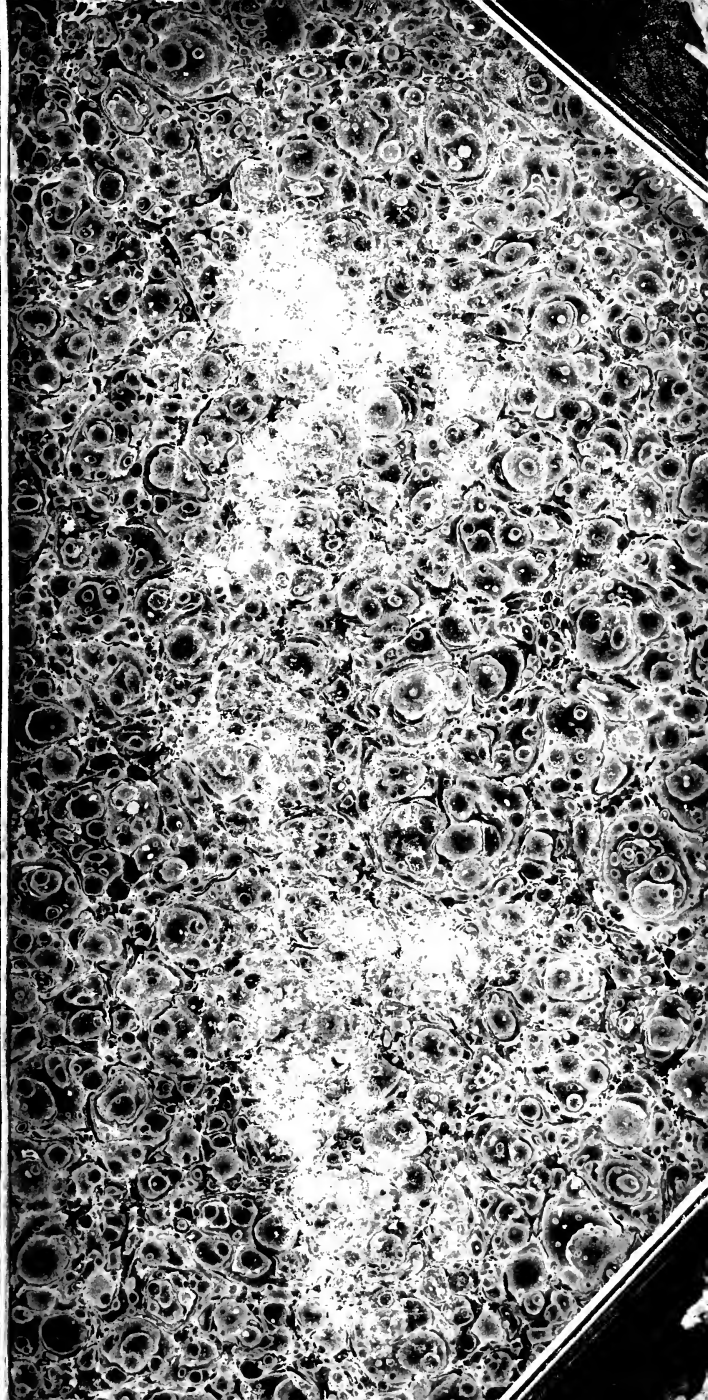


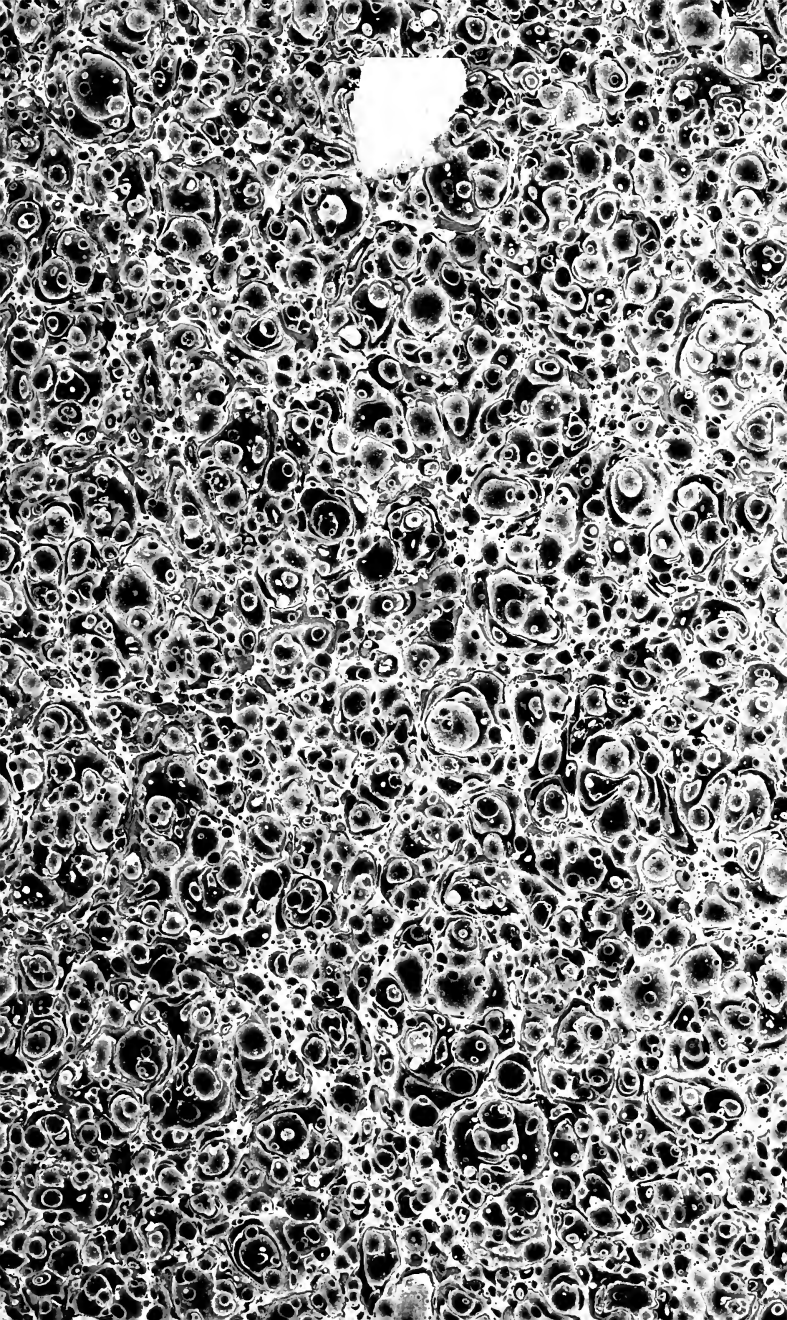
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# GRACE CASSIDY;

OR,

## THE REPEALERS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

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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*.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III

LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)

1833.



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## THE REPEALERS.

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### CHAPTER I.

“ Oh ! we do all offend—

There's not a day of wedded life, if we  
Count at its close the little, bitter sum  
Of thoughts, and words, and looks unkind and froward,  
Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye—  
But, prostrate at each other's feet, we should  
Each night forgiveness ask.”

Conjugal life, as all who've tried can tell,  
Must bear affinity to heaven or hell.

*Modern Hudibras.*

MR. BURRELL was the father of two sons  
and a daughter ; his elder son was pursuing his  
travels previously to his entrance into Parlia-

ment, and his second was lately gazetted in the Guards. Both were promising young men, natural and unaffected, fondly attached to their parents and to each other, and loving their sister with all that affection which a handsome and most amiable young woman is so calculated to excite in the breasts of brothers only two years her senior. She had been their playfellow in infancy, and was now the object of their fond interest and protection. Charles Burrell wrote to her detailed accounts of all he saw in his travels; purchased for her all that he thought she would like; and William made her the confidant of all his pleasures and troubles, the latter of light import and brief duration—while her father and mother looked on her as the sweetener of their existence, whose gaiety and unclouded gentleness shed all the blessings of a perpetual spring and sunshine over their lives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vernon and their daughter were in the library, waiting the announcement of dinner, the mistress of the mansion looking over the columns of "The Morning Post," where she saw the notice of the coming *fête* of Mrs. Vernon, with the programme of the intended amusements. Her brow curved, her eyes flashed, and her cheek assumed a deeper red as she perused the paper and recollected that she was not bidden to the pageant. She was about to express the angry feelings big within her breast, when the *maître d'hôtel* announcing that dinner was served, compelled her to restrain the expression, though she did not conquer the anger.

Mr. H. Vernon was too well versed in the temper of his wife not to observe the indications of a coming storm; and his daughter had witnessed too many, not to have a foreboding of an approaching one. The presence of the ser-

vants imposed a restraint that was evidently borne with impatience by the mistress of the house, who cast from time to time angry glances at her husband, as she saw him help himself to some fresh *plat*, which, she had sagacity enough to discover, was done to prolong the dinner, and retard the disagreeable scene which he anticipated.

Her patience became exhausted, when, at the second course, after scarcely more than tasting two or three of the *entremets*, he commenced mixing sugar, oil, and vinegar, for some brawn, and she angrily observed, that he seemed unusually disposed to eat. Mr. H. Vernon answered, that he was rather hungry,—and felt his colour heightened at the consciousness of the want of truth of his reply, no less than at the tone of the remark that produced it.

“ You bid fair, to-day,” said his wife, with

one of her most spiteful looks, “to rival a certain friend of ours, who certainly resembles a zoophyte, in having a stomach but no brains.”

This observation Mr. H. Vernon had more than once heard his wife apply to his brother, and he was thankful she had not, on the present occasion, *named* him before the servants; but, fearing some more open explosion of her anger, he sent away his untasted brawn, and became almost as anxious as herself for the disappearance of the domestics,—such was his dread of any exhibition before them !

They had no sooner left the room than Mrs. Vernon asked her husband, whether he had seen the notice of the *fête* to be given by his sister-in-law; and, ere he could reply, she demanded how long he intended to support the cool impertinence of his relations, in thus passing them over: for her part, she would no longer submit to it; adding, that it was

all his fault for not asserting what was due to her, if not to himself, and for not making some exertion to extend the circle of their acquaintance into the fashionable coteries, to which Mrs. Vernon had gained access, and for which she (Mrs. H. Vernon) was a much more eligible candidate, than her silent, frightened-looking sister-in-law.

She then commented on the *brusquerie* of Mr. Vernon, the insipidity of his wife, the flippancy and airs of his daughters, and the insolent nonchalance of the eldest son—"All of which," calmly observed her husband, "proves that we are happy in not living more frequently in their society."

The anger of the lady blazed afresh at this reasonable remark. She said she wanted not their society—nay, she hated it, but she wanted to take her proper place at their fashionable parties, among the people of high rank who frequented them.

Long experience had taught Henry Vernon the utter uselessness of reasoning with his wilful wife, and he rarely attempted a reply, except to avoid incurring her increased anger by the charge, often repeated, that his silence was an impertinent display of contempt towards her. He had tried to make her sensible how undignified it would be for them to show that they were mortified by the neglect of his brother; and always recommended the maintenance of a distant but civil intercourse between the families. Such representations and recommendations had little effect; he was accused of want of proper spirit—a favourite phrase with angry ladies—and was constantly forced to bear, or forbear, in the angry discussions, replete with bitter sarcasms, to which each new grand fête of his brother's gave rise.

Henry Vernon passed in the circle of his acquaintance as one who was governed by his wife: the men called him hen-pecked, and

the women quoted Mrs. H. Vernon as an example of a clever person, who knew how to manage her husband.

It is thus that people often judge: the married individual who has the misfortune to have an incorrigible partner, is called weak because he submits to what cannot be remedied, though his submission evinces his superior strength of mind; while the incorrigible person, who is endured as an incurable evil, is called clever, because she destroys her own happiness, and interrupts that of all around her, by the indulgence of a bad temper and false view of subjects, incompatible with cleverness, in the proper acceptation of the word.

If we reflect on all the examples of husbands or wives that have been most governed, we shall find that the *submitting* party was the most clever, and the governing one the most weak; unless, where the latter was so

gentle that the sway was not apparent, the person following the poet's *beau ideal* of the wife

“ Who never answers till her husband cools,  
And though she rules him, never shows she rules.”

A jealousy of being governed, and a desire of governing, are in general most frequently to be found in weak minds of both sexes; and this love of rule joined to obstinacy, another characteristic of feeble intellect, renders such persons so incorrigible, that passive forbearance is all that remains to a husband or wife, so unhappily “paired, but not matched.” Let not, however, persons so borne with rejoice in the belief that they are clever, but be thankful to the strength that yields to their weakness.

Mary Vernon had naturally a quick temper, but the painful experience of the evils which her mother's violence produced, had taught her to correct it, without impairing that sensitiveness

and vivacity which generally accompany quickness of temper. We have described the minds, but not the persons, of some of our characters: this latter we must now attempt—and as Mary Vernon is before us, we will begin with her.

She was in her eighteenth year, rather above than below the middle size, slight and elegantly formed, and possessing that roundness without which female symmetry cannot exist. Her complexion was exquisitely fair—that fairness which peculiarly belongs to very dark-haired women; her cheeks slightly tinged with the rose of health, and her lips of the rich crimson that made her white and regular teeth look still more brilliant. Her face was perfectly oval; her eyes a deep blue, shaded by silken eyelashes of raven hue, and surmounted by brows whose long and jetty arches added beauty to her fair and open forehead. Her hair, at a little distance, appeared to be black, but was of a rich brown, possessed of that golden reflection which is as

rare as it is beautiful; her arms, hands, and feet might have served as models to the sculptor, and finished a form as graceful as symmetry, youth, and health could make it. Add to all this, a countenance varying and full of expression, and Mary Vernon is before you, gentle or ungentle reader.

Yet methinks I hear you say, "Why she is, then, that faultless monster (of beauty) that the world ne'er saw; for, as yet, all that has been described is perfect." But, alas! the beauty of Mary Vernon, like all earthly beauty, was imperfect; as all her female friends declared her nose to be *un peu retroussé*, and her lips a little too full—two faults that none of her male friends could ever be brought to admit, though often assailed on the subject, with that pertinacity displayed by ladies in their love of truth, and their wish of making male converts to the justice of their opinions.

On no subject is the discrimination of women

more visible than on that of female beauty. A blemish that might have for ever escaped the eye of man, (nay, such is the blindness of mankind on such points, might have appeared to him as something attractive) is at one glance detected by the quick perception of woman; and with the kind wish of extending her discoveries, is made known to most of her male friends. This, which we call her love of truth and candour, is, by the ill-natured world, stigmatized as jealousy or envy, two feelings which we, who know the gentle sex, maintain to be foreign to their natures.

Mary Vernon was a good musician, had a clear and sweet, though not a powerful voice; excelled in painting, and possessed a knowledge of the elements of all the sciences necessary to form a rational and accomplished companion.

No wonder, then, that with so many personal and mental attractions, she was generally

admired, and had already refused more than one eligible offer for her hand. It was some lurking fear of the superiority of her charms drawing attention from, or provoking comparisons with, those of his daughters, that influenced her selfish uncle, almost as much as his false pride, in excluding her from his fashionable reunions,—an exclusion that was by no means disagreeable to the two young ladies, who felt no strong predilection for their beautiful cousin.

There were two people in Carlton Gardens, where the town mansion of Mr. Vernon was situated, who partook not his or his daughter's feelings of indifference to Mary Vernon; nay, who felt for her a more than common interest and affection: these were Mrs. Vernon and her second son, who had long learned to estimate their charming relation. The son scarcely viewed her in the light of a cousin, owing

to the restricted intercourse of the families, which had produced a more tender, though less familiar acquaintance between them.

There is nothing so destructive to love as the familiarity that is engendered by constant intercourse in youth: this destroys illusions, and establishes a sort of sisterly or brotherly relation, that precludes other sentiments between the parties. It is the reverse in more matured age: persons so thrown together, form attachments that become strengthened by habits of intimacy, that render them indispensable to each other, even after passion has removed the veil which had at first blinded them. Providence has wisely ordained, that habit should replace other and dearer ties, as a compensation for the decrease of passion—that fever of the heart and mind, which, followed by re-action, produces indifference, and all the somniferous train of feelings, or want of feelings, that form such

a dreary contrast to the brilliant dreams from which the heart has awakened. Providence, the all-wise director of all, has decreed, that each season of life should have its own peculiar charm, and has given us habit, in our more mature age, to atone for the loss of the more passionate enjoyments of our youth. Habit it is which inures us to what was at first disagreeable, softens down what was harsh, and makes us feel our own insufficiency, by teaching us to depend for happiness on others.

Ask those who have spent years together, perhaps often breaking forth into murmurs at their mutual defects, if they would change their partners for all the perfection that imagination creates to mock reality, and they will say, or they will feel, that such a separation would be insupportable, as *habit*, that forger of strongest chains, has riveted theirs too indissolubly to be divided, except by death.

## CHAPTER II.

What is the aim and end of spinsters' lives,  
But to be made rich, great, and titled wives?

*Modern Hudibras.*

“It is too ridiculous,” said Miss Vernon to her sister, “that mamma should make no exertion to get us asked to the Duchess of Deloraine’s ball. It might be easily managed, knowing, as we do, half the people with whom the Duchess is most intimate: but mamma will do nothing, and papa seems for once paralysed, as he is deaf to all the hints I have given him. The Marquis of Tadcaster has asked me ten times if we go there, and, not liking to own

that we were not invited, I gave no positive answer. He has lately become more marked in his attentions; and this ball might have decided something. He is going immediately after to Scotland; and, once there, who can say when we shall see him again?"

"I assure you," answered Louisa, "that I am quite as vexed as you are; for I see the horrid perspective before us of a winter in the country, without the chance of forming any thing like a desirable alliance; and, as we have now been out four seasons,—that is to say, you have been four and I three—it is quite time that we were settled. However, I am sure I have no chance until you are married; and I must say, that I think you have waited long enough for a dukedom, and that it would be wise to catch at the first coronet that is supported by plenty of green acres, instead of doing penance at home."

There was something unpalatable in the

observations of Louisa Vernon to the vain and irritable feelings of her sister, and their conversations on marriage, the subject that most interested them, seldom concluded without the excitement of angry feelings. The vanity of both prevented their acknowledging the wounds inflicted; but these rankled not the less, and the young ladies were most anxious to succeed in their matrimonial speculations, no less for the sake of the splendid establishments they contemplated, than from the wish of triumphing over each other.

Mrs. Vernon saw with sorrow, that worldly feelings had blighted all the sentiments of natural affection in the breasts of her daughters. In vain she tried to lead them back; for the path of nature, like that of virtue, once lost, is difficult to be regained, and, like it, is only discovered with repentance for a guide. The generous and affectionate heart of the

mother was chilled by the cold and calculating selfishness of her daughters; and they looked on her as *une bonne bourgeoise*, who had little knowledge of the world that they worshipped, and who could in no way assist their projects.

As the *fête* drew near, they felt the necessity of bringing their admirers to a decided declaration, and determined to spare no pains to effect so desirable an end. Louisa's experience of three unsuccessful seasons had discouraged her ambitious hopes, and she had reasoned herself into the conviction, that, after all, a person might be very happy as a Countess; a conviction that the attentions of Lord Durnford had considerably helped to bring about.

In the appearance of the Misses Vernon there was nothing to distinguish them from any other of the good-looking young ladies of fashion of the day. They were what might be called handsome; but their countenances were so little

expressive of any of the qualities that fix sympathy or affection, that after one had allowed that they were good-looking, and had a certain air of fashion,—an air as distinct from that which distinguishes high birth and high breeding, as is the false diamond from the brilliant gem it is made to copy,—there was little else to be said. Beauty depends much more on expression than on feature, as all must have remarked, who have seen plain features redeemed by that soul-beaming expression, which leaves the impression of beauty, or “something than beauty dearer,” behind, bringing back faces to memory, the details of which might not support a strict scrutiny, but the *tout ensemble* of which captivated.

## CHAPTER III.

“A *fête* is one of the many palliatives for that common malady *ennui*, and, like most palliatives, gives but a temporary relief, generally followed by a return of the disease.”

THE long looked-for *fête* to be given by Mr. Vernon at length arrived, and was ushered in by torrents of rain, which poured from an early hour in the day, and continued without intermission, as if to prove to him, a truth he had lately seemed to doubt, namely, that gold cannot command all things. The temporary rooms, not formed to “bide the pelt-

ing of the pitiless storm," became inundated; and temples draped with pale rose and celestial blue, ere half the day was over, were only fit to receive Naiades, and were totally inapplicable to the terrestrial nymphs and swains for whom they were arranged. Galleries and kiosks crumbled "like the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving many a wreck behind; and had Mr. Vernon contemplated the novel exhibition of a Naumachia for the amusement of his guests, he might have easily contrived to accomplish it, so plentiful was the supply of water on the leads, and in the garden, where the fête was to have displayed its greatest attractions. Triumphal arches lay prostrate on the earth, burying in their fall the rich and rare plants and flowers imported from all the nurseries round London; and fragments of silk draperies, mingled with garlands of artificial roses, were seen borne along the yellow

streams that urged their turbid course through all the walks in this lately beautiful garden. Variegated lamps were tossing in the breeze on the dripping branches that supported them; and the drenched flowers, half covered by mould and gravel, gave an air of desolation and ruin, that seemed to warn *millionaires* how soon the elements may dissipate the fruits of their riches.

Mr. Vernon viewed the scene of destruction from his dressing-room window, and as he saw the snowy and rose-coloured petals of the camelia japonicas and the blossoms of the other rare plants of his conservatory, hurried along by the hurricane, he bethought him of the truth of the proverb, that “riches can make unto themselves wings to fly away.” He moralized, not on the powers of Nature, but on the probable cost which this ill-timed freak of her’s would entail upon him; and the dire necessity

of receiving the guests of the evening in the splendid salons of his mansion instead of, *al fresco*, in the temples and gardens, on which he had expended such vast sums, to astonish, if not delight the beholder.

The young ladies were still more annoyed by the unpropitious storm. They, unlike their papa, calculated not the expense, but the results of the destruction of the garden. They had contemplated all the possibilities of well-managed tête-à-têtes with their respective admirers; the most judicious modes of eliciting declarations: and a fine night, and the silver moon shedding her radiance over all that luxury and wealth could combine, were considered as essential requisites in the stage decorations of the act of the comedy they intended to represent. An unusual softness of manner might be assumed, in a scene where Nature is exhibited as Nature is seen in a ballet; forced flowers and rare exotics might

serve as symbols of tenderness to lovers themselves, the productions of the hot-beds of London fashionable forcing-frames; and a thousand half sentences, “looks, and becks, and wreathed smiles,” might be given to encourage languid admirers, beneath the glow of variegated lamps, and on the velvet of a green lawn, that would lose all charm in the blaze of the ball-room, with the feet gliding over the chalked floor, and the eyes dazzled all around by splendour and the heart gladdened by gaiety. No! in a ball-room, no *rôle* but that of the brilliant *danseuse* could with propriety be played; and the only chance left was a stroll through the suite of apartments, when the languor of fatigue and heat might furnish a pretext for sighing for the country, regretting being pent up in London, and envying the supposed admirer, who would be so happy in Scotland, or wherever else his ennui might tempt him to go.

Now that they could not sport it on the

light fantastic toe in the garden, it would be necessary to change the costumes prepared, *un peu en Bergère à l'Opéra*, for something more analogous to the gilded salons in which the fête would be held. Aigrettes of diamonds must be substituted for wreaths of flowers, and robes embroidered in pearls, must take the place of Diaphané gauze, with bouquets of lilies of the valley and roses.

Mr. Vernon, while his young ladies were attending to the momentous change of their decorations, was ordering a double supply of wax-candles to be scattered through the suite of salons, that a blaze of light, emulating the sun itself, should illuminate the chef-d'œuvres of art that enriched their walls.

The company assembled at the usual hour—the usual faces, dresses, and smiles, were exhibited; the usual affectation of not being pleased shown off, as if each had agreed that

it was indecorous, or at least vulgar to appear gratified at what was meant to give gratification, (the *nil admirari* being one of the adopted secrets of fashionable non-entity most generally followed,) and the usual nothings were repeated.

Lord Albany joined Lady Oriel and Mrs. Forrester, and amused them with his piquant remarks on the scene and on the principal actors in it.

“Do you see Lady Danvers?” said he; “she is getting herself up in her *rôle* of a woman of fashion, but she is not calculated to fill the part well.”

“Is it then so difficult a part?” interrogated Mrs. Forrester.

“*Celà dépend*,” replied Lord Albany; “to you ladies nothing appears so easy, and nothing is so easy; *mais*, Lady Danvers finds it terrible up-hill work; she wants to be an in-

fluent leader, the female Grey, Wellington, or Canning, of fashionable, instead of political life; and, *hélas!* she is only formed to be the Billy Holmes, which means the whipper-in; and between a leader and a whipper-in in fashionable life there is as great a difference as in political. I could give a receipt to make a woman of fashion, if I saw a meritorious debutante for the part; but I should as soon think of giving Ude's instructions how to dress a *salmi de bécassine* to an under-housemaid, as my receipt to Lady Danvers; neither would do justice to them."

"Pray let us be favoured with your rules," said Lady Oriel; "and as we are going to rusticate in Ireland, there is no chance of our abusing the favour, by any clumsy attempts at the part."

"I must again remind you, Mesdames," said Lord Albany, "that to give *you* a receipt

to make a woman of fashion would be ‘to gild refined gold, or paint the lily;’ but if you command me to state what I should recommend to others, you shall be obeyed, the more readily that my woman of fashion must not be less than fifteen years your senior. Suppose a lady highly born, and highly bred, (mind, I don’t say well-bred,) of at least thirty-five years old, married to a man of rank and large fortune. Beauty is of no importance; but strong nerves are indispensable, as without these sinews of war, a leader of fashion cannot succeed. A good *tournure* is highly necessary, and a practical knowledge of French and Italian cannot be dispensed with. The lady must have natural vivacity, and acquired self-command to control any unseemly ebullition of it; she must have tact without talent, that is to say, she must not excel in conversation, writing, music, or any of the accomplishments that require

talent, as excellence in any of them would occupy too much of that precious time, which her duties as a woman of fashion require. Society is to be considered the end and aim of her life. Dinners, balls, and routs, the only things that come home to our business and bosoms; and all else, as insignificant and unworthy of attention. Politics, by which I mean a superficial view of the feuds of faction, must be familiar to her; and she must make up in warmth of zeal, for all she wants in real comprehension of the questions agitated by the Guelphs and Ghibelines of our day. A strict attention to *la mode* is necessary; a lavish expenditure on her person, and a prudent regard to economy in all other disbursements, are recommended. A consciousness of superiority and power, with a philosophical indifference to the means employed to obtain it, and a stoical disregard to the feelings of others,

is to be cultivated, and the exclusive system, that *sainte alliance* of the *haut ton*, is never to be abandoned. Beauty, wit, and talent, are to be voted unnecessary, or *de trop*; and power is to be retained *coute qui coute*. All without the pale of her own circle are to be considered *mauvais ton*, and those unknown to her as being unknowable. She is to cultivate an intimacy with the leading ambassadresses, render useful the received Corypheus's of fashion, and employ as her creatures the tolerated. One or two political leaders must be fixed at her receptions, as *habitués*, and their satellites are to be encouraged. Fashion is to be considered as the true object of a laudable ambition, and all else as accessories of little importance. Place this lady in a large and elegantly-furnished mansion in St. James's, Grosvenor, or Berkeley Square, give her a villa near town to which she may retire with a chosen few of

her clique during the summer, and a fine family seat in the country, where she may hold her state in the winter, surrounded by the magnates of the land, with a sprinkling of foreigners of distinction; dress her head *à la* Herbault, her bust *à la* Victorine, her feet *à la* Melnotte, and serve her up, with plenty of diamonds and pearls, and you will have a woman of fashion."

The ladies laughed at the gravity with which Lord Albany repeated his receipt, and agreed that it would be thrown away on Lady Danvers.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Concealment is too frequently the consequence of guilt, not to be often mistaken for it.”

LADY ORIEL had been talking to a group who were looking at a picture, by Titian, in the gallery at Vernon House, when the sound of a voice familiar to her struck on her ear ; she turned to look, and found the eyes of Lord Delmore fixed on her with a steadfast gaze. The impressions which the sight of him conveyed, were so mingled with all of pain and humiliation she had ever known, that she felt

a sudden faintness come over her; but, though ready to sink to the earth, she subdued every external symptom of emotion; and, affecting not to have seen him, walked to another room.

This was the first time they had met since her return to town. She had seen in the papers that he had gone to Italy, and hoped he would remain there, until time had enabled her to lose the poignant sense of her own imprudence which every recollection of him called up. She had learned to judge his artful conduct with the same sincerity and severity with which she analyzed her own, and the arts by which he had so successfully compromised her in the eyes of their mutual acquaintances, being now unveiled, excited her indignation and contempt.

How did she rejoice that Lord Oriel was not with her at this rencontre, as his presence, and the consciousness of the scrutiny with

which he would examine her countenance, would have increased her agitation. She proposed to Mrs. Forrester to retire ; and, seeing Colonel Forrester at that moment enter from the House of Lords, where he had been to hear a debate, they both requested him to call their carriage, and left Mr. Vernon's house.

Lady Oriel reflected with pleasure that in a very few days she should leave London, and trusted that she should not again meet Lord Delmore. She hesitated whether she ought to tell Lord Oriel of the meeting or not ; and, with the candour and delicacy natural to her, determined on doing so ; but, after a little reflection, she thought that the mention of Lord Delmore's name from her lips would conjure up such a host of painful reminiscences in the sensitive mind of her husband, that she had not courage to introduce the subject.

Here again the too susceptible nature of

Lord Oriel led to mischief, because it was the cause of his wife's concealing from him her rencontre with Lord Delmore ; a circumstance which, though trivial in itself, and which might naturally be expected to take place, he had not contemplated, from his believing that individual to be abroad ; and though he would certainly have been pained at her telling him the fact, his was a temper to be deeply offended by her concealment of it.

The first circumstance that leads to the necessity of a concealment between man and wife, gives the colour to their future happiness. How often do concealments proceed from the fear of wounding a susceptible mind, or exciting an irritable temper ! and when once a habit of dissimulation is established, the purity of conjugal affection is destroyed, though the affection itself may continue in all its pristine force. A delicate-minded woman, or a sensi-

tive man, discovering that even a trivial concealment has been practised, feels confidence impaired, and suspicion awakened; the real motives are seldom examined, for people are not willing to believe themselves too susceptible, or irritable, and would be offended at the supposition were it made to them. But as it is easier to act with candour than to conquer either disposition or temper, we have no hesitation in advising all husbands and wives to avoid concealment if they wish to preserve happiness, and not be deterred from a statement of facts by the fear of present annoyance, which leaves a much lighter impression than is made by a future discovery of them.

There is something repugnant to the delicacy of affection in the consciousness that heads which repose on the same pillow should be occupied by thoughts which they dare not utter. Lady Oriel felt this the night of the

fête, and affected to be asleep when Lord Oriel entered her room, to avoid a conversation in which she could not name the disagreeable meeting that even then agitated her nerves and wounded her feelings.

“When,” thought she, with bitterness, “will the effects of my folly cease to rise up in judgment against me? It is to it I owe the susceptibility on my husband’s part that renders concealment necessary.”

The Abbé de Chaulieu observed of Fontenelle, that he had the most kindness and the least feeling of any man he had ever known. This observation showed a profound knowledge of human nature; for though it may appear a paradox, it is nevertheless true, that persons the most remarkable for general kindness are those who have the least feeling; deep feeling being always accompanied by an inequality of humour, that often precludes habitual kind-

ness ; while the absence of feeling leaves us masters of ourselves, and ready to show those acts of civility that are gratifying to the receiver, and cost little to the giver.

Lord Oriel was an exemplification of the incompatibility of the two ; for no man possessed more feeling, and its excess produced the effect of want of kindness, by rendering him irritable when he most wished to be kind. A woman of less delicacy of mind than his wife, might have corrected this exuberant and unhealthy action of feeling, by an exposure to him of the pain it occasioned her ; but Lady Oriel attributed his morbid sensibility entirely to her own errors, and supported the sufferings it inflicted with the patience of a martyr.

Lord Oriel had intended going from the House of Lords to the fête at Mr. Vernon's, but, having been detained later than he expected, he concluded, from seeing many car-

riages leaving Carlton Gardens, that Lady Oriel had left it. He stopped at White's to look at the evening papers, and was reading one, his face shaded partly by the paper, when Lord Tadcaster and some other young men walked in, and gave a description of the fête.

“Lady Oriel and Mrs. Forrester were the prettiest women there,” observed Lord Tadcaster; “and so Delmore seemed to think, for he never took his eyes off the first, who blushed very becomingly when she caught his eyes fixed on her face.”

The observations ended here, and it seemed to Lord Oriel as if some one had pointed him out to Lord Tadcaster, and so stopped any farther remark. He felt his cheeks glow with rage and shame: at one moment he felt disposed to call Lord Tadcaster to account for having named Lady Oriel, and the next he thought, that as nothing positively offensive

had been said, such a step would only excite fresh scandal, and revive the former.

He was one of the last to leave White's, as he felt too much agitated to confront the persons he must pass to leave the room; and in driving home, his mind was in a chaos, that made him dread an interview with his wife. Would she tell him of the meeting? To name it, would be opening afresh old wounds, that both were anxious not to touch; but *not* to tell him would be still worse, as denoting a want of confidence in herself and him too.

Anxious as he was to ascertain how Lady Oriel would act on this occasion, he was relieved by finding her, as he imagined, asleep; and as he looked on her beautiful face, with the silken fringe of her raven eyelashes resting on the delicate rose-coloured cheeks, he breathed a prayer that no tear might leave its trace on those fair cheeks, and laid his head

on his pillow, to seek in sleep an oblivion of the painful feelings that, during the last two hours, had been passing through his mind.

But sleep pressed not his weary eyelids ; for thought after thought, and all connected with Lord Delmore, presented themselves. Did Lady Oriel know of his arrival in London when she proposed the visit to Ireland ? Why was she so afraid of meeting him ? Alas ! he was growing unjust and suspicious to his own Frances. He felt his injustice, but he had no longer the power of checking it. If, however, she told him, as she would be sure to do on the morrow, that she had met Lord Delmore, all would be well ; but if not, he dared not think of the consequences.

Little did he imagine that she who occupied all his thoughts was as wakeful, and nearly as agitated as himself, and from nearly the same cause. All her self-reproach had again

been excited by the train of thought her interview with Lord Delmore had called up. His presence would revive the former scandal ; her husband would again become susceptible and unhappy ; restraint would take place of the confidence beginning to be re-established between them ; and all this was the consequence of her past levity and imprudence. She suppressed the sighs that laboured in her breast, lest her husband should suspect she was not asleep ; but he, who believed her in slumber, gave a free vent to his, every one of which struck on her ear as a knell of departing happiness, and reproached her for being the cause.

To a refined and sensitive mind, there is no suffering that falls so heavily on the heart as the consciousness of having inflicted unhappiness on those dear to us. Our own tears or sighs relieve the grief they spring from ; but those we cause, fall back with bitterness

on our breasts, and fill us with remorse and anguish. To have trifled with our own peace of mind, appears light in comparison with the complicated guilt of having destroyed that of one who loved and trusted us ; and Lady Oriel felt, that a woman who has been careless of her reputation, thereby wounding her husband's honour in its most tender point, can never more hope for that uninterrupted confidence which forms the only solid basis on which the happiness of married life can be built. Her heart melted within her, as she thought over the pangs she had inflicted on the noble and generous breast beside her ; and she could have wept over him, if she dared, as all the past came in review before her.

## CHAPTER V.

“ Suspicion is a heavy armour, and  
With its own weight impedes more than it protects.”

LADY ORIEL left her chamber ere her husband awoke, and when they met at the breakfast-table, both laboured under a constraint that each endeavoured, but in vain, to hide. A consciousness of something to be concealed pressed on the spirits of the wife, and a knowledge that something *was* concealed, wounded the feelings of the husband.

Those whose susceptibility or irritability force their connexions to the painful necessity of

concealment, are precisely those who are the most offended by it. With all Lord Oriel's natural goodness of heart and delicacy of mind, it never occurred to him, that his wife's silence on the subject of her interview with Lord Delmore proceeded wholly from the excess of her affection for himself, making her dread the idea of giving him pain. A less refined mind than hers would neither have anticipated the chagrin which the mention of Delmore's name would occasion him, nor have committed the error of having any concealment on the subject. But here were two people, fondly, warmly attached to each other, frittering away their happiness, from a too great similarity of dispositions and a too great refinement of ideas. A little less on either side might have saved them both from much misery; but circumstances had, unfortunately, tended to increase their morbid sensibility, and they were now paying the penalty.

“How passed off the fête?” asked Lord Oriel. “I was on the point of searching you there, when I saw so many carriages coming away that I concluded you had left. The ball was very brilliant and agreeable?”

“Nothing remarkable,” replied Lady Oriel. “On the whole, I thought it went off heavily, as the fêtes at Mr. Vernon’s generally do. He walks about with such an air of demanding admiration for his house, his furniture, his pictures, and all that is his, that it makes one feel less disposed to accord it; and then he seems so dissatisfied that his guests are not surprised or *éblouis* by his grandeur, that it makes many of them take a spiteful pleasure in affecting a nonchalance, even greater than they feel.”

Lord Oriel asked other questions; but still Lady Oriel mentioned not Lord Delmore, and he felt every moment more discomposed by her concealment. At length he arose from the

table, and affecting a careless air, observed—  
“ I heard another version of the fête from Lord Tadcaster, at White’s, where I stopped to look over the evening papers. He mentioned having seen Lord Delmore there.”

Lady Oriel felt the blood rush up to her very forehead, from the consciousness of the false interpretation her husband might put on her concealment of this fact ; and her blushing reminded him of Lord Tadcaster’s remark on the subject.

“ By the by,” said he, with an air of pique Lady Oriel had never seen him exhibit before, “ it will be absolutely necessary for you, either to give up going into society where you are likely to meet him, or to conquer the habit of blushing at his presence or at the mention of his name. Lord Tadcaster commented last night on your blushing most becomingly when you caught Lord Delmore’s eyes fixed on you ; and you

must be aware that nothing can be so likely to convey a false impression as your betraying any symptom of consciousness with regard to him."

There was something in the tone and manner with which this was said that deeply wounded Lady Oriel. She felt that she was misunderstood; and her pride and delicacy, but above all, her affection, was wounded.

Lord Oriel left the room, leaving her to shed tears, almost as bitter as those he had removed from her eyes some months before; and a sense of his injustice mingled with her own self-accusations.

"A few months ago," thought she, "I could have thrown myself into his arms, and confessed the motive of the concealment that pains him, without a single mental reservation. But now confidence is at an end; for I have not fortitude to bear up against the clouded aspect and

evident unhappiness that any recurrence to that fearful event in my life produces in him. The consciousness of my own errors which oppresses me, and betrays itself by external marks, instead of meeting sympathy from him, who ought to understand me, excites only anger or displeasure. I ought to have left him when my imprudence had broken down the barriers of confidence ; for now, disguise it how I may, we are no longer happy, and our happiness no longer depends on each other."

When Lord Delmore found that his visits would no longer be received by Lady Oriel, rage and mortification took possession of his mind. Not knowing the discovery she had made of the scandal which his attentions had excited, he attributed her door being shut to him to caprice, or to the representations of some busy, meddling friend. Lord Oriel, from what he had already observed of him, he was

certain, would not have prohibited them; therefore, the blame must rest wholly with Lady Oriel, and this manifestation of her perfect indifference towards him, was most mortifying to his *amour-propre*.

With all his vanity, Lord Delmore never believed that he had excited any warmer sentiment than friendship in the heart of Lady Oriel, and all hope of this ripening into a warmer feeling had long been abandoned. But vanity urged the desire of making the world think otherwise; and in proportion as he was convinced of her purity, he became anxious to convey to the world an impression to the contrary—an impression so easily conveyed in the circles in which he lived, where idleness and the love of scandal render every new tale certain of a favourable reception. Positive dislike had taken place of the admiration he had felt for Lady Oriel, and he

inwardly resolved that she should suffer for thus casting him off, without a word or a line of explanation, after the footing of established friendship on which he had been received by her for the last few months.

He appeared at the clubs with a sombre air — talked of going abroad, having *now* no longer any inducement to stay in England — said that Lady Oriel was the most divine woman on earth, and her lord the most jealous of husbands — adding with a smile, that it was strange, but true, that husbands never became jealous until it was too late to prevent the mischief they dreaded, and only locked the door when the treasure was stolen.

Innuendoes of this kind continually repeated to the men of his circles, with confessions which he allowed to be wrung from him by the questions of the indiscreet women, soon spread the evil reports he was so anxious to propagate.

When Lady Annersly and some of her clique asked him why he no longer appeared with his friend Lady Oriel, and how he contrived to exist away from her? — a sigh, a pensive look, and a “Don’t talk to me about it!—Poor dear soul, she is to be pitied, with her jealous brute of a husband!—It is really too bad, to have all one’s comfort broken-up in this way!” implied all that he wished them to believe, while it also gave them to understand, that he was a most attached as well as attachable person.

When such reports had been whispered in the circles of society for a week, and commented on in the clubs for a fortnight, it is no wonder that they soon after found their way into the newspapers, and were blazoned abroad with all the *piquant* emendations that a maliciously disposed editor could give them, until they assumed a form sufficiently palpable to impress the uninquiring with a belief

that what was so publicly asserted must be true.

Had Colonel Forrester been in England at this moment, the first statement coming from the press would have been checked by a legal proceeding against the newspaper in which it had appeared, and this would have silenced all the others. But he, unfortunately, was absent, and the morbid sensibility of Lord Oriel rendered him totally unfit for taking any of the necessary steps to stop statements that filled him with indignation and sorrow, the falsehood of which he knew, but wanted knowledge of the world to know how to refute.

How many people pass through life without having acquired, or having sought to acquire, the practical knowledge necessary to render the journey less painful ! and how few are so fortunate as to be exempt from the circumstances that render such a knowledge necessary ! Lord Oriel,

shrinking from the publicity which legal steps, as he thought, would give to the scandalous falsehoods in question, was little aware that they were the only means left him of checking their promulgation ; and that the impunity with which paper after paper published the scandal was considered as positive proof of its truth. His supine and reprehensible negligence, or pride, had kept him from acting as the guardian of his wife's honour, and by his morbid feelings and want of worldly knowledge, he was now equally unfitted for being its avenger.

Lord Delmore, having excited the sympathy of the frivolous and vicious part of the society to which he belonged, and the contempt of the good and sober-minded, determined on travelling for a few months. Change of scene, he thought, would amuse him, and confirm the impression he wished to convey, that he left England because he was separated from Lady

Oriel. He was as tired of the moors and mountains in Scotland as he had been before of the preserves of the best manors in Norfolk and Suffolk : he had explored the Lakes, and found them, as a certain tragic dame was reported to have expressed herself with regard to the "vasty deep," "vastly wide and vastly profound." Wales was familiar to him, and, like all familiar things, no longer desirable ; and Ireland, with its White-feet and Black-feet, its Shanah-vests and Caravats, Captain Rock and Agitators, held forth no temptation. To Paris, therefore, he determined to go in the first instance, and, if that failed to amuse him, to proceed to Italy.

By one of those extraordinary chances that so often arise in this world of chances, the first person he met on entering the steam-packet was Mademoiselle La Tour, the *ci-devant femme de chambre* of Lady Oriel. A few questions and

well-timed compliments elicited from her all that she knew, all that she suspected, and all that she thought probable about Miladi. “ Milord was one shocking *bête*, Miladi *un peu folle, tout à fait exagérée, et tous les deux romanesques et s’aimant comme les pigeons ou les tourterelles*. If Miladi have *le bon sens*, everything so easy, because Miladi do what she like with Milord : *mais non, tout au contraire*. When she told Miladi all what *le valet de pied* de Milord Delmore had said, Miladi dropped in one faint : Milord runs in, and begin weeping like *von enfant* ; and *malgré* she did try to make Miladi take *de la fleur d’orange pour ses nerfs*, or *un peu de tilleul*, Milord did tell her to go away, and did stay alone with Miladi, with de door locked ; and when she came again, they have both so red eyes as if they cry *beaucoup*. Yet they were not very angry ; for they did look very loving, and Milord kiss Miladi’s hand very

much. And next day Miladi did pay her, and give her *un joli cadeau*, and say she not want her no more; and so she left her, and was now going to set up *une boutique dans la Galerie de L'Orme*; and she hope Milord Delmore be one good friend to her, and she be one good friend to Milord; for she counsel Milord not keep his *valet de pied*, *Monsieur Henri*, because he is one *bavard très dangereux, pour un Monsieur qui a du succès comme Milord.*"

The whole secrets of Oriel House were now explained to Lord Delmore, and he saw plainly that the plans he had followed to produce a misunderstanding between the husband and wife, had only united them afresh and more tenderly than ever. He felt convinced that all his arts would be unavailing to establish himself again *sur un pied d'intimité* with Lady Oriel, and rejoiced that he had left England, as his absence, much more than his presence,

would confirm people in the belief that he wished them to entertain.

A liberal *cadeau* from his Lordship's purse found its way to the reticule of Mademoiselle, who, while accepting it, remarked that "It was not one wonder Milord was so *aimé par toutes les dames*, for Milord was *le plus joli garçon de Londres, et le plus spirituel*;" though, when he left her, she could not resist adding, "*et bête comme tous ses compatriotes*: he give me *un cadeau* when I cannot do him one service, and he not give me when I could. *Aussi*, he not tell me I have de pretty eye and *une jolie tournure*, which prove he is one *bête*."

Among the English at Paris, Lord Delmore acted the sentimental and serious, but consoled himself for this restraint by abandoning his naturally gay spirits to uncontrolled indulgence in the French circles into which he was admit-

ted. Madame la Viscomtesse de Beauregarde, the most *spirituelle* of the Parisian *élégantes*, declared him to be *très-bien pour un Anglais*; and her manner towards him, even more than her words, marked that, *même pour un Français*, he would not have been considered otherwise than *très-aimable*.

He passed his time so agreeably at Paris that he thought not of crossing the Alps, and was only disturbed from the pleasing routine of amusements into which he had fallen by letters from England, announcing that his pecuniary affairs were so embarrassed that the raising supplies became every day more difficult; and urging the necessity of his immediate return, for the purpose of adopting some plan of relief. He had long had a vague idea that he was ruined, but he had always chased the disagreeable reflection from his mind every time it had intruded itself. During a Lon-

don season, who has time or inclination to think about his affairs? and so many shooting-parties are made up for the autumn, followed by the hunting season at Melton, that one never has a moment to give to disagreeable subjects; so, from year to year, Lord Delmore, like many of his contemporaries, had gone on, putting off the evil day of examination, until a stoppage of the means of prolonging his pleasurable pursuits, forced on his mind the painful conviction, that examination was not only indispensable, but probably unavailing.

“Well,” thought he, “if I am ruined, I must only sacrifice my inclinations, and marry. This is a bore, to be sure, but there is no avoiding it, and,” examining himself in the glass, “I flatter myself I shall have no great difficulty in making myself acceptable.”

He arrived in London only a few days before the fête at Vernon House, and that was the

first occasion of his appearing in public since his return from Paris.

On seeing Lady Oriel, his first impulse was to approach her ; but, observing the circle around her, even he, with all his courage and non-chalance, dared not risk the cold reception he had a presentiment he should receive from her, a reception which would at once serve as a refutation to all the evil reports circulated about them. He hovered near her, hoping to find her alone for a moment, but, when he caught her glance, the expression of it convinced him he had better avoid any attempt at addressing her, and he saw her leave the room with sentiments much nearer akin to hate than to love.

The good footing on which she seemed established in society was painful to him from two motives ; the first, that it seemed as if the evil reports relative to him were no longer be-

lieved, which was most mortifying to his vanity ; and the second, because he wished her to be punished for breaking off so uncivilly with him, a crime for which he never could forgive her.

“ Your virtuous women are such fools,” thought he : “ now Lady Annersly, or Lady Flora Disbrow, or any of the women of that clique, would never have dared to cast me off, *sans ménagement*, for fear of provoking me to say something against them. But this lady, who has allowed me to exhibit myself as the humblest, though certainly not as the most unhappy of her adorers, at every ball, *soirée*, and *fête*, of last season, until we were considered as inseparable as married lovers in the first week of the honey-moon, now quietly cuts me, without so much as a word, look, or smile, totally regardless of my vengeance.”

On leaving the salon, he met Lord Tad-

caster, who offered to drop him at Crockford's, and during their drive, they talked over the fête. Both agreed that old Vernon was a bore, and his daughters a little too demonstrative in their desire to wear coronets.

“ They will have fifty thousand each, I understand,” said Lord Tadcaster, “ and as much more at the father's death ; a good fortune as times go ; and if I wanted money, I should not mind marrying the elder ; but that not being the case, I will leave her to barter her plum for a strawberry-leaf coronet, the object on earth she most longs for. I have no desire to give myself a *beau-père* in old Vernon, or a *beau frère* in my friend and schoolfellow Frank, who, I think, is the most disagreeable of the family, perhaps because I know him the best.”

The fifty thousand pounds in possession, and a similar sum in reversion, sounded most agreeably in the ears of Lord Delmore. To the

young ladies he had never paid any attention, and hardly knew them asunder. But *n'importe*, he should take the first opportunity of acting *l'aimable* to which of them he found the least disagreeable ; and he doubted not his success, provided he could conceal the ruinous state of his finances, the dilapidations in which became every day more apparent, and rendered some speedy relief more indispensable.

Animated by the cheering prospect of Miss Vernon's thousands, of which already he anticipated the possession, and excited by champagne, he sat down to hazard, and after three hours' play, found himself minus as many thousands. With an aching head and soured temper, he left the splendid salons of Crockford's, where the gilding lavished around seems to mock the dupes whose gold has paid for it.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ She is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.”

THE fête given by Mr. Vernon passed off, like the generality of such amusements, unsatisfactorily to the host and the guests ; a thousand faults were found with the arrangements of it, and chiefly by those who had never given, nor were likely to give a fête in their lives ; the ices were pronounced to be too cold, the rooms too much lighted ; and it was dis-

covered that a profusion reigned around, which, as the guests repeated to each other, clearly proved that the giver was a *parvenu*, a *nouveau riche*, in short, all but a person *comme il faut*, though decidedly a person *comme il en faut*, as the world now stood, when money is the passport to society.

Mr. Vernon had discrimination enough to see that his guests were more disposed to sneer than smile, or, if they did smile, it was in *such a sort*, as left little doubt that satire, more than pleasure, produced the risible movement; and he was as angry and disappointed, at what he termed their ingratitude, as if their amusement had been his sole motive in giving the fête, and that an ostentatious desire of astonishing them, and forcing their admiration and envy, had not been his principal inducement. People seemed to render him responsible even for the badness of the weather, and various

comments were made on the absurdity of choosing such a night for a fête, as if his invitations had only gone forth that day. Host and guests stood on equal grounds with regard to their feelings towards each other, and both seemed perfectly to understand their mutual estimate.

The Miss Vernons were the most disappointed of all the circle, for neither the Marquis of Tadcaster nor Lord Durnford had proposed ; though all available arts had been tried to draw them to this desired and desirable point. The ladies felt that, notwithstanding their address, it was but too evident that the said Lords saw the pains taken to entrap them, and this conviction served to render the would-be entrappers still more mortified at their want of success. To have condescended to use such arts and give such encouragement, humiliated them in their own estimation only because they had not at-

tained their object. Had they succeeded, they would have thought little of the means ; as it was, they felt as offended and angry at their projects being defeated, as if the Lords in question had been the wooers, instead of, as was really the case, being the wooed.

The sisters retired to their chambers, discontented with the world and with themselves, and well disposed to vent a part of their ill-humour on each other. Before separating, Louisa Vernon inquired, “ Well, has Lord Tadcaster proposed ? ”

“ No,” replied her sister, “ and if he had—”

“ You would have jumped at him,” interrupted Louisa ; “ though I know you were now on the point of telling me you would have refused him.”

A look of suppressed rage, and a sneer, repaid this remark, as Miss Vernon spitefully replied, “ I do not ask you if Lord Durnford

has proposed, as your good temper explains the state of that affair ; so *bon soir, ma chère sœur !*" and, humming an air to conceal her mortification, she quitted her sister.

The family party met next morning at a late breakfast, mutually disposed to find fault with each other, and equally discontented with the fête. Mr. Vernon, as was usual with him on such occasions, and the occasions were not unfrequent, expressed his dissatisfaction with Mrs. Vernon's too great civility to the guests, against the greater part of whom he was very acrimonious in his remarks, and then stated his displeasure at the too pointed attention paid by his daughters to the Lords Tadcaster and Durnford.

The young ladies, little accustomed to be rebuked, pouted and looked sulky, and took so little pains to conceal their discontent, that the angry spirit of their father was kindled

afresh, and he demanded with a fiery glance, if, after all their advances, the young men had proposed? “No,” he added, replying to his own question, “they have not, and I could have sworn they would not : and so, after being bored last winter with them in the country, shooting all my pheasants, and playing off their fine airs, it has all come to nothing ! Well, young ladies, do not frown ; I must allow that this disappointment does not arise from *want* of encouragement on your parts.”

## CHAPTER VII.

Love wedlock framed in days of old,  
And made the bonds of wreathed flowers,  
But now the chains are forged of gold,  
And Hymen bows to Pluto's powers.

Lawyers now take poor Cupid's place,  
And goose-quills ply 'stead of his pinions,  
While scarce a sign of love we trace  
In marriage, erst his own dominions.

But how could Law and Love agree?  
There's nought in common sure between 'em;  
Law thinks of quarrels that must be,  
And Love is much too fond to believe 'em.

COLONEL FORRESTER found his sister in tears, and when she told him the cause, he represented to her the absolute necessity of her

using the most perfect frankness with Lord Oriel, and conquering all fear of offending or wounding him by intelligence, that, coming through others, would be doubly mortifying.

“ I enter into your feelings, my dearest sister,” said he, “ and admit that it demands courage to touch on subjects that one knows will give pain ; but be assured, that the appearance of concealment is much more likely to wound than the mention of a name which he must often hear ; and you, by magnifying your own past imprudence, betray a consciousness of it, that will lead the malicious part of the world to draw false conclusions. You have no guilt to accuse yourself of, and therefore ought to be able to meet Lord Delmore with the calm indifference of a common-place acquaintance. Any deviation from this conduct will only tend to revive scandal, and confirm evil reports : therefore, when you encounter Lord Delmore

again, bow to him as to any other casual acquaintance. For the few days we shall be in town, it is necessary for you to appear as much in the world as possible, lest Lord Oriel should fancy that you are staying at home to avoid Delmore, or lest others may draw the same conclusion. I repeat to you, Louisa, that having done nothing to forfeit your own self-respect, you are to blame for the timidity you betray, and that, with a husband so extremely susceptible as yours is, you must conquer it, or else pass your life a martyr to its effects."

When Lady Oriel and Mrs. Forrester were next day entering Kensington Gardens for their promenade, they met Lady Mary Tremayne, with the Miss Vernons, escorted by Lord Delmore. They stopped to speak for a few minutes, and Lady Oriel addressed the customary salutation to the latter with cold politeness, which he replied to in the same tone.

The advice of her brother had such a good effect on her, that she felt she had, on this trying occasion, conducted herself without betraying the least emotion, and she was rejoiced by this consciousness.

On riding through the Park, Lord Delmore had seen the carriage of the Vernons at the gate at Kensington Gardens, and having had a levee of duns that morning, with sundry hints from his solicitor and agent, of the impossibility of pacifying them much longer, the necessity of seeking Plutus through the road of Hymen was more strongly than ever impressed on his mind ; and he resolved to lose no time in cultivating his acquaintance with the Miss Vernons. Knowing Lady Mary Tremayne, their *chaperon*, he joined the party, and finding Miss Vernon the most disposed to smile on him, from the recent retreat of Lord Tadcaster,—Miss Louisa still entertaining hopes of

Lord Durnford, which induced her to be more reserved to Delmore,—he acted the agreeable so successfully, that the Marquis was forgotten when they met Lady Oriel.

On leaving her, Lady Mary Tremayne, with the malice peculiar to her clique, laughingly observed to Lord Delmore, that if this was the first meeting he had had with his old friend, Lady Oriel, since his return, she thought it had passed off very coldly. “Not a blush, a sigh, or even the appearance of trepidation,” added she. “I should have expected, at least, a fainting-fit, and had my salts ready in my reticule; but it seems Lady Oriel is superior to this *weakness*, though she has been accused of others.”

“Oh! Lord Delmore must have met Lady Oriel *chez nous*,” said Miss Vernon.

At this moment they were passing through the gate, when Lord Delmore, with an ex-

pressive look at Miss Vernon, replied, that he had not seen Lady Oriel at the fête, because he had eyes for only *one* lady there, and who could look at any other woman when Miss Vernon was present?

The young lady was as much gratified as surprised at the compliment, and congratulated herself on having already so well supplied the place of Lord Tadcaster; who, notwithstanding all the encouragement given to him, had never said any thing half so warm to her.

“ Their hearts are different,” thought she, little imagining that the difference was not in their hearts, but in their purses, and that if Lord Delmore’s was only half as well filled as that of the Marquis, he would have been even more chary of his compliments.

They parted mutually gratified. Having ascertained that they would be at the Opera, Lord Delmore pressed the hand of his belle on

assisting her to her carriage, and with a tender look rode away.

When the ladies began discussing his pretensions,—a common habit with ladies as well as gentlemen when any one leaves their circle,—Lady Mary Tremayne observed, that certainly Lord Delmore was a very delightful person, handsome, clever, and agreeable. “I never see him,” said she, “without being reminded of the compliment paid by Madame du Deffand to La Princesse de Talmont’s appearance, when she said she had “*l’air distinguée sans être singulière*,”—the most rare thing in the world.

Lady Mary Tremayne’s opinion had great weight with the Vernons, merely because they knew she was very much *à la mode*; and consequently her praise raised Lord Delmore not a little in their estimation. Still there was enough of the family love of riches in the young ladies, to induce them to inquire if he had a

large fortune, and sufficient *amour propre* for her order *de noblesse* in Lady Mary, to engage her to answer, “Certainly,” though she was totally ignorant on the subject; and she added:—“not only has he a large fortune, but in case his uncle dies without marrying, which is very likely, he is heir to a Dukedom.”

This last piece of intelligence quite achieved the conquest of Miss Vernon’s head,—for heart was out of the question in her case—the only proof of her possessing that necessary organ in the economy of the human frame, being a certain palpitation at the left side after dancing.

Discomfited as she had been by the retreat of Lord Tadcaster, without even leaving her the prospect of a proposal from him at any future time, nothing could be more opportune as a salve to her wounded vanity, than this new and brilliant conquest. Having left Lady

Mary Tremayne at home, she could hardly, during her drive to Carlton Gardens, resist showing her triumph to her sister, sundry hints of which were given, and as carefully refused to be accepted by Miss Louisa, who had too much vanity and pretension of her own, to bear patiently with the display of her sister's. Nay, the insinuations of her conquest, so broadly given by Miss Vernon, almost determined her *sœur cadet* to enter the lists with her, to dispute Lord Delmore's preference, and influenced her to take even more than usual pains in her *toilette* of the evening, and to affect *un air empressé* towards Lord Delmore, which she hoped might distract his attention from her sister.

Mrs. Vernon had accompanied her daughters to the Opera, and was astonished to observe the vivacity with which they tried to captivate the new beau. He, with his usual tact, di-

vided his attentions so equally, as to alarm Miss Vernon, and give hopes to Miss Louisa, rendering both more anxious to secure him; and he was so respectful to Mrs. Vernon, that he interested even her in his favour.

Lord Durnford's entrance to the box changed the scene, by renewing Miss Louisa's hopes; and she now devoted her undivided attention to him, leaving her sister free to occupy all that of Lord Delmore; who, anxious to lose no time, plied her with compliments too plain to be mistaken, and too well received, to leave any doubt of the final success of the needy cajoler.

Miss Louisa, finding Lord Durnford's attentions by no means keep pace with her wishes, became indignant at observing the familiarity that seemed to have been established between Miss Vernon and Lord Delmore since she had commenced her conversation with Lord Durnford. To interrupt it, she pointedly asked the

latter, if that was not his friend Lord Tadcaster in the box at the opposite side? and being answered in the affirmative, she spitefully observed, that he had been for the last two hours so occupied with the lady next him, that she had not been able to see who the lady was, his head being continually interposed between them.

Miss Vernon felt all the malice of the remark, and well knew the feeling that dictated it: but it only served to make her more anxious to secure her present conquest, to accomplish which she redoubled her complaisance to him.

On passing through the round room, leaning on the arm of Lord Delmore, she was most disagreeably surprised by finding Lord Tadcaster giving his arm to her cousin Mary Vernon, to whom he appeared to be paying marked attention; while Mrs. Henry Vernon, leaning

on her nephew, stood by her daughter, exulting in the admiration her beauty excited, and the evident conquest which that beauty had achieved; for Lord Tadcaster's assiduity was too undisguised to be mistaken.

How did Miss Vernon now rejoice, that Lord Delmore's attendance saved her from the mortifying position of being *délaissée*! and he who was *au fait* of the encouragement given to Lord Tadcaster, determined to take advantage of the pique his desertion must excite in the breast of the young lady, who, he was certain, would be now most anxious to prove that her affections had never been engaged to Lord Tadcaster, by openly displaying a preference for himself.

Occupied as Lord Delmore was in securing the prize he sought, he was forcibly struck by the beauty of Mary Vernon, and wondered not that Lord Tadcaster had found it so irre-

sistible. "When do you start for Scotland?" asked Delmore.

"I know not," replied the other; "perhaps not at all." And then turning to Mary Vernon, he resumed his conversation with her, with an air of interest that betrayed how much she influenced the sudden change in his plans.

Louisa Vernon cast sundry malicious glances at her sister, as if she wished to say, "You see you have been months trying to retain him, and Mary only knows him one day, and the shooting-party is abandoned."

Nothing of all this sisterly intention was lost on Miss Vernon; for those who are the most malicious, are the most sensible of the malice of others. Her conquest of Delmore alone enabled her to meet it "with decent dignity." How could she be grateful enough to him for saving her from a position so embarrassing to her vanity? But one way sug-

gested itself, and she readily adopted it—that of leaving no means untried to convince him of the pleasure his attentions conferred. Ere he handed her to the carriage, he had made all but a positive declaration, and she had done all but accept him.

The next day the Miss Vernons found themselves again at Kensington Gardens, chaperoned by Mrs. Murray, a lady whose sole recommendation was, that she passed for being fashionable; a distinction due to a large fortune, and a fondness for rank, which induced her to sacrifice all her time, and much of her wealth, to assemble round her all who could boast it, provided they were of the *élite*. She condescended to *chaperon* the Vernons occasionally, because they were considered “catches” by the younger sons of many of the Lady Mammās of her acquaintance, and it gave her an importance with them; and the young ladies

preferred her as a *chaperon* to many others, because she knew everybody, and was past the age of pretending to attention for herself.

Lord Delmore met them *accidentally*, though Miss Louisa's spiteful glance at her sister seemed to insinuate that the meeting was not one of chance ; and the pertinacity with which she engrossed the *conversation* of his Lordship, betrayed her determination to interrupt the confidential *entretien* she supposed her sister wished to hold with him.

Next to forwarding her own personal interest, was the pleasure Miss Louisa felt in defeating that of her sister ; and on this point, if on no other, a perfect sympathy existed between them. Had Lord Durnford, or any other fashionable beau been present, with whom Miss Louisa could have commenced a flirtation, she would have permitted Miss Vernon to engross the attentions of Lord Delmore without

interruption ; but to be compelled to fall back on Mrs. Murray, and leave her sister mistress of the field, was out of the question ; so she maintained an uninterrupted fire of words, smiles, and sallies, that scarcely allowed time for her mortified and angry sister's edging in a word, and made Lord Delmore ready to exclaim, .

“ How happy could I be with either ;”

nay, almost led him to fear, that both ladies had made up their minds to share his coronet ; an intention which he foresaw would be very embarrassing to him.

Miss Vernon pouted and sulked, because she wished her admirer to give some decided proof that *she* was the object of his attention ; and this he was too well bred to do in the present state of affairs, knowing that such a step would make an active enemy of Miss Louisa.

The party sauntered along the umbrageous

walk, unmindful of the beautiful verdure, and all that Nature offered to charm them, occupied with feelings little in harmony with the calm scene around, when, arriving at the end of the walk, they encountered Mrs. and Miss Burrell, escorted by Lord Durnford. The Miss Vernons stopped to speak to their aunt and cousin.

Now was the turn of the elder sister to cast spiteful glances at Miss Louisa, as if to show her, that she observed something more than common in the attentions Lord Durnford was paying Emily Burrell; and when, after exchanging a few common-place remarks, the parties separated, Miss Vernon observed aloud, “that Lord Durnford seemed to be very much in love with her cousin,” though she could have seen nothing to justify the opinion in the few minutes they had been together, and it was said solely from the wish of wounding her sister.

We may be told this is not nature, and that such characters as the Miss Vernons do not exist, they are fortunate who have not met such; but we believe few are so lucky; for every day's experience proves that society offers many examples where the ties of kindred, instead of being considered as bonds of union, are looked on as fetters that bind discordant souls together, and give a privilege to each for venting the acrimonious observations and ill-natured hints which good breeding banishes from mere acquaintances.

Politeness, that cementer of friendship and soother of enmities, is nowhere so much required, and so frequently outraged, as in family circles; *l'aimable franchise* which near relationship is considered to warrant, serves as an excuse for all the disagreeable truths that *enemies* discover, but that only friends can tell the possessor. Friends can see defects with the

naked eye, however weak that organ may be ; but too frequently require magnifying glasses to discover good qualities.

How strange is it that people should not feel, what every hour's experience must tend to prove — the necessity of practising politeness. With strangers and acquaintances, all admit the necessity of observing it ; but in nearer, and what ought to be dearer connexions, it is continually abandoned, and the consequence is, that all the illusions of life are destroyed, and with them much of the happiness ; for we are unfitted to receive or bestow it, if we have been told of faults or defects, mental or personal, the discovery of which destroys our self-confidence, and sours us towards the discoverer.

By politeness we would not be understood to mean the flattering insincerity that too often passes current for it, and than which nothing

can be more different. Forbearance towards errors and defects, and a just appreciation of good qualities, joined to mildness and good breeding, is what we would inculcate, as the surest means of preserving domestic harmony, and of promoting domestic affection. Half the pains bestowed to conciliate acquaintances, might turn *relations* into *friends*; a metamorphosis more rare and difficult to be accomplished than most people imagine.

It was Cosmo de' Medici who observed, that "we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but not our friends," implying that the injuries or wrongs inflicted on us by the latter are unpardonable. One thing is quite certain, namely, that we have more frequently occasion to forgive those who are reputed to be our friends, than our enemies, and the injuries they commit are more pernicious and lasting in their effects.

At dinner at Mr. Vernon's, Miss Louisa ob-

served, that Lord Tadcaster seemed wholly occupied with her cousin Mary the night before, a piece of intelligence that seemed to mortify her father even still more than it had done her sister. “Where could they have made his acquaintance?” demanded the *parvenu*, as if he was the only *nouveau riche* who received Lords. But when his son observed that Lord Tadcaster had asked him, the night of the fête, if Mrs. Henry Vernon and her daughter were in the room, and showed evident symptoms of disappointment at discovering they were not, Louisa said, with a bitter smile, “Oh! then I suppose his *tendresse* for Mary is of some date.” Mr. Vernon cast a look of rage at her, and of contempt at Miss Vernon for having been duped into the belief that she was the object of Lord Tadcaster’s attentions.

Mrs. Vernon really pitied the mortification of her daughter, and felt grieved at the un-

kindness of Louisa, who thus increased it ; but Miss Vernon, with an air of affected nonchalance, changed the subject, by telling her mother that they had met Mrs. Burrell and Emily, escorted by Lord Durnford, at Kensington-Gardens, and that he seemed much smitten with Emily.

This completed the ill-humour of Mr. Vernon, who observed, that he should not at all wonder if both the Lords proposed to their cousins, though he was quite sure no pains would be taken to induce them to do so, for neither Mr. Henry Vernon nor Mr. Burrell filled their houses in the winter with stupid young men, as some others were foolish enough to do, who after all had their daughters left on their hands, season after season ; a reproach that deeply wounded the vanity of the young ladies, and showed the want of feeling of the father.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Love is a passion whose effects are various ;  
It ever brings some change upon the soul,  
Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

“ As love can exquisitely bless,  
Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;  
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,  
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.”

THE morning of the departure of the Desmond party arrived, and Lord and Lady Oriel joined it with alacrity ; he to be away from the possibility of meeting Lord Delmore, who

was hateful to him, and she to be removed from the busy world, which had become irksome to her. Coldness and restraint had subsisted between them since the luckless night of the fête at Vernon House, but it was not the coldness or restraint of sated affection or indifference; it was the forced calm of a too warm interest that feared to trust itself to words.

The contrarieties that had arisen to cloud the horizon of Lord Oriel's wedded life, had awakened the slumbering energies of his love, and the doubts and fears that in general precede marriage, had in this instance followed it; for never had either the husband or wife been so anxiously alive to their mutual feelings as at present. They were not happy, but they were not indifferent, and we all know it is easier to still the waves of passion, than to break the dead sea of indifference, which, like the lake Asphaltes, destroys the energies

of all that approach it, until, like the birds who are said to drop lifeless on its dull surface, the heart sinks to rise no more.

No sooner had the party felt themselves free from the confined air of London, and the shackles which its conventional modes impose, than their spirits appeared relieved as if from a load that oppressed them, and cheerfulness took place of the former restraint of Lord and Lady Oriel. Neither had ever travelled the route they were now pursuing ; the objects that presented themselves were fresh, and acted as a stimulus to their feelings, diverting them from the beaten track that had lately and painfully occupied them.

Arrived in Wales, the rural inns, rustic attendants, picturesque points of view, and above all, the Welsh harpers, offered such new and piquant attractions, that they expressed themselves charmed with their journey, and when

they reached Holyhead, where they found the excellent and amiable Captain Skinner on hospitable thoughts intent, waiting to conduct them to his comfortable residence, where a good dinner awaited them ; they allowed that Irish hospitality extends even to this side of the water, and duly appreciated the reception which the veneration and affection entertained for the Desmonds had insured for them.

They embarked the next day, under the auspices of the good and agreeable Captain Skinner, and, favoured by propitious gales, made a quick and pleasant passage. The Hill of Howth, lifting its blue head to the skies, and standing forth as a guardian<sup>e</sup> to the island it bounds ; the Wicklow mountains fading into distance, and the beautiful bay, with all the picturesque scenery that encircles three of its sides, struck them with wonder and delight, and they could not resist expressing their sur-

prise that a scene so calculated to excite admiration was so little talked of or written about that it burst on them unawares.

No sooner were they landed on terra-firma than they were surrounded by groups of beggars, all beseeching their charity, love, and pity in the various tones of Eastern, Western, Southern, and Northern brogues, as rich and mellifluous in sound as flowery in sense. The Creator, Heaven, the Saints, and Angels, were all called in as witnesses to the necessities and merits of the petitioners. One declared that food had not passed his lips for days, though the steams that issued from them bore witness that liquids of the strongest quality had not been excluded—and another averred that she was dying, in language that proved it was not from inanition. An old woman vowed that the last breath of life was leaving her, as a blue vapoury smoke emitted from her lips,—proceed-

ing from a short pipe stuck in the corner of her mouth, and sending forth nearly as much smoke as a small steam-engine,—gave signal that the mechanical powers which impelled it were in full vigour : while a lame man, who hopped with extraordinary velocity on his crutch, catching the halfpence that were thrown amongst them, called the saints to witness that he was a poor cripple who could not move hand or foot, and was obliged to pay a creathur to put the snuff into his nose.

“ Sure if you are,” said a blind man, who was near him, “ you can find the way to your mouth purty well, without paying any one, except the shebean shop.”

“ Arrah what ’s that to you, Cupid ?” replied the cripple. “ I wish I had half as much mountain dew in my stomach as you have, although I ’d then be almost as blind.”

While breakfast was being prepared at Howth,

the gentlemen strolled through the village, and seeing a group standing round a piece of water, they stopped to examine what was going on. A man was endeavouring to get his dog to jump into the water after a stick ; but all his efforts were vain, and each failure produced peals of laughter from the bystanders.

“ Does your dog often take to the wather ? ” asked one of them with a sly look.

“ Yes sure, when there’s plenty of oaten or barley-meal on it,” replied the other ; and the group acknowledged the pleasantry with shouts of laughter.

The blind beggar now joined the party, and a wag, who seemed a privileged person, asked him—“ Well, Cupid, if you had a glass of whisky given you, what religion would you make it ? ”

“ Faith, I’d make it a Protestant ! ” replied he ; “ for I’d take the beads off it anyway.”

There was something so new to Lord Oriel in seeing misery sporting jests, that he could not resist giving a shilling to Cupid, who prayed that his Honour and Grace might, like him, never be able to discover that a rosy cheek can fade and a sparkling eye grow dim. "And sure, your Honour," added the mendicant, "that's more than my namesake Cupid can say; for by all accounts, though he's blind, he soon finds out a change in beauty, and does not much like other people's mothers though he's so fond of his own."

Mr. Desmond was amused with Lord Oriel's astonishment at the *naïveté* of his countrymen, and led the way to the stand of jingles and jaunting-cars at the entrance to the town, in order that he might see some specimens of the rare genus to which the drivers of these vehicles belong. They were sauntering about with stockings half wrinkled over their legs, great-coats hang-

ing over their shoulders, and each with a short pipe in the corner of his mouth, whose column of smoke seemed to direct its course towards the eye that overlooked it.

A fat Englishman, whose rotundity of person spoke more for his good living than for his abstemiousness, was endeavouring to make a bargain with one of the drivers; and having declared that he would not pay more than eighteen-pence to be conveyed to Dublin, the driver, after examining him from head to foot, pulled off his great-coat and threw it over the head of his horse, and then advancing, offered to assist his passenger to mount the jaunting-car.

“ Why, what do you mean by covering your horse’s head in that there way?” asked the Englishman.

“ Main?” said the driver; “ faith, I main that he should not see you; for if oncet he set his two good-looking eyes on that bread-

basket of your's, he'd not stir a step to save my life, he's so 'cute."

They entered the meat-market, and Lord Oriel was gratified at observing the cleanliness that reigned around, which he had not been prepared to expect. A fat, elderly man was looking at the meat in one of the stalls, and the butcher addressed him, hoping that he would become a customer. The man declined, saying he was merely a traveller, who had stopped to look around him.

"Oh! sure if that's the case," answered the butcher, "will you just do me the favour to let me call the buyers and tell 'em you deal with me? for, as you're in such good condition, it will be the making of me."

The fat man passed rapidly on, apparently ill-satisfied with the compliment paid to his obesity; and Lord Oriel observed to Mr. Desmond, that even while transacting their busi-

ness, it seemed that the Irish could not resist a joke.

“It is very true,” replied the latter; “and so strong is this tendency to the ridiculous in their natures, that it mingles even with what is most grave, and renders it doubtful when they are in earnest. They are a fine race, full of generous sentiments, but volatile, unsteady, and inflammable, partaking much of the qualities of the Lazzaroni of Naples, but more fiery; a distinction which may originate in the difference of their favourite beverages, the lemonade and acqua fresca of the Neapolitan being more cooling than the whisky of the Irish.”

When they returned to the inn they found a crowd of beggars still around the door; who having discovered that an English Lord was among the arrivals, hoped his Lordship’s Honour and Glory would tell the English when he went back, “that they (the Irish) were as

quiet as saints, and not to mind the Agitator, who was preventing all the grandees from coming over to 'em,—sure more shame to him and the likes of him, who wanted to keep the country all to himself and his party.”

## CHAPTER IX.

“ For this the foolish, over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with  
care,  
Their bones with industry.”

“ How quickly nature  
Falls to revolt when gold becomes his object.”

LORD DELMORE pursued Miss Vernon as her shadow until he had succeeded in exciting an interest in her mind, we will not say heart, that assured him of his influence over her destiny. To propose for her by the regular proceeding of demanding the consent of papa, would,

he was well aware, be a useless measure, as it would lead to sundry awkward questions relative to rent-rolls, settlements, &c. which he knew must terminate in an exposé, as little likely to satisfy the paternal feelings of a cautious father as of clamorous creditors; he therefore considered it wiser to engage the affections, or rather let us call them, the *affections* of the young lady, and by an elopement assure himself of her hand, and trust to paternal and maternal affection for pardon.

Miss Vernon had experienced the withering influence of five seasons; a lustre that unfortunately adds no lustre to female charms, though it marvellously tends to quicken and enlighten the perceptions of spinsters, and, in decreasing their attractions, increases their experience. She, therefore, determined to accept what she considered to be the disinterested offer of Lord Delmore, who declared that he

loved her too passionately to contemplate “the law’s delay,” and that he dared not on this account formally demand her hand of her father.

What a triumph to a heartless coquette of twenty-two was this avowal ! an avowal she had been almost tempted to believe would never be made, from the ill-natured insinuations of her sister, who had proved herself to be Lord Delmore’s best friend, by appearing to doubt the sincerity of his sentiments for Miss Vernon. How delightful to demonstrate to the world, and above all to her sister, that she was sought for herself alone ! There was no resisting this temptation ; more especially when the lover insinuated that her sister had tried to be her rival : and she consented to elope with a man, who, if his statement relative to her sister had been true, was, from disclosing it, unworthy of her preference.

The persons most easily duped are the tho-

roughly good, who, unsuspecting of evil intentions, detect them not ; or the frivolous and callous, who pique themselves too much on their worldly knowledge and wisdom, to believe that they can be overmatched. Miss Vernon was of the latter class, and fell a victim to her heartlessness. The elopement was judiciously planned, and as judiciously executed.

On returning from the last ball of the season, having previously arranged with her *femme de chambre*, she found her moveables packed up for flight. When the porter slept, she, with noiseless tread, descended from her chamber, and, aided by Mademoiselle La Ruse, conveyed the few articles she thought necessary to the hall-door, whence Lord Delmore and his *valet de chambre* assisted in removing them to the travelling carriage in waiting ; which soon whirled the artificial lovers on the road to marriage, and—repentance.

The first expression of Miss Vernon was—  
“ Well, I’ve triumphed over my sister ! how angry she will be ! ” And the apparent complacency with which this supposition was dwelt on mortified the *amour propre* of the lover, who felt as angry as if he was indeed a lover, and as if the idea of outwitting the father, mother, sister, brother, nay, the young lady herself, had not been a principal motive in the affair.

When we are conscious of the selfishness of our own motives, we feel the least disposed to pardon, and the most disposed to resent, the selfishness of others. As Lord Delmore looked on the soulless face of his future bride, and listened to the heartless reflections she uttered, he cursed the poverty that compelled him to the step he was taking ; and the indifference he had hitherto experienced towards her, was turned to loathing.

Even she was struck with the increasing

coldness of his manner, and tried to awaken interest by affected agitation and timidity. But it was all too late ! his vanity, the only sensitive point in his character, was wounded ; and as it was now impossible for her to retract, he was careless of other consequences. A runaway daughter could only present herself as a wife before her angry parents ; and, therefore, he little troubled himself to conciliate the affection of one who was too completely in his power to assert her own dignity or independence.

Gretna Green, that blacksmith's shop where chains are forged that often gall for life, was at length reached by the worldly-minded pair ; and, the ceremony being performed, they set out on their return to England, as little like married lovers, as if the nuptial knot had been tied some fifty years before. A repentant letter, announcing the marriage, was dispatched to Mr. Vernon from the first English town on

their route, and they gradually pursued their journey towards London, as *ennuyés* as two people can be who have discovered when too late that they have been duped, and who despise the selfishness and heartlessness that have mutually deceived them, without reflecting that each was equally culpable.

On their arrival at Thomas's Hotel, they expected a letter of forgiveness, and recall to the paternal mansion in Carlton Gardens; instead of this, they found a cold and austere epistle from Mr. Vernon, stating that, as his consent to their marriage had never been demanded, Lord and Lady Delmore could not feel surprised at his withholding the provision he had intended for his daughter, a provision that he had always meant should be conditional on the fortune of the husband, and on the settlement to be made on the wife. He added, that he had no objection to receive Lord and Lady Del-

more as occasional guests at his house, but more than this concession they were not to expect.

When Lord Delmore perused this letter, he turned to his bride, and asked her if she had anticipated a severity so unnatural, and if she thought that firmness or obstinacy were equally as strong as the selfishness now apparent in her father.

“ I felt quite sure,” replied the amiable Lady Delmore, “ that papa would act as he has done. Avarice and ostentation are his ruling passions ; he wished myself and sister to wear coronets, but to buy them at the cheapest price. He would have parted with some thousands to accomplish this end ; but as I have effected it for myself without his assistance, he is too happy to save his money ; so that it is probable we shall never see a guinea of his. *Mais n’importe* ; you have a sufficiently large fortune not to be *géné* by this, which had I not known,

I should not, knowing as I have always done the avarice of papa, have consented to the elopement."

Her words, and the cool, unconcerned air with which they were uttered, spoke daggers to Lord Delmore. A sentiment of hatred and contempt arose in his mind towards her, which triumphed over the restraint that politeness had hitherto imposed on him.

"What will your Ladyship think then," replied he, "when I tell you that I have been for a long time an embarrassed man? You may start, and look astonished," observing the half-incredulous, half-terrified air of his wife, "but it is nevertheless true; and if your father does not assist us, utter ruin must be the consequence."

"Then you did not, after all, marry me for myself," exclaimed the angry and humiliated lady: "the expectation of a fortune was the

inducement? What a triumph to my sister to discover that I have wedded a ruined man !”

Here a violent passion of tears and sobs interrupted her utterance.

“ You at least, Madam,” said Lord Delmore, “ ought not to reproach me with interested motives, as it appears quite clear you would not have eloped with me had you known the real state of my affairs. Recrimination is useless ; we have committed a *bêtise*, and all that now remains to us is to remedy it as well as we can. You must assail your father, and try to induce him to come down handsomely, for we have no other resource.”

“ If you knew my father as well as I do,” answered the weeping Lady Delmore, “ you would be aware that all appeals to him will be unavailing. He is impracticable on money matters ; and—oh !—oh !” (bursting into a fresh torrent of tears,) “ I, who have been all my life

accustomed to splendour, now find myself married to one who only sought me for the wealth he believed me to possess."

Disgusted with this unrestrained exhibition of her selfishness, and venting execrations on her and himself, Lord Delmore retired to his chamber, leaving his wife alone to weep mingled tears of mortified vanity and rage.

She had never loved Lord Delmore, even when she believed him rich and great; but now that she knew he was poor, she almost hated him. She looked on herself as a victim to his arts, though she had been quite as willing to be the deceiver as he was to deceive. But so it is ever: we condemn the faults by which we suffer, but rarely pass a just sentence on those we commit ourselves, or pity the consequences they entail.

Lady Delmore passed a sleepless night, the first she had ever yet known. The more she

reflected on her future prospects, the more gloomy did they appear. Accustomed from her infancy to consider money as the *primum mobile* of life, it had never for a moment entered her mind, that a possibility existed of her finding herself without it. She felt that the most attractive man, with the highest rank, could never have tempted her to marry, if she knew he were poor: and yet, with this worldly wisdom, to be united to a ruined man; to have no means of indulging the extravagant tastes with which she had been brought up:—there was misery in the thought! Lady Delmore had consoled herself for the coldness of her husband on their route, by anticipating future splendour. Dreams of her house, equipages, plate, diamonds, and Opera-box, had beguiled the weary hours of the journey; and the triumph with which she should exhibit them to the envious eyes of her sister, had added

poignancy to the pleasure they afforded in contemplation. But all these gay visions faded away before the fearful reality of poverty that her alarmed fancy now conjured up ; and the supercilious smiles or mock pity of her sister were mingled in all the pictures her imagination formed of the future.

After much reflection she decided, that the wiser plan would be for them to conceal their embarrassments as long as they could, as Mr. Vernon would be more likely to make them some advance, the less he was aware of its absolute necessity. Pride and ostentation might induce him to present a portion to the rich Lord Delmore, that the needy son-in-law had no chance of receiving ; for if there was one thing on earth that Mr. Vernon detested more and pitied less than another, it was poverty. He viewed it, not as a misfortune, but as a crime, and carefully avoided all contact with those he suspected of being stamped by it.

“No! no!” said Lady Delmore to herself, “if he discovers our ruin, we have nothing to hope from him; and my sister will aggravate our misfortunes. From my brother I must not expect sympathy: my mother is the only one in that gilded palace who will feel for me.”

This was the first moment for years that an affectionate sentiment towards her mother had entered the heart of Lady Delmore. Selfish and worldly-minded herself, all her sympathies had been with her father; but now that trouble had overtaken her, and poverty menaced her with its train of evils, she turned towards the gentle and generous being she had hitherto slighted and undervalued.

Lady Delmore attired herself with care next day, and stepped into the well-appointed chariot, emblazoned with the coronet she had so long sighed for; and, as the two footmen in splendid liveries jumped up behind, and the coachman drove off from Thomas's Hotel to

Carlton Gardens, she almost forgot her cares in the pleasure of exhibiting this tasteful equipage and its aristocratic decorations to her sister.

When the servants at her father's house announced the Countess of Delmore, she assumed a dignified air, as she passed through the file of powdered menials, and was shown into the library, where she found her father, brother, and sister. They received her civilly, but coldly: her father, after touching her cheek with his, addressed her as follows:—

“I do not reproach you, Lady Delmore, with the indecorous manner in which you have accomplished a marriage, that, if suitable in point of fortune, could have met with no obstacle from me, to render such a clandestine step necessary. I repeat, I do not reproach you, and for two reasons: the first, that it would be now useless; and the second, that

its consequences can affect only yourself, and can be nothing to me."

The new Countess drew up with a hauteur which led her father to believe that Lord Delmore's finances were in a more flourishing state than he had been led to imagine, from the result of the inquiries he had instituted; and, as Mr. Vernon was one of those who believed, judging from his own feelings, that hauteur was a certain sign of wealth, this belief induced him to show a little more cordiality to his daughter, which increased in proportion to her airs of affected dignity. Her brother and sister went through the same ceremony of kissing her cheek. The former carelessly demanded where was Delmore, and she coldly replied, that Lord Delmore was gone to call on the Premier.

Having asked for her mother, Miss Vernon conducted her to the *boudoir*, and during their

passage to it, made two or three spiteful observations, which convinced her sister that she had lost none of her ill-nature.

The reception from Mrs. Vernon was kind and affectionate: she embraced her daughter, who, as she felt herself pressed to the heart of her mother with a warmth so different from the reception she had experienced from the rest of the family, inwardly acknowledged, that goodness and virtue are the only props that fail not, even to the erring, when they seek them.

“ I am anxious to see your husband, my dear child,” said Mrs. Vernon, “ that we should no longer be strangers to each other. If, as I trust will be the case, he makes you happy, I shall love him as a son.”

The new-made wife sighed, as she felt how little was her chance of happiness; but she tried to look cheerful.

Determined to mortify her sister for the malicious sneers she had detected on her countenance, Lady Delmore remarked, that now she was a married woman, she would *chaperone* her when she liked ; adding, that Lord Delmore's high and extensive connexions would, of course, widely extend the circle of her acquaintance. With true *parvenu* bad taste, she dwelt on the different Dukes, Duchesses, Marquises, and Marchionesses, who were the near relations of her lord, and with whom she should henceforth live ; while her sister sat listening, ready to burst with envy and jealousy, the effusions of which she could scarcely suppress.

When Lady Delmore arose to depart, she asked Miss Vernon if she was disposed for a drive, and the latter having consented, withdrew to prepare for it. Mrs. Vernon beckoned her daughter to her chair, and taking her hand

with affection, addressed her in the following terms :—

“ I have learned from authority I cannot doubt, my dear child, that Lord Delmore’s affairs are in a most embarrassed state. This gives me great pain, because your father is not likely to behave as generously as circumstances may demand. I have concealed this information from the family, trusting that he may be induced to give you a portion, before he knows how much it may be required ; for, alas ! his liberality is more likely to be displayed before than after such a knowledge. You may be well assured how much gratification it would afford me to urge your interests with him ; but you know how little influence I possess. Accept this gift, which may be useful,” (putting a little note-case into her daughter’s hand,) “ and recollect, that though my means are not equal to my wishes of assisting you, I have

always the power, as far as a few hundreds may be of use."

The stubborn heart of Lady Delmore was moved by the affectionate consideration and soothing manner of her mother; and when she embraced her, a tear—the first one of filial affection she had ever shed—was transferred to the cheek of her mother, who hailed it as a symptom of natural feeling, that promised future good.

"Have you heard of the approaching marriages of your cousins," asked Mrs. Vernon, "to the Marquis of Tadcaster and Lord Durnford? All is arranged. Your aunt Vernon is more bustling and important than ever, and seems highly elated at the prospect of her daughter's being a Marchioness: but your cousin is the same sweet, frank, unaffected creature as ever. My sister, though with every reason to be satisfied with the prospects of her

daughter, feels the approaching separation from her most deeply, and is only consoled by Lord Durnford's promise of spending a certain portion of the year with them in the country."

Miss Vernon having entered prepared for their drive, Lady Delmore took leave of her mother, and affecting an air of protection towards her sister, they entered the carriage.

Not a syllable of approbation of the elegant equipage passed the lips of Miss Vernon, which increased the spleen of her sister, who revenged herself by saying, "So, mamma tells me, that Eliza Burrell is to be married immediately to Lord Durnford. It's a famous match for her; for he is rich, good-looking, and of an ancient family. I saw from the first moment that he was desperately in love with her. Your meeting with them, Louisa, will be very awkward at first."

"Not more so than your's with Lord Tadcaster," spitefully answered Miss Vernon.

“ Oh, *c'est toute une autre affaire*,” said Lady Delmore; “ for as I am married, and married first, there can be no awkwardness, at least on my side, though *he* may be suspected of being *délaissé*.”

“ I can assure you,” said Miss Vernon, “ it is universally well known, that he never had the least intention of proposing to you, and it is as universally suspected, that you eloped with Lord Delmore in anticipation of Tadcaster’s marriage.”

Lady Delmore felt the blood rush to her cheeks, and anger rise in her breast, at this speech of her sister’s, which she had drawn on herself by the wish of piquing that sister, and was as deeply offended as if the ill-natured observation was wholly unprovoked.

“ Those who communicated such impertinent remarks to *a sister*,” replied she, “ must have had a poor opinion of her sisterly feelings.”

Miss Vernon, not knowing what to reply to

this severe reproof, affected to be occupied in looking at the visiting-list in her hand.

Determined to exhibit her coroneted carriage, Lady Delmore ordered her servants to drive up St. James's-street, and arrived opposite to the formidable battery of eyeglasses levelled from 'White's' and 'Crockford's' just as Lord Delmore was descending the steps of the former. She drew the check-string, and the coachman pulled-up nearly at the door of "White's." A sentiment of *bienséance* and *convenance* in the mind of her husband disgusted him with the want of delicacy, of her thus exhibiting herself in public so recently after her marriage, the clandestine manner of which had excited such an *esclandre*; and stopping in full view of the formidable bay, or rather let us call it *beau-window*, "the cynosure of curious eyes," where pretensions and reputations are tried by the fiery ordeal of

high-seasoned anecdotes, racy *bons mots*, and piquant descriptions, the agreeable results of the leisure hours of its aristocratic frequenters. He anticipated all that would be thought and said of the unblushing bride; and anger at the ridicule it would subject him to, was added to the other unloving feelings she excited within his breast.

Miss Vernon being seated at the far-off side, and Lady Delmore stooping forward, he did not observe the former until he had uttered—“What the devil, Lady Delmore, can make you exhibit yourself, like a Lady Mayoress, so publicly, and, above all, stop to place yourself under the fire of ‘White’s’ and ‘Crockford’s’? Remember you are still a bride.”

At this moment Miss Vernon advanced her head and the tip of her finger towards Lord Delmore, who coloured on perceiving that she had been a listener to his unlover-like address

to his wife ; and the polite inquiries he made after her health and that of Mrs. Vernon offered a curious contrast to the uncereemonious and sarcastic speech to Lady Delmore.

While she was replying to it, two vulgar-looking men approached, and, rudely pushing by Lord Delmore, requested the ladies to leave the carriage, as they had seized it under execution.

“ What does all this mean ? ” gasped Lady Delmore to her husband, whose cheeks became nearly purpled with the mingled feelings of rage and shame.

“ Leave the carriage,” said he with angry impatience, irritated almost to madness by the consciousness that many eyes were fixed on them.

During this disgraceful exhibition, Lady Delmore descended in fear and trembling, overpowered by shame and mortification, as she

observed the crowd of idle gazers assembling round them ; but Miss Vernon declared, she would not, could not leave the carriage, as she was unprepared for walking.

Lord Delmore could have annihilated her, for the delay this caused ; the crowd was every moment increasing ; vulgar jokes were passing all around them, and yet she still persevered in her determination of not leaving the carriage.

“ I am Miss Vernon, the daughter of Mr. Vernon — the *rich* Mr. Vernon — of Carlton Gardens ; drive me to my father’s door, and I will give you five pounds, and you may then do what you like with the carriage.”

“ If she be Miss Vernon, how comes she in this here carriage ?” said one of the bystanders : “ Mr. Vernon, I warrant, has more crowns in his purse than on his carriage, and would never go for to let anything belonging to him be seized for debt.”

“ Oh ! that there carriage belongs to one of them there Lords as never pays nobody, as everybody knows. I’m certain sure there’s more silver on the harness than in the master’s pocket.”

This witty remark elicited peals of laughter from the crowd, and nearly infuriated Lord Delmore. The footmen with their canes endeavoured to keep off the mob, who were pressing on Lord and Lady Delmore, uttering a thousand low comments on her *toilette*, which, being a costume of *la dernier mode de Paris*, was little calculated for any promenade but *en voiture*.

“ My eyes ! ” cried one, “ how smart she be’s ; I wonder what she calls them there gimcracks ! ” — “ What nice shoes for the mud ! ” said another. — “ And that there chap of a Lord, who looks so proud and vexed ; but he was not too proud to run in debt, and try to cheat

his creditors, for all he's so proud, and so vexed, now that they take his gingerbread coach, with all his crowns on it, from him, and make his fine lady use her legs."

"Will you, or will you not, leave the carriage, Miss Vernon?" almost screamed Lord Delmore.

"No, certainly not," replied the young lady, "it would be too shocking to walk in St. James's-street, and papa would never forgive it."

Lord Delmore seized the arm of his trembling wife, and hurried her away from the spot, followed by a few of the rabble, who pursued them to the door of Thomas's Hotel. Lady Delmore, on entering her room, sank into a chair in violent hysterics, and her unfeeling husband, having rung for her maid, left her, muttering "curses not loud, but deep," on himself, his wife, and her whole family.

The bailiffs having consulted together, agreed

that five pounds divided between them, was not to be rejected; and, having jumped up behind the carriage, dispossessing the powdered and laced footmen of their places, they drove off to Carlton Gardens, followed by the shouts and laughter of the crowd, who passed a thousand bitter jests on the footmen, who, humiliated and angry, pursued the carriage on foot.

Mr. Vernon was descending from his carriage, when the equipage, which had flattered his vanity two hours before, arrived at his door, and the motley effect of two ill-dressed men, instead of the spruce footmen, astounded him. Though the coachman had driven quickly to escape from the mob, many of them now entered the aristocratical precincts of Carlton Gardens, shouting in triumph at having overtaken the carriage.

Her father's servants assisted Miss Vernon to alight, and the bailiffs, impressed with re-

spect by the appearance of the house, and number of servants in the hall, the English-like look of Mr. Vernon—that indescribable look, which carries “conviction strong as proof of holy writ,” of wealth—“hoped as how Miss would not forget them there five pounds she had promised them. They were very sorry that they were obliged to stop the carriage; but that same Lord Delmore was a very slippery chap, and they had been a’ter his carriage and cab a long time. For the matter of that, there were fifty executions out against his property; so Miss might see, that if they had not nabbed the coach, somebody else would; and so Miss might see as how the law must take its course.”

Miss Vernon passed up the steps through the crowd, and the hall-door being closed, the bailiffs departed with the carriage, and Mr. Vernon demanded of his daughter the solution

of the mystery, how she came to be alone in the carriage, and where her sister was? With as little feeling of delicacy, as of pity for that sister, the young lady explained the whole transaction, and each word produced increased anger on the part of the proud and selfish father.

“And all this happened in front of White’s?” said he; “and you refused to leave the carriage, by which you prolonged the *exposé*, and directed the attention of a vulgar mob to my house, so that my name will be mixed up in this disgraceful business! Whereas, had you left the carriage, and accompanied your sister on foot, my name would never have been brought forward. You have shown as little feeling as common sense in this business, and have proved that you are totally incapable of acting for yourself without compromising your family.”

So saying, the angry father left the room, and sought his wife, to give her the painful intelligence, which exceeded even her worst fears of the state of Lord Delmore's affairs.

“ Here is a pretty affair, Mrs. Vernon,” said he; “ one of your daughters has married a ruined, beggarly Lord—is turned with ignominy from his carriage, in the most public street in London; and the other is such an idiot, that instead of going with her sister, she persists in remaining in the carriage, and returns to my door, followed by a mob, and escorted by bailiffs. This all comes of your false indulgence to them, which I always guessed would produce the worst consequences.”

Mrs. Vernon listened to him in silence, for she was well aware how useless any observation of her's would be, and she hoped, that if he exhausted his anger on her, he would

return to kinder feelings towards his unfortunate daughter, Lady Delmore. At length she ventured to insinuate the necessity of taking some step to assist to extricate Lord Delmore from his difficulties, but was stopped by the increased anger of her husband.

“What !” said he, “are you so weak and absurd as to believe that I will advance a guinea to a spendthrift, who has swindled my foolish daughter into a marriage? No! let them starve if they will; I have done with them both. Never name the subject to me again:” and so saying, he withdrew.

Mrs. Vernon sent for Louisa to inquire the particulars; and she related them without sparing a single painful circumstance, from the unfeeling address of Lord Delmore to her sister, up to the moment that he, as she said, pulled her out of the carriage; and the malignant emphasis with which she related the

whole, shocked the feelings of her mother. Mrs. Vernon ordered the carriage, that she might go and comfort her daughter; and, ere she had time to ask Louisa to accompany her, that young lady excused herself, on the plea of having some music to practise—an excuse that was revolting to the affectionate heart of Mrs. Vernon.

On arriving at Thomas's Hotel, she found Lady Delmore, with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, extended on the sofa. Her tears flowed afresh when her mother embraced her, and she wept on her bosom with uncontrollable anguish, while the pitying mother used every endeavour to console her. Having succeeded in restoring her to something like calm, Mrs. Vernon inquired for Lord Delmore, and was shocked at discovering that he had left her daughter while she was in hysterics, and had not since returned to the room. This unfeeling conduct

disgusted her, and she rang the bell to request he might be searched for in his room, when the waiter, with a look of astonishment, declared, that Lord Delmore had set out for Dover twenty minutes before, leaving a letter, which was now produced, for Lady Delmore, but which, hearing that her Ladyship was ill, he had not delivered.

The waiter having withdrawn, Mrs. Vernon tried to compose her daughter's agitated feelings, who, breaking open the seal, read the few lines the letter contained, when it fell from her trembling hand, and, turning deadly pale, she pointed to it, saying, "Read that, mother, for you can pity me, little as I deserve it."

The heartless writer avowed, that he was about to desert for ever a wife whom he had only wedded for the sake of the portion he supposed her to have. He told her she must blame her low-born *parvenu* father for the

separation, as, had he given them a suitable provision, he (Lord Delmore) would not have left England. He added, that on handing her from the carriage, a note-case had dropped from her hand, of which he had possessed himself, and, discovering that it contained Bank-notes to the amount of five hundred pounds, he had appropriated them to his use, being the only price he was ever likely to receive for the coronet with which he had encircled her brows. "After the exhibition of the morning," he continued, "it would be impossible for him to appear in London; and he concluded she would of course return to her father, who must console her and himself with the ancient name engrafted on the parent stock, and support her, as it was impossible for him to make her any allowance."

## CHAPTER X.

“ The gods in bounty work up storms about us,  
That give mankind occasion to exert  
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal’d  
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.”

“ I will bear it  
With all the tender suff’rance of a friend,  
As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist’s hand that ministers his cure.”

MRS. VERNON felt her tenderness for her unfortunate daughter redoubled by the pity with which she now regarded her ; and Lady Delmore, for the first time, became sensible

of her past selfishness and folly, and grateful for the sympathy and affection of her mother. The unfeeling conduct and despicable meanness of her husband filled her with shame and contempt, and she avowed that she merited all that had befallen her for having eloped with him.

Mrs. Vernon, though fearful of the reception Lady Delmore might meet with from her father, still thought it absolutely necessary that, deserted as she was by her husband, she should return to the paternal roof, and having given orders to the *femme-de-chambre* to remove her mistress's things from the hotel to Carlton Gardens, she took her daughter home with her in the carriage.

“If your father does not behave as kindly as we could wish,” said the good mother, “my excellent sister will receive you as if you were her own child; and I can supply you with all

the pecuniary assistance you require until your father relents, and makes, as I am sure he eventually will, a suitable provision for you. So pray be comforted, my dear child, and bear this trial with patience."

The reception of Lady Delmore by her father was, as Mrs. Vernon had predicted, harsh and unkind, and her sister showed nearly as little good feeling. Mr. Vernon's ambition and avarice had deadened all natural affection in his breast; he looked on his children as so many available means of extending his grandeur by their intermarrying with noble and rich partners; but the moment this expectation was frustrated, his dislike became much more marked than his affection had ever been for the child that had so disappointed him.

The kindness and sympathy of her mother was Lady Delmore's only source of consolation under all the mortifications to which she was

continually subjected ; but that kindness had operated a total change in her character. She learned to reflect on her own errors, and to deplore them, to conquer the egotism that had hitherto governed her ; and almost disarmed the malignity of her sister by the patience with which she now supported its symptoms, instead of, as in former days, resenting, or provoking fresh attacks.

Happy are they whom misfortune awakens to a sense of their errors ! Even the best must own that patience and resignation are the pillars of human peace on earth ; for—

“ How poor are they that have not patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ? ”

Patience is thrice blessed, giving and receiving good ; it disarms anger, or enables us to support its stings and arrows, and we feel after each trial, through which it has supported us,

an internal satisfaction that carries balm to the heart.

Mrs. Vernon rejoiced in the change in her daughter's character, but deplored the unfortunate marriage that led to it; yet, can anything be deemed unfortunate that leads to such results?—and Lady Delmore often told her mother, that perhaps without the rude trial that opened her eyes to her own defects, she might have continued as selfish and frivolous as before. When Mr. Vernon and her sister pointed out to her the satirical notices in the newspapers of the arrest of the carriage in St. James's-street, and the flight of Lord Delmore for the Continent, commenting on them with severity, and blaming her as the cause of all, she meekly acknowledged that she was, and added with humility that she should never cease to remember her error with sorrow. Even the obtuse father refrained from reproaching her, and by degrees

began to treat her with something as like kindness as his harsh nature was capable of; and her sister forbore taunting her when she found her taunts unanswered.

It was not without violent and unceasing efforts over her naturally irritable temper that Lady Delmore had achieved this conquest of it. Religion was called in to her aid; and when was religion ever invoked in vain, if sought with humility of heart?

“ True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble;  
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,  
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels,  
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress.”

Lady Delmore made it the guide of her actions and the regulator of her thoughts; it led her to judge others with indulgence, and herself only with severity.

Mrs. Vernon now found that she had re-

covered a daughter when she had least expected such a blessing, and by means the least likely, according to human experience, to accomplish such a change—the marriage of that daughter with a dissolute man of fashion. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and out of evil is good often produced.

The day that Mrs. Henry Vernon came to invite her brother-in-law's family to be present at the nuptials of her daughter, an invitation which she determined on giving in person, that she might enjoy the malicious pleasure of seeing their mortification, was indeed a trying day to Mr. and Miss Vernon, who were as jealous, and envious in heart, as even Mrs. Henry Vernon could desire. She apologized for not having come more frequently to see them lately, particularly knowing the annoyance they must all have had in the very unfortunate marriage of their elder daughter—hoped Louisa would be

more fortunate. Apropos to Louisa: the jewels ordered for their cousin, Miss Burrell, were only inferior in splendour to those presented to her daughter, by the Marquis of Tadcaster.

Louisa became pale with rage at this malapropos drawing in of the marriage of Miss Burrell, as apropos to her. She felt all the malice of it, and her aunt rejoiced that she did so. "I have been so occupied," said the spiteful Mrs. Henry Vernon, "in receiving and returning the visits of all the Marquis's family, that I have not had a moment to myself. To be sure, they are delightful people, though perhaps I am partial in my judgment of them, as they are so kind and attentive to me, that I should be ungrateful if I did not highly esteem them. The Duchess of Montessor is to present my daughter, the future Marchioness of Tadcaster, at Court, and it is expected that her diamonds will be the finest of the season." The *parvenu*

lady, talking of diamonds as she would of green peas ! “ The family jewels of the Marquis are esteemed among the finest in England, and he has made considerable additions to them lately. My daughter wished to prevent his doing so, but he was obstinate ; and a young man of sixty thousand a year, and in love for the first time, may be allowed to be a little extravagant on such an occasion. Certainly my daughter has reason to be flattered by his preference, when one thinks of all the young ladies that were trying to attract him,” (fixing her eyes on Lady Delmore’s face, who felt herself blush, not with anger, but shame, as she remembered her efforts to entrap him.) “ But,” continued the loquacious lady, “ he declares he never felt the slightest preference before ; indeed, the Duchess of Montessor tells me the same. Mr. Henry Vernon wished to make a splendid present to our daughter, a present worthy a

Marchioness, and probably a future Duchess ; but as among the Marquis's family jewels, there are suits of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, pearls, onyxes, opals, and turquoises, we hardly knew what to do ; so I luckily thought of having a Marchioness's coronet in diamonds, which we have ordered, and a river of diamonds for her neck. Part of the trousseau is coming from Paris, and the rest is from Howell and James's, in Regent Street. The pocket-handkerchiefs cost ten guineas each ; the coronets are embroidered in dead gold, and have a beautiful effect ; indeed, I like a Marquis's coronet so much, that I shall be almost sorry when my daughter changes it for a ducal, though 'Your Grace' does sound very well."

Mrs. Henry Vernon scarcely allowed time for a word from any of the family, and was elated at observing the depression of their looks ; "Would you believe it," said she, turning to

her sister-in-law, "Mr. Henry Vernon, instead of rejoicing in our daughter's making such a splendid marriage, is quite in low spirits at the idea of her leaving us. I tell him that this is much too absurd, for surely no one wishes to have his daughters left season after season on his hands," (giving a spiteful look around her.) "But what is more extraordinary is, that my daughter, though very much attached to the Marquis, bursts into tears every time that her separation from us is referred to: this comes from the folly of Mr. Henry Vernon, who has always accustomed himself and her to be in a great degree dependent on each other for happiness, just as if they could be always together, and now they can't bear parting."

Having exhausted all the *bavardage*, with which she came freighted, she prepared to depart, and once more inviting them to the nuptials, she added, "But if it would be too pain-

ful to Lady Delmore's feelings to witness a marriage, so soon after her own unfortunate one, I will not press *her* to come; though, to be sure, a marriage by special licence, the ceremony performed by an archbishop, and in a splendid drawing-room, could not be like a Gretna Green wedding." And so saying, she hurried away, declaring she had a thousand things to do, but paused at the door of the boudoir, to tell Miss Vernon that she need not be afraid of meeting Lord Durnford at the marriage, as, out of delicacy to her feelings, they had not asked him; and like a Parthian she fled, throwing her arrow behind.

The rage of Mr. and Miss Vernon broke forth the moment that she who had excited it was out of hearing, and there was no term of reproach that they did not bestow on her. They forgot all the provocations they had given the narrow-minded and spiteful

woman ; but Mrs. Vernon and Lady Delmore, who remembered them, were less surprised, though equally pained by her obtuse indelicacy. Mr. Vernon declared his decided resolution of not attending the marriage himself, or allowing any of his family to go : a resolution which he adhered to, and which gave his unamiable sister-in-law the opportunity of telling her confidential friends, that the jealousy and envy of the Carlton Garden family were so great, that they could not support being present at the ceremony. The satisfaction of propagating this belief, amply consoled her for their absence from the nuptials.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ Dublin, I love thee, though with spires ill crown’d,  
But hate thy joy-bells’ melancholy sound,  
And loathe the ill-dressed, idle, brazen crew,  
That prowling through thy unswept streets I view,  
Ripe for rebellion, spurning order—law ;  
The maddest, wittiest wights the world e’er saw.”

FROM Howth to Dublin the route excited the admiration of Lord and Lady Oriel. Fine points of view presented themselves at every fresh turn ; and the sea spreading out as a vast mirror to reflect the beautiful coast, added to the charms of the scene, which was sadly contrasted by the uncountable shoals of beggars

that assailed the carriages at every side, clamorous and persevering beyond all that they had yet experienced. They were struck with the beauty of the streets ; but were not pleased with the pedestrians that filled them, a race new to English eyes, appertaining neither to the upper nor lower class, and affecting a swagger and air of idle impudence, that denoted they belonged not to the middling class, which is in general the most truly respectable in all nations.

“What are those people ?” asked Lord Oriel of Mr. Desmond. “Are they professional men ?—though no ; their appearance indicates that they are not.”

“A dozen duels would be the inevitable consequence of your question,” replied Mr. Desmond, “if any of the worthy individuals who have excited it, heard you. They call themselves Irish gentlemen, have a noble con-

tempt for business, and for the drudgery it entails, and occupy their leisure-hours in attending political meetings, each individual being persuaded that, under the auspices of the *Agitator*, he may aspire to representing some county in Ireland in a British Parliament; ‘as sure his cousin Jack, or his friend Bill, has got into the House of Commons, and why should not he?’ Those who formerly bounded their ambition to some of the liberal professions, the church, the law, physic, or commerce, now despise such avocations; and to be an M. P. seems to them a distinction too easily attained, not to be sought; this has therefore become the end and aim of all their pursuits. They look on the *Agitator* as the *Corypheus* who is to lead them to glory, and are too shortsighted to see that he is destroying the country he affects to protect. Poor Ireland is indeed fallen; and the specimens she sends over to

England to sow the seeds of dissension in the Parliament, and to reap the harvest in the fields, prove alike her degradation. When I last visited the House of Commons," continued Mr. Desmond, "I could not name half-a-dozen of the new Irish members. I looked in vain for influential men of property or station, men whose grandfathers or fathers were known to me, or whose names at least were familiar to my ear ; but I could see only O'Blarney and his protégés, ready to vociferate against England, and endeavouring to arouse the turbulent to assist them by appeals to their passions."

The party found apartments ready for them at Morison's Hotel, and were gratified by the cleanliness and comfort of the house, and the attention of the master and his assistants. Having left their names at the Castle, an invitation to dinner was sent them for the next

day, and a select party of the *élite* of the Dublin fashionables were assembled to meet them.

The Marquis of Mona, undismayed by all the misrepresentations so industriously circulated to decrease his popularity in Ireland, continued to discharge his duty there with a courage and calmness as remarkable as that he evinced when, after the memorable and glorious battle of Waterloo, he submitted to the operation of amputation without wincing, showing that he was no less distinguished for mental than for bodily courage. Lord Oriel observed to Mr. Desmond, that with all his preconceived opinion of the high courage and generosity of the Irish character, he thought it would have been impossible for the Government to have chosen a nobleman more calculated to suit them than the Marquis of Mona.

The most agreeable part of the Dublin so-

ciety is that to which strangers, making a short stay, have the least chance of being admitted. It consists of the gentlemen of the Irish bar, who are as remarkable for their wit and other agreeable qualities as for their hospitality ; and the few families to whom Mr. and Mrs. Desmond presented Lord and Lady Oriel, gave them a most favourable impression of that circle.

They found Lord and Lady Abberville constant visitors at the Castle and the Phoenix Park ; the noble lord intruding his opinions on the Vice-roy and Secretary, unmindful of the little attention they received, and my lady trying to make herself useful to the Marchioness of Mona, whose dignified mind shrank from the intrigante with instinctive dread, and whose ears were closed to the innuendoes, scandalous stories, and malicious tales, she sought to instil into them, against all whose reception she wished to preclude.

“And so, after all,” said Lady Abberville to the Marchioness, “Lord and Lady Oriel are living together. Well, some men can bear anything, and he must be wilfully blind. She really must have good nerves to present herself so unblushingly, after her affair with Lord Delmore; and the Desmonds and Forresters, for moral people, are very indulgent.”

Lady Mona changed the subject, with a coldness of manner that marked her disapproval; and the wily Lady Abberville, who quickly saw she had done wrong in attacking Lady Oriel, dexterously shifted her ground, by observing, that she had been out of England all the time, and only heard of the affair through the papers, and from the letters of Lady Welborough and Lady Nottingham, who, she must say, were a little disposed to be spiteful on such occasions. For her part, she had always liked Lady Oriel, and thought her

a very charming person, and therefore she should pay her all the attention in her power, especially as her dear Lady Mona was a friend of hers.

The Desmonds and Colonel Forrester were astonished to see the courage with which Lady Abberville advanced and seized Lady Oriel's hand, and proclaimed her delight at seeing her in Ireland; trusted she would spend some time with Lord Abberville and herself at their seat; for though Lady Oriel would find no place in Ireland like Oriel Park, still if she could be content with more homely accommodation, they would make up in the heartiness of their welcome, for what they wanted in splendour. She said, she had felt delighted at the marriage of Colonel Forrester to their charming neighbour; it was so gratifying to have an English person settled at Spring-Mount; one who would certainly do much

good ; for poor Mr. Desmond, though the best man in the world, was a little obsolete in his notions, and could not enter into the true character of the Irish people. She had made the Lord Lieutenant *au fait* of the real state of the country, and he had profited very much by her suggestion ; but still he seemed strangely opposed to the building a barrack in their neighbourhood, the only plan that could tranquillize the country, and which she trusted Colonel Forrester would aid her in getting carried into effect.

Lady Oriel was only relieved by the arrival of the gentlemen from the dining-room, when Lady Abberville left her to go and assail the Marquis of Mona, whose good-breeding was put to the test by the tiresome and persevering efforts of the manœuvring lady, to carry her point of the barrack. There was not a country gentleman present of whom Lady Abberville

had not a request to make. Presentments to be passed, canals to be made, barracks to be built, and markets to be removed to some village of her Lord's, to force said village into a town—these were the subjects of her conversation to each; and they seemed to dread her approach as something that would draw them into present *ennui* and future trouble. Her legs seemed to be as active as her tongue, for she was to be seen as well as heard in every corner of the room; and it was not until the carriages were announced, that she ceased to entreat, suggest, or cajole, whichever best suited the person addressed, on every point on which she required assistance.

Lady Oriel, who had only seen her in England as the creature of the patronesses of the exclusive *clique*, was surprised to view her in her new character: but the motive of her actions in both were the same—self-interest.

“If all Irish ladies were like Lady Abberville,” said Lady Oriel to Mrs. Desmond, “how I should dread them! There is no retreating from her, and it is equally disagreeable to be treated by her as a friend or enemy.”

“She is an odious person, I must admit,” replied Mrs. Desmond,—“*une vraie intrigante*, deterred by no feelings of delicacy, and guided by no principle, save self-interest, in the pursuit of her egotistical plans. I consider her vicinity to Spring-Mount its greatest drawback; but luckily, she only comes to Ireland when driven by necessity. Then while she is here, no post arrives that does not waft her over all the tittle-tattle of the *clique* she has left behind, and the harmless and silly *niaiseries* of her friends. Lady Welborough and Lady Nottingham are quoted to us, seasoned by the malice of the quoter, until they assume a meaning much more palpable than the ladies with

whom they originated ever intended they should bear; for nothing passes through the mind or lips of Lady Abberville, without being tainted by the *mechanceté* of her nature. She does so much mischief, that I cannot speak of her with the forbearance I wish to use; and she is the only person in female form that Mr. Desmond has an antipathy to."

The party were invited to Marino, the beautiful residence of Lord and Lady Castelmont, the former the worthy successor of his noble and excellent father, and the latter as peerless in reputation as in beauty, offering a bright model of perfection in female virtue and loveliness. They passed a most agreeable day at Marino, and allowed that all they had heard of the charms of Irish hospitality exceeded not the reality.

Their next visit was to Kilruddery, the fine seat of Lord Leath, beautifully situated near

Bray, where the beauty of the park, the solid elegance and comfort of the house, and the amiability of the owners, called forth their warmest approbation, and realized all they had imagined of the *bon-homme*, and ease of manner of the Irish nobility, who unite all the advantages to be derived from other countries to the cheerfulness and warmth of heart peculiar to their own.

An invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Cartoun, to visit Cartoun, was too tempting to be resisted; and they were delighted with the frank and cordial reception that welcomed them from the excellent and patriotic Duke and his truly amiable Duchess.

“What a delightful place Ireland would be to reside in,” said Lord Oriel, “if the country was only tranquil! And surely, the presence of all the Irish nobility, if they resemble the three families we have visited, could not fail

to have the happiest effect on the habits and minds of the people. I must say, that I blame the absentees for much of the mischief that has occurred; though you, who have had more power of judging, look as if you differed from me."

"I," replied Mr. Desmond, "look on absenteeism as a consequence, and not as a cause, of the troubles that have been so long and so loudly attributed to it. I know districts where the landed proprietors have constantly resided on their estates, doing all the good in their power; and yet no sooner did the Agitator wave his sceptre, and his satellites work on the minds of the ignorant peasantry, than they shook off their allegiance to their old and tried friends, forgetful of years of benefits received, and unmindful of all, save the excitation of the moment. One of the noblemen we have visited, who has been a constant resident

on his estate, and who might serve as a model for landlords and neighbours, has had the mortification of seeing his son (a most amiable and enlightened young man) defeated in an election for a place he had represented honourably and conscientiously, and where his constituents could have no doubt of the zeal and honesty with which he would advocate their interest. There must be a reciprocity of benefits between landlord and tenant, to make the tie that unites them advantageous and lasting ; and if a landlord knows that, notwithstanding years of kindness and forbearance on his part, and apparent content on that of his tenants, any popular excitement may turn them against him, he has but little encouragement to remain in a land where a sense of duty is the only incitement. Nothing can tend so much to injure a country as the dissemination of dissensions between landlord and tenant, artfully leading

both parties to suppose that their interests are separate; yet those who profess to be the friends of Ireland have invariably pursued this system, and its baleful effects are but too visible. You, my dear Lord Oriel, like all who judge of Ireland without a personal knowledge of it, are disposed to think harshly of absentees; but few reflect on the misery of residing in a country where laws are trampled on, and murder and rapine stalk abroad in open day. An outcry is raised at every attempt that is made to coerce the lawless and turbulent, and to check them in their fearful career of crime. We hear that the liberty of the subject is violated—that a death-blow is aimed at the British Constitution; but those who make this outcry forget, or at least, mention not, that not only the liberties, but the lives, of the respectable and peaceful subjects in Ireland are attacked every day, and that,

to preserve the liberty of the lawless—to leave them the power of slaying, flogging, and burning, the respectable part are enslaved, and tremble under the reign of terror established by the infuriated people, who, goaded on to madness by the inflammatory speeches and letters addressed to their passions, commit the most fearful crimes. For myself,” continued Mr. Desmond, “though abhorring the crimes of these infatuated people, I cannot abhor themselves—‘I love the offenders, but detest the offence;’ and all my anger is against those who excite them to such deeds. Patriotism, love of liberty, devotion to country—sacred words, that ought never to be profaned, are the watchwords, the war-cry, to lead this unhappy people to murder, pillage, and destruction; and those who are compelled to vote for a political measure, which the exigence of the times demand, an exigence brought on by

evil counsels, are denounced, by those who have reduced Ireland to this fearful crisis, as her worst enemies and enslavers, and pointed out to the vengeance of the misled populace. No country can be a fit residence for independent and honourable men, where the worst of all tyranny is established—that of brutal force, and where those who most love and worship liberty are forced to support measures that seem to assail it, in order to arrest the crimes committed in her name. The Bill about to be passed in Parliament, furnishes ample subject for the attacks and reproaches of the faction who have rendered it necessary; but if it did not pass, what would be the fate of the respectable and well-disposed class of the people in Ireland? The question is, are the well-conducted and orderly to be left to the tender mercies of the infuriated miscreants who have taken the law into their own hands, or are

measures, strong and illegal as they may be considered, to be taken to protect the good, and check the bad? Look at the run made on the banks for gold; you see how soon the hint given on this subject was taken, and the unthinking people reflect not on the inevitable consequences which must draw an accumulation of distress and misery on their heads by depressing the markets, and deteriorating the value of the produce they have to sell. Every reaction following events of this kind is fraught with misery, and the senseless people, instead of opening their eyes to the *cause*, look only at the *effect*, and blame Government for the inevitable consequences of their own folly. The Irish have been accustomed to look up to the English as lovers of liberty and protectors of the oppressed; this opinion, and the respect it produced, it has been the study of the faction, who have convulsed Ireland for the last few

years, to destroy, and the reason is obvious. If the sober-minded and influential class in England have opposed themselves to this faction, as it was clear from the beginning they would, it became necessary to depreciate them, and extirpate all sympathy between them and the Irish, to prevent the latter seeing the real state of public opinion in England, with respect to their self-constituted rulers. To explain to the ignorant multitude why the English rose not *en masse* to support the Irish demagogues, it was necessary to misrepresent the nation, and have it imagined that, as they would not countenance murder, rapine, and all the excesses of licence, they no longer worshipped liberty.” .

## CHAPTER XII.

“ Erin, thy verdant sea-girt shore  
Was never meant for slaves to tread.  
Though dimm’d are now the days of yore  
When monarchs for thee fought and bled,  
When knowledge open’d her fair page,  
And glory wide her flag unfurl’d,  
Thou wert the boast of a past age,  
The bright gem of the western world.  
But faded is thy glory now,  
Nought but thy courage rests with thee ;  
A reckless courage that, I trow,  
Has led thee on to misery !”

WHILE visiting the beautiful environs of Dublin, Lord and Lady Oriel remarked to each other, that it was strange so fine a city and so beautiful a country drew so few travellers to visit them.

“ We English are strange people,” said Lord Oriel. We should think it a reproach not to have seen every city in France and Italy, and not to have made ourselves familiar with the fine scenery of other countries. But how few of us are acquainted with Ireland ! and had we not been tempted by the desire of visiting our friends, we most probably never should have seen the romantic and fine country now before us, which, we must admit, is more worthy of admiration than many of those places which the wealthy and the idle travel thousands of miles to admire. I think this indifference to the beauties of Ireland, on the part of England, has done much to keep us in ignorance of the real state of the country, and consequently to prevent our having reflected on the best means of ameliorating the grievances under which she has long groaned.”

“ I agree with you,” said Mr. Desmond,

“ for I have often deplored the ignorance of the members in both houses of Parliament on the subject of Ireland,—an ignorance which makes them listen with disbelief to many statements founded on fact, and with credulity to too many founded on falsehood. That Ireland has long suffered from misrule, one must be sceptical to deny; that she has many grievances to complain of, it would be more than folly to refuse to believe: but, instead of searching to discover the original malady, and to remove it, anodynes and palliatives have been applied, which have only yielded a temporary relief, and the disease has burst forth with renewed force from the slumber it had taken. Opium can still and blunt the sense of pain; but it removes not the cause, and the remedies applied to Ireland have been opiates from which she has awakened with increased excitability, the sense of suffering ren-

dered more acute by the re-action arising from the temporary relief. It is not want of good-will, but want of knowledge, of which the persons who have treated the maladies of Ireland, are to be accused. They have not studied the idiosyncrasy of the country, which demands a knowledge and reflection that few of those who are capable, are disposed to give it. That Ireland has for centuries been mis-governed, no better proof can be given than the facility with which she yields to every ignorant and designing charlatan who wishes to try experiments on her : like the wretched invalid who is ready to submit to the remedies of every quack who prescribes for him. A sound constitution and healthy state would preclude such dangerous experiments ; and, instead of blaming the political charlatans who have practised on Ireland and fattened on her diseases, we should blame the supine negligence that has allowed the disease to make a progress so

appalling, as to throw the country into such hands. Had Ireland been properly governed, there would be no agitators, for without grievances they could not exist; but hitherto the original malady has been overlooked while finding remedies for the dangerous symptoms; and even now, the bill that arrests the progress of murder, does nothing towards removing the irritation that gave the agitators the power of increasing the crime. Such conduct is like that of allowing a brain-fever to pursue its ravages on a patient, while we are content with confining him in a straight waistcoat; we may prevent the effects of his own madness from bringing destruction on others, but we do not prevent the disease from destroying himself. The bill must therefore, be followed by measures of wisdom and justice, and they can only be administered by a knowledge of the causes of the original evil. Ireland has had some of the most able and willing statesmen that Eng-

land could boast, as her secretaries, who, had they arrived in Ireland with only half the knowledge and experience relative to it with which they left it, might have done much to relieve the burthen under which she has writhed so long ; but certain peculiarities, the result of her grievances, render it more difficult to acquire a correct knowledge of the true state of the country than can be imagined by those who are accustomed to plain and open dealing. Misrepresentations, taking the hue of every political faction, come pouring in on the Secretary on his arrival ; his ears, habituated to the matter-of-fact details of business of the veracity-loving English, are ill calculated to sift the grains of truth from the vast chaff of falsehood in which they are confounded ; and finding himself continually deceived, his credulity becomes metamorphosed into its opposite extreme, and he who believed too much, learns to doubt too largely. Disgusted with the prevarications

and cunning he meets—which, by the by, are the invariable consequences of ill-treatment on weak and ignorant minds,—he learns but too often to despise those whom he had come to pity and to serve, and to consider their defects as the *cause* instead of the *effect* of their troubles.”

After a stay of ten days in Dublin, the party proceeded on their route to Springmount, and were much gratified by the beauty of the country through which they passed : hill and dale, and those beautiful mountains, clear streams, and rapid rivers, peculiar to Ireland, continually called forth their admiration. The excellence of the provisions at the inns at which they stopped, surprised them ; and Lady Oriel declared that the butter was more delicate and finely flavoured than any she had ever before eaten ; it looked and tasted as if the cows had fed only on buttercups and primroses. The slim-cake and hot griddle-

bread, luxuries to be had only in Ireland, met with great success; and the newly laid eggs were pronounced to be so good, as to verify the Irishman's boast, that "sure it was only Irish hens that ever laid fresh eggs." The crimped salmon, with its white curdy veil, letting its rose-colour appear through, was allowed to be far superior to any English salmon they had ever tasted; and the speckled trout, fresh from the water, was pronounced matchless.

The air of cordial welcome with which the Desmond family were received at all the inns, might have led a satirical observer to recollect the lines ending with, "The warmest welcome always at an inn;" but the present party attributed it, as in truth they ought, to the respect and regard entertained for them, and the "Och! sure, 'tis we that are proud and content, to see your honors back

again in the poor ould counthry," had a warmth that carried conviction of its sincerity.

On passing over a common, Lady Oriel was surprised and shocked at seeing a flock of non-descript birds, resembling geese, but without feathers, trembling beneath the chill breeze that was wafted from the mountains. Being in a light open carriage, she called out to the postilion, "Pray, what are those birds?"

"Sure, plaise your honour's ladyship, they are geese, and they play h—ll with 'em in this counthry, seeing as how they sell the clothes off their backs."

There was no resisting this answer, and Lord and Lady Oriel laughed heartily at it, though the postilion added with a grave face, "Faith, it's no laughing matther for the poor geese any way:"—a truth they were by no means disposed to doubt.

Arrived at Capoquin, the beauty of the

scenery induced them to remain a day or two there, that they might explore it; they had a boat to convey them over the limpid and rapid Black-water river, a misnomer, as the water is peculiarly clear, but which is said to have been so called from its banks having been once so thickly wooded that the dark trees threw a deep shadow over the river, nearly excluding the light—hence it was called black-water.

They stopped to view Drumana, the ancient and beautiful seat of the noble family of Grandison, the last of whose earls resided there in a style of princely hospitality, and attracted many guests by private theatricals, to enact which he fitted up a very tasteful theatre. Our present King, then a midshipman, spent some days at Drumana, and entered into its gaieties with all the spirit and vivacity peculiar to his age and profession, leaving behind

him an impression that even still exists of the frankness, good humour, and condescension of Prince William Henry, as the old inhabitants still call his Majesty. Various anecdotes and bons-mots are repeated relative to this memorable visit, all highly flattering to the illustrious visiter; and the persons who remember him, declare that they are quite sure that his Majesty, even though he is a king, does not forget the happy days he spent at Drumana, as a gay and frolic-loving reefer.

“Och! then, wasn’t it a grand sight,” said an old woman to the party, “to see a king’s son, born and bred in palaces, sent to sea just like the child of any private gentleman, and treated no better, and just laughing and playing for all the world as if he had never seen any greater grandeur? Sure, we always thought that such great people never laughed or played themselves, but only kept others to

do it for 'em. But, faith, Prince William Henry showed us the contrary, for he was the first in every frolic, and long as it is since that happy time, I think even now I see him, with his rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, as gay as a summer's morning, with something kind to say to every person that came near him."

"Ay, and something kind to do, too," interrupted the husband, "for I well remember he snatched a kiss from you, Peggy, which made me jealous enough at the time, though now I think it's a great honour that my poor old woman should have been kissed by a king."

"Don't be bragging, Davy," said the wife, "for sure the ladies can't believe that such a poor ould woman as I am, ever had so great an honour."

"Ay, Peggy," said the husband, "sure the whole country round knows that you were the

prettiest girl in the barony, and what's more, the most modest and dacent; and there never was any grand company at the great house, but what the good Lord and Lady used to send for Peggy to show 'em an Irish beauty."

"Well, Davy," said the old woman, "there's no remains of that now. It's only the heart that rests the same, and sure that's for all the world like a large sound nut in a withered shell, where it hasn't room."

"Never mind, my ould woman," said Davy, patting her on the shoulder with a look of ineffable affection; "I wouldn't give the ould shell for the freshest and greenest husk that ever covered a filbert in the brown woods of Drumana."

Nothing can be more picturesque or beautiful than Drumana. The house stands boldly on an eminence, commanding a view of the fine river that winds along its banks and almost

washes its base, and the woods around are crowned by mountains that give sublimity to the whole. Mr. Desmond had ordered a dinner peculiar to that part of the country, to be prepared in the grounds. It consisted of salmon caught for the occasion, and cut into large slices ; a fire of wood was kindled on a stone, and each piece of salmon on a long wooden skewer was stuck in the earth round the fire, and occasionally sprinkled with salt and water, and turned until roasted ; potatoes dressed *à l'Irlandaise*, and Black-water cyder, as sparkling as champaign, formed a repast that the English visitors declared to be one of the most delicious of which they had ever partaken ; and Peggy and her husband who superintended it, were delighted with the commendations it received.

They returned to Capoquin to sleep in rooms breathing of lavender, it being the common custom in many parts of Ireland to keep quan-

tities of this fragrant flower dried in their presses and drawers: and the murmuring of the pellucid stream flowing under the windows of the inn soothed them into slumber.

The next day they proceeded to Lismore, the whole route passing along the banks of the Black-water, and offering the most richly wooded and romantic points of view.

Perhaps there is nothing in Ireland more beautiful than the entrance to Lismore. The fine bridge, and picturesque castle above it, which overhangs the river at a height that makes the head grow dizzy to look down it; the woods and mountains around, and the velvet lawns of the grounds of Mrs. Scott, offer a picture rarely equalled, and never surpassed. In this castle was born Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, a circumstance that adds much to the interest with which it is viewed, and excites speculative surmises as to

how far the sublime and beautiful scenery around might have influenced the turn of his mind, even at the early age at which he left Lismore, to pursue his studies at Eton.

The union of such powerful genius and talent such strong religious principles, simple habits, and affectionate disposition, had always endeared the memory of this celebrated man to the persons who were now viewing the place where he first saw the light, and there was almost a religious reverence in the feelings with which they examined the venerable ruin. The present owner of Lismore, the Duke of Devonshire, is deservedly popular there; he has expended large sums in improvement, and resided some months on the spot, where his kindness and extensive charities have left a warm sentiment of gratitude and attachment.

The party arrived at Springmount on a fine summer's evening, when the sky and earth

wore their brightest looks, and the Oriels were charmed with the romantic beauty of the spot. Springmount was a castellated mansion, standing on a gentle eminence, commanding a fine view of the river and adjacent country, and nearly embosomed in woods, surrounded by high mountains, losing themselves in the clouds. The fine and picturesque mountains in Ireland never fail to attract the admiration of those accustomed to the tamer scenery of England, and add peculiar beauty to the landscapes.

The apartments at Springmount were spacious, and fitted up with a due regard to comfort and elegance. Pictures, statues, and vases, collected during the travels of Mr. Desmond, who was not only an amateur, but a connoisseur in the fine arts, ornamented the salons; and an extensive and well-chosen library offered resources of no ordinary kind to studious visitors. The principal rooms

opened on a terrace of tessellated marble, whence flights of steps descended to the pleasure-grounds, through which the limpid and rapid river hurried along its impetuous course, never pausing to admire the beauties it reflected on its glassy surface. A stone bridge of one arch, finely proportioned, and ornamented with a light balustrade of marble, was thrown across the river, and a pleasure-boat was moored near a picturesque boat-house for the amusement of the guests. A sunk fence of wide dimensions divided the pleasure-grounds from the deer-park; but in wandering through the mazes of the former, the beautiful animals that sported free as air were visible, and gave a wildness and animation to the scene. Thrushes and blackbirds innumerable enlivened the umbrageous shades, and sent forth their notes of joy; and the lonely Philomel, at eve, was heard to warble her melancholy song, while

the russet corn-creak, hopping like a partridge over the velvet lawns, repeated her clear, shrill cuckoo, which was echoed around till it died in distance.

A repose reigned round Springmount that was delicious to those who had been shut up in the confined atmosphere of London. There is a peculiar lightness in the air in Ireland, which—whether it be attributable to the mountains, or to the Atlantic, we leave casuists to examine—brings healing on its wings to the over-excited mind, as well as to the exhausted body; and the visitors felt this benign influence, as with elastic spirits they arose, the morning after their arrival, to wander through the grounds, and admire the taste and judgment with which they were laid out.

They entered the breakfast-room as the bell summoned them to that repast, and found a table plentifully piled with all the luxuries

that Ireland can furnish. Honey, bright and sparkling as topaz, raspberry jam that might vie in tint with the ruby, fruit of every description, and cream and butter such as Erin alone can produce, graced the board.

After breakfast Mrs. Desmond and Mrs. Forrester proposed driving through the park, to show Lady Oriel the finest points of view ; and Mrs. Forrester requested that they might pass the gates and extend their drive to the cottage of Grace Cassidy.

“ You have shown us some good specimens of English peasantry,” said Mrs. Forrester, “ and I am impatient, dear Lady Oriel, to show you our choicest sample in Grace Cassidy.”

We pass over the drive through the really fine park, which had the usual quantity of stately trees to be found in old parks, but a very unusual inequality of ground, presenting

hill and dale, and lawns intersected with groups of trees, with the river winding through them, and glittering beneath the sunbeams, like a vast azure-coloured serpent, coiling itself along. Lady Oriel was delighted with the views and the country, and confessed that henceforth she should find all scenery tame that had not mountains to diversify them, so much did they add to the beauty of the landscape.

Mrs. Forrester was gratified by the admiration her natal residence excited; and acknowledged that, much as she liked England, she always, while there, felt the want of her native mountains, and hailed them on her return as old and dear friends.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Now let us thank th’ eternal Power ; convinced  
That heaven but tries our virtue by affliction :  
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,  
Serves but to brighten all our future days.”

WHEN the landau stopped at the little gate of the rustic paling that inclosed the garden of Grace Cassidy from the road, she arose from her spinning-wheel, and came forth to receive the ladies. She wore her dark hair combed back from her high and open forehead, leaving her long and jetty brows uncovered ; a small mob cap, neatly plaited, and white as

snow, gave an almost Quaker simplicity to the character of her head ; her kerchief crossed her fair bosom, and the ends were confined by an apron, that nearly covered the pale blue calimanco quilted petticoat, and left her small ankles and well-formed feet exposed. Her gown was of flowered chintz, the sleeves coming only to the elbows, and was open in front, so as to leave the petticoat in sight, the waist long, and the skirt plaited with fulness. A small collar of narrow black velvet lent additional whiteness to her fair throat, and black mittens half concealed her roundly-turned arms. She wore blue stockings, and silver buckles in her shoes ; and from her waist hung a silver chain to which was attached her pincushion, scissors, and key.

Such was the holiday suit of Grace, who, anticipating the probability of the ladies passing by her cottage, and stopping to speak to her, had dressed herself in her best clothes, to do

honour to their presence. The delicacy and grace of her slim figure, the piquancy and animation of her countenance, joined to her picturesque attire, rendered her a most attractive-looking person; and Lady Oriel accused Mrs. Forrester for not having prepared her to expect so much beauty; declaring in French, to spare Grace's modesty, that she had "never beheld so pretty a peasant."

"Och! my honoured mistress and my dear young lady, what a happy day it is for me to see you back again! My very heart jumps for joy." And seizing the hands held out to her by the two ladies, she pressed them to her lips. —"Sure, I could not close my eyes last night for the gladness I felt at the thoughts of seeing you this blessed day, and I thought to myself that joy can drive away sleep as well as grief, which I never suspected before."

The *naïveté* with which this confession was

made, excited a smile from the ladies; and Lady Oriel, in French, requested that they would encourage Grace to talk, for her mellifluous brogue and simple shrewdness highly amused and interested her. They entered the cabin, or cottage, as it deserves to be called, and complimented Grace on its perfect neatness and good order. Every thing was in its place, and an air of comfort pervaded the whole, that was highly gratifying to her visitors. The perfume of the flowers from the garden was wafted through the open casement, and freshly-gathered nosegays adorned the dresser and the window sill.

When the ladies were seated, Grace pointed to the clock and said, "Och! dear young lady, that is, Mrs. Forrester I mean, for sure, though you're still a young lady, it's not proper for me to be calling you so, just as if you were not married; every time I look at that elegant

and beautiful clock, I think of you, and bless you ; and sure the blessing of even a poor simple creature like me, coming from the heart, can't but do good. There never was anything that puts serious and blessed thoughts into the head like a clock ; when I am alone here at my work, it seems such good company to me, that I almost consider it like a living creature ; and when I hear it go tick, tick, sure it seems as if it was reminding me that time is passing swiftly away, and that I must not waste it. Then there's its hand, pointing always to the coming hour, like hope, and only pausing a moment at that hour, and then advancing to another ; it's like the time it marks, always passing yet still the same, for it's us that change, and not time. Sure there's eternity in the thoughts a clock puts into the mind ; there it stands, showing us all the hours we pass, each one of which brings us nearer to the last hour of life. But sure I'm

forgetting myself, to talk so boldly before such grand company."

The ladies encouraged Grace, and she proceeded, "Well then, ladies, I declare that somehow or other, that clock makes me think as I never thought before I had it—of how quick life is passing away—our hours and minutes are counted, even as are counted the hours by the steady hand advancing round the dial; and it makes me reflect on the necessity of preparing for that hour when, though we can no longer trace the warning hand of the clock, it will still remain to convey the same lesson to others. Och! what fine thoughts are to be found in simple things, if one had the gift to express 'em as one feels 'em. The flowers that spring up delight us, and fade even while we are enjoying their fragrance. The trees, lately the pride of the fields, whose leaves wither and die, all seem intended to

remind us that every thing must perish, to reconcile us to the same fate, and to prepare us for it."

There was a solemnity in Grace's look and manner, that not even her strongly Irish accent could impair; and Lady Oriel felt a sympathy for her, that no person of her class had ever before excited in her mind.

"How is your husband, Grace?" asked Mrs. Forrester.

"Indeed then, ma'am, it's finely he is, and quite come to his senses again, and stays at home at nights, and minds his work by day, just as he used to do before he ever heard of them poor foolish Repalers. Perhaps it's all for the best that he took that mad turn, though it did make one miserable at the time, for, sure, I was not sensible enough of my happiness, until I thought it had left me; and now it is come back, I feel as if I never could be

thankful enough to God. We are sad ungrateful creatures, and go on from day to day enjoying all the good that Providence sends us, just as if we had a right to it, but when misfortune comes, we then begin to know the value of our past happiness, though it only makes us more discontented with present troubles. How few, like me, have had the blessing to recover what they had lost ! and this makes me remember every hour with gratitude what I owe to the Almighty."

'The blue eyes of Grace became suffused with tears, and as she wiped them with the corner of her apron, she observed, with a smile, " There are tears of sorrow, tears of joy, and tears of thankfulness. Mine are the last, and they refresh me as the dews of heaven refresh the earth, and lighten my heart when it is weighed down by the sense of my own unworthiness and the goodness of God."

“ Grace, I have been telling Lady Oriel of the delicious buttermilk you used to give me to drink,” said Mrs. Forrester ; “ have you any at present ?”

“ Och ! it ’s myself that has,” replied Grace, “ for I churned this morning at the peep of day, thinking ye would be passing this way, and have kept the can of buttermilk in spring water in the dairy. Sure, if the lady would be so condescending as to taste it, I ’d be mighty proud, and if you ’d all of ye just eat a bit of my griddle-cake and kirkime,\* it ’s a favour, and an honor too, that I ’d never forget.”

The ladies accepted Grace’s offer ; who, spreading on a table a cloth as white as a snow-drop, made of the yarn of her own spinning, placed a wooden piggin, equally white, piled with kirkime in the centre, a griddle-cake at one end, and a jug of buttermilk at the other,

\* Eggs boiled hard, and chopped in fresh butter.

with small piggins for the ladies to drink out of, and wooden knives for the butter,— the Irish being as particular to use wooden knives for butter, as the higher class of English are to use only silver. Grace waited on her guests with an alacrity and delight, that proved the gratification she felt at the occupation; and Lady Oriel declared she had never partaken of a more delicious repast.

Grace wished to present the ladies with nose-gays, and for this purpose would have plucked half the flowers in her garden; but they prevented her, reminding her that they had such abundance at home, that they preferred seeing them in the garden.

The party drove away, followed by the blessings and grateful curtsies of Grace, who remained at the door until the carriage had vanished from her view, and then entered, repeating aloud to herself, “ Was there ever

such dear, kind, good ladies? No pride in 'em, and so pleased with every thing in my cottage, when, sure, every thing I have I owe to them. How I wish Jim could have seen 'em, seated round that table, praising every thing, and so condescending to me. But, och! sure, I quite forgot to tell 'em about poor Mary Mahoney and her husband. This was very thoughtless of me, and shows the truth of the old saying, that when one is happy oneself, one forgets those who are unhappy. Well, sure, I'll go and see poor Mary to-morrow, and then go to the great house, to tell 'em all about her, for I know she depends on me. What would she think, the poor dear creature, if she knew how I have neglected to speak about her?"

When Jim returned from his work, Grace told him of the visit she had received, and dwelt with delight and gratitude on the kindness of the old mistress, the young lady, and

the sweet manners of the beautiful young English lady.

“Is she as handsome as Mrs. Forrester?” asked Jim, “for, according to my notions, she is the biggest beauty of a lady in all Ireland. I say of a lady, Grace, bekase I know one that, in my eyes, is twice as handsome, and not a hundred miles off at this moment. Faith, you blush, Grace ma-colleen, just as if you knew who I mean, though sure I have not told you her name.”

“Och! Jim agraph, I wouldn’t be making comparisons between the two ladies, but what the difference between ’em is, I could tell you. Mrs. Forrester looks as if she had never known trouble, and that tears had never filled her eyes, though she’s one that, if the trouble came, would bear it nobly, for she’s full of feeling. She’s like a fresh rose in full bloom, before the sun or the wind has faded it. But

the other lady looks as if tears were no strangers to her eyes, for all they 're so bright, and that they had looked up to Heaven so often when troubled on this earth, that they stole the soft blue of the sky when she is letting fall the tears of night. One would like to tell Mrs. Forrester all one's happiness, for one knows she would feel it, and rejoice at it; but one would choose that English lady to tell all one's griefs to, because one sees that she has learned to pity others, by having suffered herself, great, and grand, and beautiful as she is. Mrs. Forrester, Jim, gives me the notion of an angel, and the other lady that of a saint."

The husband of Mary Mahoney had been tried and acquitted of the charge brought against him; but he returned to his suffering wife with ruined health, the consequence of a gaol-fever, and totally incapable of working. The poor woman, too, had never recovered her

premature confinement, and continued in a languishing state; both unable to make any exertion for their support. Grace and her husband assisted them to the utmost of their power; but the broken constitutions of the luckless couple required many comforts which the Cassidys lacked the means, though not the inclination, to give them. The Repealers in the neighbourhood, looking on Mahoney as a political victim, wished to identify his cause as their own, and made a subscription between them, amounting to a few pounds, which they sent him, with an inflated letter, expressive of their sympathy for his situation, their hatred of the tyranny and injustice that had led to it, and their determination to support and avenge him. This epistle was signed by the most prominent of the faction, with "Repealer" added to each name; and the subscribers were known to be the most lawless and ill-conducted men in the parish.

When the letter and money were delivered to Mahoney, he was in the greatest distress, undergoing all the privations that poverty can impose, with a beloved wife pining in languor before his eyes, and whom proper nourishment might restore to health. The poor man read the letter, and then laid it on the table, casting a wistful glance at the money, and then at the pale cheek and attenuated person of his wife ; the purse which contained it seemed to him as if it held the elixir of life, and his affection for Mary almost triumphed over his principles ; but a second perusal of the letter restored him to himself, and he determined to return the money to the donors.

Mary watched the changes in his countenance, and asked him what the letter was about ; and when he read it to her, and told her his decision, she left her chair, and approaching the one he reclined in, pressed her lips to

his forehead, and a tear fell on his face at the moment.

“God be praised ! cuishlamachree,” exclaimed she, “that you have had courage to resist this temptation ! I know it was for me that you looked so wistfully for a moment at that purse ; but heaps of gold could not give me the happiness that the certainty of your good principles has given me.”

“Och, Mary, ma-vourneen,” replied the poor man, “poverty is a frightful thing, for it leaves a body open to such temptations, and he who would remain honest ought to keep away want, or pray to have a friend like you to prop up his tottering good resolutions when he is tempted. I have had enough of Repalers, and wish I might never hear the name again ; but their money shall not pay the price of our broken health and broken hearts—no ; I’d rather die than touch it ! You see they don’t give it, as

good neighbours, to a poor and suffering man and woman, but they want to make me pass for a victim to tyranny and injustice, when I'm only a victim to my own wilful folly, in not listening to your advice, and attending to their wicked and pernicious counsels. It is true, I was not guilty of the crime laid to my charge, and, God be thanked! my innocence was proved; but had I not been in the habit of going out at night, and, at all unseasonable hours, of attending their meetings, I could not have been suspected; so that all my sufferings have been brought on by myself, and what's worse, my own dear Mary, all yours."

"Never think of mine, cuishlamachree," replied Mary; "sure, now that your eyes are open, and that our thoughts are the same, I'm a happy woman; and if I saw you once more in good health, I'd have nothing on earth to desire."

The purse was returned to the Repealers, with a candid exposition of the altered views and feelings of Mahoney, who was voted by them a turncoat and a coward, and strongly suspected to be a spy; a suggestion that only one of the faction had the good sense to doubt, and who made the simple observation, that a spy would not have declared his dereliction from them, as Mahoney had done, but would have imposed on them to the last.

From the moment that Mahoney refused the aid of the Repealers, he became a marked man with them; his horse was houghed, his cow maimed, his pigs killed, and his garden, that spot which had been the pride and pleasure of poor Mary, was uprooted, the paling destroyed, and every plant, flower, and vegetable, was scattered over the road. Mr. Disney, the venerable and worthy pastor, came to the assistance of the unhappy couple, and relieved their wants.

A few of the gentry in the neighbourhood subscribed to buy them a cow, and allow them a weekly stipend until they were able to work ; but this protection only drew fresh attacks of violence from the misguided men who had vowed his destruction, as Mahoney was now looked upon as the *protégé* of the anti-repealers ; and each act of aggression committed on him was meant as an attack on the persons who were charitably relieving his wants. Threatening notices were found nailed on his door ; his humble friends and neighbours were warned not to assist him or enter his house ; and a very few days saw the cow given to him sacrificed, like the former, to the brutal rage of the vindictive rabble, leaving the poor couple nearly heart-broken by such a fearful system of persecution.

Luckily for the poor Mahoneys, the family of Springmount arrived at this critical period,

and Mr. Desmond having heard of the tyranny exercised by the lawless depredators over this unhappy couple, determined to protect them. Grace Cassidy, who had never deserted them, in defiance of all threats, proceeded to their cottage the morning after the visit of the ladies from Springmount, taking with her, according to her usual custom, a basket of provisions. Even since the last visit, only four days before, fresh depredations had been committed, and the air of misery and desolation this once cheerful spot wore was painful to witness. The broken paling of the garden lay scattered around, dead flowers and plants were prostrate on the earth they lately decked, and the effluvia of putrified vegetables tainted the air. The windows were all broken, the parasitical plants that nearly covered the cottage torn down, and drooping their withered leaves in death.

“ And this,” thought Grace, “ is the work of the friends of Ireland, the Repalers, who are ever to be traced by the ruin and destruction that marks their path. What will be their next act of oppression and cruelty to this unhappy couple, to whom they have left nothing but a little life? Is there no law to save us from such terrible scourges? Och ! if the humane English knew only half what the quiet and dacent people are exposed to, they would make some effort to save us.”

Grace entered the cottage, and was shocked at the scene that presented itself to her. The poor couple were sitting on the floor, with disease preying on their exhausted frames, every article of their furniture broken in pieces and strewing the floor, and all their provisions trampled under foot. The same miscreants who had hitherto been persecuting them had broken into their cottage the night

before, and completed this work of destruction by breaking and smashing every thing in the house; Mary was half dead with fright, having expected every moment, during the stay of the Repealers, to see her husband and child massacred; for it had been debated whether he should be killed or not, when her passionate entreaties to spare his life had touched even their obdurate hearts, and they departed leaving the wretched couple exhausted with suffering, their household gods shivered at their feet, and their only child nearly in convulsions from excessive terror.

Grace, like a ministering angel, tried to comfort and assist them: she made them partake of some of the provisions she had brought, and cheered them by the intelligence of the arrival of the dear good ould master, and all his family, at Springmount, who would soon help and save them.

While she was yet holding out this hope to her poor friends, Mr. Desmond and Colonel Forrester, who had heard of the attack on the Mahoneys the night before, came to visit the cottage, and amply realized Grace's promises; for, no sooner had they witnessed the destruction around, than Mr. Desmond declared he would remove the Mahoneys to Springmount, where they should have the protection of his own roof, and left the family overpowered by their gratitude, while he returned to send a conveyance for their removal.

"I well knew he would," said Grace, "for sure there's not his match in the world for goodness; and now, dear friends, you may look on your troubles as being over, when once you are lodged under his happy roof. Sure, Mary, you must let me make you a little dacent to meet the ladies; and you too, dear cousin, pray tidy yourself a bit: though weak enough

you are, my poor boy, good nourishing food, a good bed, and an aisy mind, will, with the blessing of God, soon set you and Mary right; and as for the dear child you'll see how soon he'll get well."

"Och! Grace, ma-vourneen, it's yourself that always has words of comfort, and pleasant tones to spake 'em in, and looks of kindness too," said Mary; "may you never require the services that you have so often rendered me! But if you should, och! Grace, it's myself that would be a sister to you, for I feel as if it was the same warm red blood that set both our hearts a beating, and put loving thoughts in 'em. I never, as you know, Grace asthore, had the blessing of a sister, and you are in the same state; often and often have I grieved for it, for sure one seems to be incomplete, and to be but half one's self, when one has not the other half in a sister, who has drawn

life from the same source, slept on the same pillow, played in infancy the same plays, prayed together to God, and for each other, and grown into womanhood side by side like two roses on one stem. Let us then be as sisters, dear Grace; for much as I have to love in my husband and child, I want to extend my love still wider. Sure God has filled our hearts with affection, and happy are they who have objects to share it from their birth, but us who have not sisters or brothers, the natural links in the chain of love, we must forge 'em for ourselves, and be to each other what Providence has denied to us—sisters.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

“Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,  
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.”

THE cold-hearted and calculating Lord Delmore hurried from London, without one feeling of pity towards the wife, even yet a bride, that he was deserting, nay, whom he had plundered of her mother's gift. He recoiled from the remembered instances of her selfishness and frivolity that had come under his notice, as if *he* were free from such defects, instead of being pre-eminent in them, and soiled by actions, in

comparison to which the errors of his wife appeared as virtues: thus verifying the observation, that the less goodness we have, the more do we require in others, and the less are we inclined to overlook their deficiencies. No compunctious reflections visited his breast at having marred the happiness of a young and pretty woman; and if any feeling was excited towards her, it was one of distaste.

He pursued his course to Paris with rapidity, anxious to lose the sense of the humiliating exhibition he had made, *vis-à-vis* to White's; and forgetful that one of the advantages derived from our boasted march of intellect is the celerity with which scandal and gossip are conveyed from one capital to the other. The march of intellect is often confounded with the gallop of frivolity, and may sometimes be called the halt of reason; and if we reflect on the avidity with which personal scandal,

private anecdotes, and mysterious innuendoes are sought after and propagated, we can hardly flatter ourselves that the "march of intellect," or "general spread of knowledge," have made us wiser or better.

It is the fashion to decry certain newspapers, and to hold up their editors to reprobation for the personalities in which they indulge. We believe ourselves moral, religious, and good, when we declaim against such publications; but we forget that it is we who give the taste for them, and the editors only administer to our appetites. If the taste existed not, we should have none of the publications alluded to; but we never blame ourselves, being content to blame others.

The notice of Lord Delmore's ruin arrived at Paris in a very few days after himself, and being copied into Galignani's paper, "*Le Voleur*," and "*Figaro*," drew on him an atten-

tion much less flattering, though more marked, than that which he had hitherto excited in the French capital. He found himself much less *recherché*, though more stared at; and was oftener invited to Le Salon des Etrangers, than to the English Ambassador's. Finding his time hang heavy on his hands, he by degrees accustomed himself to pass much of it at Le Salon, and risked the greater part of the sum so dishonorably acquired at Rouge et Noir, with the general result of such experiments, the loss of it, and with it his temper; a union of no unfrequent occurrence in the life of a gambler.

An impatient, and equivocal ejaculation, instigated by the fate of his last stake, offended a French officer; who, in return, applied an epithet to him that admitted of no doubt of the intention to insult him. Angry words succeeded, and a *rencontre* was arranged for the

next morning in the Bois de Boulogne, which terminated in the death of Lord Delmore, who fell pierced through the heart by the ball of his adversary : thus incurring his doom through the means of the theft committed on his wife, as without that money he would not have played at Le Salon, nor have had the quarrel which led to his duel.

Lord and Lady Abberville soon made their appearance at Springmount : the former full of *les derniers* “ on dits ” of the underlings at the Treasury, which were attempted to be passed off as extracts from private letters from the ruling powers ; and the latter “ big with the fate ” of female reputation, and sending forth insinuations and implications of no doubtful import, had the ears that received them been at all akin to the malicious tongue that uttered them. Her malice was so generally known, that when the mode of wearing bracelets in the

form of serpents first came out, Lady Abberville was one of the earliest adopters of it, which gave rise to two lines that were very generally repeated in the circles in which she moved, the individuals composing them, considering that next to the pleasure of hearing an enemy attacked, is that of hearing a friend. The lines were :—

“ Of Abberville now you need feel no alarm,  
The serpent has fled from her tongue to her arm.”

“ I have heard to-day from Lady Nottingham,” said Lady Abberville, “ who writes that Mr. Henry Vernon’s daughter is to be married to the Marquis of Tadcaster. What a *mésalliance*! it is really shocking. Such a vulgar family of *parvenus*, *mais* ‘ *Qui sait se faire aimer n’a pas besoin d’aïeux* ;’ and the girl, I must admit, is very handsome, though her *petit nez retroussé* is somewhat objectionable. Lord Durnford, also, is about to be married to some

citizeness of credit and renown, and of fortune I'll be sworn ; for a man of fashion rarely goes into the city, except to his banker, or to search for some one who will entitle him to have a banker."

" But Lord Durnford is already rich, and can have no temptation to marry," said Mrs. Forrester, " wholly for money."

" *Qui sait, ma chère dame?*" replied Lady Abberville. " Men may have large estates, and green acres, but there is a certain board of green cloth, in the purlieus of St. James's, that has discovered the secret of sweeping them away 'at one full swoop,' or dismantling them so rapidly, that the wand of enchantment never accomplished a transfer of property with more celerity. It was to this great modern alchemist, that a ruined frequenter of his verdant table asked, in the agony of losing his last stake, ' What ! will you not leave me a tree

to hang myself upon ?' the whole of his woods having disappeared during the season. Now I know that Lord Durnford was a constant frequenter at this transmuter of metals, and therefore I think it probable he has found it convenient to marry a rich wife: besides, I know that few men marry except for money," stealing a spiteful glance at Colonel Forrester, "and I rejoice that I was an untochered lass, as I could not bear to be married for my fortune, a fear that must always enter into the minds of rich ladies."

The whole party felt the malice of Lady Abberville's insinuation, but it fell harmless on them; and they were more inclined to pity the inherent spitefulness that led her to wound those whom it was her interest to conciliate, than angry at the attempt.

"Of course you have heard of Lord Delmore's extraordinary marriage, and desertion of his wife," resumed Lady Abberville. "His

history is a curious one altogether. I was much in his confidence," (looking at Lady Oriel,) "and he has told me some very amusing anecdotes."

The mischief-loving *Cancanniere* was disappointed at seeing Lady Oriel show no symptom of embarrassment at her insinuation, and therefore changed the subject. Lady Oriel had previously seen in the newspapers all the particulars of the marriage, and anticipating the malice of Lady Abberville, had schooled herself to conquer every symptom of uneasiness, should the subject be referred to.

Having exhausted all her scandal, the indefatigable lady returned to the end and aim of all her present speculations — the barrack to be built, and declared that she "had an architect ready to commence the building, as she was sure that, as soon as it should be erected, the government must see the necessity of purchasing it. The country was be-

coming every day more troubled: without the means of accommodating a large military force, it never could be tranquillized; but strange to say, the Marquis of Mona seemed to be ignorant of the actual state of affairs, though she had endeavoured to enlighten him. The barrack was the only means of terrifying the lower classes, and civilizing the middling; she had made herself thoroughly acquainted with all the intrigues and plots of white-feet, black-feet, agitators, repealers, and conservatives, and knew more of what was going on, and likely to go on, than any magistrate in the country, or all the magistrates put together."

Having finished her tirade she withdrew, much to the relief of the circle at Springmount; and Mr. Desmond observed, that to her might well be applied the remark made by a poet on the gifted Madame de Stael, "that she excelled more in monologue than dialogue, never allowing any one to speak but herself, though," added

he, “it is profanation to compare an *intriguante* to a woman of genius.”

When Lady Oriel had recovered from the fatigues of her recent journey, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond proposed their making a tour to the Lakes of Killarney; and the party set out, determined to be amused—a determination that we recommend to all parties about to undertake that perilous adventure, a party of pleasure—the progress and termination of which are generally as little pleasurable, as though a spell was cast over the individuals composing it. Such parties in general commence in idleness, and end in ennui, leaving aught but agreeable impressions of the sights seen, or of the persons with whom they have been seen. And why is this? it is because people expect too much, and will not bear with too little. A bad day, or a bad inn, can eclipse the superficial gaiety of individuals tired of themselves, and depending for amusement on external sources; and in the frame

of mind or humour such discomforts produce, the agreeable companions of the day before, agreeable from the exhilarating effects of sunshine and good accommodation, are looked upon as disagreeable and tiresome, because we are conscious of being both ourselves, when we draw the uncharitable conclusion.

The party from Springmount had predetermined to find bad inns an amusing novelty, and bad weather a bearable evil, in their own agreeable society; and, consequently, the expedition had little chance of ending like the generality of parties of pleasure. As they travelled with Mr. Desmond's horses, they proceeded not as rapidly as travellers in search of amusement love to do, as it seems to be an understood thing that pleasure and rapidity of movement are inseparable; people gallop through countries they go to examine, and leave them with a confused jumble of ideas, in which scarcely a distinct notion is defined, the recollections being like the

trees, hills, and mountains that they flitted by, one succeeding another, and all vague, dreamy, and confused.

They rested the first night at a country inn, and were more amused than disquieted at observing the bustle and agitation their arrival produced.

“ Bill, Bill, arrah ! where are you, Bill ? Can’t you run and get the bellows to blow a spark of life into the fire ? ” said or rather screamed the master of the inn : “ Sure the ladies will die of the could any how.”

“ Is it the bellows you main ? ” said Bill, (thrusting his fingers into the uncombed locks of fiery hue that hung in wild disorder over his head,) “ sure it has lost it’s nose, and its no use thrying it ; sorrow’s the breath it will give.” And so saying, he knelt, and supplied the place of the bellows with his mouth, until he produced a blaze from the turf that sent forth sparks of light as red as his own locks.

“Run, run for your life, Bill, and see what’s in the larder,” said the landlord, walking off at the same time to give his instructions.

The ladies had retired to examine the bedrooms, the windows of which looked into the yard, and saw the indefatigable Bill, aided by a bare-legged girl, in active pursuit of some poultry, whose cries bore witness to their alarm.

“This, I suppose,” said Lady Oriel, pointing to the yard, “is the larder, and before us is our dinner.”

“Them devils of ould cocks is as cunning as a fox,” screamed the panting Bill, “they’ll never be caught; thry the ould hen, Biddy, she’s not so cute, say something civil to her, and she’ll come to you.”

“Chick, chick,” said Biddy, with her most insinuating smile. But smiles were vain; the ould hen was as wary as her male friends, and nothing remained but for Bill to hunt them,

and pelt them down with stones, hitting with a dexterity that surprised the ladies, each stone bringing down a wounded bird.

“ Arrah ! stop, Bill, are you mad, you fool of the world ?” screamed Biddy, “ sure you were only to kill two, and there you’ve kill’d four.”

“ I’ve a mind to kill every mother’s soul of ’em,” said Bill, “ for giving me all this botheration, instead of letting themselves be caught quietly at oncet, when they know they must be caught at last.”

The wounded birds were seized, their fluttering pinions broken, and their heads wrung by Bill, who desired Biddy to run into the lough, and pull him out two of them ducks.

“ Can’t you do it yourself, Bill ?” said the gentle Biddy, “ and bad manners to you.”

“ Arrah ! how can I, woman,” says he, “ now that I’ve got my stockings on ? Go in, Biddy aghra, and I’ll give you a glass to warm you.”

“ Here goes,” said Biddy, tucking up her garments as high as decency would permit, and rushing into the green slimy pool, designated as the lough by Bill, in which sundry ducks were enjoying their verdant bath, which, as Bill often observed, was meat, drink, and washing to them. She seized a struggling duck in one hand, and placing it under her arm, whence it sent streams of liquid mud over her garments, she grasped another, whose screams and struggles seemed to excite her anger, instead of moving her pity, as she said, “ Well, divil mend your taypots, now I have ye in spite of ye’re teeth, and the English lords and ladies will know what ye’re made of before ye’re two hours oulder.”

“ Success to you, Biddy agrah,” cried Bill. “ Sure yourself is the girl for bringing ’em to raison.”

Mrs. Forrester made the gentlemen laugh

when she attempted a description of the scene she had witnessed; and the ladies confessed, that not even their disgust at the cruelty the feathered tribe had suffered could subdue the laughter that Bill and Biddy had excited.

The dinner was served in a much shorter time than could have been expected, and the quantity could not have been blamed, except in its excess, whatever might be said of the quality. A salted shoulder of mutton boiled, and called corned mutton, served up with cabbage, graced the top of the board; a piece of roast-beef confronted it at the bottom; two broiled ducks smothered in onions flanked one side, and a *spatch* cock, which means a broiled fowl, faced it; the interstices of the table being filled with potatoes and pickles that seemed to have “fallen into the sear and yellow leaf.”

Bill seemed as astonished as grieved that neither the ducks nor fowls were touched, and

could not resist recommending them, as being elegant and mighty tinder, an observation that called smiles to the faces of all the party.

Hearing Lord Oriel's remark to Mrs. Desmond that the beef was more highly flavoured in Ireland than in England, but much less fat, Bill, with a bow and a pull of one of his elfin locks, begged their lordships' pardon, but the *raison* that bit of beef on the table was so *lane* was, that it was from a piper's cow, who had danced away all her fat.

The second course consisted of the three remaining slaughtered fowls, fried eggs and bacon, buttered greens, roast potatoes, apple-dumplings, and cream-custards; and again Bill strenuously recommended the fowls—"Sure, if they'd only taste 'em, they'd find 'em beautiful; there wasn't finer in all Ireland, and a body might travel from Cork to Dublin and not meet with their match any how."

Bill had a motive for urging the guests to demolish the fowls, which was, that he had been scolded by the host and hostess for killing four instead of two, and was afraid of another lecture, if they returned untouched. "Sure, my lords, I'm greatly afeard yourselves and the ladies, saving their presence, aren't quite continted with the dinner, for ye have eat so little."

Bill was re-assured by the commendations bestowed on the repast ; and his appetite being excited by the dainties before him, he mentally promised himself to partake a portion before they were restored to the pantry of the hostess. On removing them, aided by the active Biddy, he dissected, or rather tore the limbs from the ducks and fowls ; and having piled up a pyramid of wings and legs of ducks and fowls on a plate, covered with onion-sauce, he concealed it, *pour le moment*, in the place next at hand,

which happened to be the bed-room designed for Lady Oriel; and the savoury mess was put under her ladyship's bed, breathing odours the least likely to charm a fine lady, though peculiarly attractive to the olfactory nerves of Bill and his friend Biddy.

“ By the powers, Biddy my girl,” said Bill, “ we'll have an eligant supper when they're all gone to their beds! and I'll just lave the plate under the bed, till we've an opportunity of slipping it safe into some hole or corner. But the divil's in the misthris, she's always poking her nose everywhere, and smells the taste of a rat, if one has only got a morsel hid in a corner; sure many's the comfortable bit and sup I'd share with you, Biddy my dear, but that I've no place to hide 'em, and am obliged to swallow 'em up, at the risk of choking myself, bekase the ould woman is always after my heels.”

When Bill descended into the kitchen with only the carcasses of the ducks and fowls, the hostess screamed out, "Well, if this does not bait out Ban and Banagher!—ten wings and ten legs all gone, and nothing left but the poor bodies of three fowls and two ducks! Talk of aiting, sure it's them English lords and ladies that have the stomachs, and could ait twice as much as the Irish gentry! Faith they must be charged double price to make up for it; and if they dhrink as much as they ait, they'll have a purty long bill to pay!"

"Indeed then, misthriss, you're right enough, they're the very divils for swallowing—wing after wing, and leg after leg disappeared; sure I thought they'd never stop, they kept playing away at such a rate!"

While Bill was speaking, Biddy entered with the plates, on which were the fragments of the small morsels of beef and mutton, the only part

of the dinner touched by the guests. The hostess looked over the plates, and then, turning to Bill with one of her most fiery glances, "Arrah, you tief of the world! you gormandizing rogue! did the English lords and ladies swallow the bones as well as the flesh of my elegant wings and legs?"

"Faith and they picked 'em clane," said Bill, "and threw 'em in the fire; that's what they did."

"I'll never believe you, ye rogue of the world!" cried the enraged hostess; "sure such genteel company would never do the like; and if they did, wouldn't I smell it all over the house?"

At this moment the valet-de-chambre of Lord Oriel descended, followed by a footman bearing the pyramidally piled plate, which he placed on the table; and the valet angrily complained that her ladyship's room had been infected with

the abominable smell of the onions, and that having tried to discover whence the smell came, Mrs. Marsden, her ladyship's femme-de-chambre, had found the plate hid under her ladyship's bed, and was now burning *eau à brûlé* to get rid of the dreadful odour.

The cheek of Bill assumed a crimson tint, one shade darker than his locks, he saw that denial was vain, and was stupified by the detection of his guilt; Biddy disappeared, and the hostess, having thanked my lord's body-servant, as she called him, for causing the elegant wings and legs to be restored to her, turned to the culprit, and shaking her head at him, said, "No wonder, you carrotty-headed rogue, you're so fat and plump, when this is the way you're robbing, and pilfering, and backbiting grand company, by making me believe they're aiting me out of house and home; no wonder you kill four fowls, you cruel-hearted baist, instead of

two, when it's all to put into your own hungry mouth ; I've long suspected you, and looked after you sharply, but now you're found out, and here" (holding up the plate) "are the bones that you said the grand company picked so clane, and then threw into the fire. Sure, if they knew that you wanted to make 'em pass for porpoises and giants in regard to aiting, what would they say to you ? If you had stolen the beef or mutton, I wouldn't blame you so much, but my elegant ducks and fowls, I'll never forgive you."

The inn was so small, and the partitions so thin, and the landlady's voice so loud, that all her harangue had been overheard by the party from Springmount, who were not a little amused at this characteristic scene of Irish manners ; and when Bill came up with tea, looking ashamed and afraid, they could hardly conceal their laughter.

“How odd!” said Lord Oriel, “that the landlady should make such a distinction in theft, as to be furious at his stealing poultry, and to say that, had he taken the beef or mutton, she would not have blamed him. Henceforth Bill will conclude that beef and mutton may be stolen with impunity, and that poultry alone is forbidden. Strange people! how difficult it is for strangers to understand them.”

Arrived at Killarney, they found the principal inn nearly filled by visitors, and had to take up their abode in the less-frequented one, a circumstance which, though offering worse accommodation, promised to afford them a better opportunity of judging of the national character in its native garb, than in the Anglicised hotel, where all was, or affected to be, *à l'Anglaise*, with bowing, curtseying, and obsequious host and hostess, mincing waiters, and smirking housemaids.

The whole party were enchanted with the scene, which far surpassed all their expectations. The magnificent woods, fine mountains, and admirable lakes spread out like vast mirrors reflecting them; and above all, the arbutus, with its flowers and fruit, which here flourishes so luxuriantly, called forth their warmest admiration. Lady Oriel contrasted her present position and feelings with the painful ones that weighed down her spirits, when, a year before, she visited the Lakes of Cumberland, tête-à-tête with her husband, shrinking from contact with former acquaintances, lest she should encounter the mortification inflicted on her by the heartless Lady Abberville.

Supported now by the presence of two ladies who were considered models of every female virtue, her husband nearly restored to his former peace of mind and confidence, how much had she to be grateful for, and with what true

humility did she return thanks to that All-merciful Power that had vouchsafed to save her from the consequences of her imprudence !

The day after their arrival at Killarney, Colonel Forrester encountered the Marquis of Tadcaster, who had arrived from England a few days before with his wife, on a tour through the South of Ireland. He informed Colonel Forrester of the death of Lord Delmore, and the circumstances that led to it ; and, while commenting on the profligacy and dishonour which marked the conduct of Lord Delmore up to the last moment of his life, he stated the good feeling and good sense with which Lady Delmore had conducted herself under such very trying circumstances, and added, that though her worthless husband neither had made, nor intended to make a provision for her, yet by the settlements made by his father, she now found herself in possession of a suit-

able jointure, which his creditors could not touch, but of which she immediately resigned three parts to the creditors, sorely against the advice and wishes of her father.

“ My excellent father-in-law and her uncle,” said Lord Tadcaster, “ was so gratified by the whole of her conduct, that he has settled ten thousand pounds on her, so that she is now independent of her selfish father; but she continues to live under his roof for the sake of being near her amiable mother, to whom she devotes all her time and attention.”

Lord Tadcaster asked permission to present his wife to the ladies, and Colonel Forrester returned to inform Lady Oriel of the death of Lord Delmore, to prevent her betraying any emotion on hearing it publicly announced.

When the whole of his conduct was laid open to her by her brother, how did she shudder at the idea that this was the man for whom

she had once entertained sentiments of good will and friendship, and towards whom she considered her husband had been unjust! “How could I have been so deceived?” asked she of herself. And this question led to a train of reflection, that ended by her consciousness that it was vanity, and the gratification his flattery and attentions afforded to that vanity, which had blinded her to the defects of this unprincipled man.

How many of the finest qualities are eclipsed by this one passion, which, like Aaron’s serpent, swallows up the rest; and how many sacrifices of principle, honour, and happiness, are daily offered up at its shrine! If there be a passion, which more than all others leads its victim into danger, it is vanity; and against its indulgence every effort should be made in early youth, ere it has found its unfailing reward, vexation of spirit, shame, and ridicule.

Lady Oriel, Mrs. Desmond, and Mrs. Forrester, were so much pleased with the Marchioness of Tadcaster, that they invited her and her lord to join their party, and stay some time with them at Springmount,—a proposal that was cheerfully accepted; and having seen all that the romantic and beautiful country round Killarney could boast, they set out on their return to Springmount, highly gratified by all that they had seen.

At this period it was announced that Lady Oriel was soon likely to increase her family; intelligence which delighted her husband, and afforded the utmost gratification to her friends. Lord Oriel had long sighed for this addition to his happiness, as it had been a source of pain to him to think that at his decease his ancient title would become extinct, and his fortune pass into other hands.

The death of Lord Delmore seemed to re-

move the last trace of Lord Oriel's uneasiness. That heartless man could now no longer cross their path, to awaken dormant retrospections and forgotten scandal; and seeing his wife beloved and respected by all around her, he ceased to remember that she had ever been exposed to slander; or recollected it only to rejoice that she had recovered the place in society, to which her many virtues so fully entitled her.

The persecution that Patrick Mahoney experienced from the Repealers disgusted Jim Cassidy more with them than all the representations of his wife and friends. He declared he never would attend another meeting, and that henceforth he would stand aloof from them — a declaration which filled the heart of poor Grace with joy and thankfulness.

“Och! Jim dear, this was all that was wanting to my happiness,” said Grace, “and

at what a blessed moment does it come ! Sure, it was wrong of me, and unloving too, to doubt you after all I've seen of your good sense lately, but somehow or other I was afraid the speeches, and the cunning way them people have to make one believe black was white, might get you back into their hands, and sure that would have been the death of me, and not only of me, but one more precious, dear Jim, for I'm in the way to be a mother."

" 'Then God be thanked, my own Grace,' said Jim, embracing her, "and you'll see I'll never vex or bother you any more. Och ! you rogue," kissing her again, "why didn't you tell me before ? Sure you ought to know how glad it would make me. I hope, Grace a-vourneen, the child will be like you, for then I'll love it twice as well, as I know it will be a blessing."

A look of tenderness unutterable repaid

Jim's affectionate declaration; and he vowed henceforth to be the best boy in the parish, and save every halfpenny he could, now that he was to be a father.

"I never tould you, Grace, how often I was vexed at our not having a child," said Jim, "bekase I thought you might take it ill; but sure it's a bitter thing to think that a couple will be growing ould, with no one to love, no one to save for, and no one to shed a tear for 'em, when God takes 'em to himself. But now all this fear is over, and I'll be as happy a father as any other poor man in the country."

Trouble ever follows quickly on the footsteps of joy. The day after the scene we have described, Jim Cassidy was torn from the arms of his distracted wife, and lodged a prisoner in the same gaol where he had formerly visited his friend Patrick Mahoney. His former connexion with the disaffected and lawless men

in his neighbourhood had rendered him an object of suspicion to the police, and the recent acts of violence in the vicinity of Cologan had awakened their vigilance, and led to the arrest of many who were less innocent of the offence with which they stood charged, than was Jim Cassidy.

Unfortunately for Grace, her husband's arrest took place during the absence of the family of Springmount at the Lakes of Killarney, and she suffered all the anxiety and alarm such a circumstance was likely to produce until they returned. She had gone to Jim every day, and stayed with him in prison until the gates were closed, and all visitors excluded. The first evening, this separation was a dreadful trial to them both; and poor Jim wept like a child when the turnkey led Grace to the door and locked the heavy chain that secured it. But she conquered her own grief to administer

comfort to his ; and smiling through her tears, said, “ Well, dear Jim, sure we’re like two foolish children, crying because we are separated for a night, when, to-morrow, the moment the doors are opened, I ’ll be here to stay with you all the day, and every day, till the dear master comes back, when you may be sure he ’ll soon open those iron gates, and send you home with me ; and we ’ll both smile at all the troubles that ’s now frightening us, and making us cry.”

Grace’s situation increased the grief and anxiety of Jim ; he trembled lest her alarm might endanger her safety, and reproached himself bitterly for ever having laid himself open to suspicion by his former imprudence. Patrick and Mary Mahoney, though both ill and suffering, had themselves conveyed in a car to the prison to comfort their friends, and it was a touching scene to behold the four mingling

their tears together, but the women smiling even through theirs to comfort their husbands.

No sooner had Mr. Desmond returned to Springmount than he procured the release of Jim Cassidy, who from that moment became an object of suspicion and dislike to his former associates. He was pointed out as an informer, —a term of reproach the most ignominious that can be applied in Ireland, and the most likely to draw down vengeance on the unhappy person who is the object of it. Not all Grace's confidence in the goodness and power of Mr. Desmond could tranquillize her mind for the future safety of her husband, and she trembled every time he left her presence.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ Oh ! could I worship aught beneath the skies  
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,  
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,  
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf and flowers as wild and fair  
As ever dress’d a bank or scented summer air.”

JIM CASSIDY had only been a few days released from prison, when Larry Macswiggan came into his house one evening, and with evident symptoms of alarm announced that he had stolen away from the Cat and Bagpipes to inform them that the disaffected faction

assembled there, were violent in their threats against Cassidy, and that he feared they would put them into execution. "They say you are an informer, a turncoat, and a spy, in the pay of Mr. Desmond, and his Sassenach son-in-law, and that they will have vengeance on you and Patrick Mahoney. I've often seen 'em mad and foolish; but this time they bait out Ban and Banagher, and Ballinisloe into the bargain," said Larry, "for they have the very devil in their heads, ay, be my troth, and in their hearts too, and God only knows where they will stop."

"I'll go to the Cat and Bagpipes this very minute," said Jim Cassidy, "and confront 'em, for no man shall say that I'm a turncoat, a spy, or an informer;" and the honest blood mounted to the face of the indignant man.

Grace seized him by the coat, and with an

appealing look and a face pale as marble entreated him not to venture amongst them. They are all intoxicated," added she, "and incapable of listening to reason; go not near them, Jim dear, but if you wish to clear yourself of their vile charges, wait 'till they are sober, and seek them with one or two quiet steady friends."

"Sure I'll go with him myself," said Larry, "and be spokesman, and the schoolmaster won't refuse, I'm sure, to give 'em some more of his Greek and Latin to help him out of the scrape; but at this present moment they are too tipsy and violent to listen even to the Agitator himself if he was on the spot."

Jim Cassidy yielded to the entreaties of his wife, and Larry began to relate the troubles, as he called them, that were disturbing the neighbouring counties. "Faith, things get worse and worse every day," said he, "and the run on the banks has given the finishing

blow to the poor people. The cattle and pigs are driven back from the fairs unsold, not a bill will be discounted, if it was signed by the Lord Liftenant himself; and them that are suffering from all this, haven't the sense to see that they have brought it on themselves, but get more desperate in their folly. If you heard the wicked threat'nings of the people at the Cat and Bagpipes; they swore they'd burn the house over the heads of Mr. Desmond and his family, and set fire to his woods!"

"Och! Larry dear," said Grace, "do you think they are serious in this? and och! why didn't you tell us before? Let us go, Jim, without losing a moment, and put the family on their guard."

"There's no danger this night any way, Mistress Cassidy," said Larry, "of that, I promise you, for they have not sufficient men to undertake an attack on Springmount, but

that they intend such a measure I have not the least doubt, and think Mr. Desmond ought to be informed of it to-morrow. Little, he that has thrown the spark of fire amongst these mad and wicked people, imagines the mischief he has caused, and if he had heard what I did to-night, he 'd tremble to think what he has done ; but gentlemen little know of what different stuff the minds of the poor ignorant people are made, and that though it's aisy enough to drive 'em mad, it's no aisy thing to bring 'em back to their raison ; they are for all the world like the elephants that Dick Mulligan tould me they have in Ingee in their battles, who often turn round and thrample on those that drove 'em on, doing more harm to their friends than their enemies. Sure they may say what they will, but I'll never believe but what it gives many a heart ache to the laider of the Repealers, to see and hear the cruel murders and

wicked things they do; but he can't stop 'em, though he can make 'em do anything else. I've seen him, and known him, and believe him to be a humane man, for God never gave the gift of fine thoughts and words to a narrow or a cruel heart; therefore I wish he was now on the spot to listen to the mischief that's plotting, and to see, that while he is thinking of liberty as a fine, grand, and elegant thing, that's to bring blessings, and peace and plenty, on poor ould Ireland, but to get which some mischief and danger must be gone through, they are thinking of it as a something that will give every idle fellow amongst 'em the power of plundering the rich, living without work, and having no laws, and that the mischief incurred to gain it, is only a foretaste of that they will have to keep it. This is the difference between a gentleman's view of liberty, and the view of a poor ignorant man. Their laider knows this,

but he knows it would be useless to attempt making them feel as he does, and therefore tries to use them as means of carrying his point, hoping to be able to correct them after he has succeeded, which he has little chance of."

While Larry was yet talking, shout and yells, from a distance, struck on the ears of his auditors. "They come, they come," cried Larry, "and if you wish to save your lives, let us fly from the house."

A look at Grace, and the recollection of her situation, decided Jim to adopt the advice of Larry, and snatching up a cloak, which he threw over her shoulders, the two men hurried the trembling Grace through the back door of the cottage, and by a short cut across the fields that led to Springmount; which they had hardly reached, when they saw a column of fire ascend the air, and heard the shouts of triumph of the infuriated rabble, as the flames

spread wider and wider, embracing the paling and trees close to the cottage.

Tears burst in torrents from Grace, as she beheld her cottage, the quiet, happy home where she had passed such blissful days, enveloped by the lurid blaze, and she felt as if her happiness was destroyed with the home that witnessed it.

“Och ! Jim dear,” sobbed the poor woman, “our beautiful cottage, and all the nice furniture that I was so proud of ; our garden and lovely flowers, all—all destroyed ! And to think that in a few hours no trace will remain of all that was so fair and flourishing an hour ago—och ! it’s too cruel !” and she wept in agony on the shoulder of her husband.

Jim tried to console her, and observed how happy it was that they had fled, for that otherwise their lives would have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of the incendiaries. “We’re safe

and together, Grace a vourneen," said Jim ;  
" and the same good friend that provided us  
with the cottage, can give us another ; so don't  
be unhappy, and you'll see, Grace, you'll  
never have any fretting in the new house,  
as you had in the ould, on account of my  
folly."

They gained entrance at Springmount, and  
Mr. Desmond being informed of their arrival,  
and the cause that led to it, summoned Colonel  
Forrester and Lords Oriel and Tadcaster to  
consult on the best measures to pursue. After  
much consultation, it was agreed that to go out  
and meet the rabble, now that the mischief they  
had intended was perpetrated, would be un-  
availing ; but it was decided that the park-gates  
and lodges should be guarded by armed men  
for the night, each of the noblemen, and Mr.  
Desmond, and Colonel Forrester, presiding at  
the four gates : and Mr. Desmond wrote off to

Dublin Castle an account of the whole transaction.

Lady Oriel and the Marchioness of Tadcaster were exceedingly alarmed at the danger to which they fancied their liege Lords exposed ; but Mrs. Desmond and Mrs. Forrester, who knew Ireland better, tranquillized their minds by the assurance that the passionate effervescence of the insurgents would evaporate with the fire they had kindled, and that when they had exhausted their fury, they would return to their homes. The courage of the mother and daughter, as displayed in the confidence with which they saw their husbands depart for their separate guard stations, was even more convincing than their words ; but the English ladies, while submitting to the emergency that required such a sacrifice of comfort on the part of their husbands, made elaborate comparisons between the comforts of England and Ireland, which satis-

factorily convinced themselves and those who heard them, that a residence in Ireland was like Rochefoucault's opinion of marriage, — “sometimes convenient, but never delightful.”

The ladies sent for Grace Cassidy, that they might gain confidence from her unsophisticated account of what she had witnessed ; but the pale face, curved brow, and *l'air abattu* of Grace, were little calculated to reassure them.

“How good you must be, my dear Mrs. Desmond,” said Lady Oriel, “to live among a set of people on whose stability of opinion you cannot calculate for twenty-four hours. To-day they love you ; to-morrow they loathe you ; and the change arises not in what they see, or know, but in the insidious dictate of some rancorous demagogue.”

“Och, my Lady,” observed Grace, who overheard the observation, “do not hate and condemn us, although appearances are against

us. The same people, who have laid in ashes my happy home, would sacrifice days and nights to repair the mischief they have done, when once *raison* comes back to 'em; I hate their actions when they are wicked, but I cannot hate *them*, for I know they act before they reflect. Sure it is difficult for an English lady to understand this, and to make allowance for 'em. But if you knew, my lady, what good there's in their hearts, you'd forgive the mischief that's in their heads. I would not be afraid to go before five hundred of 'em, if my husband was not exposed to their fury, for they are tender-hearted, though their heads are so fiery; and when they see a weak woman before 'em, they will listen to her with more respect than to a regiment, ay, my lady, than to ten regiments; but I'm a coward for my husband, and tremble for him, when I'd disdain to fear for myself."

“How sorry I am, my good Mrs. Cassidy,” said Lady Oriel, “that your neat cottage is destroyed ! It was only yesterday that I was telling Lady Tadcaster how nice it was, and we intended going to see you to-morrow.”

“Sure your ladyship was good and kind, to think of such poor people as us, and ’twas an honour we can’t forget ; but I’m consoled for our loss when I think that this spite on the part of the Repalers widens the breach more than ever between them and my husband, and proves his innocence of the charges brought against him of being one of them. No blessing comes without its price, and I bow with thankfulness to the will of God, happy that I have preserved my husband safe from all the dangers that threatened him.”

When Grace retired, the two English ladies dwelt with warm commendation on her beauty and simple purity of character, and

agreed, that Grace Cassidy and Mary Mahoney were as original as they were amiable, and of a more elevated nature than the female peasantry in England ; commendations that were highly flattering to Mrs. Forrester, who was so partial to her *protégées*. When morning dawned, the gentlemen returned to their wives, and despatches were sent off to the neighbouring towns, to inform the commanding officers of the act of violence of the night before. After breakfast, they all proceeded to the still burning ruins of the lately neat and picturesque cottage ; where they found Jim and Grace Cassidy weeping over the destruction of their household goods, and carefully collecting fragments of the destroyed articles of predilection as *souvenirs* for the future. Mr. Desmond assured them, that they should have a cottage even more convenient and pretty than the one they deplored, and supplied with every article

suited to their comfort; and Grace, while thanking and blessing him, in the honest warmth of her heart, only prayed that their new residence might look on the river and the mountains, for somehow she had got so used to them, she could not be happy without 'em. This request Mr. Desmond kindly promised should be attended to; and Grace and Jim returned to Springmount with lighter hearts and more contented minds.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough, rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, have privilege to live.”

THE destruction of the house and property of the Cassidys appalled the peaceable part of the inhabitants of Cologan, and excited the turbulent to still greater violence. Notices and threatening letters were posted up at every side, and the Mahoneys and Cassidys were denounced, and those who harboured or protected them menaced with vengeance. Troops were sent

from Waterford to preserve the peace, and Mr. Desmond called a meeting of the magistrates, to take into consideration the most effectual method of quelling the spirit of insubordination that raged around him. A copy of the resolutions of the magistrates was sent to the Cat and Bagpipes, and, instead of producing the desired effect, only increased their turbulence and disaffection.

“ It is now coming to the point,” said Rattling Bill ; “ we must conquer them, or they will conquer us : once rid of ould Desmond, and his English faction, we shall have it all our own way ; and sure the best way to be rid of him is to burn Springmount. Are we to let him take up those turncoats, spies, and informers, the Mahoneys and Cassidys, as if he protected ’em purposely to spite us ? No ; let us make short work of it, and burn the house, and all that ’s in it, to ashes.”

“ But what will our laider say to it, he that sets his face against killing and burning ?” said Gavin.

“ No matter what he says to it,” replied Rattling Bill ; “ Onc’t the job is done, it will be no use his preaching to us after. Besides, I don’t see why, if we are to agitate, and kick up a row to please and serve his turn, we are not to kick up a row sometimes to please ourselves ; so I’m all for making a bonfire of Springmount.”

“ Yes,” said another, “ and as we are about it, let us burn the new barracks that ould mischievous woman Lady Abberville is building.”

“ Ay, and her house into the bargain,” said Bill, “ for she ’s a rael bad one, that runs with the hare, and hunts with the hounds.”

It was agreed that these misguided men should assemble at night on a certain spot ; first proceed to Lord Abberville’s, to begin the work

of destruction, and then set fire to Springmount : and all this deliberate villainy was resolved without a feeling of compunction in themselves, or pity for those they had doomed to death.

“ Now that we’ve slept on it,” said Rattling Bill, “ I’m glad that Grace Cassidy escaped last night, though I’d have been glad her shilly-shally husband had been broiled on his own hearth, as all turncoats and informers deserve to be. But she’s a decent woman, and a purty woman, ay, and a modest woman too, and ’twould be a pity to kill her. When I went home and got to bed, the fumes of the whisky in my brain, and the recollection of the crackling flames and smoke in my memory, sure I had a quare dream : I dreamt we were all around the burning house, preventing the inhabitants from getting out of it, when the roof fell in, and I saw Grace Cassidy rise out of the smouldering ruins, and float in the air, with

bright wings to her shoulders, and a glory round her head. Grace has always a purty smile, just as if she smiled to please others more than herself; for it's melancholy like, though it's so sweet. But in my dream it was ten times sweeter, and she said, 'Och! boys, boys! you'd destroy me, but I'd save you! Turn from your evil courses, and repent, and I'll be your guardian angel!' Sure with that she smiled again, and waved her wings, and a perfume finer than the finest flowers filled the air, and music, the softest and grandest too that ever I heard, came by on the wind, and I awoke—and awoke to think with horror and trembling, that she was burned. I've seen blood shed, more than I ought to see. God forgive me! But if you believe me, the thoughts of this innocent creature, destroyed on her own hearth, and by her own neighbours, shocked me more than all I've ever seen; and

the big drops of perspiration burst from my forehead, and I seemed to hear her voice in every breeze. When I got up, and was told she was safe at Springmount, I hugged the person that told me, and I'm determined now that a hair of Grace Cassidy's head shall not be harmed: so mind, boys, that every mother's soul of you keep a sharp look-out for Grace, that no mischief comes to her, happen what will; for my dream wasn't sent me for nothing; and as long as she's safe, I've a notion, as the dream said, that she'll be our guardian angel."

"Well, who ever expected to hear Rattling Bill minding dreams like an ould woman?" said Gavin; "sure nothing will surprise me after that!"

"I would not advise you to be after making comparisons about me," said Bill, warmly; "if I mind dreams, it is bekase I know that in

sleep we're more under the influence of God, than when we're awake; for our evil passions are not tormenting us; and he that dare doubt my courage, or compare me to an ould woman, should not live an hour after."

"You mistake me, Bill," said Gavin, "I'm not such a fool; sure I might as well doubt the daylight as doubt your courage; so shake hands, my boy."

"There's many a man here," said old Tim Rafferty, "that's as brave as Bill, no disparagement to him neither, that has had dreams and warnings, and those are fools who slight 'em, so I'm for following Bill's advice, and not hurting a hair in Grace Cassidy's head. But let us not attack Springmount, unless we have a sufficient force, for them English lords and their servant, with the Curnel, and the servants of the house, make a great body of men."

“I ’m for letting the whole of ’em escape,” said Rattling Bill, “and merely burning the house, for then we ’ll get rid of ’em altogether without bloodshed.”

“Och ! sure if it’s only the bloodshed you dislike,” said Gavin, with a fiend-like smile, “there ’ll be none of that, when they ’ll be burned instead of being kilt.”

“You’re always for the killing, Gavin,” said Bill, “more shame for you ; but in this case we ’ll be guided by the votes of all the party when we assemble together.”

The family at Springmount and their guests, unmindful of the danger that threatened them, were consulting on the best mode of allaying the irritation in the neighbourhood, which the protection afforded to the Mahoneys and Cassidys had so powerfully excited. Lord Tadcaster offered to give the Mahoneys an asylum in England, by appointing the husband

gatekeeper to one of the entrances to his park, and Lord and Lady Oriel declared they would establish the Cassidys at Oriel Park.

“ This willingness to oblige is very amiable,” said Mr. Desmond, “ but recollect if we accept your proposals it will have the appearance of yielding to the system of intimidation these misguided men have been so long aiming to establish.”

“ But, dear Mr. Desmond,” said Lady Oriel, “ even an apparent concession is better than risking the lives of the two poor families, and exposing yourself to the resentful fury of the people.”

“ Let us wait a few days before we decide on any thing,” said Mr. Desmond, “ as I am in hopes the presence of the military will deter the ill-disposed from any violent measures.”

While they were yet consulting, Lady Abberville was announced, and entered the library with all the bustling importance that

marked her movements. After the customary salutations, she began, "*Eh bien, Messieurs et Mesdames*, will you now acknowledge that the country is in a state of open rebellion? I have been telling the Government so for the last two years; but they are so obstinate that they will believe nothing till the mischief arrives. I know, Mr. Desmond, that you have considered me as an Alarmist, but the events of the last few days prove that I have been right, and you wrong. All this comes from not having barracks; I always said what the inevitable consequences must be, but I must say I have been very ill supported by the gentry in my neighbourhood," (looking spitefully at Mr. Desmond and Colonel Forester,) "but now they are attacked in their own houses, they must open their eyes to the necessity of keeping up a sufficient military force on the spot, which cannot be done without barracks. Since I saw you, I have ad-

vanced rapidly with my building, the masons have gone on surprisingly, the barrack is now two stories high ; I've been almost continually on the spot, and have been scarcely an hour off my horse ; the fatigue has been overpowering, but when the country is in danger it is the duty of every one to exert himself, and I know this barrack will be the saving of it, for *bongré malgré*, the Government must buy it. Lord Abberville has written an official account of all the recent transactions to the Premier, for the Viceroy seems so absurdly incredulous, that it is useless writing to him ; and this morning, on hearing that your house had been attacked last night, we sent off a detailed statement, as we considered it the duty of Lord Abberville to send the first account."

" You have been somewhat premature," said Mr. Desmond, " for my house has *not* been attacked, as my friends Lord Tadcaster and Oriel can certify."

“ Well, that is very extraordinary,” said Lady Abberville, with angry warmth, “ as we were positively assured it had been. But if it has not, it will be, I dare say, which is *à-peu-près la même chose*, for my information is in general too correct to admit of my doubting it, so *prenez garde, mes amis*, and don’t count on your popularity, for I assure you, this is not the moment to remain quiet, when danger is at your door. I must be off to look how my barrack is going on, for the masons idle if I am not looking at them ; I make them work extra hours, which keeps them out of harm’s way, and I hope a few weeks will soon finish the building. My stupid steward has been trying to persuade me that it will not be fit for occupation for some months, but this is all nonsense ; I shall have it plastered and whitewashed the moment the walls are run up, and shall certainly advise its being

filled with soldiers as soon after as possible ; and you, my dear Mr. Desmond, must assist my project with the Government. Adieu, adieu, *mes amis* ;” and away went the intrigante.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“In thy fair brow there’s such a legend writ  
Of chastity, as blinds the adult’rous eye;  
Not the mountain’s ice,  
Congeal’d to crystal, is so frosty chaste  
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,  
And man’s proud tyrant, passion.”

LORDS Tadcaster and Oriel looked at each other with astonishment, when they heard the tirade of Lady Abberville; and when she had withdrawn, they mutually congratulated each other, that England was free from such women.

“What a nuisance she must be in a neigh-

bourhood !” said Lord Oriel to Mr. Desmond :  
“ with all that extraordinary activity, mental and personal, that she possesses, turned to one account, selfish aggrandizement,—I cannot fancy a more disagreeable *voisine* ; then her effrontery is so glaring, her want of veracity so remarkable, and her system of jobbing so odious, that she makes one forget she is a woman.”

“ Thirty years ago,” said Mr. Desmond, “ she would be little disposed to pardon this oblivion of her sex ; for I date a dislike to me, which even her policy cannot prevent her from occasionally showing, to my neglect of the charms of the woman—for, strange to say, she once had charms—a neglect which originated in the disgust excited by the manœuvres of the intrigante. I was to have been ruled, as she had ruled all the rest of her neighbours, by blandishments or diplomacy ; but both schemes failed, and the consequence is, she has never

forgiven me. Every time I see her approach my wife and daughter, or the wives and daughters of my friends, I think them profaned by her society; knowing, as I do, the vileness of her character, and the *mechanceté* of her nature. All this is universally allowed by all who know her, but by the assistance of sheer impudence, she has established herself in a forced position in society, though she is as generally an object of dislike as of dread to all who come in contact with her. Of her may it be said,

“With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,  
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,  
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.”

A poor girl, who acted as bar-maid at the Cat and Bagpipes, and to whom Grace Cassidy had shown kindness on more than one occasion, having overheard the threats vowed against Springmount and its inhabitants, thought it

right to apprise Grace of them, and stole out to give her the information. The dream of Rattling Bill, which made a deep impression on the superstitious mind of the girl, was not omitted. Grace having learned all that she could from Judy Mulvany, hastily dismissed her, and betook herself to a consultation with Mary Mahoney on what steps it was best to pursue: the delicacy of both was deeply wounded at the idea of exposing their benefactors to such danger, and they agreed that this reflection was the most painful of all the sufferings inflicted on them.

“We ought no longer to stay beneath their roof,” said Grace, “for never should I know a happy moment, if any misfortune occurred here, of which the protection afforded to us was the cause. Dearly as I love Cologan and, God knows, its mountains, woods, and river, are, as it were, a part of myself, I would rather

never see them again, than expose this dear good family to the risk of danger."

"But where shall we go?" said Mary Mahoney, whose energies, weakened by bodily and mental suffering, were no longer capable of resisting as formerly the outrages of fortune.

"No matter, dear Mary," said Grace, "anywhere, provided that we draw not troubles on others."

"You are right, Grace ma-vourneen," replied Mary, "we ought to go away, for it would be too cruel to have our benefactors suffer for us."

"But how to skreen them from the danger that threatens at present," said Grace; "if we tell the Master, he will have all the soldiers here, who will fire on, and kill the half, if not the whole, of these misguided men. Och! it's terrible to think of, but something must be done, and done quickly."

After a few minutes' pause, Grace said, "I'll go myself to the meeting, and speak to 'em; but this must be kept a secret from Jim; for he would either insist on going with me, which would spoil all, or prevent my going."

"Och ! Grace a-vourneen, I tremble for you," said Mary Mahoney, "exposing yourself to the violence of these intemperate men. If I could go with you, I should be less afraid."

"Fear no., my dear Mary," said Grace, "I shall be in the hands of God, and being alone, and totally unprotected before 'em, their pity will be more excited than their anger. My only fear is, the not being able to work on their feelings, but for myself I fear nothing."

"Let us pray to the Almighty, in whose hands is the issue of all," said Mary, "for He alone can touch the hearts of these stubborn men." The two women knelt and prayed together, with a fervency known only to those, who

have no hope but in prayers, and both arose with calmed feelings, and increased confidence, in *that Power* which alone can save.

A thought had suggested itself to Grace. The dream of Rattling Bill, which seemed not only to have made a deep impression on his mind, but on that of some of his partisans, as related by Judy Mulvany, might be turned to good account. Might not a deviation from truth, on such a momentous occasion, an occasion when the lives of so many of her fellow-creatures were at stake, be pardonable? and yet, with the purity of her unsophisticated mind, she shrank from a falsehood, even to work good.

“Och! sure it’s like play-acting,” said Grace, to herself, “and I don’t like it; but what’s to be done? I have no other means of saving ’em all, so God must forgive me, for taking advantage of Rattling Bill’s dream.”

Judy Mulvany having told her that the party were to assemble at a field near the Cat and Bagpipes, at twelve o'clock, Grace determined to go there, and, as soon as her husband slept, to proceed on her perilous embassy.

It may well be imagined, that the remainder of the day passed not without agitation to Grace; and when she retired to rest, she counted with impatience the moments, until the heavy breathing of Jim should assure her that he slept. He fell into a doze, and she was on the point of stealing from her couch, when, at the first movement, he started from his slumber, and muttering, "Grace, Grace dear, don't leave me," grasped her arm.

She trembled with emotion. How strange that he should wake at such a moment! and still more strange, that he should ask her not to leave him! But in a few minutes the

heavy breathing of Jim assured her that he slept soundly, his hand relaxed its grasp of her arm, and she gently, and with noiseless step, left her bed.

The moon-beams shed their light in the chamber, and Grace, ere she had courage to leave it, paused, to cast a parting look at her sleeping husband. "What if I should never see him again!" thought Grace—and the blood froze at her heart! at the possibility—"Och, no, no! God is good," cried she; and, murmuring a blessing on the sleeper, and a prayer for herself, she left the room, and sought a closet near to it, where she had arranged the clothes in which she meant to attire herself. She put on a white dress, and wrapped a dark blue cloak over her person; and, having let herself out of the house by the servants' offices, with trembling steps and a beating heart, repaired to the field pointed out to her by Judy Mul-

vany, stealing along by the side of the hedge for concealment.

She found many persons already assembled, all armed, and a quantity of combustibles, heaped, ready for their wicked purpose. The sight of so many armed men, and the precision with which they went through the different evolutions, at the command of Rattling Bill, aided by the reflection of her own utter helplessness, awed poor Grace, and she trembled as they approached her place of concealment. But when Rattling Bill addressed them, every word of his speech thrilling on her ear, and increasing the pulsation of her heart, as she listened in breathless suspense, her terror for those so dear to her conquered all fears for self.

“It is decided, boys,” said Bill, “that Springmount is this night to be burned to the ground, but it is *not* yet decided whether its owners, and the Sassenachs who are with them,

are to share its destruction : I have proposed to leave their fates to the votes of you all, so let those who wish to save them, cry ‘yes,’ and those who doom them to death, cry ‘no.’ ”

A silence as of the grave reigned for a moment, it was as if each felt the fearful responsibility of his deliberation ; hope arose in the breast of Grace, but it was only to be chilled the next moment. As the cry of death struck on her ear, the moon-beams fell on the face of Rattling Bill, and Grace remarked that an expression of sorrow and disappointment paled his brow.

“Do I hear right?” asked Bill ; “do ye doom the family and their friends to death?”

“We do,” was the reply, and her heart sank within her as she heard it.

“Now then,” thought Grace, “is the moment ;” and, casting off her cloak, she rose up before the party, the moon casting its silver

radiance on her snowy drapery, and giving almost a celestial expression to her pallid face.

“Boys, boys, you’d destroy me, but I’d save you. Turn from your evil courses, and repent, and let me be your guardian”—angel, she could not bring herself to add.

“’Tis her, ’tis her, just as she appeared in my dream !” said Bill, “and she shall be heard.”

A number of the men opposed her being listened to, and made cutting remarks on her presence ;—“She’s a play-actor,” said one—“Och ! she knows well enough what she’s about,” said another.

But the personal friends of Rattling Bill, and they were the most numerous, insisted on her being heard ; and Bill, with deep reverence, led her amongst them, forming a group of his most influential friends around her.

“Why have you come here, Grace Cassidy ?” asked Bill.

“The Almighty has put it into my heart,” answered Grace—“Who amongst you, friends and neighbours as you have been to me since my infancy,” said Grace, “ever saw me forget the modesty of a woman, and come before you thus boldly even in the light of day? then may you well believe, that I would not now, in the dead hour of night, venture alone, and unprotected before you, were I not commanded by a Power that quells fear. You stand on the edge of a fearful precipice, and can I, your own countrywoman, your friend, and neighbour, do otherwise than try to save you? I forget that you’ve left me homeless, and a dependant on charity for a roof to cover my head; I forget that you have stamped names of infamy on my husband, who has done nought but yield to my prayers of abandoning you—but who would never betray; I forget that you are about to destroy those who have sheltered us in our hour of need;

I forget all, but that you are my friends and neighbours, and that I am commanded to save you. The troops are arrived, and are within call of Springmount. The family are on their guard ; any attempt to attack, or set fire to the house, must end in your total destruction. Be warned, and rush not on your ruin."

"She is right!" burst from several voices ; "it's no good attempting it ! Sure, she's sent here by God to warn us ! Doesn't this prove there was sense in Rattling Bill's dream ?"

Grace smiled at observing how well her plan worked on their superstitious feelings ; and Bill, no longer master of himself, cried out, "Look at her, look at her !—I'll swear there she is, standing just for all the world, barring she has not the wings to her shoulders, as she appeared in my dream, with just the same smile, and not a step will I or my friends take against her advice."

“That we won’t, that we won’t!” was echoed around. But Gavin, and a few more of the most discontented of the party, murmured that it was hard to have come there for nothing; and that, “after all, ould Desmond and his Sassenach son-in-law were their enemies, and ought to be punished.”

“You know not what you utter,” said Grace; “but if you knew the goodness, the mildness, and the mercy of the master and his son, as I do, ye would lay down your lives to serve him, instead of being here at this hour plotting to destroy him. Whom did he ever injure, and whom is it that he has not served? You have all turned against him, because ye are ashamed to look at his noble face and grey locks after your ingratitude. Boys, boys! where are the fine manly, honest Irish hearts that were an honour to the country—hearts that were full of love and loyalty?—and what has Mr. Desmond

done to turn ye? Tell me one single example of tyranny or bad usage that ever he has been guilty of? No, you cannot; but how many acts of generosity, charity, and mercy could I bring to your minds! I repeat to you that I am commanded to warn ye. I have done my duty, let the rest be on your own heads. I call God to witness that neither the family at Springmount, nor my husband, know that I am come amongst you;—oh, let me not have come in vain!”

They consulted for some time together, and the voice of Bill and his friends were heard, drowning those of Gavin and his adherents. A dozen of the former, headed by Bill, approached Grace, and addressed her in the following terms.

“ Grace Cassidy, we believ<sup>é</sup>, and we have private reasons of our own for it, that you have been marked out by Providence to save us.

We will follow your advice—no injury shall be done to Mr. Desmond or his property—and you may return, with the happy thought of having saved many lives.”

A smile of joy and gratitude illumined the face of Grace; and Bill again cried out, “There she is! with just the same smile, and all, barring the wings, just as I saw her in my dream!”

Bill and his friends conducted Grace to the entrance at Springmount, with as much respectful deference as if she was the mistress of that mansion; for, in addition to the respect her virtue, modesty, and courage excited, was now joined a superstitious reverence, attached to her in consequence of Bill’s dream, and her appearance and words so exactly corresponding with it.

When Grace found herself once more safe beneath the roof of Mr. Desmond, she threw herself on her knees, overpowered by the

various emotions she had gone through, and filled with joy and gratitude at having been made the humble instrument of saving the family, she poured forth her thanksgivings to the Almighty power that had guided and protected her. She arose from prayer with calmed feelings, and having sought the pillow of the watchful and agitated Mary Mahoney, pressed her hand, and whispered, "I am safe, and we are all saved, God be thanked ! Breathe not a word of what I have done to mortal !" and she glided from the chamber to seek the repose her exhausted frame and spirits so much required.

She found her husband asleep, unconscious of her nocturnal ramble ; and as she pressed her pillow, she again thanked the Almighty for the security with which she could now court repose.

When Bill and his friends left Gavin and his discontented associates, they looked at each other with bitter mockery. "And so, after

all," said Gavin, "we've come on a fool's errand, and there'll be no burning; and all bekase Rattling Bill is turned out a dreamer, and Grace Cassidy comes here with her palaver to turn us from our work. Be my soul, this is what I call quare goings on! I was thinking, all the time she was preaching to them fools that minded her, that I'd like to shy a stone at her and stop her potato trap for coming to spoil our divarsion."

"We must not go against Rattling Bill," said another of the party.

"No, no!" was repeated around, "we will not go against him; and you may say what ye will, but the dream was a mighty quare dream, and Bill did right to mind it."

"So he did," repeated several voices, "and we'll stick to Bill."

"But isn't it too bad for us to go home like fools," said Gavin, "without having done any-

thing? Sure, I know a nice bit of mischief we could do, if we set off before Bill and the boys comes back, and there 's no dream to prevent it."

"What 's that? Tell us at onc't," cried a dozen voices.

"Well then," said Gavin, "let us go and burn down the new barrack that ould cat Lady Abberville is building; she that 's making the poor masons work extra hours, but never gives 'em an extra halfpenny. Ay, ay, my boys, let us be off, and to work; for sure it would be a pity to let all our iligant materials for setting fire be lost."

The desire for executing this new project of mischief spread like lightning among the party, and ere five minutes from its being first proposed, they were on their road to put it into execution.

Having kindled the flames at every side of the barrack, "Sure," said Gavin, "it 's a pity

we don't burn the house over the heads of the ould jobbers; the bloodsuckers, that 's been living on the plunder of the country for years—ay, and often set us on to mischief too, by underhand encouragement, just for her own ends.”

“ Yes, yes, let us set fire to the house,” cried all the party; and they quickly proceeded to Lord Abberville's, and as quickly set fire to different parts of the house and offices, which soon sent forth a blaze, which was hailed with joy by the incendiaries.

The flames increased every moment, and embraced every side of the mansion, before the inmates were aware of their danger. The servants rushed through the burning doors, uttering piercing shrieks; but no one thought of rescuing the unpopular master or mistress, who awoke not until all retreat by the stairs was impracticable; and they appeared at the windows

frantic with terror, and demanding assistance with cries of distraction and anguish.

Gavin mocked at their sufferings and mimicked their movements, and when some of his less ferocious companions proposed saving them by putting a ladder to the window, he would not permit it.

A few minutes more must have been fatal to them, when a dozen men rushed forward with ladders, and the one who led them placing four at their base, and six to guard an open space, two mounted the ladders and rescued the agonized Lord and Lady Abberville from their perilous position, amid the cheers of some of those who, a few minutes before, would have equally cheered the destruction of the persons now saved. Such is the mobility of the natures of this inconstant people !

Having seen Grace Cassidy safely housed at Springmount, Rattling Bill and his associates

were returning to their homes, when the lurid flames of the barrack mounting towards the sky, attracted their attention.

“What can it be?” said one. “Sure, it’s in the direction of Lord Abberville’s,” cried another. “Let us go directly,” said Rattling Bill, “and help to extinguish the flames.”

They rapidly pursued their course across the fields, and arrived only in time to see the crumbling walls of the barrack totter and fall to the ground, and the mansion of Lord Abberville blazing in the distance. They flew, rather than ran; and having seized the ladders in the garden, placed them against the burning walls of the house, and assisted the terrified Lord and Lady to descend. Rattling Bill was the hero on this occasion, and without his services the owners of the burning pile must have mingled their ashes with those of their residence.

All their personal property was lost. They

had not even garments to cover them ; and the wretched couple, covered with the great coats of the compassionate peasantry, sat on the steps of the green-house, sending back reproaches to each other.

“ *Eh bien, Milor,*” said Lady Abberville, “ you see what your obstinacy has brought on us ! I always said your continued *bêtises* could not fail to draw mischief and trouble on us.”

“ You forget,” said Lord Abberville, “ how unpopular your eternal intrigues and manœuvres have rendered you ; and I dare be sworn, that the dislike of the peasantry to *you*, and not to *me*, is the cause of this fearful outrage.”

“ *Par exemple,*” said the angry lady, “ I give you joy of this new discovery ; but you always were *bête*, and *bête* you’ll continue to the end of the chapter.”

The irritated Lord, provoked beyond endurance, cried out to the crowd, “ Tell me,

boys, whether you have been instigated to fire my house by your dislike to me?"

"No, no!" was repeated by nearly all the persons present.

"I told you so," said Lord Abberville, turning with an air of triumph to his wife; "so you see, Lady Abberville, it was their dislike to you that prompted them."

"No, this I will never believe!" said Lady Abberville, "for I know they despise you. Tell me," said the angry lady, "what led you to the injury you have done us?"

"Why then, if you must know," said Rattling Bill, "it was contempt of your husband, and dislike of yourself. We have looked upon him as a weak fool in your hands, but we've considered you as something worse—an artful, designing rogue."

The rage of both may be easily imagined: that of the husband was the more concentrated;

but the anger of the wife evaporated in speculations of the claim this outrage would give them on the Government.

“ Mind, Lord Abberville,” said Miladi ; “ that you swear all my diamonds, ‘ the family diamonds’, were destroyed : few people know that they were melted long ago, and that paste supplied their place ; you must, therefore, talk of their value, with a lengthened face, and a woful shake of the head. The plate, the ‘ family plate,’ too, must figure *in alto relievo* in our schedule of losses : you must dwell on the quantity and massiveness of it ; you cannot say too much, for recollect you are only making a substantive of what was merely a participle ; and between plate and plated there is little difference, except to the buyer and seller. If you play your cards well, we may turn this night’s adventure to a profitable account, and a burned house may prove a richer argosy than

we have ever yet freighted. Our picture gallery, (with half-a-dozen vile copies,) our library, (with a hundred or two bad novels,) may be *ad infinitum* swelled into a collection of splendid pictures, as unique from their quantity as their quality; and the books, the combined researches of generations, of the literature of all countries. Our furniture, (the ruined heir-looms of our ancestors,) unseemly to sight, and unfit for use, may be magnified into the most costly and elegant *meubles*, uniting the splendour of the reign of Louis Quatorze, with all the convenience of modern refinement. I hope our *remise* and *écuries* are burnt down, for that will allow of our adding the splendid establishment of horses, (consisting of two hacks, and a pair of spavined carriage-horses,) to the list of our losses, with the elegant carriages, for which Lord and Lady Abberville had long been distinguished."

Heartless as was Lord Abberville, he shrank from the calculating coldness of his wife, who, in a few minutes after her escape from a fearful death, was plotting the falsehoods, most likely to render the danger she had escaped from, profitable; but the intriguante had as completely lost sight of past danger, in her plans of rendering it advantageous to her future prospects, as if it had occurred years, instead, of a few minutes before.

The moment the roof fell in with a crash, Gavin and his friends shouted in triumph, and, the work of destruction being now completed, retired from the scene of action. Little did they imagine that the mistress of the burning ruins hailed their destruction with even more joy than they did; had they suspected it, their triumph would have been damped.

A servant was dispatched to Springmount to announce the catastrophe that had taken

place ; and in due time a carriage, laden with pelisses and great coats, arrived to bear the Lord and Lady to the hospitable roof of Mr. Desmond, where they experienced all the kindness to which their circumstances, rather than their merits, entitled them.

Before leaving his dressing-room next morning, a letter was delivered to Mr. Desmond from Rattling Bill, in which, with the frankness that characterised his nature, he detailed the intentions of the Repealers to set fire to Springmount the night before, and to sacrifice its inhabitants to the flames. He stated that to the courageous conduct of Grace Cassidy they owed their safety, and that, knowing the modesty of her feelings, a sense of justice prevented him from allowing the part she had taken in the last night's adventures to remain concealed.

“ Grace Cassidy has opened my eyes,” wrote Bill, “ to the delusion I have indulged in, when I believed you, honored Sir, to be our enemy. The veil has dropped from my sight, and I deplore my errors ; but, having violated the laws, I fly from Ireland, to seek in America that peace which my own folly has deprived me of here. Before I go, I have exacted a promise from those over whom I had influence, never to harm you or yours ; I know they will be faithful to it, and I also know that you will repay the pure and fearless woman who has saved your lives, and preserved from crime,

“ Your now faithful Servant,

“ BILL DONOVAN.”

Mr. Desmond sent to Grace Cassidy to meet him in the library, as soon as he had perused Rattling Bill’s letter, and when he saw the diffi-

dent looks and bashful countenance of Grace, as she presented herself before him, he could hardly believe that it was this timid woman who had braved the presence of a riotous rabble the night before, to save him and his family.

“ Grace,” said Mr. Desmond, taking her hand, “ I know all that you did last night, and I shall never forget it.”

“ Och ! dear master,” said Grace, her cheeks becoming suffused with a tint that rivalled the rose, “ who tould you ? Sure it was nothing at all, for what was a life like mine compared to yours, and the dear Mistress and Mrs. Forrester’s ? and then it was worth while risking twenty lives to show these poor misguided men that they were wrong. Excuse my freedom for daring to speak so boldly before you, honored Sir, but after my husband and your dear blessed family, sure I feel my next duty is to my poor misguided, but always dear

countrymen. The most insignificant person may serve his country, as the mouse gave liberty to the lion by gnawing the meshes of the net that entangled him, and therefore I took courage to speak the truth to those I love."

"Come with me, my good Grace, to the breakfast-room," said Mr. Desmond, "that all the company may know to whom they owe their lives."

"Och ! please, Sir, to excuse me," said Grace, "I only did my duty, and, above all, my husband does not yet know that I left his side last night, and I beg, honored Sir, you will not mention it till he knows it."

Mr. Desmond sent for Jim Cassidy, that he might have the pleasure of telling him of the heroism and admirable conduct of his wife ; though Grace blushed a rosy red, when the master lavished on her the epithet she so well deserved.

But no sooner was Jim made sensible of what she had done, to the details of which he listened with open eyes, ears, and mouth, than he ran to Grace, and falling on his knees, while the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, he exclaimed, his voice broken by sobs, " Yes, Sir, she's a blessed woman, and a guardian angel to all she loves ; but I, I'm not worthy to belong to her, and I know it, I feel it, for all she's so loving and kind to me."

Grace, unrestrained by the presence of Mr. Desmond, threw herself into the arms of her husband, and, while pressing him to her heart, said, " Don't say so, dear, dear Jim, for if there's more good in my heart than in the hearts of other women, it's the warm love for you that has brought it out, just as the sun brings out the flowers of the earth."

Mr. Desmond insisted on leading Grace to the breakfast-room, where he briefly informed

the party that, if they were all assembled there in safety, they owed it to the heroism of Grace Cassidy. The compliments and commendations she received on all sides, deeply embarrassed her ; but the warm shakes of the hand of the dear ould Mistress, Mrs. Forrester, and Ladies Oriel and Tadcaster, encouraged her.

Lady Abberville interrupted their commendations, to reproach Grace for not having saved her house and property, instead of allowing her diamonds, plate, furniture, pictures, library, horses, and carriages, to be consumed.

Mr. and Mrs. Desmond looked at her with astonishment, at hearing the recapitulation of this *catalogue raisonnée* of her losses, having frequently observed the paucity of even the common comforts of life in her mansion ; and both felt inclined to smile, as the speculation of the intriguante was exposed to them.

Mr. Desmond and Colonel Forrester fixed a comfortable annuity on Grace Cassidy, her

husband, and their future offspring : and the Lords and Ladies Tadcaster and Oriel subscribed a considerable sum to be vested for her use. But, when Grace heard of it, she entreated that it might be appropriated to the wants of Patrick and Mary Mahoney, charged with a small provision for Larry Macswiggan.

This generosity increased the admiration the whole party felt for her ; and though her wishes of providing for the Mahoneys and Larry Macswiggan were carried into effect, her benefactors insisted that the sum they had subscribed for Grace should be appropriated wholly to her use.

Lady Oriel and Mrs. Forrester, in due time, gave birth to sons ; Lord Oriel's restored happiness soon banished his too great susceptibility, and he is now considered to be one of the happiest husbands in England, as is Lady Oriel one of the happiest wives.

Lady Tadcaster is pronounced to be as fault-

less a wife as daughter, and her friends rejoice in her happiness; and Lady Delmore is once more on the point of approaching the hymeneal altar, with better prospects of happiness, being led to it by the good Duke of Bridgenorth. Grace Cassidy has given birth to a daughter, to whom Lady Oriel and Mrs. Forrester stood sponsors, and the village of Cologan looks, and is, more flourishing than ever.

Repealers are no more heard of; they have died a natural death: and the Union between England and Ireland bids fair to become every day more indissoluble, by the strengthening of the strongest of all bonds of union—favours conferred, and gratitude excited.

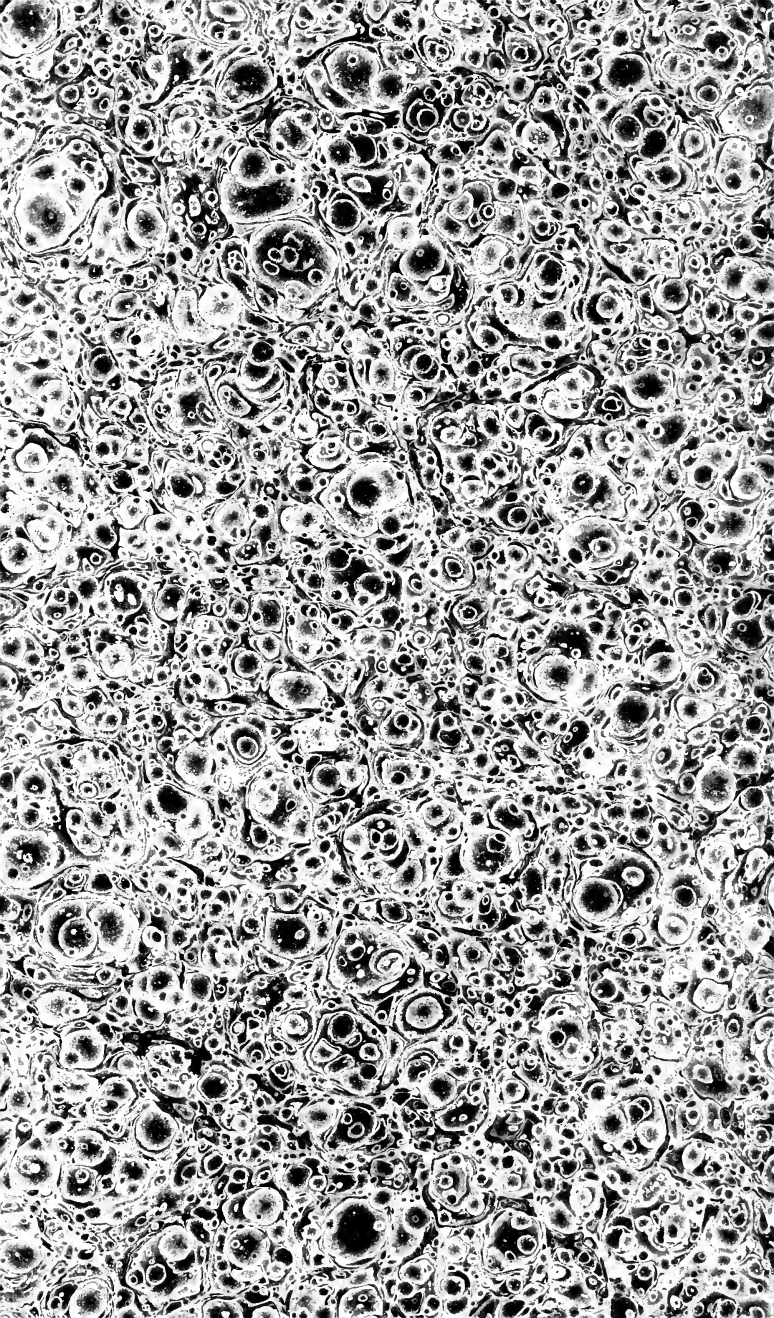
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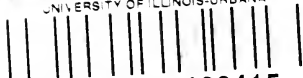








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