister, he had assiduously supplied the place of the parents they had lost, until he had the happiness of bestowing her hand, where she had already given her heart, on a young nobleman of amiable disposition, cultivated mind, and large fortune. His attachment to his sister had prepared his heart for the passionate one that now engrossed it, and fond anticipations of the friendship he hoped to cement between his future wife and that dear sister, were mingled in all his aspirations of the future.

“ Frances is precisely the person formed to be chosen as the friend of my dear sister,” said Colonel Forrester often to himself; “ and Louisa is sure to be loved, as soon as she is known.”

Every man who has a favourite sister, and

is in love, has entertained a similar thought ; but how few have realized the agreeable visions they have indulged ! Sisters-in-law are apt to view each other, not through the flattering optics of the husband and brother, but through the microscopic ones of female rivalry ; and, being thrown more frequently into close contact with each other than with other female friends, defects are discovered that might have escaped detection in less near connexions. A sister has been accustomed to be the first person in a brother's estimation, and even a good one will feel something more of the woman than of the sister rising in her breast, when she is told by her brother, what brothers are too apt to tell, that her new relative is " the loveliest, wisest, virtuousest, best," of all her sex, without the enraptured panegyrist having the fraternal grace to make even one solitary exception for the hitherto idolized sister.

Colonel Forrester, however, knew his sister

well ; and therefore could without danger of disappointment, reckon on the affection which an acquaintance between her and his future wife could not fail to produce ; and in this conviction, felt the strongest impatience to make them mutually known.

In writing to acquaint Lady Oriel of his approaching marriage, he gave so graphic a portrait of his betrothed, that she learned to love, even without having seen, her future sister ; and knowing the acute judgment of her brother, which not even love could have blinded, she felt persuaded that the picture was not too flattering.

In his letters to Lady Oriel he poured forth his whole soul, as she had often done to him, when dwelling on her wedded happiness, and he wrote,

“ To love thou blam’st me not, for love thou sayes
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide.”

Family affections are our consolations for the

coldness and indifference of the world ; and the tie that unites a brother and sister, formed in infancy and strengthened in youth, becomes indissoluble in maturity. No friendship formed in after-age can have the same charm. This is identified with our happiest days, has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until it has become a part of our very being.

“ Like twining streams both from one fountain fell,
And as they ran still mingled smiles and tears.”

The difference of sex, in this relation, adds to the strength of the affection. As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies, that, alas for poor human nature ! are but too apt to spring up in female

hearts, can arise between brother and sister ; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from all the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.

Colonel Forrester almost doubted the reality of the happiness prepared for him. It seemed too great, too perfect, to last. The letters of Frances breathed affection, pure and spotless as herself ; her dear father and mother were continually referred to in them as being as impatient as herself for his return, and sentiments of pious gratitude mingled in every expression of chastened, maidenly tenderness, that escaped from her pen.

“ I shall love Springmount more than ever, now that I know you, dearest, are to pass your

life here with me," wrote Frances Desmond. "My father and mother are planning a thousand improvements and embellishments, to be carried on under your inspection. You are uppermost in every project for the future, and occupy us all so continually, that our love for you seems a new bond of union between us, and we wonder how we were happy before we knew you. But no, we were not happy, we were only content, and a few weeks have proved to us how vast is the distance between happiness and content. How delightful it is to hear my father and mother always talking of you! but you have no one to speak to you of your Frances."

CHAPTER XVII.

“ Nous qui sommes bornées en tout, comment le sommes nous si peu quand il s’agit de souffrir.”

GRACE CASSIDY was sitting by the expiring embers of her fire on a Sunday night, filled with melancholy reflections, called up by recollections of the past and dread of the future, excited by her weak-minded husband’s perseverance in following the dictates of the agitators, when Larry M’Swigger entered her cottage.

“ I ’m just come to ax you if you can let me have a bed this blessed night, Mistress

Cassidy?" said Larry. "Indeed and troth I wouldn't be for throubling you, but that the Cat and Bagpipes, where I had engaged a bed, is no fit place for a quiet man,—such goings on! such rhaumish and disputing! such knocking the tables with their fists! such flourishing of shillelahs, singing, crying, and cursing!—that I wouldn't stay there, and stole away to come and ax you to let me have a place to lie down."

Grace consented to arrange a bed for Larry, because she felt that she could not, without an appearance of inhospitality unknown amongst the Irish of her class, refuse him; but the duties of hospitality were never so unwillingly performed by her as at this moment, as Larry would now be made a witness of her husband's late hours, for which she could offer no excuse; and with the sensitiveness of womanly love she shrank from having his errors exposed.

“ Sure, these are quare times, Mistress Cassidy,” said Larry, “ to see the grand gentlemen of the country hardly so much as mentioned, and all the tag, rag, and bobtail, set up as laiders. Faith, it reminds me of a pot of broth, where all the scum floats up to the top ; and be my soul, Mistress Cassidy, like the broth, the scum must be taken off, before it ’s fit for using. Well, there was Jack Donovan came into the Cat and Bagpipes with his arm broke, and one of his legs dislocated, in a fight with one of the policemen, whom he left stretched for dead on the road ; and when he came into the tap-room and showed how kilt he was, didn’t your husband, Jim Cassidy, slap him on the back, and say he was gloriously maimed and illustriously mutilated ? upon which all of ’em began screeching and shouting out for Jim and for Jack Donovan. Faith, myself slipped off and came here, to be

out of harm's way ; for if the police goes to take up Jack Donovan, there 'll be bad work at the Cat and Bagpipes, for all the boys are determined to stand by him.

“ They had a newspaper there, and were reading all the speeches of the Irish mimbers. Faith, I couldn't make head or tail of 'em, there was such hard words ; only one thing I minded, which was that when any of the Repealers made a speech, the English mimbers began to laugh, which was not mannerly ; though for the matter of that, maybe they couldn't help it, for sure it 's hard not to laugh at a joke, and many 's the joke our mimbers will pass on 'em before they 've done with 'em.

“ Well, then, when they laughed, one of the Repealers up and tould 'em plain enough,— ‘ Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘ ye may laugh, but the laugh will be echoed by many a weep and wail from Ireland.’ Faith, this reminded me of the

echo, that when you cried out, ‘How do you do?’ answered, ‘Very well thank you.’ Well, Mistress Cassidy, sure we ought to be thankful for such mild weather here anyway, when one sees in the newspapers that the mimbbers couldn’t be heard for coughing in the parliament. Faith, I never heard the English were so subject to coulds till lately.”

Poor Grace had scarcely heard the observations of Larry M’Swigger, from the moment that he told her of her husband’s ill-judged compliments to Jack Donovan. At one instant she was tempted to go to the Cat and Bagpipes in search of him, but the next she felt ashamed to present herself before such an assemblage of riotous and intoxicated men; she feared also that Jim might be offended at her going, and resent it before his companions.

She repeatedly got up and went to the door, to see if her husband was approaching, but he

did not appear ; and she stood leaning on the door-post, dreading to enter the kitchen again, where Larry would be sure to assail her with a never-ending history, to which the present state of her nerves rendered her little disposed to listen.

It was a clear, moonlight night, and every object was silvered over by the bright luminary. The stillness that reigned around, contrasted fearfully with the disturbed feelings of Grace ; and she turned from a view that had often delighted her, because its very calm was at the present moment a mockery to the agitation and fear that filled her breast.

How often had she stood with Jim on the same spot on such a night, both of them charmed with all that now lay spread before her, and wondering if the moon was equally brilliant in other places ! And well did she remember Jim's saying, " Sure, if it is equally bright in

other places, where could it find such a clear, beautiful looking-glass, to see its fair face in, as in our own broad river? or such fine mountains to pass over, and such woods to be shining on, as here? And sure, Grace asthore, every fair face likes to see itself. Didn't I catch your own dear self looking on the can of water one day when you first wore the pink ribbon I brought you from the fair of Carrick?"

What woman forgets a compliment from the man she loves? The simple one of Jim, recalled to her recollection by the beautiful scene around, brought before her the fatal change in him.

"Ah! he loved me then," thought Grace, "and saw beauty in my face! Little he thinks of it now, for tears have withered it, and smiles are strangers to my mouth, that used to be so full of 'em. There is that same bright and beautiful moon, shining on the same moun-

tains, rivers, and trees—everything is just the same as when I was so happy. Sure, I think I'd bear the change in him better, if all around me was changed too. But no; that beautiful moon will shine just as brightly when I'm in my grave and all my troubles are over; and everything will look just the same, though my eyes, that used to be so fond of looking on them, will see them no more. Well, I hope I may be buried by the side of Jim, in the sunny corner of the churchyard, for I'd like to have the sun shining on our graves, and the beautiful moon looking down on 'em, even though we couldn't see 'em."

The thought of death calmed the feelings of Grace. She entered, and found Larry M'Swigger asleep, with his head resting on the table. She retired to her room, and on her knees offered up her prayers to the throne of mercy, that her husband might be pardoned and pro-

tected, and that grace might be accorded her to turn him from the evil course he was pursuing. She arose from her supplications calm and reassured ; and reclined in a chair to wait the return of her husband.

There is a sublimity in prayer that elevates even the most ordinary minds ; for who ever lifted up his soul to the Divinity without feeling emotions to which language is inadequate to give expression ? The lips may breathe prayers, though they only faintly convey what is felt ; but the heart sends forth aspirations more fervent than speech ever framed. It is at such moments that all which is pure and fine in our natures is most developed. Nought is so purifying as prayer ; for evil passions must be at rest, ere the soul can raise itself up to the contemplation of the Almighty, and we must have pardoned ere we can pray for pardon.

Jim returned not to his home until the

morning had dawned. His flushed cheek and blood-shot eyes betrayed that, though he had abstained from intoxicating draughts, in compliance with his oath, he had not refrained from the equally pernicious intoxication of agitation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes.”

GRACE dared not trust herself with a remonstrance to Jim, until sleep had calmed the feverish excitement under which he evidently laboured. Hitherto, no word of anger or bitterness had passed between them, because Grace had forborne to urge his impatient temper ; and she dreaded to expose herself to some ebullition of anger, in which recrimination might break down the barriers of for-

bearance, that still supplied the place of love on the part of her husband. While he dropped into the heavy slumber that follows powerful excitement, she saw the morning sun break into the chamber.

“This,” thought she, “used to be his usual hour of going to his work. How have I stood at the door to look after him, as his feet brushed the dew from the grass, and the birds were singing from every branch! I thought how many hours must pass before he returned to me again, and I was sorrowful; but when he got to the last bend of the field, and turned round to see if I was looking at him, and waved his hat to me so cheerfully, my spirits came back, and I used to think of preparing for his return something nice for his supper. When I rubbed all the furniture, and made it shine so bright, and stuck fresh holly on the dresser, among the pewter plates

that shone like silver, and looked round and saw everything so neat and tidy that a king might sit down in the kitchen; I used to be so proud and happy, thinking how he would enjoy it all when he came home — and he used to enjoy it, and praise everything I did, and call me his own dear good Grace, but now—”

Her eyes fell on the contracted brow of the sleeper—his flushed cheek, and clenched teeth, bore evidence that, though the body reposed, the mind was still active; and “slaves and tyrants” were indistinctly murmured from his lips, as with a menacing gesture of the hand he muttered the words that had taken such a hold of his heated imagination. Bitter feelings arose in the breast of poor Grace, and she thanked God that she had still charity enough left, not to curse the wily agitators who had led her once excellent husband to this altered state, and blighted all her happiness.

“ It’s no use thinking and fretting,” said Grace ; “ here is another day lost from his work ; sure, I must try and make up for it, by doing as much as I can.”

And with this wise resolution, a resolution we would recommend to every wife in similar circumstances, she made her simple but neat toilette, cleaned her house, and performed all her domestic duties before Larry M’Swigger had risen from the comfortable bed which she had assigned to him.

“ Why then, faith, Mistress Cassidy, it’s yourself that’s the stirring active woman any way, to be up so early after being up so late, as a body might say. Sure, you’re just as nate and tidy as if you were in your bed from nine till six, instead of, as I suspect, not having slept at all ; for I heard you sighing whenever I woke in the night, which I did mighty often, bekase the bed was so elegant

that I, who haven't been used to such a one for a long while, found that it disturbed me; besides which, I couldn't sleep for dreaming. Faith, I dreamt enough to fill a book, and such quare things! I hope they won't come throe, though I'm afeard they will, for I dreamt 'em chiefly towards the morning, and the morning dreams mostly comes throe,—worse luck for me this time if they do. I used to hate getting up early when I was young; faith, for the matther of that, I don't much like it now; but I always remimbered that if I stayed sleeping in my bed in the morning, and had bad dreams, they'd come throe; so that, made me jump up; and I'm tould by those that know all about it, that the dreams of the night never comes to pass,—I suppose it's chiefly bekase people can't remember 'em so well."

Grace, "on hospitable thoughts intent,"

spread a clean white cloth on the deal table, placed a large loaf of home-baked brown bread on it, with a plate of nicely-scooped crock-butter, and two piggins of skimmed milk ; and invited Larry M'Swigger with a hearty welcome to partake her humble repast : an invitation which he thankfully accepted, observing, " that a good hand she was, to give a decent comfortable *brekus*, (Irish for breakfast,) with lashings of every thing ; and her mother, rest her soul ! was the same before her."

They had only finished their repast, when Peggy Halloran, a neighbour, came in ; and, big with news which she was most anxious to communicate, began, after the usual morning salutation of — " God save ye this fine morning !" with " Have ye heard the news ?"

Being answered in the negative, she continued — " Well, then, it's great news, surprising news, and terrible news for some

people I 'm thinking ;” stealing a look at the blanched cheek of Grace, who latterly had associated news, and trouble to Jim, together in her mind. “ Well, sure there was one of them police kilt last night by one of the boys, and sure enough he 's dead downright, and they 've sint to the justices, and sint off for the soldiers, and every mother's soul in Cologan that was out of their houses last night, will be taken up and hung for the murdher. Sure, what 's the matther with you, Mistress Cassidy ? you look as pale as death ; I hope none of your friends had a hand in this job. My honest man never stirred out of the house last night ; — faith, I took care he shouldn't, for I put a jar of potheen that I got from the mountains before him, and says I, ‘ There 's better whisky than ever you 'll get at the Cat and Bagpipes, where they 'd make you pay double the money for it ; so smoke your pipe, and take your

dhrop dacently at home.' He was mighty unwilling at first to stay, but whin once he began to taste the dhrop, he hadn't the heart to lave it, and niver quitted it till he fell off the chair; and the childer and I pulled him to the bed, and he awoke as fresh as a daisy this morning, only a little bothered in the head; and glad enough he is that he wasn't at the Cat and Bagpipes, where he surely would have been, only I had the dhrop at home for him."

Grace sat stupified, listening to this harangue, and Peggy Halloran continued—"I hope you'll excuse my freedom, Mistress Cassidy, but I think it's a great pity you made Jim swear against the dhrop; sure, all the neighbours say, he never was the same man since. Had you let him alone, and always kept a jar of potheen in the house, he'd have stayed quietly with you, and been dhrunk in an hour, and then you'd have had a quiet night's rest,

and an aisy mind, instead of having him out all night with them boys. And sure the worst of it is, that now as he 's known not to take the dhrop, he 'll come off worse bekase people can't say he stayed out all night for the dhrink, or that he was in liquor when he did this, that, or t'other, for the liquor is always an excuse for everything."

The comment on the interpretation that would be put on Jim's sobriety, struck Grace with terror. "What indeed," she thought, "could be said for his staying out all night, when it was proved he did not drink? And I it was that kept him from drink, and have only saved him from the evils of intoxication, to see him fall into greater, more appalling danger!"

To reason with Peggy Halloran on their different views of the duty of a wife, Grace felt would be as useless, as it would be

fatiguing to her present exhausted frame and spirits. She knew that Peggy only spoke the sentiments of the generality of her female neighbours, who, looking on intoxication as a habit as necessary and natural to their husbands as their pipes and tobacco, only calculated on the means of procuring them this indulgence at the least possible expense. What a state of morals! and these dissolute beings are the supporters of the Repealers!

Larry M'Swigger marked the paleness of Grace's cheek; he knew the sleepless night she had passed, and he felt irritated against Peggy Halloran for the unfeeling personality of her remarks. "Sure, Mistress Halloran, if Jim Cassidy has been out," said Larry, "wasn't it to give good advice, and, being the only sober man amongst them dhrunken boys, to keep 'em out of harm's way? He had no more to say to killing the policeman

than I had, of which I can make my Bible oath any way, and prove a yellow boy (an alibi) for him, so never be unaisy, Mistress Cassidy my jewel, for you'll see there'll be no danger in life."

He gave a triumphant look at Peggy Hal-loran, who felt its force, for she replied that, "Sure, she'd be sorry enough that Jim Cas-sidy got into throuble, though she must say he never was the same man since he left off the dhrink."

Several other of her neighbours having come in, announced to Grace, that the police were in search of Jack Donovan, who had fled, and that the man he wounded in the scuffle, the night before, was dead. They added the consolatory intelligence, that as Jack Donovan had confess-ed the crime in the presence of so many wit-nesses at the Cat and Bagpipes, no one else could be suspected of it; but that most proba-

bly, all the persons present at his acknowledgement of the murder, would be summoned to give evidence of his words.

This was a great relief to Grace's fears, though she still looked forward with dread to the effect a summons might produce on the excited feelings of Jim, whose imprudence made her apprehensive that, on his examination, he might compromise his own safety, by giving utterance to the seditious language he had lately adopted from the Repealers.

She awoke him, and communicated the death of the policeman, and its possible results, expecting that some sentiment of pity or regret might escape his lips, which would have given her an opportunity of impressing on his mind the fatal consequences likely to ensue from the conflicts between the peasantry and police, which his inflated language was calculated to encourage; and, as hitherto Jim had been as

remarkable for humanity as for high courage, two qualities that ought to be inseparable, she fully expected that he would feel shocked at the murder of the unfortunate man, who,

“ Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
No reckoning made, was sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head :”

but no, Jim's first expression was, “ So perish all our enemies ! Jack Donovan has set a grand example by killing the first.”

“ Oh ! hold your tongue, Jim, for mercy's sake !” said Grace, “ for my sake ! Do you want to be taken up ? to be dragged to a prison ?—Jim, Jim, you'll break my heart.”

“ Grace, you are not fit to be the wife of a Patriot, or a Repealer,” said Jim. “ Sure what's a few lives, in comparison with getting our Parliament back ? which we'll be sure to do, if we do all the mischief we can.”

To reason with him at this moment, Grace felt, would be useless. She therefore merely urged him to put on his clothes, and go to his work as usual, as his absence from his ordinary occupation might create suspicions to his disadvantage. She had some difficulty in persuading the weak and wilful man even to this prudent measure, and he only yielded to her tears.

When he was gone, Grace determined on proceeding to Springmount, to entreat the protection of the dear, good master, in case any misfortune should happen to Jim. She found admittance to the beloved mistress and Miss Desmond, and told them the extent of her fears. They entered into her situation with kind interest, and promised to say all that could be said to Mr. Desmond, to palliate the infatuation of Jim.

“Och! dear ladies,” said Grace, “my poor

unfortunate husband is bewitched ; he sees nothing as it really is, and is no longer in his right mind. Beg of the masther to have pity on him, and not to let his own foolish words ruin him, for he is so lost to common sense, that he has no enemy who would say as ill of him as he says of himself since this terrible delusion has come over him.”

Mrs. Desmond and the amiable Frances sincerely pitied Grace, and dismissed her with promises of continued protection to her misguided husband, in spite of his folly and infatuation.

On returning to her home, Grace met various bodies of the police on the road, and shrank from encountering them, as if she felt they must be her enemies, from the opposition her husband was disposed to show them.

“ A short time ago,” thought she, “ and the sight of these men would have given me

confidence, instead of fear. I should have looked on them as the protectors of my husband and self; and so they would have been, had he continued to deserve it. But now he is their enemy, and they must be his, and oh! wo is me, where will all this end?"

CHAPTER XIX.

“ Oh ! who art thou who dar’st of love complain ?
He is a gentle spirit, and injures none !
His foes are ours ; from them the bitter pain,
The keen, deep anguish, the heart-rending groan,
Which in his milder reign are never known.
His tears are softer than the April showers ;
White-handed innocence supports his throne ;
His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,
Affection guides his steps, and peace protects his
bowers.”

THE letter from the War Office, accepting Colonel Forrester’s resignation, had no sooner arrived at Waterford, than he set out for Springmount, where his presence was hailed with joy.

Mr. Desmond had only returned from Dublin a few days before ; and the communications which the two friends had to make to each other on the state of the country, led both to the conclusion that though it would be much more agreeable to leave Ireland, and fix their residence in England, yet, as their presence and influence in the country might have some weight in subduing the spirit of insubordination which was so prevalent, they ought to sacrifice pleasure to duty, and they agreed that they would remain at Springmount for the present.

Mr. Desmond told Forrester that now his military ties were sundered, the sooner he submitted to his conjugal ones the better, and that he had given his lawyer instructions to put all *en regle*. —“ I have but my child and her happiness to consider,” said the affectionate father : “ all that I possess is to be hers some future day ; but, *en attendant*, it is necessary for the

happiness of us all, that you and Frances should feel yourselves perfectly independent. Therefore half my fortune shall forthwith become yours, and you will not, I am sure, be impatient for the possession of the other half."

Colonel Forrester felt that this was the moment to open his mind to his future father-in-law; and he told him that, knowing the love Frances felt for her parents, he hoped they could not suspect him of wishing to deprive either them or their child of the happiness of passing their lives together.

"You have overlooked," continued he, "the disparity of fortune between your daughter and myself. Can I do less than declare to you that I will never separate her from you? All future arrangements I leave entirely in your hands. Where you wish to live, there also will I live. In short, I trust, that if you have not obtained a wealthy son-in-law, you have

at least found a grateful and attached one, who, having lost his own parents, will most gladly transfer the affection and duty he owed them, to you and Mrs. Desmond."

This frank and affectionate avowal removed the only chagrin the excellent couple had felt at the thoughts of the marriage of their daughter; and all within the walls of Springmount was gaiety and happiness.

"How I long to make you acquainted with my dear sister!" said Colonel Forrester to Frances. "You are formed for each other. Lady Oriel is so unsophisticated, so loving, and so loveable, that it is impossible to know her without being attached to her; and yet, though you are her junior, you are more *posé*, more wise, than she is; for she has a morbid susceptibility, or sensibility, call it which you will, which has been fostered by a similar tendency in the feelings of her otherwise faultless

husband, that has sometimes alarmed me for her happiness."

"Surely," said Frances, "this similarity in their feelings must be conducive to their happiness, as it must produce a better understanding, and preclude the possibility of disagreement."

"I am not prepared to admit this reasoning," replied Colonel Forrester. "Though I maintain that a similarity of *tastes* is highly conducive to happiness, a too great assimilation of feelings is apt to mar it. Lord Oriel is too sensitive to speak his wishes, and thinks his wife ought to have an intuitive knowledge of them. Her extreme susceptibility enables her at a glance to perceive when anything has gone wrong, though she cannot always divine precisely its nature. Each is afraid of wounding the other; hence, one half their lives passes in refined and delicate misunderstandings, and

the other half in concealments, or *éclaircissements* of them. Less morbid feelings would avoid the first, and not be compelled to the other two. I see, dearest, that you smile, because, luckily, you have never been exposed to a contact with persons like Lord Oriel, who have a thousand virtues and only one fault. You have lived with those who have all the former without the latter, and I must take care that through me you extend not your knowledge on this point, and not let too much happiness render me too fastidious. You, dear Frances! must keep me in order, otherwise I shall be spoiled.”

The smile of affection with which the lovely girl extended her hand to her lover, gave little assurance of her compliance with his request of keeping him in order; and her gentleness afforded evidence that he would be compelled to hold the reins of domestic government, as she was formed to obey more than to dictate.

Every thing being now in progress for the marriage of Colonel Forrester and Miss Desmond, it became the general topic of conversation in the neighbourhood. The observations it excited, showed how strongly party feelings and prejudices influenced the opinions of all classes on the subject. The gentry expressed their surprise that Mr. Desmond should be compelled to give his heiress to a stranger,—an Englishman,—and of comparatively small fortune, when he might have chosen a more suitable husband for her in his own country. They dwelt on the annoyance of seeing so fine an estate pass into the hands of an utter stranger, and each had some hypercritical observations to make on the Colonel's reserved air, distant manner, and too dignified demeanour. In short, they were determined to find fault, and when this determination exists, it is not difficult to furnish it with food.

Among the lower classes the intended alli-

ance excited still stronger disapprobation; and as in no country do the lower orders claim or usurp to themselves a greater right of questioning the conduct and motives of their superiors, so in no country are they less capable of understanding either. The tap-room of the Cat and Bagpipes became the arena where these wordy plebeian gladiators were to attack the right of their excellent landlord to grant the hand of his daughter to him whom he considered the most worthy to possess it.

“Here ’s a purty business,” said Will Gavin, the smith; “the ould fool of a mas-ther giving his daughter, and, what ’s worse, the green acres, to the Sassenach! Sure, ’tis enough to provoke a saint if there was any saints; but they left the counthry when Castle-reagh, bad luck to him! carried away the Union.”

“ Arrah, whisht ! hould your tongue, Will,” said Tom Flaherty, the cow-doctor ; “ don’t be tauking of masthers. We’ve had enough of them any way ; and sure, as the Repalers tell us, we’re not to own to any masher any more but O’Blarney ; he that’s the pattern of boys, and fears nothing, except our letting the ould counthry go to sleep ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ if onct you let the kingdom be rocked to sleep in the cradle of quietness, and hushed with a lullaby of sweet promises, there’ll be an end of ye. England never remimbers ye’re alive unless whin ye’re mad. Show her ye’re alive and kicking too,’ says he, ‘ and ye’ll frighten her.’ ”

“ Ay,” says Will Gavin, “ strike the iron while it’s hot, and it will send out sparks to burn ’em ; but, as I was saying, couldn’t an Irishman be found in all the counthry for Miss Desmond, that she must be married to one of them English ? ”

“ Yes,” said another, “ and an officer too ; a dragoon ready to ride rough-shod over us at the word of command. Faith, it ’s too bad. I wonder what would the Repalers say to it ; for if they tell us to pay no tithes, what would they tell us about paying rint to a foreigner, who has no natural right to the soil, and who ’ll spend every guinea of it in England.”

“ Why, faith,” said Will Gavin, with a knowing smile, “ if we know well what we ’re about, and mind our hits, I don’t see why, when we ’re bringing back our Parliament to the ould counthry, we shouldn’t bring England, or the best of what ’s in it, at all events, over to keep it company. Sure it would be only fair play, for they ’ve had the best part of Ireland. Yet no, I won’t say the best ; I ’ll only say the richest part. For many a long day they ’ve had the potatos, and left us the skins ; the cream, and left us the skimmed

milk. But when our throe friend said the other day in the Parliament, that there was a hundred thousand Irish in London, which he surely tould 'em to frighten 'em out of their seven senses, this was a plain hint that not only could they bring back the Parliament, but the rich English too. Och! let *him* alone; he 's the boy for bothering 'em; and when they think they have him quiet, with some bone they 've thrown him to pick, faith it 's himself that turns round on 'em when they laist expect it, and makes a speech clear and clane in their teeth. Talk of the baist in the ould story-book, that when you cut off one head, another sprung up in its place, sure it 's a joke to O'Blarney; he has a fresh mouth to screech at 'em every time they stop the ould one, and finds a way to slip through every noose they make to catch him. Sure, them English are the biggest fools under the sun, for they 'd

believe anything ; and whin they make an engagement, faith, they 're for keeping it bad or good ; but we know a thrick worth two of that, and that 's what our Repalers will show 'em before they 're done with 'em, or my name is not Will Gavin."

"That 's neither here or there," replied Tom Flaherty ; "the point is how are we to hinder this Sassenach from carrying off Springmount?"

"Faith, it 's aisy enough," answered half-a-dozen at a time ; "knock the breath out of his body ; put out its light, and that 's the shortest way of settling it."

"Yes, but when would we be afther doing it?" asked one who had been a silent auditor. "Look what a hullabaloo they 're making for just only killing a policeman. What would they do if we kilt a gentleman and a Curnel into the bargain? Sure, they 'd have all them dragoons at our heels, killing one-half of us,

and frightening the other half out of their lives. It's better let the Curnel alone any way ; and sure I know a safer plan to keep him from taking away Springmount. Let us burn it."

" Well said, my boy," screamed half-a-dozen voices at a time. " Right for you. Sure, if it's burnt, he can only take away the ashes, and we won't begrudge him that."

The party was interrupted by the host of the Cat and Bagpipes, who declared that, " though sorely against his will, he must send 'em quite entirely out of the house, as the police would be coming round to look after them."

This produced some animated reflections and lamentations on the tyranny of forcing them to go home to their beds when only three parts intoxicated, and they agreed that it was a state of things not to be borne with.

Let not the English reader imagine that this

picture of the lower order of the Irish is overcharged ; and yet let him not conclude that no goodness is to be found beneath the mass of brutality, sharpness, and cunning, that envelopes them. Their virtues are the genuine production of their natures, stunted and perverted in their youth, and seldom called into action. But their vices are the offspring of circumstances, originating in misrule. They have become demoralized by real or imaginary aggravation, and are hurried against their supposed oppressors either to betray or to avenge. In the Irish character all the elements of good are to be found in abundance, but these are turned into instruments of destruction by the demagogues who know how to apply the spark to inflammable and evil passions. What the Irish peasantry now are, the newspapers teeming with the fearful catalogue of their crimes but too well tell us. What they

may become, will depend on freeing them from the pernicious influence of the moral incubus that now paralyses all their better feelings, and leaves them, like the infuriated bullocks driven on by the rebels in their battles in the rebellion,—that memorable rebellion, which ought to be at once the warning and fearful example of the ruinous effects of not checking in time the first symptoms of disaffection, and saving this generous but misguided people from the terrible consequences of their own excesses.

CHAPTER XX.

“ Some demagogues, like Catiline, can raise a storm, who cannot, like Cromwell, rule it; thus, the Gracchi wishing to make the Agrarian law the ladder of their ascent, found it the instrument of their fall; ‘*fracta compage ruebant.*’ ”

THE murder of the policeman seemed the signal for violence on all sides. The peasantry knew the vengeance it would call down on their heads, and the police felt there was no longer safety for them but in their numbers. The rubicon was passed, and blood had marked its passage; hence the two passions of fear and revenge but added to the

bad feelings of both parties, and rendered them reckless of consequences. When parties of the police encountered the peasantry on the roads, angry glances, threatening gestures, and mocking taunts were exchanged, and it was easy to foresee that the suppressed hatred on both sides would, like pent-in fires, soon burst forth, and make fearful havoc.

The anxiety and terror of Grace Cassidy having produced visible effects on her health, her husband was induced, by the feelings of love that still lingered in his heart for her, (but which had been quelled by the angry passions that had lately tyrannized over that once calm and happy heart,) to stay in his cottage at night, and to attend to his work by day. This prudence was a sacrifice offered up to affection, and he had not delicacy enough to conceal that it was a sacrifice. . Jim, in this

respect, resembled but too clearly his sex in general; even the most refined and polished of them seldom conceal any of the sacrifices they make, or what it costs to make them. This is reserved for women, and is one of the many proofs they give of their superiority in all matters of affection and delicacy.

Larry M'Swigger had continued at Cologan, to be ready in case his testimony might be necessary in any examination as to the confession of Jack Donovan; and Grace had invited him to sojourn at the cottage, thinking that his chat of an evening might amuse Jim, and console him for his absence from the Cat and Bagpipes.

Larry had been a traveller in his youth, had seen much, and had grafted on a naturally shrewd understanding various shreds and patches of knowledge, acquired both from what he had seen and heard, that, joined to his extreme ignorance, rendered his conversation very

amusing to the unfastidious tastes of his auditors.

Grace, her husband, and their guest, were enjoying their simple supper, when Jim burst forth with, "Well, Larry, what do you say now to what they 're doing in England, going to send over soldiers to kill us all clear and clane? Sure the King himself has threatened us, from his very sait of justice in the Parliament of Lords, and bawled out, they say, as loud as if he wished the echo of his voice would reach us over here; but little we'd mind it if it did. We're used to echoes and know they're made by emptiness; but didn't our friend in the Common Parliament soon tell 'em his mind about it, and say it was a bloody speech?"

"Sure he was right," said Larry. "We call the linen that stops a cut or a wound a bloody linen, and to my thinking, the King's speech will stop many a wound being given, therefore our friend was right to call it bloody.

But you see them English couldn't understand the sense of it; but I, who know the round-about way our ministers takes to say things, and how they say one thing when they mane another, I'm never at a loss to guess what they're afther."

"It wouldn't be mannerly for me to be contradicting you, by the side of my own hearth," said Jim, "and you ould enough to be my father; but I don't think that was what O'Blarney mint."

"Never mind, Jim dear," interposed Grace, "what he meant. Whatever it was, the word was an ugly word, and a bad word to be tacked to a King's discourse, he who is the father of us all."

"He may be the father of the English," said Jim, "but faith if he's a father to us, sure it's a step-father, for we seldom hear of him, except when he threatens us, and his

name seldom comes to us except with a *Whereas* before it. Sure, the Repealers told 'em that they were wanting to treat us worse than the Algerines, which manes, to make black slaves of us."

"Och, that reminds me," said Larry, "of the terrible sight I saw on my travels, when I crost the salt-sea ocean. I never tould it to you, Mistress Cassidy, nor to you neither, Jim, and faith it will do your heart good to hear it, because it will show you that I had as great a hatred to be made a black slave as any of you, when I was young. Well then, once upon a time, as the ould story-tellers say, when I was tired of working in Ireland, and to tell you the thruth, though more is the shame for me, tired of the poor creathure of a wife too, I determined to go off to one of the West India islands to make my fortune, with two or three other boys that was going. I got together every halfpenny

I could rap or rend, and engaged to work my passage out, which I did, and hard work it was too, as I found to my cost.

“ Well, the sights I saw on the sea I’ll never forget, any way ; porpusses, and grampusses, and saels, and other outlandish animals, half fish and half baist ; but one thing, just to show you the difference between sea and land—I saw in the West Indies, what we calls a turtle here, and which is an ilegant dove ; but there, is a great ugly baist that lives in the sea, and that they catches to make soup of: this shows you what terrible changes the climates, as they called it, can bring about. But that’s nothing to what I’m going to tell you.

“ Well, if you knew all I suffered at sea, you ’d pity me ; and what was worse than all, I found I had a natural fear of it. Sure, when it used to get angry, and the big green waves used to mount up as if they

were going to swallow us, with a great white froth on the tops of 'em, which they often threw in our faces, I couldn't help thinking they were spirits, they had such an awful, threatening look with 'em, and I had a dread of 'em, I never felt before for anything. Sure, I've looked when the ship seemed to be going down between two green mountains of water, and thought to myself who'll ever tell the secrets that's buried in your heart? What a wonderful sight 'twould be to see the treasures that's hid below them great waves, and the poor remains of them, that has been longed afther and cried afther, through many a long night by those that loved 'em; and to think their poor bones can never lie in holy ground, in a dacent grave, in some clane purty churchyard among their own people, where their friends might say in passing by, 'There lies poor Jim, or Jack!' which sure would be some

comfort ; but them poor crathures that was swallowed up by the big cruel waves, and has ships upon ships passing over 'em, with perhaps, their own counthrymen in 'em, that can't so much as see one of their bones, och ! troth, it's a sorrowful thing to think of ! When I've been on duty at night, and have seen the great waves coming from a distance with their white manes moving and shining by the moon-light, sure I've thought they were the throops of death sent afther us ; and when they've come quite close, I could not for the life of me help going away from the sight of 'em, and hiding myself, though all the crew laughed at me.

“ But such sights as that, is no laughing matter ! one feels so helpless, there is no accounting for the *danger*, and no avoiding it. Och ! sure, if there's a place in the world to make a poor crathure feel his own insignificance, it's a-board ship in a storm ; it's then the thought

of the mighty, the terrible power of God, enters into the heart of man, and he feels he is nothing without the mercy of his Creator. Then to see the sea, when she is in a good humour, the sun playing hide-and-seek with her; one minute throwing all his golden beams over her smooth, looking-glass bosom, and the next hiding himself behind some fine purple cloud; och! it's a glorious sight. Then again, to look at the way the sea pays court to the moon, keeping so quiet, and so steady, just to reflect all its silvery brightness, and not only her round face, but hundreds of pillars of silver all spread out beneath her, just like an illumination to do her honour. Faith, I've thought to myself, 'Och, it's you sea, that can put on a fine pleasant look when you like it, just to flatter the sun and moon; but you're a deceaver, and I don't trust in you, for if only a blast of wind affronts you, 'tis you that can

show the bad heart, and the black face, and rise up in fearful anger to revenge yourself.’

“ I took good care not to say a word of this out loud, for fear she’d take vengeance on me; but it was passing in my mind all the time she was sending back their own shining smiles to the sun and moon, as if she was always in a good humour, when I knew how bad she could behave when neither of ’em was to the fore.

“ Another terrible thing, too, that I suffered, was the draims I had a-board ship. No sooner did I shut my eyes, but I began draiming that I was on land, living under beautiful green trees, on grass softer than velvet, and birds singing all round. I smelt the very perfume of the flowers, and kept thanking God I was done with that spittfire of a rogue of a sea; when the ship lurched, and I awoke to find myself, sure enough, in that terrible prison, with the frightful waves coming all around, with looks just as

if they would say, ‘ Here we are, and we’re not done with you yet.’ Och ! the bitterness of such awakings. Sure, even now they often come back to my mind, and whatever my troubles may be, I always thank God I’m not in the power of the decaitful sea.

“ Well, sure I’ve bothered ye any way with this shanohos* about the ocean, but now I’m coming to the end of my story. We arrived at a place,—faith, I forget the name of it,—and a boat comes off to us filled with black nagirs, with hardly a rag on their black, shining bodies. When I saw them, faith, a joke came into my head, and I cried out in Irish to ’em, ‘ How are ye, my white beauties ?’ They up and tould me in as good Irish as ever was spoken, ‘ Sure we’re purty well ; how is yourself?’ This bothered me ; so I made free to ax ’em how long they were there, and they

* Irish for a long story.

tould me in Irish ‘two years.’ ‘Two years,’ says I, ‘and black and woolly already? The devil a step I’ll ever put on this island while I live, for, if I came out here to make my fortune, I did not come out to turn a rael nagir as my poor countrymen have turned.’ So I stuck to the ship, and wouldn’t go on land for all the world.

“Six weeks the ship stopped there, but never did I go out of her; I knew betther; though, would you believe it? they wanted to persuade me that the crathures that spoke Irish to me were rael blacks that had been taught Irish by the Irish settlers; but I was not so foolish as to believe it, for we Irish are too ’cute. An Englishman would have swallowed such a story, but I knew betther; so back I came to Cork, facing all the dangers of the deep, frightened as I was; but any thing was betther than coming home a black with woolly hair.

“ So you see, Mistress Cassidy, and you too, Jim, I suffered enough rather than submit to be made a slave. Faith, there’s few has gone through so much for it.”

“ I don’t think,” said Jim, “ that it was the slavery you minded so much as the turning black and woolly.”

“ Och ! troth,” said Larry, “ ’twas both ; but I don’t believe, Jim, that you yourself would like to see those brown curly locks of yours that’s buckling round your head, turned to black wool, nor your dacent red and white face turned to an oily black. I was young then, and a clane comely boy into the bargain ; but ould as I am now, with my withered-up face, that looks like a shrivelled apple, my poor eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, or bottled gooseberries in a burnt-up pie, and my few locks of hair like flakes of snow hanging on an ould blasted tree, I

wouldn't wish to see myself turned into a nagir any way, bad as I am. If I had stayed to be a black, I might have come home with plinty of money, instead of being poor as I am now, on the shockarane,* here to-day and gone to-morrow. But sure it's no use to fret; a pound of sorrow they say never paid an ounce of debt, not that I have any debts, God be thanked! for, faith, no one seemed ever much inclined to trust me."

"Did you hear what our friend said in the parliament in London about slavery, and the iron entering our souls?" interrogated Jim, resuming the train of thought that Larry's narrative had interrupted.

"I did sure enough," said Larry; "but I thought it quite rhaumeish. If he said the iron entered our bodies pretty often, there would be some sense in it, for sure the police and the soldiers are great hands at seeing what we're

* Wandering.

made of with the points of their bayonets; but as for our souls, no one but God can touch them, which is some comfort; and this I know, bekase when Bill Tobin swore before the justice that Dan Tooley bait him, and threatened to send his soul to hell in five minutes, (and Bill swore, too, that he believed Dan would have done so, had he not been prevented by the bystanders,) the justice stopped him, and explained, that though any man might bait, or even kill him, no man could have power over his soul, as that was in the hands of God. Therefore, it 's nonsense for the Repalers to be talking of the iron entering the soul, and sinful too, according to my notions."

"You may say what you like, Larry," replied Jim, "but if it wasn't for the Repalers we 'd never know anything of all our troubles."

"That 's what I blame 'em for," said Larry; they 're always swelling our troubles, making mole-hills into mountains, as the saying is;

and sure what good does this do us, except to make us more vexed? If they showed us a way to get out of 'em, I'd say something; but to be always ripping up ould sores, and never giving a plaister, sure, it's not the part of throe friends. 'Twould be kinder to tell us to have patience, and give us good advice."

"Would you have us continue in ignorance all our born days," said Jim, "as we used to be before the Repalers let us into the rael state of things? Sure, we used to believe that the Duke of Wellington was the greatest man, the finest soldier, and the bravest general that ever comanded, till our mimbers tould us as he wasn't, and laughed at the notion of it; and one by one they pull down all the great men that we used to be so proud of, that we'd have gone to the mouth of a cannon for 'em."

"Well, then," said Larry, "are we happier or more contented, Jim, now that they have pull-

ed down all that we used to be so proud of, and left us nothing at all to keep up the conceit in us? Many's the time, when I've been cold and hungry, the thoughts that I belonged to the same country as the great Duke, has warmed my heart, and when I considered that he had sent his name as an honour to Ireland to the four quarters of the world, ay, faith, and farther too, to be talked of, I've felt that I could lose as many lives as a cat, ay, or even as Plutarch himself, if I had 'em, to do him a service. Sure, what's the pleasure in life, if one hasn't something to be proud of? and what is so natural as to be proud of such a man? Them that would say he isn't the greatest general that ever lived, must have hearts too small to hold anything but their envy, and I'd deny 'em for countrymen for ever and ever. We are such droll people, that if those that are an

honour and a credit to us, ain't always praising themselves, we forget 'em. We mind words more than deeds, and this great man I'm talking of, never praises himself. He laves that to others to do, for, as his brother truly said of him, 'He's fonder of conquering the enemy than of telling how he did it.' Now our mimbers pass most of their time in paying compliments to themselves, and never can be said to want a trumpeter while their own tongues can wag. Then see how the Great Captain, (but, no, I won't call him a captain, for sure he's a general, and the head of all generals, and I don't like to take away any of his grandeur,) see how he spaiks; never with big blustering words, but with a quiet and steady dacency, that shows he's in earnest. He's always thinking of the good of the counthry, and never thrying to make bad worse. Let who will

be in power, it's all the same to him: as long as they do what's right, he never axes what party they belong to. Och! Jim, what ungrateful baists we must be to let any one talk against such a man, who has spent his life in fighting for us, and now gives up his ease, to think how we can be best served. Think, Jim, of the hundreds of nights he has passed without sleep; the fatigues, the dangers, the risks, he has endured; the thousands of lives that depended on his orders, and the years of anxiety he must have had, to bring off without a single spot, a reputation as difficult to be kept bright as it was hard to be gained. Sure, if poor ould Ireland no longer had a sun to shine over her, his fame would throw a light on her. And this is the man the Repalers would thry to persuade us we ought not to be proud of!"

The enthusiasm of Larry' excited the latent

feelings of habitual admiration that had so long dwelt in the heart of Jim.

“ Faith, Larry, I believe you ’re right,” said he ; “ for when you remind me of what the Duke has done, I can’t help feeling as proud of him as ever, and I begin to think that those that want to pull him down, are set on by their jealousy and envy.”

CHAPTER XXI.

“ Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delight, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with th’ abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.”

“ With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.”

“ I WAS looking about me, the whole of this blessed day,” said Larry M’Swigger to Grace and Jim Cassidy, as they sat at their simple supper, “ and I thought to myself, ‘ What a pity it is that a counthry which God has done

so much for, man should do so much against. To see the beautiful mountains, looking so proud and grand, the trees so green and stately, the rivers so clear and rapid, and the skies more blue and laughing than any where else——’ ”

“ How can you say that ?” said Jim, whose present discontented state of mind led him to cavil with many of Larry’s observations, “ since isn’t there twice more rain in Ireland than in England ? and yet you’re for saying, the sky is laughing.”

“ Faith, Jim, the poor sky is a real Irish sky, and like ourselves, is always either laughing or crying. It never, to my thinking, looks more beautiful than when after a heavy shower it brightens up and smiles on all around. It’s for all the world like Mistress Cassidy, begging her pardon for talking of her when she is to the fore, for I’ve thought of the

sky when I've seen the tears resting on her long black eyelashes, just as the drops of rain hang on the leaves, and a bright glance shine out of them same blue eyes, which looked all the brighter for the tears, as the sky does after the shower. But that's neither here nor there to what I was saying, which was, that God, praise be to His holy name! has done every thing for Ireland, and man nothing except mischief. Is there a more fruitful soil in the world? I've heard people call the earth our mother, but faith, I say it's father, mother, sister, and brother; ay, be my soul, and wife also; for it takes us to her breast when the whole world turns from us, and the sooner I'm sleeping there the better," continued the poor old man, wiping a tear from his cheek, "for I love the poor counthry and many that's in it too well not to be sick at heart at all I see. Every thing that God gives us is turned to

bad account. We have had the bravest generals, and we're now ungrateful to 'em, though they have brought honour and glory on the country. Our eloquence grows wild, for want of pruning; our mad thoughts govern *us*, instead of our governing *them*; our courage is shown in acts of brutality; and all that might make us a grand people, only makes us a wicked and a thoughtless one."

"Well, Larry, I never expected to hear you running down the country after this fashion," said Jim.

"'Tis not the country, but the people, I'm running down, Jim," replied Larry; "because I'm grieved to see what they are, when I think what they might be. They won't give themselves a fair chance, and only increase their troubles every day, by throwing more obstacles in the way of those who wish to serve and relieve 'em. It's a terrible thing,

Jim, to love one's country in the very pulses of one's heart, and yet to be obliged to feel ashamed of it ; for who would have the face to stand up and boast himself an Irishman now, a title that I once thought the greatest honour upon earth for a poor man as well as a rich, when the name is stained with blood and crime, and we are looked upon at every side as scarcely better than savages ?”

“ Well, Larry, that baits out every thing. Savages, indeed ! Faith, if you were not a counthryman, and an ould friend into the bargain, and what's more than either, an ould man, I'd be for showing you we're not such savages as you think, by breaking every bone in your body, and dhriving your ivories down your throat.”

“ Whisht ! Jim dear,” said Grace, giving an imploring look at the inflamed countenance of her husband ; “ sure Larry didn't mane to

affront you, and don't be after saying such ugly words."

Jim reached out his hand to Larry, who shook it and said, "Now hear me, Jim, quietly for a minute. I'm too ould and feeble to resent threatenings, and I know you would not hurt me; but you prove yourself all that I've been saying of the people. To show me you are not a savage, you would brutally maim me. Would not this prove to me, you were what I said? So it is with the counthry and the people. Their violence confirms every report made to their disadvantage; and their own actions speak more against them than the representations of their worst enemies. But, Jim, I'm heart-sick, so let us talk of something to comfort me; let us talk of the Irishmen that console us for being Irish. Think of the honour it is to this poor counthry, that one can't take up an Army List without being

made as proud as a peacock, by seeing the numbers and numbers of Irish names, better known all over the world, than in their own ungrateful, ignorant, country. Sure, if Wellington is like the full moon in the middle of the sky, he has plenty of bright stars around him from his own poor little green island to keep him company. Look at the Beresfords by land and sea; there's brothers for you, and Irish brothers too! Who wouldn't be proud of 'em? Look at Londonderry, who never had a fault but being too anxious for fighting, as we all are. Then there's Cole, Pakenham, Pack, and Doyle. But if I was to go through half of 'em, when would I have done? Faith, it warms my heart to think of 'em, when it is chilled by shame at the crimes of the lawless. No, Jim, let us never forget to be proud of such heroes, for if we do, our bravery and courage cannot last; for, as well may you expect a fire to

continue burning without putting fuel on it, as to keep up courage and bravery when we are no longer proud of it. Sure the very brats of children running about half naked, has been known to stop when they heard all the people about 'em spaiking of the grand battles Wellington fought, and clap their little hands and cry out, ' We too will be soldiers, and be talked about.'

“ But now, it is not he that has fought the battles of England and Ireland, in many a field of blood, and has for ever woven the shamrock with the laurels in his garland, that is to be our adviser, as he has been our protector; no, it's *him* that has known no fields of battle except the four courts or the assizes, and has never seen blood drawn except from broken heads of the foolish boys he has set by the ears with his burning words; it's him that's to taich us to forget all we loved and respected,

and get ourselves made the laughing-stock of England, with the blustering speeches of our mimbers, and the mad agitation of ourselves, ready to take a hint for committing crimes whenever we can get it. I'm an ould man, Jim, and maybe haven't much gumption. I've seen this counthry often upset, and in danger from one cause or another ; but if you believe me, I never knew it so unruly or so ill-disposed as at present; and if you take my advice, and it comes from an honest and loving heart for you and your nice dacent creathure of a wife, you'll keep away from Repalers, and their rabble followers, and trust to the generosity, the good sense, and the honour and honesty of England, to bring us out of our throubles."

Grace Cassidy listened with grateful attention to the good advice of Larry to her husband. She saw that it produced more effect than all her representations had done, and she

thought to herself, “ Well, how proud men are, and how obstinate when advice comes from a woman, and above all a wife ; Larry has only repeated the same advice that I have so unsuccessfully given, and to which Jim paid no attention, and now he seems sensible of its value. But no matter, as long as he follows it, who it comes from ; sure it would be too much happiness for me to think *I* had brought him to his right mind, and I’ll bless Larry for ever if *he* does it.”

Grace, in this instance, displayed a superiority over the generality of her sex, of which she, perhaps, was little conscious ; for if there is a point on which women are especially sensitive, it is in their jealousy of the influence of other persons over the minds of those they love. This jealousy they themselves attribute to wounded affection, while the ill-natured set it down to the effects of wounded vanity.

Something of both feelings may, perhaps, unite in producing it ; but, we are loth to search too profoundly into causes whose effects are at least flattering to the sterner sex, though they may not always be agreeable. The most painful and humiliating epoch in the life of a woman is, when she has discovered that *he* on whom she has anchored her hopes of happiness is deficient in intellect, and yet has too much pride or too little love, to supply the deficiency by attending to her counsels. A woman of merely ordinary understanding, actuated by a strong affection, acquires wisdom by suffering ; and, short-sighted as she might be for herself, becomes prescient for him she loves and would save, and whose destruction ingulphs all her hopes.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ No jealousy their dawn of love o’ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
Each season look’d delightful as it past
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.”

THE time now approached for the marriage of Miss Desmond and Colonel Forrester. The lawyers had sent the marriage settlement, which had taken a less than ordinary time to arrange, from the unusual circumstance, that no obstacles, objections, or explanations had been started by opposing interests. Colonel Forrester had left all to the superintendence of his future father-in-law, and submitted his

title-deeds, rent-roll, &c. to the inspection of Mr. Desmond's solicitor, was surprised to observe the confidence or carelessness of the Colonel in the affair, as he naturally expected to have found every covenant debated by the legal adviser of the lover.

So little of love appears in the customary financial arrangements for marriages, that, on reading a settlement between contracting parties, one would be led to imagine that the bandeau which is supposed to envelope the eyes of love, was already removed, and that two enemies, instead of two lovers, were about to enter into a treaty offensive and defensive, the conditions of which required the strictest investigation. Every contingency of mishap and misconduct that can arrive to poor frail human nature is calculated upon; and, while hearts and inclinations are becoming but as one, separate interests and purses are assured to her,

whose pecuniary interest ought to depend on him on whom her happiness must depend.

No homily in the English language could so impressively convey the disenchanting conviction of the fickleness of affection and the instability of felicity, as the provisions in a modern marriage settlement, which are as little in harmony with religious feeling as they are in unison with love. Were women to peruse such documents, never could they approach the altar with the idea that the engagement about to be contracted, was either so awful or so sacred as all pure and elevated minds are prone and desirous to consider it. "Those whom God has put together let no man separate," seems to be forgotten, as more provisions are made for the possibility of a hostile separation, than for that of preserving and cementing the irrevocable, though dissoluble bond of union.

How far such provisions may influence the future destinies of the contracting parties, we will not stop to enquire; but we should like to see marriage made a less business-like speculation, and that she who resigns her affections and her liberty into the care of him she loves, should not contemplate a possibility of aught save death dividing them.

Mr. Desmond was not to be surpassed in generosity by Colonel Forrester. He made no distinction or separate interests between his daughter and future son-in-law, and the “What, Sir, will you not tie up this estate, and strictly entail such and such a property?” was checked by his prompt and explicit instructions.

The marriage of the lovers was celebrated in the parish church, the same sacred spot that had witnessed the baptism of Frances, in the presence of a few of the most intimate friends

of the family. The happy couple did not, after partaking of an elegant *déjeuné à la fourchette* at the mansion of the bride's father, (to which a distinguished circle of fashionables were *not* invited,) set off in a splendid new post chariot and four, with postilions and outriders, to pass the honeymoon at some distant inn, or elegant villa, where the blushes of the bride are exposed to the gaze of admiring waiters and smiling chambermaids, or to the more respectful, though scarcely less embarrassing observation of strange servants. There was no rich trousseau displayed, or elegant corbeille exhibited, for the excitation of the envy of friends and the vanity of the presenter and *presented*; no; the tasteful and well-chosen wardrobe that had adorned Miss Desmond, or rather that she had adorned, since her departure from London a few months before, was considered sufficiently rich for Mrs.

Forrester. That apparel which had robed her lovely person when she attracted the admiration of the lover, was thought good enough, and likely enough, to retain the affection of the husband; so that the nuptials of the lovely Frances Desmond and her enamoured bridegroom were as unlike "a marriage in high life," as *they* were dissimilar to the generality of lovers to be found in that circle.

Their honeymoon was passed in the paternal mansion at Springmount, and their happiness was enhanced by its being partaken by their affectionate and gratified parents, who were not, like most parents under such circumstances, left in solitude to feel that in acquiring a son-in-law they had lost a daughter.

"How I wish, dearest Frances," said Colonel Forrester, "that I could see this fine country in a state of tranquillity, and the good qualities of the people allowed to develop them-

selves ! I have liked Ireland from my first arrival, but now, can I do otherwise than love the country that has given you birth ?”

A sweet smile repaid the compliment, and Frances said—“ You will not, I’m sure, entertain a less affection for me, when I confess that I should never have allowed myself to feel towards you as I do, had you disliked my poor abused country. I must acknowledge, it is not the most happy place to live in ; and when I have returned from dear tranquil England, and seen the melancholy contrast which ill-fated Ireland offered to the scenes I had left, I have been selfish enough to wish to reside altogether in England. Judge then, how well I can appreciate the liberality of liking this country under all its disadvantages ; and how I must esteem the person who can be content to remain here. I see and lament the faults of the Irish,” continued Frances ; “ but

I pity and love the people notwithstanding their faults, and would gladly make any personal sacrifice to ameliorate their condition, or to assist in forwarding their civilization."

"We will join in the task," replied Colonel Forrester; "with kindness and patience much may be effected.

"You must make up your mind," observed Frances, "not to be greatly surprised or incensed, if you find our efforts unavailing or repaid with ingratitude. Look at all my dear father and mother have done, through a sense of duty, giving up for years their friends and society in England, society and friends so congenial to their tastes, to live on their estate in a sort of honorable exile. Until a short time ago, this truly conscientious and disinterested sacrifice seemed to be felt and valued by their dependants, and they were universally beloved; but the voice of the agitators silenced that of

gratitude, and those who were the most attached to our family, are now taught to regard us with suspicion, if not with dislike. In no other country must the principle of doing good for its own sake, be so much acted upon as here; for, one has seldom the pleasure of seeing one's efforts crowned with success, and still more seldom that of having them acknowledged. A landlord who had passed his life as my father has done, in the most conscientious and kind discharge of the duties which that character imposes, would find his popularity fall to the ground before a Repealer's first burst of hyperbolical eloquence, and the good *actions* of a long life thrown into the shade by an inflammatory string of tropes, metaphors, and similes, artfully addressed to the passions of their dupes; and, alas! those who mislead them, are rich in these tinsel attributes, and in these alone. My dear father

was giving an instance the other day, of how little impression solid *acts* of service made on the Irish, in comparison with *professions*; his illustration of this peculiarity was derived from the career of Sir John Newport, who has passed his life in the most active and judicious exertions for Ireland; and the consequence is, that the lower orders not only neither regard nor revere, but do not even name him, while they applaud to the very skies any one of their mouthing orators with ‘Repeal’ on his lips, and self-aggrandisement in his heart. All this is very discouraging, but we must have patience, and hope for better times.”

“What appears to me most disadvantageous to Ireland,” said Colonel Forrester, “is the want of that respectable middle class that exists in England, and which has such an influence on the lower orders. Here I observe few, if any, of the farmers who have

such weight, and to whom the labourers refer as guides and examples in England. Men who have stakes in the country are unwilling to risk what they possess; and the most eloquent agitator who ever "inflamed an Irish rabble, would find his rhetoric fall unheeded on ears accustomed to the chink of money. We English, who have not lived in Ireland some months, conclude that the meetings so numerous attended there, are composed of the middle class, and consequently we attach an importance to them as organs of public opinion. But if it was generally known that they are for the most part composed of the very dregs of the people, the sediment that ought to be at the bottom, but 'which rises upwards when the nation boils,' we should think differently, and cease to wonder that, to a set of ignorant and penniless men who have nothing to lose, and are easily led to

hope that something may be gained, the harangues of the wordy and inflammatory Repealers are as a law which they blindly adopt to work the will of their crafty leaders, who use them as pioneers to break down all that intercepts their own march in the career of selfish policy and overreaching ambition.

“ One thing we must admit, dearest,” continued Colonel Forrester, “ namely, that had this country not been dreadfully misgoverned, the agitators who now occupy so much attention, would either have been usefully and honorably filling the situation to which talent seldom fails to elevate men in free countries, or they would have had no opportunities of making a mischievous use of it. Had the distinguished individual who now sits on the woolsack in England been an Irishman, and a Catholic, what might he not have been instead? Would the powerful talents with which Provi-

dence has gifted him, remain unemployed? And if no field of distinction was open to them, who can say that disappointed ambition, led on by the consciousness of innate power, might not have made him who now presides over law an open violater of it? We are all the creatures of chance and circumstance to a certain degree. Great talents are seldom, if ever, unaccompanied by ambition. Under other and happier aspects, he who convulses Ireland might have been the pacificator, for no one can deny that he has talents to be anything he pleases; and did England labour under the misery and disqualifications that have oppressed Ireland for centuries, Lord —— might be an agitator instead of a chancellor.

“ The talents of such men as he who governs the lower classes in Ireland, ought to be public property, and should constitute part of the riches of a country Is it not melancholy that

misrule should have turned them from their natural channel, and that, like some fine stream, meant to fertilise a country, stopped in its course and bursting into violence from being checked, it overflows, and bearing down the riches it might have so much enhanced, is only to be traced by the ruin it has spread?"

"Is it possible, dearest, that you are an advocate for agitators?" said Frances. "You almost persuade me to pity instead of disliking them."

"I look to *cause* when I trace effect," said Colonel Forrester; "and though I shudder at the mischief to which agitation has led and may yet lead, candour obliges me to own, that few men possessed of the talents of the arch-agitator, could, under the untoward circumstances in which he found himself, have resisted to be what he is. He might have been a great man; at present he is only a remarkable one."

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ But they do only strive themselves to raise,
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity ;
In th’ eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry ;
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.”

THE letters Colonel Forrester had written to his family in England, announcing his marriage, had been answered by cordial and affectionate congratulations from all. That from his sister, Lady Oriel, breathed the most tender prayers and wishes for his happiness ; but a tone of melancholy, almost amounting to so-

lemnity, pervaded her letter, and threw a damp over the spirits of her brother. He felt as if the earnestness with which she prayed for a continuance of *his* happiness, conveyed an indefinable impression that her own was not equally secure; and a vague dread that all was not well with her, hung over his mind.

The family at Springmount accepted an invitation to dine at Lord Abberville's, a nobleman who resided near them. They found the few fashionables the neighbourhood could muster, assembled to meet them. Even the remote district of the county of Waterford could boast its fashionables and exclusives; for where do not folly and pretension penetrate?

Lord Abberville owed his title to the Union, and a certain, or rather uncertain, portion of his income to a judicious and persevering system of jobbing, only known in Ireland. The rents of his overlet property were paid by pre-

sentments which he had influence with the grand jury of the county to get passed, and which allowed large sums to be expended in making roads over his estates; the work to be done by his tenants, and the money to find its way into his coffers. Presentments for roads never required, and where a horse-track was all that was necessary, passed at every assizes, until his property was intersected by as many lines as a miniature map of Europe; while the roads really necessary for establishing communications for agricultural or commercial purposes were totally neglected.

Few persons ever theoretically or practically understood the whole arcana of the system of jobbing so perfectly as Lord Abberville, and few had derived more advantages from it. Can it, therefore, be wondered at, that he was strenuously opposed to every attempt to reform the old state of things, and was loud and vehe-

ment in decrying innovations, or, as he called them, projects for the subversion of the constitution. Every change introduced to correct the abuses under which the country had been so long impoverished for the enrichment of a few, was considered by him as a spoliation of his property, and resented as acts of crying and flagrant injustice. He grew pathetic when he expatiated on such hardships, and inwardly cursed the march of intellect which had rendered them necessary.

Lord Abberville was a representative peer, and had supported every government that had ruled the country since he enjoyed a seat in the House of Lords. Indeed, the possibility of opposing ministers, who had anything to give away, had never entered his head; though it has been asserted on more than one occasion, that he had threatened to vote against them, unless certain sinecures were granted to his

near relatives, and certain advantages accorded to himself. But this, we are willing to believe, was mere scandal, having too good an opinion of peers in general, and of Irish peers in particular, to believe that any of them would be capable of such conduct.

Lady Abberville was a woman of fashion in Ireland, and a complaisant follower of women of fashion in England. She was indefatigable in her exertions to be useful to the patronesses of the exclusive circle in which her activity had succeeded in getting her tolerated; and she would drive, ride, or walk, from one end of the town to the other, to execute their high behests, and perform all the disagreeable parts of the duties that devolved on them. Was a party to be got up on a short notice? she was dispatched to entreat the attendance of the desired guests. Was some unlucky person to be cut? she was appointed to perform the

operation ; and far from feeling the humiliating position in which she had placed herself, she gloried in it. She kept up an extensive correspondence, knew every thing that was going on everywhere, and could amuse with her gossip the tedious hours of *les grand dames* between the *déjeuné* and the promenade. She possessed a power of ubiquity as extraordinary as her loquacity, and was as humble and complaisant with the magnates of the land and their high-born ladies, as she was *brusque* and impertinent to those whom she considered to be her inferiors. *Tracasserie* was as congenial to her, as repose and peace are to others. Her *mauvaise langue* had become proverbial, and its results were to involve her in constant explanations, in which she was accused of showing a philosophical disregard to veracity, the dictates of which she seemed to consider too obsolete for her practice.

The presence of Lord and Lady Abberville in their county was always hailed with dread by their neighbours; they only came to raise the supplies for carrying on the campaign in England, or to get up some political address to convey an impression in England that his lordship had weight in Ireland. The delusion occasioned by these stratagems constituted the only reason for his visits being tolerated at the Treasury; where he was in the habit of intruding them for the purpose of having it announced in the papers, that on such or such a day Lord Abberville had an interview with the First Lord of the Treasury, which announcement, being always copied into the Irish papers, failed not to produce its effect there. Thus, by passing in England as a man who had influence in Ireland, and in Ireland as a nobleman who had considerable weight in England, he contrived to impose on both nations, impressing them with a mutual bad opinion of the

sagacity of the other ; for, the First Lord of the Treasury of each administration that had held the reins of government has been heard to say, “ What a country Ireland must be, and what barbarous people the Irish, when such a man as Lord Abberville can have any influence with them !” And the gentry of Ireland, ever prone to stigmatize England, have been known to dwell with bitter sarcasms on the English ministry being so credulous as to believe that such a talentless and unprincipled jobber as the peer should have power to be of use to them in Ireland.

Lady Abberville profited by the political profligacy of her husband, which she aided and abetted to the utmost of her power ; but she held his abilities and opinions in perfect scorn, and perhaps the only sentiment common to each was, a contemptuous dislike of the other.

The guests at Abberville-house consisted of two or three of the neighbouring families, the

General commanding the district, and two field officers of the regiment in the neighbourhood.

The host and hostess assumed their most bland smiles to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, and Colonel and Mrs. Forrester, as Lady Abberville felt they might not only be useful acquaintances in Ireland, where the fortune and character of Mr. Desmond gave him great influence, but the connexion was a desirable one to be kept up in England. The relative importance of each of the guests might be ascertained by the diplomatic attentions paid them by the lord and lady of the mansion, which were *empresé*, coldly polite, or indifferent, according to their supposed capabilities of forwarding the host's plans. The General was *fêté*, because a plot of barren land which Lord Abberville had tried various modes of getting rid of, was now discovered by his lordship to be most admirably adapted for building

a barrack on; this ground was to be disposed of to Government for not more than six times its value. The opinion of the General as to the eligibility of the situation for a barrack, would probably decide the Government in buying the land; and the opinion of Mr. Desmond and the other gentlemen invited, as to the necessity of having a large body of troops on the spot, and consequently of erecting a barrack to contain them, would decide its being built.

It was settled between the host and hostess, that while one harangued the gentlemen in the dining-room on the advantages of having troops and a barrack, the other should impress on the minds of the ladies the improvement such an event must produce to the neighbourhood. Young men of family and fortune, with which the military profession abounded, would be thrown amongst them, balls and private theatricals would be the certain result, and what

such exhilarating amusements and near vicinity might lead to, was implied so clearly as to enlist the mammas and daughters of her circle most warmly in the interest of Lady Abberville.

The dinner passed off much as all dinners in similar houses pass. The more *recherché* part of the guests detected various proofs of the incompetence of the *artiste* to the task he had attempted, and pronounced him not skilled in the *arcanum recondite* of *Monsieur Ude's cuisine*; while the less fastidious, who looked more to the quantity than the quality of the repast, averred it to be excellent.

The interesting investigations of the comparative merits of sherry and madeira, of dry and sweet champagne, and the equally important question whether hock was or was not better when iced, had given place to local topics, when Lady Abberville, anxious to show her importance to some of her less fashionable

friends, led the conversation to England. She had received letters that day from the Duchess of Wellborough, and the Marchioness of Nottingham, filled with reproaches for staying so long away from them. Indeed, she had promised ere they allowed her to depart from London, that she would return in two months, but it was so hard" (bowing to her guests) "to leave her own agreeable neighbourhood, that she always found it difficult to tear herself away."

This compliment of course elicited a flattering rejoinder from some of the persons who concluded themselves to be designated in the circle of agreeable neighbourhood; and then Lady Abberville resuming the conversation observed, that at this moment her absence from England was peculiarly unfortunate, as her friends wished to consult her as to the possibility of continuing to receive a lady who had placed herself in a very false position. The elderly

ladies looked grave, and the young ones of the party thought it necessary to fix their eyes on their plates, and to blush, while the hostess, “on scandalous thoughts intent,” proceeded to state, that it was indeed a very difficult case to decide on, as though much publicity and scandal had taken place, the husband of the lady in question had continued to live with her. The Duchess of Wellborough and Lady Nottingham were disposed to give her their countenance, but she must say, she thought it a case in which an example ought to be made, as the lady had been a very prominent person in society, and had frequently marred the regulations and exclusions of the Lady Patronesses by an affected good nature, repeatedly giving admissions to persons of no sort of fashion, to whose solicitations the other patronesses had turned a deaf ear. “Altogether,” continued Lady Abberville, “I never

liked the lady. She had too much pretension for my taste — had the rage for encouraging *les beaux arts*, and doing a thousand other equally *outré* things ; and as for getting her to join our clique in the measures we so often find it necessary to adopt, it was out of the question. She opposed herself to cutting or leaving off people, and in fact, always gave us trouble by never being *d'accord* with the other Lady Patronesses.”

Mrs. Kennedy, a well-meaning but obtuse country lady, who was present, turned to her daughter and said, “ You see, Kate, I told you that Lady Abberville was one of the patronesses at Almack’s, though you tried to persuade me she was not.”

This *mal-apropos* observation, originating in the use of the *us*, evidently discomposed the self-complacency of the hostess, and as evidently amused the rest of the guests ; while to avoid

the necessity of giving a definite answer, which she felt the persevering obtusity of Mrs. Kennedy would endeavour to elicit, she interrupted her observations by adding, "How very incurious you all are! No one has asked me to name the fair delinquent. Now in England fifty questions would have been asked, and as many guesses made, before I had got half through my statement. Does this difference proceed from your being less curious, or more good-natured than our English neighbours? or, as I suppose, does it originate in your ignorance of the parties in question, which makes you indifferent to what has put all the fashionable world in England in a fever? Well then, the heroine of this, what shall I call it? tragedy, comedy, or drama in high life, is—Lady Oriel."

Mrs. Forrester felt almost ready to drop off her chair when the name of Lady Oriel was pronounced, and she stole a glance at her

husband, whose face became pale as death, and then was suffused with crimson. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond were the only persons at the table aware of the near relationship of Lady Oriel to Colonel Forrester; and they, pitying his embarrassment, made some remarks to draw the attention of the party to another subject. Mrs. Forrester would have given the world to be alone with her husband that she might speak comfort to him, or, if that was impossible, share his chagrin; and never did a few minutes that the ladies remained in the *salle à manger*, appear so long to her.

At length Lady Abberville arose, and led the way to the drawing-room; but, before quitting the room, Mrs. Forrester exchanged an affectionate glance with her husband; a glance which spoke volumes to them both. Frances had never liked Lady Abberville, but now she felt an antipathy towards her; she detected

the covert envy, hatred, and malice, that instigated this calumny of the young and beautiful Lady Oriel ; and turned with disgust from a woman whose reputation had through life been so often pulled to pieces, that, though patched up, the rents were visible, proving the truth of the homely French proverb, “ *Une réputation plâtrée est comme un bas raccommodé qui laisse toujours voir où la défaut existait.*” No one had presumed on, and profited by, the indulgence of the world more largely than had Lady Abberville, and no one showed a greater disposition to deprive others of a similar advantage. Hers had not only been “ a youth of folly, and old age of cards,” but a youth and maturity of flirting, and an old age of scandal, envy, and defamation. Every man and every woman’s *tongue* had been against her, and hers was now turned against all whom she did not fear,

and they were few, but sacred in her eyes; as, all the advantages and disadvantages to be derived from being on good or bad terms with them having been maturely weighed and the former found to preponderate, amity was proved to be the wiser course, and prudence therefore triumphed over malice.

Mrs. Forrester seized the first opportunity of approaching her mother, without exciting attention; a pressure of the hand showed how deeply she sympathized in the feelings of her daughter; and an air of cold and dignified politeness on the part of both ladies towards the intriguing hostess,—which neither all her most amusing anecdotes of fashionable scandal, nor her deferential attentions, could change into a more cordial manner, — made her feel that something, she could not imagine what, had gone wrong.

Colonel Forrester sat in agony in the *salle*

à manger. Now was revealed to him the cause of the melancholy that pervaded his sister's last letter. Why had she not told him all, instead of allowing the dreadful news to break thus unexpectedly upon him? And yet knowing her as he did, feeling convinced of her purity, it was impossible to believe that she could have merited the scandal which had fallen on her name. No, his dear sister was innocent; was the victim of false appearances; and, with a husband so morbidly susceptible even to the approach of ignominy, what must be her situation? His mind was in a chaos; and, to the continual references for his opinion, made by his garrulous host, always on subjects immediately or remotely connected with his own personal interest, Colonel Forrester only replied by an absent bow or incoherent monosyllables.

Counting the moments with impatience until

he could leave a house now become hateful to him, as the scene of the defamation of his dear sister, and of the profanation of her name by the viper tongue of its mistress, he sat in painful reflection on the odious theme. When Lady Oriel had first become the subject of conversation, he could scarcely refrain from denouncing the slanderer, and vindicating the fair fame of his sister ; but a moment's consideration had taught him the imprudence of a measure which could only have tended to compromise still more, not only her dignity but his own. A doubt of his sister's purity had never entered his mind, and his heart overflowed with tenderness and pity when he thought of her. He felt that she was exposed to humiliations which her delicate feelings were little calculated to support ; and, above all, exposed to the morbid susceptibility of her husband, who would shrink under every infliction, until he

made her endure the most insupportable of all annoyance, that of having drawn publicity and defamation on another, and that other, not only incapable of despising the unmerited stigma, but even of concealing the sufferings which it caused.

The host's self-compliments, demands for approbation, and insinuations of influence with "the powers that be," were at last concluded, and the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. Colonel Forrester would have unceremoniously sought them an hour before, but that he dreaded to find himself with Lady Abberville, even still more than to be compelled to listen to the verbose, oft beginning, never ending, histories of her Lord. Mr. Desmond entered into all his feelings, and the sympathy of his wife, father, and mother-in-law, if it prevented not the wound offered to his peace, at least carried oil and wine to it.

Those are indeed fortunate who find, when sorrow assails them, that friendship administers an anodyne; and as this good fortune becomes more rare, it is like all rarities, enjoyed still more poignantly. There is no situation into which our own errors can plunge us, wherein we do not call up pride or fortitude to support us, and enable us to forego the commiseration of friends; but when some one dear to us has drawn down the burning coals of scandal on her devoted head, then it is that we most require sympathy to enable us to bear up against the tide of defamation; and to prove to us that we are sufficiently loved, to gain forbearance for the object of our interest, a belief in her innocence, or pity for her errors.

Colonel Forrester knew that she whom he had chosen for his wife, would take his affirmation for the honour of his sister; and so would her parents. But how dreadful to be compelled

to affirm that which ought never to have been doubted ! and of a sister, too, of whom he was so justly proud !

Music, as ill executed as the company were ill assorted, filled up the weary hour-and-a-half between the arrival of the gentlemen in the drawing-room and the announcement of the carriages. The listening to bad music was one of the many penances the diplomatic Lady Abberville imposed on herself during her exile in Ireland. Not to ask Miss Kennedy and the other Misses to play and sing, would have deeply mortified the young ladies, and offended their mammas, who failed not to repeat in all circles, how charmed Lady Abberville had been with Kate or Maria's singing and execution on the pianoforte.

No sooner did the family from Springmount find themselves alone in the coach, than Colonel Forrester declared, that what he had

heard relative to his sister had given him such pain, that he had determined to go to England. Mr. Desmond immediately said, "We will all go, my dear son, for our presence may be useful; at all events we will not be separated from you when you have any annoyance to undergo."

Mrs. Desmond also expressed her kind wishes, and Frances placed her hand in his, as with animation she declared her impatience to be with her dear sister, whom she had already learned to love, but now doubly so, because she doubly required the affection of her friends.

Hasty preparations were made for their departure from Ireland, and the journey was performed as expeditiously as was consistent with the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond. On their arrival in London, Colonel Forrester wrote to his sister, announcing his intention

of paying her a visit, accompanied by his wife. He did not touch on the reports that had reached him, as he wished the first notice of them should come from Lady Oriel. Indeed, he only desired to be made acquainted with the real state of affairs, that he might know how best to remedy the evil; for he felt that the retiring habits and extreme sensitiveness of Lord Oriel peculiarly unfitted him for taking the necessary steps in the painful situation in which his wife was placed.

The return of the post brought him a warm invitation from Lord Oriel for the whole party to proceed to Oriel Park, and a letter from his sister; before perusing which, it is necessary for us to make our readers acquainted with Lord and Lady Oriel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike !”

LADY ORIEL was a young and lovely woman, remarkable for talent, vivacity, and that *esprit de société, qui met tout en train*. Mistress of a fine house, *bien montée*, and placed by an indulgent husband at the head of a large fortune, she was one of the leaders of *haut ton*, and bore her blushing honours so good-naturedly, if not meekly, that she might

almost be pardoned her success. So proverbial had her good-nature become, that she was by the satirical considered and called the "Refuge of the Destitute;" for if the wife of some county member living at the other side of Oxford-street, and blessed with two daughters, the softened images of their sapient papa or common-place mamma, wished to exhibit herself and progeny at Almack's, and, to accomplish this desirable project, had assailed, but assailed in vain, all the other patronesses, Lady Oriel was *la dernière ressource*, and a resource that rarely failed. Did some young and thoughtless woman, whose beauty had excited still more female enemies than male admirers, find herself in that perilous condition of being barely tolerated where she had been sought, and more than one-half of the society standing aloof to observe how she was received by the other, Lady Oriel's frank

shake-hands, cordial *accueil*, or *apropos* invitation to a ball or *soirée bien choisie*, turned the scale in her favour, and re-established her, if not “in decencies for ever,” at least in fashionable society. Did a young painter or sculptor, pining in obscurity, wish to exhibit his personification of the *beau idéal* that haunted his visions and grew beneath his hand, Lady Oriel’s elegant *salons* received his work; where her bland smile and just commendation found for it admirers and purchasers among those who had hardly deigned to remark it in a less dignified asylum.

Lady Oriel’s beauty was so regular, her air so *distingué*, and her manner so *comme il faut*, and withal so fascinating, that her reputation as a first-rate *belle* was not merely an *affaire de convention*. I really do believe, though long experience has rendered me sceptical on such points, that even without her husband’s rent-

roll of sixty thousand a year (which always throws a heavy balance into the scale in which beauty, talents, and manners, are weighed), she would always have been considered as a most captivating woman; indeed, an irrefragable proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that her husband maintained it after a union of four years—an argument that must silence all sceptics.

But though the beauty, talents, and accomplishments of Lady Oriel were such as fell to the lot of few; her faults, alas! though they were only those which too generally attend such qualities, threw a shade on them that cast its sombre hue o'er many a future year:—but let me not anticipate. Lady Oriel had married at seventeen, and made what might indeed have been called a most desirable match. Lord Oriel was five-and-twenty, remarkably handsome, good-looking, well-informed, good-tempered, of an ancient family, and enjoying not only

a very large, but that now rare possession, an unencumbered fortune; and, rarely as it happens, the last-mentioned circumstance had little if any influence in the choice of his wife, who really married him because she preferred him to all others. Theirs was in truth a union of affection!

Lord Oriel to an easiness of disposition that shrank from trouble, conjoined a delicate susceptibility on many points that was often opposed to it. He wished—nay more, expected—that those he loved should anticipate his feelings and guess his sentiments; and when this, as has too often been the case, did not occur, he retired in silence, the arrow of disappointment rankling in his breast, to brood over his supposed wrongs, when a kind and frank exposition might have realized all his wishes.

Lady Oriel's besetting sin was coquetry; commenced in a wish to please (let us call it by no harsher name), it animated all her pursuits,

and guided all her actions. This desire to fascinate equally influenced her in her bearing and conduct to both the old and the young; in it originated the air of captivated attention with which she listened to the aged and polished *raconteur*; the piquant smile with which she repaid the young and fashionable *homme de bonne compagnie* for his sallies; the suavity which characterized her intercourse with her own sex, to each of whom she had something *aimable* to say; and even the joyous game of romps, or pretty stories, with which she made captive the hearts and ears of all the children she encountered.

Yet let me do her the justice to say, there was nothing artificial in all this. Happy and pleased with herself, she wished to please and render happy all who surrounded her; and this habit, by indulgence, so grew on her, that it soon became incurable, and the *frais* made to accomplish it but too evident.

During the first few months of her marriage, which were passed in the country, paying and receiving the visits of all the relations and neighbours of her husband, he was proud of her success. When the old dwelt on her praises, and the eyes of the young sparkled when she appeared, he shared her triumph, nay, attributed the pains she took to please to her wish of gratifying him by attentions to his friends; and he repaid her efforts by a thousand fond commendations.

But when, arrived in London, among strangers, he saw the same *frais* made day after day and night after night, he began to think it was unnecessary, if not undignified; and as he stood aloof,—wincing at witnessing the air half *nonchalant* of some, and *trop empressé* of others, surrounding his lovely wife, basking beneath the sunshine of her smile and the summer-lightnings of her playful wit somewhat too animatedly displayed,—he wished her success had

been less general, or at least that less pains had been taken to obtain it. He felt hurt that she did not remark that he no longer participated in her triumph; he daily expected some tender reproach, which would give him a good opportunity of hinting his disapproval; but his tacit acquiescence passed with her for tacit approbation, and she continued to throw her fascinations around, unconscious that she was wounding the heart most dear to her on earth, and encouraging a host of pretenders, whose attentions, and the evident pleasure with which they were received, excited observations injurious to her delicacy, if not to her fame.

Among the host of admirers (though as yet they had not dared to avow themselves as such) who followed in her train, Lord Delmore was the most dangerous. Handsome, clever, well-educated, and highly polished in his manners—but cold-hearted, calculating, and unimaginative, the success he had met with in London and

on the Continent had fostered his natural vanity, until it had become almost overweening; and his selfishness, that vice so unpardonable in the young, was proverbial with those who knew him. Lady Oriel's position attracted, and her beauty captivated, him; her animation in his presence he attributed to her wish of fixing him in her chains; and, undoubting the success of his final conquest, he played with her as a skilful angler plays with the fish he is about to ensnare: one day coldly polite, replying to all her sallies with an air of pre-occupation, until he had piqued her into something like interest; and the next all attention, seeming to dwell on each word and movement of hers with that deep impassioned sentiment so flattering to woman's vanity. Lord Delmore had ruined more female reputations than any young man about town; and the good name of many a woman, whose virtue had resisted his arts, fell a sacrifice to his innuendoes and insidious

attentions — attentions always calculated to impress the most false conclusions on the minds of the beholders.

He soon became a daily visitor at Oriel House ; Lord Oriel remarked it with bitterness of feeling, and became gradually more cold and reserved towards his wife, thinking that she must and ought to have guessed his sentiments, and lamenting her total want of sympathy with them.

Lady Oriel became piqued by the visible coldness and want of attention of her husband ; and, comparing it with the *devouement* of Lord Delmore, accused the former of negligence and unkindness, of which every day furnished new proofs. She therefore determined to show him, that though *he* might regard her with indifference, she could excite the most lively interest in others.

Alas ! women look more to *effect* than to cause. They all feel, but how few can reason ! and

men whose duty, whose interest it is, to reflect on this peculiarity, seldom give themselves the trouble to think on the subject until it is too late. I believe it is Fontenelle who says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men ; it is this fibre that responds to “ the nerve where agonies are born,” so that all that women want in reasoning powers, they make up for in feeling. Dearly have they paid for this additional fibre ; and it is not until age has unstrung its energies, that it ceases to vibrate notes of woe.

But to return to our subject. Lady Oriel, like all women in a similar situation, became insensible to the observations to which the marked attentions of Lord Delmore subjected her. They had been so gradual, that her mind had become accustomed to them ; and, free from guilt, or even the apprehension of guilt, she was fearless of calumny.

When, day after day, her morning visitors,

male and female, found her *tête-à-tête* in her boudoir with Lord Delmore, an album or poem open before them, and he seeming to think (and showing that he so thought) the interruption an ill-timed intrusion, the visitors gradually dropped off, observing, with a shake of the head or malicious smile, that they were *de trop* at Grosvenor Square.

When Lady Oriel appeared in public, Lord Delmore was sure to be seen near her. In the Park he was always close to her carriage, and he observed, and discovered with pleasure, though she little suspected it, that their *liaison* was now looked on as established in the coteries in which they moved.

And now was the time that Lady Oriel felt the want of some female relation or friend, to hint to her the danger of her position, or to take from its danger, by breaking in upon the daily *tête-à-tête* with Lord Delmore. Over and over again had Lord Oriel decided on speaking

or on writing to her, but still delayed his intention, hoping that she would render such a painful step unnecessary, by becoming aware of her own danger. Yet still she went on, and each day added something to the danger, or if not to the danger, to the appearance of impropriety, to which Lord Delmore's attentions exposed her.

How many women have been lost by this false, this mistaken delicacy on the part of a husband, when a temperate or kind remonstrance might have saved them from ruin, disgrace, and endless remorse! and while a husband temporises, even with his own anxiety, by thinking that parliament will soon be up, or that at such or such a time his departure from town must break the intimacy that offends him, the *liaison* becomes established; or some imprudence, without actual guilt, commits the reputation of the wife, who, finding herself a subject of public scandal, to avoid encountering the reproaches or cold austerity of an offended

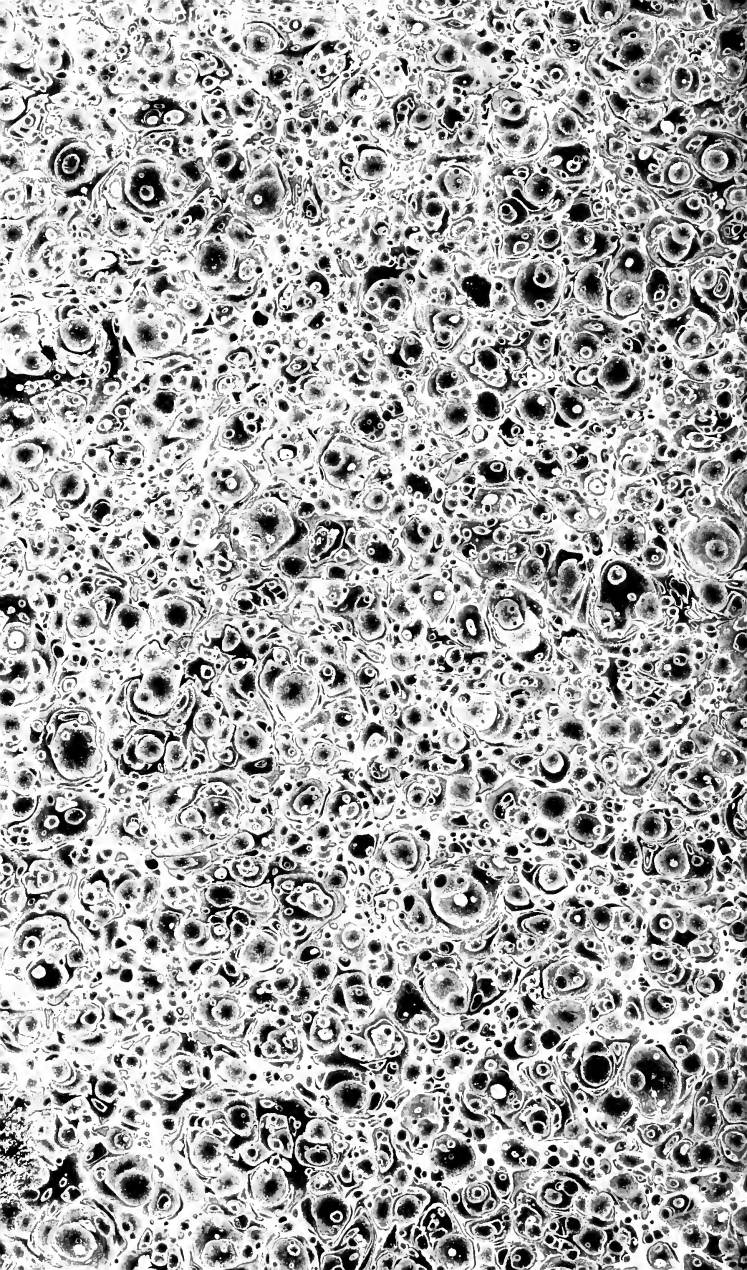
husband, throws herself for ever outside the pale of forgiveness.

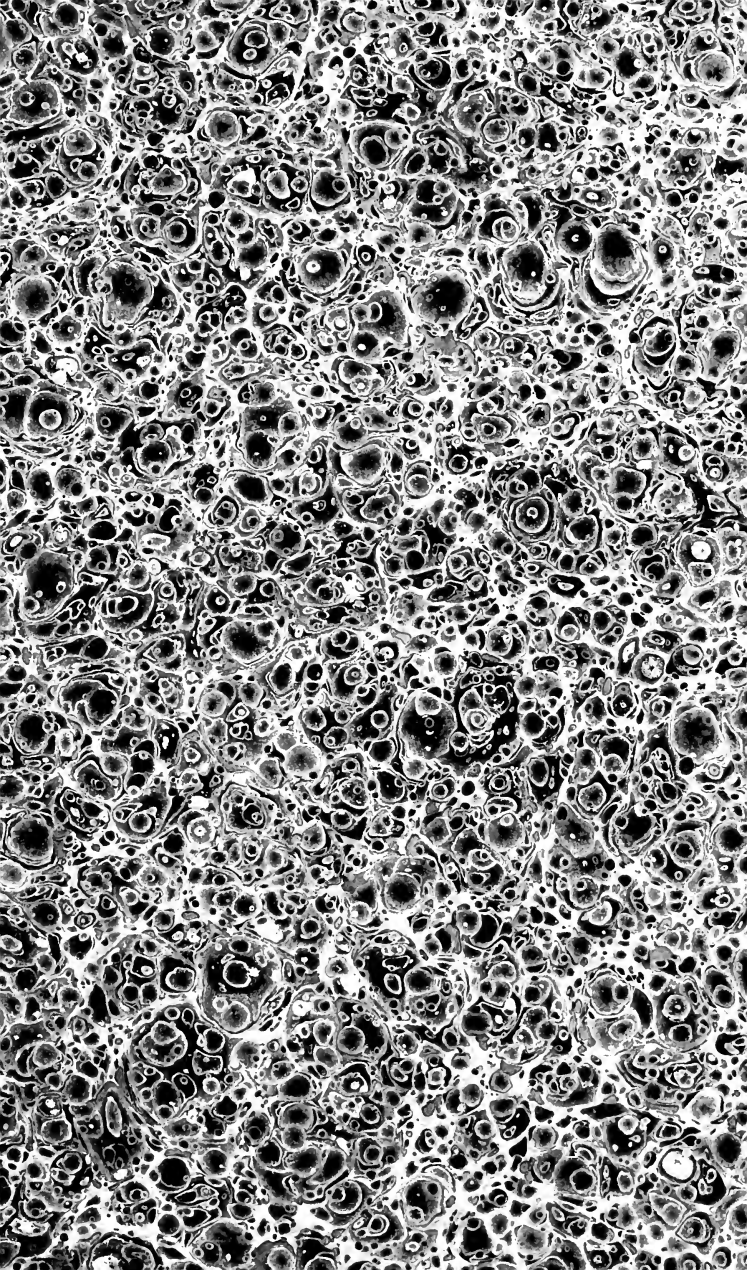
The train of respectful admirers that used to hover round the steps of Lady Oriel, by degrees dropped off. They became less restrained in their manner towards her, when they encountered her by chance. And though the high breeding of her tone prevented their presuming to treat her with the insulting familiarity which marked their conversation with others, there was still sufficient change to prove to the initiated, that they suspected she was no longer entitled to the profound respect she formerly deserved and obtained.

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