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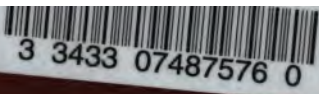
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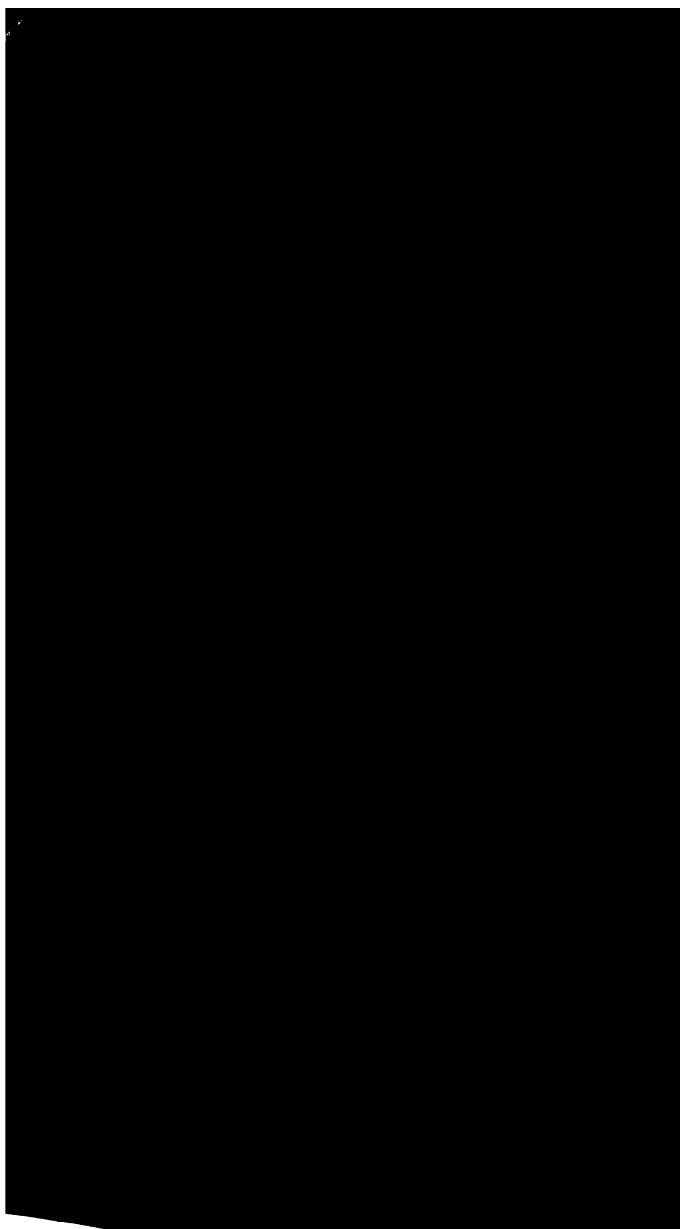
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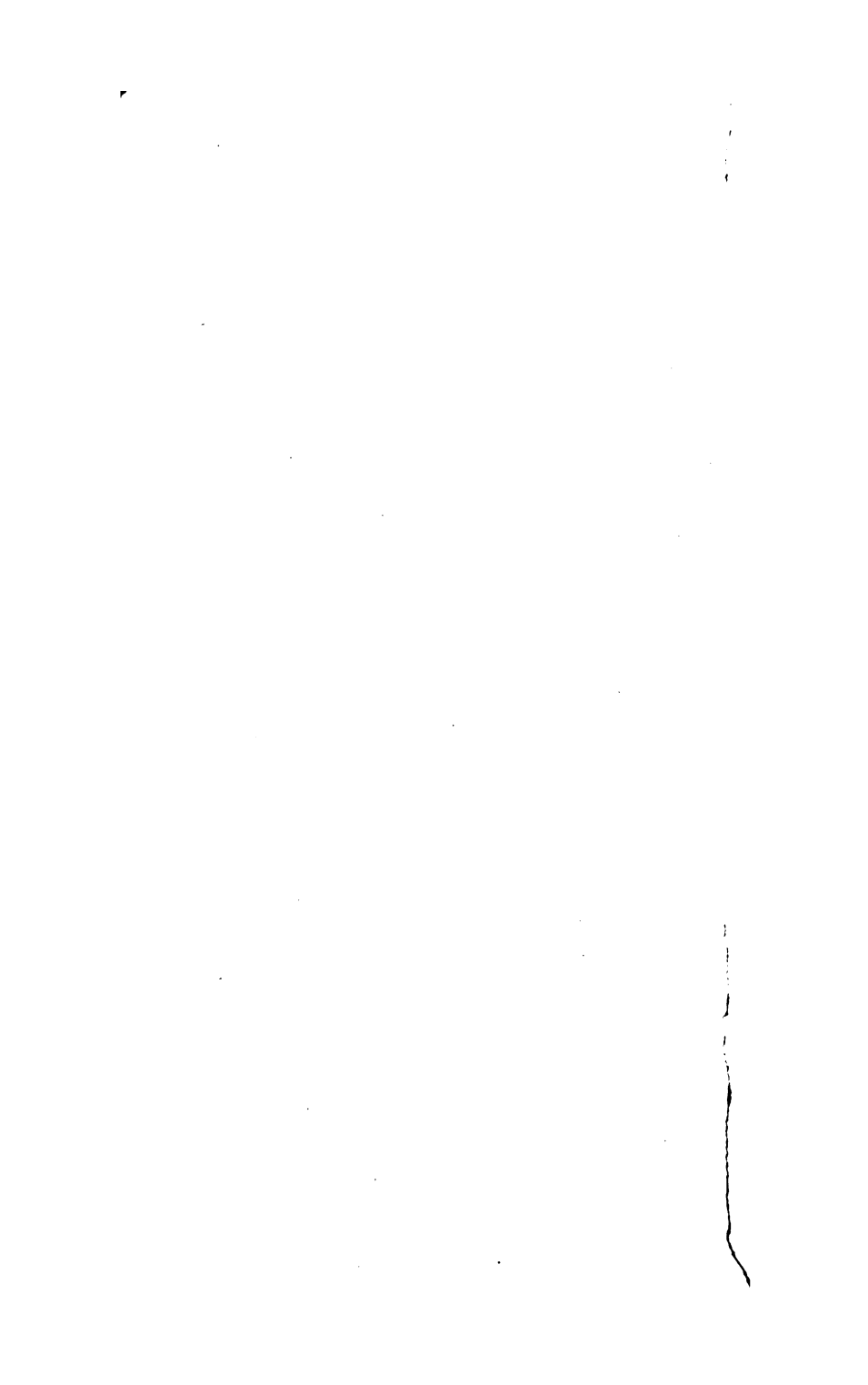
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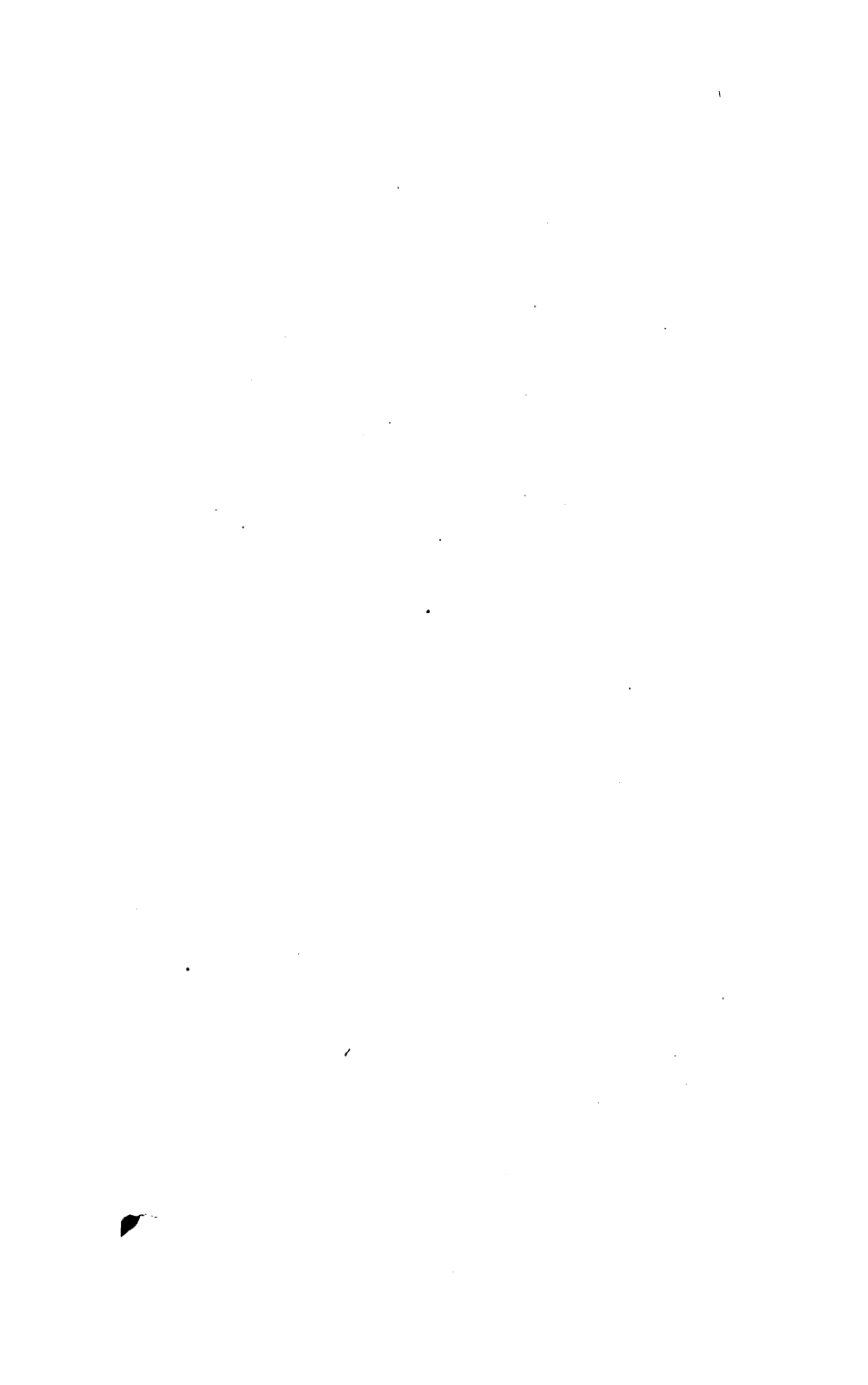


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THE
HEARTS OF STEEL.

AN IRISH HISTORICAL TALE

OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILDERNESS,"
"O'HALLORAN," &c.

Learn hence, ye great, 'tis dangerous to inflame
A hardy peasantry who fear for nothing :
They feel aggrieved, and give the reins to vengeance;
And oft, too oft, in merciless career,
Devoid of reason, on their course they urge
In madness and in slaughter, till themselves
And their oppressors, both become the victims
Of their wild passions headlong and terrific.

The Irish Soothsayer.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

James M. ...
VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
A. R. POOLE, 66 CHESNUT STREET.
J. HARDING, PRINTER.

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PREFACE.

EVERY reader of Irish history must have some knowledge of the daring association of men, which, under the denomination of the "Hearts of Steel," agitated the province of Ulster, during the early part of the reign of George the Third. But the knowledge relative to these men afforded by any history yet extant, is extremely limited and unsatisfactory. This is a circumstance which, when the extent of their depredations, the boldness of their enterprises, and the alarm and terror which their power and ferocity spread over a large district of country, are considered, is indeed surprising, and can only be accounted for by the little attention which historians, until very lately, have been in the habit of paying to Irish affairs.

The traditions of the country, however, where the Hearts of Steel prevailed, afford abundant details concerning them, which remoteness of period does not yet prevent from being well authenticated, and which are amply sufficient to supply the omissions of history. Being a native of that country,

the author of this Work may be permitted to say, that he for many years possessed the very best opportunities of collecting these traditions; and that he did not allow such opportunities to pass altogether unimproved, it is hoped that what he now offers to the public will be considered sufficient testimony.

It is long since he formed the design of delineating, in a series of compositions, the character, objects, and proceedings of each of the principal insurrectionary confederacies that have, for the last two hundred and fifty years, afflicted Ireland. With this view he has collected, both from traditional and written sources, much information not to be met with in regular history, which, should circumstances permit, he intends to arrange into narratives, which those who are fond of such studies as elucidate a nation's annals, may take an interest in perusing.

In drawing up these national narratives, some progress has already been made. This book forms the second of the series. The first, which gives an account of the great rebellion of the United Irishmen, has been published, in a mutilated form, under the name of "O'Halloran, or the Insurgent Chief;" which is, perhaps, too romantic a

title for the matter-of-fact statements it contains. A more complete edition, under the more appropriate title of "The United Irishmen," is in contemplation. In the form in which it now circulates, three editions have been published; two in this country, and one in the United States, the earliest of which appeared about this time last year. The two others were published without the author's knowledge; but under circumstances which, whether injurious to him or not, render it impossible for him to obtain redress. Of one of these editions he would complain, if complaint were of any use, because it issued from a source—the Minerva press—whose proverbial indifference respecting the literary merit or demerit of its publications is not well calculated to serve any work with which it intermeddles. The other London edition may be considered rather complimentary, as it gave the work a place in a neatly printed edition of a series of novels of old and classical standing, to which honourable situation its age certainly could not have been the quality which induced the publisher to raise it.

The scenes of the history now submitted to the public, are, like those of "O'Halloran," chiefly laid in the North of Ireland;

but the transactions it narrates are of a date thirty years anterior to those embraced by that work. The majority of the actors in both works belonged to the population of Ulster; the lower and middle classes of whom speak a dialect very similar to that spoken by the Scotch Lowlanders, from whom they are mostly descended. The more perceptible shades of difference between these dialects, consist in the tone and turn of the expression, and the structure of the sentences, rather than in the pronunciation of the words, although in this there is also a frequent dissimilarity.

This is a fact relative to the language of nearly two millions of the people of Ireland, which seems scarcely to be known in other countries. Indeed, the degree of ignorance which Irishmen find to exist abroad, in relation to the character and condition of their country and its inhabitants, often surprises them, and, to such as have never travelled from their native island, is scarcely credible. It would seem as if no other idea could be entertained of an Irishman than that of a rash, superstitious, although sometime shrewd ignoramus, who can neither speak without making a bull, nor act without making a blunder. It is imagined that the Irish are all Papists and bog-trot-

ters. It is forgot, or rather in most instances it is not known, that in the province of Ulster alone, nearly two millions of people, at least one-fourth of the population of the whole Island, are neither the one or the other.

The characteristics of the immense population of Ulster seem, indeed, by some strange oversight, never to be taken into account by either orators, historians, or travellers, when speaking of Irishmen. The world is scarcely ever informed that an industrious, prosperous, and intelligent race of men, equal in number to the whole population of Scotland, inhabit the Northern province of Ireland, who possess scarcely a single trait of character resembling that compound of turbulence, rudeness, ignorance, superstition, servility, and awkwardness, which, in the conception of foreigners, constitutes the half-civilized being called an Irishman. The Teagues, the Pats, the Larrys, and the Dennises of a tribe of romance-writers who have endeavoured to amuse their readers with pictures of Irish buffoonery, have undoubtedly contributed much to spread this false notion of the Irish character, which has gone abroad through the world. That these writers in general knew extremely little of the people they undertook

to describe, is evident from the unvarying sameness of their delineations, in which there is none of that individuality of feature, and freshness of colouring, which always distinguish drawings from real life. The pictures appear to be mere copies of copies, the original of which was drawn centuries ago; for it is a fact that they convey the very same idea of an Irishman that was entertained in the days of the Tudors. Indeed, this stale representation of the Irish character has so repeatedly gone the rounds of publication, that an author who never had his foot on Irish ground, may draw it as accurately as Miss Edgeworth herself, by collecting his materials from books.

The truth with respect to the Irish people, however, is, that instead of exhibiting this unvarying sameness, so constantly attributed to them, there are, perhaps, no people in Christendom, inhabiting the same limited portion of country, more diversified in almost every thing that tends to form and modify character. There is only one trait that may be said to be, in any measure common to them all; namely warmth of temperament;—to which may be traced every peculiarity, whether of virtue or vice, that distinguishes them as a nation. But even this warmth varies extremely, not

only in degree, but in mode of operation, in different districts, and among different classes.—On the whole, the inveterate habit into which character-drawers have fallen, of holding up the unvarying picture of a blundering clown, as a representation of so diversified a people as the Irish, is as absurd as it would be to exhibit an oyster as a specimen of all the fishes in the sea, or, to quote the story of Cock Robin as a sample of English literature.

The reader of the following history is therefore requested not to peruse it with the expectation of being diverted by the blundering of bull-makers, or the clownishness of bog-trotters. To no such characters will he be introduced; for the simple reason, that none such are indigenous to the country that witnessed the exploits of the Hearts of Steel. It is not, however, denied that some such characters may be found in certain districts of Ireland, nor that in former times, they may have been numerous enough to have formed a prominent feature in the character of the country; although at present this last circumstance is certainly not the case. ✕

An opportunity of introducing these blunders, or, if connoisseurs will have them considered such, these *patent* Irishmen,

Lady ...
...

in their proper era, will be afforded by some of the subsequent of these histories. Perhaps a sample of them may be served up in the very next that shall be brought forward; but of this it is not considered proper to make any positive promise, it being thought desirable, in all such matters, to avoid coming under any necessary restraint. To show, however, that this caution proceeds from no affectation of reserve towards the public, it is frankly stated that the next work will relate to that critical period of Irish history, when the long-vacillating views and wavering fortunes of millions were finally settled by the decisive battle of the Boyne. The celebrated "EN-NISKILLENERS," whose achievements had such influence on the results of those important times, will, it is believed, give name to the work.

London, July 15, 1825.





THE HEARTS OF STEEL.

CHAPTER I.

*Think of a people, ancient and renown'd,
Driven from their homes, where long their fathers dwell,
To range the world in want and desolation,
Ah! think what wrath against their haughty spoilers
Must sting their breasts and sink into their natures
So very deep, that son succeeding son
Will long retain the fierce and vengeful feeling.*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

WHETHER the Englishmen who lived a hundred and fifty years ago, were as fond of wealth as their descendants of the present day, is a question worthy the attention of a debating club, or an historical society;—nay, the learned labours of professed philosophers have been often expended on the investigation of subjects of less consequence. The humble writer of the following narrative does not pretend to qualifications sufficient to decide a matter of such importance; but he will

venture to assert that, whether our great grandfathers were, or were not, as desirous of being rich as ourselves, in their efforts to become so, they more generally resorted to methods far less laudable and useful to their neighbours. We wish to speak reverently of our progenitors; but truth obliges us to say, that they had a most barbarous, feudal contempt for every laborious employment, except war, and when those of them who most frequently experienced the evils of an empty purse—the younger sons of dignified families—embarked in pursuit of fortune, the sword, not the shuttle—gunpowder, not steam—were the instruments they employed. It is true, they knew not the virtues of that real “philosopher’s stone,” with which we are now so intimate—the steam-engine; but they knew the virtues of the plough, the loom, the saw, the anvil, and the helm; and they scorned them. In short, let their admirers try to excuse them as they please, they chose rather, like ruffians, to fight, than, like honest men, to work for wealth.

The great field of enterprise resorted to by those magnanimous fortune-hunters, for more than a century, was that fertile portion of the empire inhabited by an unfortunate race of men, called the “native Irish.” These men were looked upon by their British neighbours, much in the same light

as the Israelites of old viewed the Canaanites ; that is, as a people whom it was their bounden duty to dispossess of the inheritance of their ancestors ; and whom, if they made any resistance, it was meritorious to " smite hip and thigh," until none should be left to defile the land with their idolatries. The great and deadly crime alleged against these men, was their worshipping the God of their fathers in the manner their fathers had taught them ; which was somewhat different from the British mode of worship, as it admitted of supplicating Heaven through the medium of saints and angels, and of procuring a remission of sins by making interest with St. Peter's successor, or some one of his deputies. This, on the British side of St. George's channel, was considered " damnable idolatry," and, of course, rendered it just and legal to deprive its adherents of their paternal possessions, and, if they did not yield them up quietly, to treat them as rebels or Canaanites.

The " native Irish" have never been celebrated for their prudence ; and it must be confessed that the intolerance, harshness, and cruelty with which, whenever they had the power, they treated the professors of the British religion who lived amongst them, too frequently afforded plausible, if not justifiable grounds of retaliation, of which their eastern neighbours never failed to avail

themselves, as much for the advancement of their temporal interests, as for the security of their religious tenets. The historical reader is acquainted with the frequent commotions which, from the dawn of that reformation which destroyed popery, to the accomplishment of that revolution which destroyed despotism in England, occasioned the sister island to be an almost continued scene of confiscations, rapine, massacre, and every species of military violence. By the one party, these ferocious wars were looked upon as originating in patriotic and holy efforts to deliver their country from what they called the tyranny of foreigners and the contamination of heretics; while the other party stigmatized them as unnatural rebellions, the offspring of incorrigible bigotry and barbarity.

Ireland is a beautiful country, healthy and agreeable in her climate, picturesque and romantic in her scenery, and almost unrivalled in the richness and fertility of her soil. Her groves and woodlands are animated with the sweetest music that can be yielded by the feathered tribes; and her hills and plains and valleys are covered with a carpet of the liveliest verdure that ever adorned the face of nature. No wonder that such a country should have been powerfully attractive to the cupidity of those needy English-

men of the seventeenth century, who were too indolent or too proud to improve their fortunes at home by the fair pursuits of profitable industry. The poor relatives of great families were in those days more warlike than industrious ; and the unhappy disturbances of Ireland afforded them not only an opportunity of gratifying their warlike propensities, but also of richly rewarding themselves, by wresting from her suffering sons their valuable and tempting possessions.

It was during the wars between William and James, the last of those civil commotions alluded to, that the family of Rosendale became possessed of the extensive and productive estate of the M'Manuses in the county of Meath. This property had descended from father to son, without interruption, from time immemorial, until it reached Murchad M'Manus, who possessed it at the revolution. This gentleman who was at that period one of the richest and most powerful of the Meath proprietors, had, on the landing of the fugitive James in Ireland, warmly espoused his cause, and without delay had despatched his eldest son, at the head of five hundred of his hardiest tenants, to join the standard of the unfortunate monarch. Even after the decisive battle of the Boyne, where he had personally performed the part of a brave soldier, he refused to submit to

the conqueror; but, retiring with such of his gallant band as had escaped the carnage of the day, he enclosed himself within the walls of his castle, resolved to bury himself amidst its ruins rather than surrender.

Against this castle King William detached Colonel Rosendale, a young but able officer, at the head of a thousand men, promising, should he succeed in its reduction, to bestow upon him the forfeited estate of M'Manus. Before making the attack, the colonel communicated the King's promise to his soldiers, offering, on his own part, that if they behaved gallantly and were successful, he should drive off all such of the original tenants as had joined the enemy, and place them, in their stead, on the vacant farms, on such terms as, with the aid of a little industry, would make them independent for life.

Colonel Rosendale found, after this persuasive speech, that he had little more to do than to give the word and the castle was taken. It indeed cost the assailants above one-third of their number;—but no matter,—the victory was gained, and the survivors were well rewarded.

The gallant Murchad was slain during the attack, and his son Brian was forced to capitulate. He was permitted to retire, with any number of his followers who might think proper to accom-

pany him, to either Connaught or Ulster. He took the road towards the latter province, attended by about two hundred families. But the strong hand of his adversaries was still against him; for the Protestants of Ulster, thinking it imprudent to permit such a number of "rebel papists" to herd together, obliged them, ere they found a resting-place, to scatter, like the vanquished Israelites, towards the four winds of Heaven,—so that Brian and his fellow-fugitives were once more separated.

He at last found shelter amidst the mountains in the northern part of the county of Antrim, where he was discovered by about twenty families of his faithful followers, who joyfully settled beside him, and bound themselves to contribute yearly a certain portion of the fruits of their industry for his support. This, however, was so trifling, and his own habits were so far removed from any thing like either frugality or industry, that when he died he had little else to bequeath to his son Dermid, who was his only child, than the affection and fidelity of his neighbours, and a bigotted and useless hatred towards England and Protestantism. The families of the Rosendales, in particular, now the triumphant and prosperous lords of his patrimonial inheritance, were the objects against whom he taught his son to cherish

the most irreconcilable hatred, and to hand down the same undiminished to his posterity.

“My son,” said he, with a feeble and almost dying voice, “eternal animosity against that family is the most virtuous principle you can inculcate into the minds of your children. Ah! conjure them, as they would expect salvation, never to forget the wrongs they did your ancestors, nor to let any occasion pass in which they can inflict vengeance for the unspeakable injuries we have suffered. The Holy See will bless you for your hatred to Protestantism, and your father’s soul will bless you for vengeance upon Rosendale!”

But during his whole life, Dermid, whose character was none of the most enterprising, had neither resolution nor opportunity to make the lords of Rosendale (for, after the reduction of M’Manus’s castle, its captor had been ennobled by King William,) feel the effects of his hatred. That family continued a fortunate and happy course, soaring aloft on the high gale of prosperity, far above the reach of the ill-digested designs and feeble arm of Dermid M’Manus. Indeed, the successor to the first Lord Rosendale, who succeeded to the title and estate in the year 1722, scarcely knew that there was such a person in existence; and the third lord, who was the father of the hero of our tale, had only heard,

when he was a child, some story, which, in his old age he could scarcely recollect, about a family of the name of M'Manus, who in former times, perhaps before the flood, for any thing he knew or cared, possessed their estate, and resided, it was said, in the old dilapidated and ruinous castle, the remains of which still stand on the peak of a hill about a quarter of a mile distant from the verge of the elegant and extensive lawn, in the midst of which the splendid family mansion of the Rosendales is erected.

This Lord Viscount Rosendale, of whom we speak, whose recollection of the M'Manuses was so imperfect, had, shortly after he fell into the succession, A. D. 1740, married a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of a Mr. Brightworth, an eminent merchant of Dublin. He had become enamoured of this lady; and, as she was of a respectable as well as opulent family, he resolved to gratify his inclinations (as, it may be presumed, any other young lord in similar circumstances would have done,) by marrying her, although she could not boast of a titled parentage. She could boast, however, of an honest one; and, to do his lordship justice, it must be acknowledged that he had good sense enough to know that that is the most valuable of all kinds of parentage.

In a reasonable time after the celebration of this judicious marriage, his lordship's heir-apparent came into this world, and was called Arthur. Another son followed in about two years afterwards, who in compliment to the then Prince of Wales, who was a political favourite with Lord Rosendale, was named Frederick. He, although the younger, it will be seen in the subsequent pages, became, as is usually the case in families of hereditary wealth, by far the more important of the two brothers. Several daughters succeeded, with whom it is not necessary to make the reader acquainted. Of the heir himself, little more need be said, than that he was brought up, as little lords generally are, in the gratification of every appetite and every wayward whim and fancy, and in being made by a set of rustic courtiers to believe that he was the greatest man in the world, and consequently that he ought to be the proudest. Our little heir was accordingly very sickly, owing to too much indulgence, from the time that he cut his teeth; and very proud, owing to too much flattery, from the time that he cast them.

As to Frederick, he was born with a stout, healthy constitution, which, although he was much in favour with both father and mother, was not spoiled; for, as he was not the rising sun, he was not the great object of idolatry to either visitors,

servants, or tenants. Sweetmeats and flattery were not therefore offered at the shrine of his future greatness in such gross abundance as either to injure his health or his temper. But if he had fewer flatterers, before he was ten years of age he had really more friends than his brother; for, by that time, even to the dull comprehensions of the tenantry, the contrast between the dispositions of the two brothers had become perceptible; and while from interested motives they continued to pour flattery into the ears of Arthur, from real kindness and heartfelt affection they never failed to shower blessings on the head of Frederick.

ters of song, the mighty controllers of the human heart. But he himself admired them to excess; and he had wrought himself into the belief that no man could love virtue, without being warmly attached to those beautiful writings in which her charms are so well described.

At the age of eighteen, it was determined that Frederick should proceed to Dublin, in order to finish his education at Trinity College, and have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the ways of men, than the domestic scenes to which he had hitherto been confined afforded. Before his departure, his father, with great solemnity, addressed him in the following terms:—

“You are now going, my son,” said he, “to the capital of your country, to the seat of her government, where her laws are made, and where her statesmen and rulers reside. You are young. The career of political eminence, of laudable ambition in the public service, either in the senate or in the cabinet, or perhaps both, is yet to open before you. But I make no doubt that in proper time it will open; and, if ever it does, it will be on the spot where you are now for sometime to take your residence. It is my advice that you should mark well the characters of men as you mix in their company; it will enable you to govern them with more ease, if ever you are placed in

authority. Court the society, and, by every fair means, win the good graces of those especially who may have the power, either by their popularity or official influence, to contribute to your advancement—for advanced I hope yet to see you in the nation's estimation as a patriotic and able statesman. Your brother, who ought to be the prop of our house, possesses no qualities fit to raise it in the view of the public. On him devolves the title and estate we already possess; but on you must devolve the task of raising us to greater distinction, and yourself to fortune. I have spared no pains to render you capable of performing such a task, neither will I yet spare any. Only lend your efforts when proper occasion offers; only use with suitable ardour the talents you inherit from nature, and the knowledge you have obtained, and may still obtain from education, and the family of Rosendale will yet rank among the foremost in the country. I may even live to see such a day; and a happy day it will be to me, and a glorious one to you, my son. I here give you letters to several of my city friends; some of whom, if you cultivate their favour, may have it in their power to serve you, when the proper time arrives for you to require their assistance. In the meanwhile, prosecute your studies with zeal, and show yourself to the world a young man of prudence and

steadiness; and above every thing, during your stay in the city, avoid all manner of idle, dissipated, or low company. You have one friend there, whom you will do well to consult often; I mean, your grandfather. He is a prudent man, and will direct you wisely on many occasions, on which you will find yourself at a loss how to act. But he is a frugal man, and will perhaps, require you to spend less of both time and money in great company than might be consistent with your future interests. But if it be in proper company, that is, company possessed of any political influence, fear not expense; for in such cases I will take care to supply you liberally. Still it will require discretion from you to know how to spend, and discrimination when to do it. On no occasion, however, must you be mean; but always endeavour in your expenditures to combine prudence, dignity, and utility. I will say no more to you now, as I shall write to you often; but I wish you farewell."— Here he affectionately caught our hero's hand.— "I shall soon see you in Dublin. May God bless you, and prosper you in your undertakings!"

Frederick having taken a tender leave of his mother and sisters, proceeded to bid farewell to his brother; who, with some apparent concern, observed, "I am really sorry Fred. that you are to be so long absent. I cannot tell what I shall do

with myself; I know I shall think the time so long; but I shall send and bring Bob Raymond over to stay with me: he plays skittles excellently, and has the best knack at catching trout of any young squire in the country. Farewell, Fred! Bob and I may take a drive to the city to see you when the fishing-season is over."

Frederick reciprocated his brother's farewell, but in a more affectionate strain; then springing into his gig, in company with his friendly preceptor, drove off for the metropolis, and arrived there that evening. In a few days his friend left him, after having seen him fairly under the protection of his grandfather, and regularly initiated as a student at the University.

CHAPTER III.

*Ambition's meteor glittering in his eyes,
Towards the treacherous glare he madly flies ;
Urg'd on by hope of fortune, power, and fame,
And anxious for the jingling of a name.
Lo ! on the tide of popular applause,
He proudly floats, secure to win his cause :
With favouring gale he almost gains the shore,
Then bursts the storm, he sinks, and all is o'er !*

ULSTER BARD.

WE have thus brought an active, handsome young man, full of life, vigour, spirits, curiosity, and money, into the midst of one of the most fascinating cities in the world. How to manage him when he is there is now the question. He will, of course, be surrounded by innumerable temptations. Beauty will bewitchingly smile upon him ; splendour will try to dazzle him ; flattery to deceive him, and pleasure to seduce him. But he must bear himself steadily and firmly amidst every attack ; and, covered with the strong shield of virtuous principles, he must successfully resist every instrument of vicious seduction. That he

did so, we rejoice to record ; as otherwise, it is probable that his history would not have been worth writing.

To his grandfather's vigilance, no doubt, much of the credit of his firmness should be ascribed; for it must be confessed that he was often on the point of yielding to the powerful fascination of some forbidden pleasure, when the venerable image of the old man, chiding him for his indiscretion, would present itself and keep him steady. Some indulgent tempers might, perhaps, have forgiven him, if he had surrendered his heart to one of the angels who bless this world in the seducing forms of the Dublin fair. But at this period his heart was too closely attached to the celestial Muses, to be captivated by terrestrial angels;—in plain terms, the arts and sciences left him no leisure to fall in love.

Thus the time passed away smoothly, for about three years, to the entire satisfaction of all parties except Lord Rosendale, who complained that his son had rather neglected his political interest, by refraining to ingratiate himself as much as he might have done, with the great men in office. As, however, he had now become a finished scholar and an elegant speaker, was considerably improved in his knowledge of mankind, and tolerably well versed in the laws and constitution of the realm,

his father conceived him to be well qualified to make a figure in the House of Commons; and a vacancy happening at this time in the representation of his native county, he insisted on his becoming a candidate. With considerable reluctance Frederick complied, for he was afraid that his parliamentary efforts would disappoint his father's high-flown expectations. In the event, however, of his election taking place, he prepared to do his best; and his father immediately commenced an active canvass in his favour, with that degree of alacrity and delight which evinced that he believed the consummation of his dearest wishes was at hand. To his warmed imagination, Frederick was just about to become to Ireland, what the first great William Pitt had a few years before become to England, the leader of her senate, the champion of her rights, and her conductor to glory.

But, ah! how limited is human foresight! how vain, very vain, are the most plausible of human anticipations! Before the grand struggle at the hustings came on, in one night was the opulent, the gay, the ambitious Viscount Rosendale cut off, in the midst of the most flattering of his political projects, by the untoward accident of a fall from his horse. He had been for some days at the town of Slane, very successfully electioneering among the freeholders of that neighbourhood; and a few

hours before he set off for home, in the midst of a concourse of convivial voters, who were regaling at his expense, he was under the necessity of showing his patriotism, by drinking two many bumpers of Irish wine, alias whiskey, to "the purity of elections,"—"the downfall of political corruption,"—"the rights of Irishmen," &c. &c. He at length departed, amidst the loud cheers of the people, triumphantly waving his hat in the air as he galloped off, attended only by one servant, who had thought proper, during the day, to offer up as many libations to the "Rosendale interest," as his master had done to the "rights of Irishmen." The animal he rode was headstrong and fiery; and being somewhat roughly treated with the spurs, which the viscount, in the high elevation of the moment, dashed into his sides with great energy, he sprung along like an arrow, until, about half a mile from the town, being startled by some unusual appearance in the hedge, he made a sudden bound to one side, and flung his rider into the ditch, amidst a heap of stones that had been there collected for improving the road. His servant's horse also took fright and threw his drunken rider; who on striking the ground dislocated his arm, and became unfit to raise his master, or render him any other service than by his shouts to alarm the neighbourhood. This was indeed of but little

consequence to his master, who was found with his skull so dreadfully shattered as to afford no hopes of his surviving. He was carried to the nearest house, and surgical aid procured ;—but in vain, for he died the next day.

It is needless to consume time in describing the effects of this melancholy accident on the minds of Lord Rosendale's family. After paying the customary honours to his remains, they lived together for some weeks in solitude and sorrow, sincerely bewailing the unexpected and untimely catastrophe of one who had long been endeared to them, not only by the nearest ties of relationship, but also by his constant solicitude for their welfare, and his many other domestic virtues, all of which they now saw in a brighter and more estimable light than they, perhaps, had ever viewed them in before.

The suddenness of the viscount's death had prevented him from making a will. The settlement of the family concerns, therefore, depended almost altogether on the discretion of the new lord, who soon signified to Frederick that he would grant him a handsome yearly allowance; but, as he disliked politics, he would not assist in forwarding his parliamentary views. Frederick himself, not being very anxious for a seat in the legislature, was easily induced to withdraw his name from the list

of the candidates, who humbly begged the favour of the enlightened and independent people, during the ensuing election.

For some months after these events, Frederick spent rather an inactive life, unless the culture of a species of semi-literature, in the society of his friend Carlow, such as composing poetical scraps, moral essays, and sentimental tales may rescue it from that character. The natural energy and alacrity of his mind had not sufficiently recovered from the shock they had received by his father's death, to enable him to mix in the busy world with either ease or enjoyment. But as time wore off the impression of grief, indolence became irksome, and he began to long for employment in some respectable and useful pursuit.

On consulting with his friends, he found that they were each of a different opinion as to the profession he should choose. His grandfather who was now very old, and wished to retire from business, offered to relinquish in his favour, and make over to him his stock in trade, if he would embrace the mercantile profession. His mother rather wished that he should apply for some genteel employment under government, such as a collector of the customs, or a port-surveyor, on some respectable station. Mr. Carlow was desirous that he should take orders in the service of the church ;

while his brother preferred that he should assume the gown and become a lawyer ; for in the one case, he shrewdly remarked that he could never rise higher than archbishop of Armagh, whereas in the other he might become Lord Chancellor of the nation.

But Frederick approved of neither of these opinions ; for as many respectable individuals, both before and since his time, have done, he had, in this case, asked advice while he was determined, that, unless it fell in with his own preconceived intentions, not to follow it. He, however, treated the opinions of his friends with so much respect as to assign his reasons for rejecting them.

To his grandfather he said, that although he felt with great sensibility the kindness and liberality of his offer, and could not but acknowledge the employment of a merchant to be highly honourable and useful, yet he felt an invincible repugnance to burthen himself with the drudgery of superintending accounts, examining the goodness and affixing the prices of merchandise, of watching the rise and fall of markets, and of conducting an extensive correspondence on such dry subjects as barter, discounts, exchange, and dividends. Neither could he think of engaging to support the high credit of a house that had been so long illustrious

in the trading world for its good faith and punctuality as the house of Brightworth & Co. In short, he had no other objection to be a merchant, but that it was contrary to his inclinations.

As to his becoming a revenue-officer, he observed, with all due respect for his mother's wishes, that he could not stoop himself, nor would permit any of his friends to stoop, to the degradation of soliciting such an appointment as she mentioned, from any great man in existence. It might be fastidiousness of opinion; but he conceived that the acceptance of such an appointment would render him too much dependent on the authorities of the day.

To his reverend tutor he observed, that to be useful in contributing to the welfare of human souls would be one of the greatest gratifications his heart could enjoy, did he consider himself capable of succeeding in such an important undertaking without affecting more gravity of manner, and more steadiness of conduct, than he was conscious he possessed. "I often feel," said he, "a strong propensity to wander from that rigid path from which a gospel-teacher should never deviate; and such temptation might sometime or other assail me, as my weak resolution could not withstand. I shall, therefore, take care that the dignity of such

a sacred calling shall never be injured by any frailty I may exhibit, or any imprudence of which I may be guilty."

"With respect to the law, my dear brother," said he, "it is that profession, with which of all others, I should least wish to be concerned. The labour of becoming acquainted with its perplexed forms and technicalities, would ill agree with my indolent habits, and my aversion to every thing like dry monotonous plodding. Besides, if I had even mastered these difficulties, I could never feel comfortable in a life of disputatious wrangling; nor could I ever prevail on my conscience to blacken a good, or varnish over a bad cause.

"I should rather," he continued, "if my friends consent to it, join the army, where I shall have no particular responsibility to encounter, but the simple one of doing my duty; where I shall have an opportunity of studying men, learning their characters, and observing their pursuits, without being personally interested in them; where I shall find frequent opportunities of doing good from natural impulse, rather than professional obligation; and where my frailties can attach no stigma to any but myself."

His brother immediately acquiesced in the proposal, and the consent of his other friends soon

followed. A major's commission was therefore procured for him without delay, and he hastened to Dublin to join his regiment, where we shall for sometime leave him to study tactics, and return to the almost forgotten M'Manuses of the North.

CHAPTER IV.

*Hereditary feud within his breast,
Is by his father's lessons deep impressed;
And nought but curses from his tender years,
On Englishmen and heretics, he hears;
Till grown to actual passion, all his frame
Feels the dire workings of the vengeful flame;
Fierce as the Carthaginian's hate of old,
Sworn on the altar not to be controul'd!*

ULSTER BARD.

AFTER the death of his father, Dermid M'Manus ardently wished, but wished in vain, for some opportunity of making Lord Rosendale feel that he hated him. Often did he project a journey to the south, that he might be ready to seize any favourable occasion that might offer to make him suffer, either in his person or property, for the deeds of his ancestors. But day passed after day, and that journey never was taken. We have before observed that Dermid was not possessed of one of the most active dispositions. But this inactivity was the effect rather of habit than of constitution. He had been brought up in a state of absolute indolence of both body and mind. The family from which he was

descended, was too great to permit him to exercise the one by useful labour, and too poor to enable him to cultivate the other by education. Hence ignorance and sloth prevailed over his natural warmth of constitution, and perpetually baffled every scheme of vengeance he agitated against the objects of his hereditary hate.

Sometimes, indeed, he would appear to exhibit a vigour of mind not unworthy of his ancestors, and would form combinations among his followers, who still looked up to him with the most profound respect and veneration, and were ready to march on any desperate enterprise against heretics, to which he might lead them. But the distance of the Rosendales secured them from the effects of these combinations, although the great Protestant proprietors of the North frequently felt them. Indeed, the clans of O'Reilly, in the county of Derry, and of M'Manus, in the county of Antrim, were perpetual objects of terror to the adjoining country during the early half of the last century. Those Protestant magistrates, especially whose duty obliged them to prosecute any Catholic culprit, were the grand objects of their hostility, and were certain by some means or other to feel their attacks. These attacks were generally nothing more than nocturnal depredations upon the properties of those who offended them; although, it must be confess-

ed, that in some instances even their lives were not spared. So secretly were these depredations conducted, that suspicion seldom rested upon the real perpetrators ; and when it did, so great was the terror that they had inspired, that no one would venture to bring them to justice.

Dermid himself was not, indeed, privy to all the outrages his followers committed ; nor would he ever have sanctioned those instances of violence which had only plunder for their object. His motives of animosity were more dignified. They sprung simply from his desire of vengeance on a race of foreign heretics who had usurped the properties and despised the faith of his ancestors. Against such a race he conceived it the duty and glory of every true Catholic to cherish eternal hatred, and to inflict on every fair opportunity an unrelenting revenge. The inveteracy of those feelings were, it is true, frequently mollified, and always kept within certain bounds, by the discreet management of his wife ; who, fortunately for him, happened to be a woman of a mild and prudent disposition, and deservedly possessed a great ascendancy over him. She would, perhaps, at the early period of his life have succeeded in convincing him of the folly and danger of the feelings he cherished, and the combinations he encouraged, had it not been for the evil counsels of a certain

father O'Dogherty, a fanatical priest, who was, for a number of years, domesticated in his family as his confessor, and was a perfect fire-brand, constantly inflaming the minds of the whole clan against "England and heresy." To rob a Protestant was, in his estimation, meritorious and honourable; and to murder one, a passport to Heaven. This man, however, was killed, in 1746, in a religious affray which took place at a neighbouring fair, while assisting a number of Catholics in their combat with a Protestant party; and was succeeded by father O'Cassidy, a man of mild temper and more liberal views.

The suppression of the Scottish rebellion in favour of the Pretender, which took place in that year, and the consequent annihilation of all hopes of ever seeing a Catholic ruler on the throne of these islands, at length opened the eyes of Dermid M'Manus, and the other leaders of the religious combinations against the tranquillity of the country in the north, to the futility and danger of their enterprises. They therefore, as if by unanimous agreement, simultaneously desisted from promoting disturbance; and from that time, until the Hearts of Steel "appeared in the land," a period of about twenty years, the province of Ulster enjoyed profound repose and unexampled prosperity.

But during his whole life, the inveterate hatred

of Dermid M'Manus against the Rosendales suffered no diminution. It was, indeed, for a number of years greatly fomented by the imprudence of an old silly Scotch woman; who, heretic as she was, being supposed to possess the second-sight, so common in her country, was looked upon by the people, for several miles round, with considerable respect as a fortune-teller. She had, by some means, either stolen or manufactured four lines of poetry; which, on her visits at M'Manus's, she never failed to sing aloud, with all the frantic emphasis and wild gesticulations of a sybil, although she was frequently turned out of doors for her insolence.

The lines were:

*M'Manus in Rosendale ever shall find
An invincible foe, or a friend that is kind;—
And M'Manus from Rosendale's power may depend,
As his sorrows began, so his sorrows shall end!*

In his domestic concerns, Dermid M'Manus might, comparatively speaking, be called, fortunate. The dues he received from his clan, although their amount was too small to be of much service in a pecuniary view, were regularly paid, and were valuable as testimonials of that respect and veneration, which his followers still bore towards the ancient grandeur of his family. This respect was also shown in their external manners,—none of

them ever presuming to wear a hat in his presence, or to address to him a dozen words together without the ceremony of a bow. By his wife, whom we have seen to have been an amiable and sensible woman, he had become possessed of a small annuity of about fifty pounds, which, however, was to terminate with her life. But he added considerably to these means of living, by engaging extensively, and with great success, in the practice of illicit distillation and smuggling. The remote valley in which he resided, being surrounded on all sides except the east, which was open to the sea, with wild mountains covered with heath and turf-bog, was favourably situated for carrying on this species of illegal employment, without much risk of detection.

This valley, which was called Glen-Arib, was very fertile. From its commencement at the seashore, it penetrated, in a somewhat winding direction, for about two miles and a half into the interior, between two steep mountains of equal altitude, the sides of which were perforated with numerous caverns, and so corresponded to each other, that the spectator might easily imagine them to have been torn asunder by some mighty earthquake, or other convulsion of nature. At the upper or western extremity, where the valley was very narrow, it was bounded by a cross ridge, which rose abrupt-

ly to connect the two parallel ridges just mentioned. From the front of this connecting ridge a stream of water issued, which, flowing in a gentle meandering course down the valley, received at intervals various streamlets descending from the parallel ridges, until approaching the shore, it intersected a flowery verdant plain, full of meadows, of about half a mile in width, and, at last, in a beautiful bay of red sand, mingled itself with the waters of the North Channel.

At the northern extremity of this bay, almost adjoining the beach, stood the habitation of M'Manus. It was built with stone, two stories high; and had shortly before the Pretender's defeat, changed its roof of straw for one of slate, which rendered it the most dignified-looking mansion in the valley. It had, besides, some other pretensions to state, which none of its neighbours enjoyed. It was situated in the centre of a large yard, containing nearly half an acre of ground, which was surrounded on all sides by a tall and thickly-grown thorn-hedge. The entrance to this yard was secured by a five-barred wooden-gate, having a latch and padlock, the latter of which securities was indeed seldom used.

The house fronted the south; to the northward it was backed by a range of low thatched houses, which occupied part of the enclosure, consisting of

a stable, a coach-house, and what was denominated a barn, but rather deserved the name of a lumber-house, affording storage for a miscellaneous multitude of articles, such as tubs, barrels, baskets, barrows, spades, shovels—in short, every think new or old, useful or useless, that usually accumulates, in the course of half a century, about a poor, proud country gentleman's court-yard. The eastern wing of this yard was considerably encumbered by a huge *turf-stack*, occasionally enlarged to twice or thrice the size of the house itself;—but, through an opening in the enclosure on the western wing, the visiter had a view of the more pleasing and exhilarating object of a beautiful garden, kept in order by the attentive and tasteful management of Mrs. M'Manus.

The front or hall-door of the mansion was approachable by three stone steps, into the uppermost of which the genteel appendage of a shoe-scraper was fixed, although by old age it had become bent and broken, and remained, for almost half a generation, unfit for use. The edifice itself was of moderate dimensions, containing on the first floor, besides the hall, a parlour and bed-chamber, and an earthen-floored kitchen and pantry, with four or five apartments above stairs. One of these, denominated the "Library," was hung round with crucifixes and images of saints and angels. It was

also ornamented with the armorial bearings of the M'Manuses. The number of printed books contained in this chamber was, indeed, but small; but its deficiency in this respect was amply compensated by an innumerable quantity of manuscripts, the compositions of native Irish bards, philosophers, and divines, whose labours have never yet appeared in public, to the great loss of the literary world. Among these, perhaps not the least interesting, were the family archives, which gave a genealogical account of its ancestors as far back as a youth called Heber, who was a page in the King of Ireland's train, when that monarch received baptism from the hands of St. Patrick. These records state, that when in the act of turning up his face to receive the sacred affusion, the feet of the royal convert slipped from the stone on which he stood; and he would have fallen, and perhaps have overset the saint, had not young Heber, with great dexterity and presence of mind, put forth his hand upon his Majesty's shoulder and held him upright; whereupon the saint called out to the young man—"Tuus MANUS est benedictus!" and whereupon, the ceremony of the baptism being finished, the King, to show his gratitude to the young man, ordained, "that he henceforth should be called MANUS, and his posterity MAC-MANUS, as a testimony, to all generations, of the zeal and

loyalty of the youth Heber, as it is (saith the archives) to this day.

This chamber, with these precious manuscripts, was always under the care of the confessor of the family; and, while in the custody of the reverend father Lawrence O'Dogherty before-mentioned, the number of the writings was encreased by about a dozen of quires filled with declamations and denunciations against England and heresy.

There was another chamber, adjoining this, denominated the "Harper's Room,"—for to the family of M'Manus it would have been esteemed a greater misfortune than either the loss of power or property, to have been without a confessor and a harper among its dependents. The "Harper's Room" contained a multifarious assortment of musical books, both printed and in manuscript, principally of Irish and Gaelic origin, together with a variety of short poetical compositions adapted to the airs most in favour with Dennis M'Clurkin, the harper, who came into possession of this important chamber about the year 1750. This musical gentleman, it was suspected, did not cultivate the music of the national instrument with so much assiduity as his predecessors. Indeed, any one who entered his chamber, could not but observe some lukewarmness in this respect. The old hereditary harp, which the bard Murtagh M'Clennachar had

in the trying days of 1690 rescued with pious solicitude from the profane hands of those heretics who seized the castle and property of the M'Manus, and had carefully transported to their less stately mansion in the North, and which was the only harp to be seen in the apartment, was continually observed to be unstrung, with some of its chords broken, and altogether unfit to yield those sweet tones in which its former masters had so much delighted. The truth is, Dennis M'Clurkin did not much excel in harp-music. He had, during his youth, learned to play a few tunes, indifferently enough, by dint of which, he had obtained the office of harper to the family of M'Manus, there being no other candidate who aspired to that honourable situation. On the national festivals, and birth-days, celebrated in the family, when his official duty required that the harp should be forthcoming, he contrived to make it produce a jingle of sounds resembling certain airs to which he was conscious that he could not do justice, but which were the only ones that he could, in the smallest degree, imitate upon the official instrument. This answered the purpose of form and ceremony; and, when that was over, the venerated instrument, like many other venerated things, was laid aside and forgotten, until some similar occasion brought it again to remembrance.

But when Dennis M'Clurkin, on such occasions, got rid of the harp, he never failed to delight his auditors by his excellent performance on the flute, clarionet, or violin. The latter was indeed, his favourite instrument; and, whether to the song, or the dance, the tones always obeyed the impulse of his hand with such exactness, as never failed to please the company. Hence, he had long become such a favourite in the neighbourhood, that no ball, wedding, christening, or other kind of merry-making, could be complete without him; and so full of life and mirth did the company uniformly become, as soon as he began to exert his powers, that it was long a common saying in the country, that "no man could make such merry heels as Dennis M'Clurkin."

No wonder Dennis exerted himself to please at these merry-makings, for from them he derived the chief part of his revenue. The whole emolument arising from his office of harper to M'Manus consisted of his food, a *cast-off* suit of clothes every year, and a quart of whiskey every week. But, for the scantiness of the income produced by his harp, his violin made ample compensation. In conformity, therefore, to the laudable practice of modern times—for, to tell the truth, Dennis had a good deal of the modern about him,—he neglected the more honourable for the more profitable employment.

CHAPTER III.

*Fain would I like my sire's believe,
But reason is too strong ;
And 'tis too hard their creed to hold,
When conscious it is wrong.
I long conceal'd my alter'd faith,
For bashful was my youth ;
But love at last has made me bold,
And I confess the truth.*

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

WITH respect to offspring, Dermid had only two sons to whom he could transmit his family prejudices and partialities.

With the elder, whose name was Edmund, or "Munn," as he was familiarly called in the valley of Glen-Arib, he succeeded to his heart's satisfaction. For, long before this young man could understand his catechism, which was as soon as the zealous industry of priest O'Dogherty could effect it, had he vowed everlasting hatred to the very names of Rosendale, heresy, and England. This was a great comfort to Dermid, who plainly perceived that by no personal exertion of his own were either of these hated objects ever likely to undergo any signal instance of vengeance. He, therefore, fed his hopes upon that chastisement which he be-

lieved his son and heir was destined to inflict upon them.

The name of his other son was Bernard. Nature had formed him in a mould totally different from that in which she had formed his brother, who was short, thick, robust, and strong-built, whereas he was tall, slender, and to appearance, rather slightly put together. He had, however, when he came to maturity, considerable activity and firmness, and possessed a very manly and open countenance, in which generosity and good-nature were strongly expressed. In his mind he was as dissimilar to his brother as in his person, being full of humanity, charity, liberality, and kindness to all men, of whatever sect, family, or nation; justly conceiving that a man's own faults were sufficient for him to bear, without being burthened with those of his ancestors or connexions.

These feelings were greatly strengthened, if not altogether implanted, by the early care of his mother, and, we may also add, by the comparative neglect of his father. Dermid, indeed, was too solicitous to have the heir to the dignities and wrongs of his house, brought up according to his own wishes, to permit his wife to instil into his mind any of her well known principles of peace and toleration. He therefore gave him up exclusively to the tuition of Father O'Dogherty, with

private orders to keep him as much as possible out of the way of Mrs. M'Manus's instructions. As he did not wish, however, to carry these matters with too high a hand against his wife's inclinations, he permitted her to have the chief share in forming Bernard's mind. The consequence was, that when he became capable of reasoning, his mind was prepared to receive a direction, which even his mother did not expect. This was no other than a distaste for the superstitious religion of his fathers, and a bias towards protestantism. Although Mrs. M'Manus was firm enough in her belief of the holy father's infallibility, and consequently never presumed to question any dogma or ordinance that had ever proceeded from the occupier of St. Peter's chair, yet she was too good hearted to bear any ill-will towards those of a different creed. She had hopes that even English or Scotch protestants might have a chance for salvation; for her mother, whom she always thought worthy of salvation, had been bred a protestant, and she had good reasons for thinking, although her father was ignorant of the fact, that she had also died one.

But it was principally by the arguments of a young man of the name of Rogerson, with whom he had formed an intimacy, that the foundation of Bernard's hereditary creed was undermined. This

young man was the son of a Scotchman attached to the revenue, and stationed in the neighbourhood of Glen-Arib, for the purpose of preventing illicit distillation and smuggling. The elder Mr. Rogerson, who united all the worldly wisdom of a modern Scotchman, to the formal and austere sanctity of an ancient Cameronian, was more than usually strict and severe in the exercise of his duties, both as a revenue officer and a member of the covenanted kirk. In the midst, therefore, of a population consisting entirely of catholics, smugglers, and private distillers, he could not but be unpopular. But opposition begets zeal; and the more he knew himself to be hated, the more zealously he exerted himself in detecting their contraband practices, and exposing the abominations, as he called them, of their idolatrous worship.

It will be readily supposed that, to Dermid M'Manus, this man was particularly obnoxious, and, consequently, that the intimacy which Bernard cultivated with young Rogerson was altogether contrary to his wishes. The young men, however, frequently met, perhaps not the less frequently because they felt themselves under restraint; and, as the origin of that restraint was the difference of their creeds, they naturally made this difference a frequent subject of their conversation.

The *Tide-waiter*, as old Rogerson was called

among his neighbours, had a library well stored with such controversial works as exposed the errors and corruptions of the Romish religion. Of the aid of these, young Rogerson, industriously availed himself in carrying on the discussions with his friend, and succeeded, in a shorter time than he expected, in convincing him that the catholic was neither the *first* religion that had ever been in the world, nor was it likely to be the last,—points which until then Bernard had, in common with all the inhabitants of Glen-Arib, believed as firmly as that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. The young controversialist next attacked the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility, and by historical references succeeded to his friend's satisfaction in proving that if immorality is a mark of fallibility, many of the Popes had been flagrantly fallible, and that it was not until several centuries after Christ that they had made any pretensions to the contrary. The holy father's claim to be St. Peter's successor was next obliged to yield to the stubborn force of historical fact ;—nay, it was even argued, that if Saint Peter had founded a bishoprick at Rome, and become himself its incumbent, a thing which was very doubtful, the present possessor of the see could have no more right, on that account, to pretend to either the holiness or authority of Saint Peter, than the present archbishop of Canter-

Oft felt the bliss that bade the moments fly,
Warm'd every heart, and brighten'd every eye!
But, ah! those times, those pleasing scenes are fled,
For she who made them please, Eliza's dead!

To thee, my spouse! thou dear lamented shade!
The partial graces joyous homage paid:
Each rising sun beheld thee in the morn,
The rose of beauty, and without its thorn;
Each following night pronounced thee good and blest,
And health and innocence embalm'd thy rest:
For thee the seasons opened all their blooms,
And flowery valleys shed their rich perfumes;
Delighted love in all thy motions dwelt,
And deep this heart thy various beauties felt.

How bright! how happy was that sacred day,
When to the bridal fane we took our way!
No baneful omen dared to intervene;
And more than fancied rapture filled the scene!
The favour'd youth, thy widow'd consort now,
With glowing breast exulted in his vow;
Each eye beheld thee with delighted gaze,
And every sound was utter'd in thy praise.

But, ah! how weak the shield affection lends,
A lover's rapture, or the zeal of friends,
Fair virtue's power, or beauty's pride elate,
To yield protection from the shafts of fate!

Scarce three short years in nuptial pleasures past,
In which each day seem'd happier than the last,
When sudden death struck deep the direful blow,
Which laid my dearer self, Eliza, low.

ter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, settled in the neighbourhood of Carrickfergus. She was on a visit at Mr. Rogerson's when Bernard first saw her. Her bright eyes and fascinating smiles soon captivated his heart ; of which circumstance, in a very few weeks, he found means to make her sensible, and in a very few more he discovered that she had no great objection to its remaining her captive for life, except that its owner worshipped the Deity in a manner irreconcilable to her conscience.

On discovering this, Bernard felt, that, whatever degradation there might be in yielding a confession of the truth to the influence of authority, there was none in yielding it to that of love. He therefore, without hesitation, made such explanations on the subject of his religious belief, as were perfectly satisfactory to Miss M'Culloch. It was, in consequence, settled that Bernard should in due form lay his proposals before her father. He did so; but the old gentleman started objections to the match, which had not occurred to the young lady. Bernard's father would be displeased; and independent of his father, the young man did not possess sixpence in the world. To a Scotchman, although a clergyman, this was a consideration of some importance. It is true that Mr. M'Culloch chiefly laboured to secure to himself treasures in the other world; yet, he had sagacity enough to be

aware of their manifold advantages in this. Under present circumstances, he was therefore against the match. But his daughter was for it, and of consequence it took place, the worthy divine at length giving his consent; for, like all other Scotchmen, he could weigh both sides of the question with coolness and deliberation. After he had, therefore, employed a reasonable time in adjusting and re-adjusting on this subject the scales of his mental balance, he found that his daughter's happiness preponderated over worldly considerations; and he remarked, that, if it was the will of Providence the young people should join in wedlock, he would not act so sinfully as to obstruct their union; and that it was easy for HIM who could make the barren womb fruitful, to render the poor man prosperous, and to produce abundance even from dry ground. "Marry, therefore, my children," said he, "since you desire it; and may God bless the work of his own hands!"

The lovers were accordingly married; and, in spite of the threats of his father, the rage of his brother, and the spiritual denunciations of the family priest, Bernard found himself happy. He soon became industrious and prosperous; for his father-in-law, by the aid of some guineas and some credit, established him in mercantile business in an adjoining town. His character for piety and ortho-

doxy became also in a short time so much respected, that he was ordained an elder of the church. This happy state was rendered still more happy, by his Eliza making him, in a reasonable time, the father of a fine daughter, the perfect image of her mother's loveliness. This babe, the source of so much new delight, in compliment to his mother, who, on this interesting occasion visited her daughter-in-law, notwithstanding her husband's opposition, he named Isabella.

For about two years more, Bernard's happy stars lavished their favours on him with undiminished liberality. Prosperity attended all his exertions, and comfort and respectability continued to smile on him with a complaisance, which seemed every day to increase; and pursuing his course in that middle walk of life, which has ever been the most secure from misfortune, his prosperity appeared destined to a long duration. But, alas! on what sandy foundation are the most solid fabrics of human happiness constructed! Just at the moment when he anticipated a joyful addition to his numerous blessings, his evil stars assumed the ascendant; a sudden darkness overcast the horizon of his existence, and the thunderbolt of misfortune burst on his devoted head. His loving and beloved wife expired in giving birth to a son, and the infant only survived a few hours.

All the fortitude and resolution of Bernard's mind gave way before this terrible stroke. He had loved to distraction; and he now grieved to distraction. His business was abandoned, and it required all the christian wisdom and prudent management of his reverend father-in-law to prevent him from sinking into despair.

Touched with the account received of his melancholy condition, his father's mind relented towards him; and his brother paid him a visit, for the purpose of prevailing on him to return to Glen-Arib. As Mr. M'Culloch believed that the change of scene would contribute to divert his attention from the objects on which his mind continually brooded, he advised him to consent. Contemplating the scenes of his youth had, indeed, some beneficial effect on Bernard's grief;—it softened its intensity, but it was far, very far, from substituting any thing like cheerfulness in its place. It was, however, a matter of great consolation to him to find that the religious affairs of the family were now under the direction of a milder and more tolerant minister than the furious O'Dogherty; and that much of the rancour and rage which his father had cherished against his heretical principles and connexions, had in consequence subsided. Dermid, indeed, permitted himself, in his behaviour to his son in this season of his affliction,

to be guided by the conciliating wishes of his wife, and the liberal and judicious counsels of his new confessor, O'Cassidy. He, therefore, neither upbraided him for having left the catholic church, nor urged him to return to it. He only, on one or two occasions, expressed his regret that one so nearly connected with him should be exposed to those terrible consequences which, in the other world, must inevitably fall upon all who, in this, have had the hardihood to reject the protection of the holy Pontiff of Rome.

Bernard had also reason to be pleased with the forbearance of his brother on this irritating and delicate subject. It is true, that neither his father, nor his brother, nor, perhaps, the good priest O'Cassidy himself, were without hope that the strayed sheep would yet be restored to the fold, especially as the attractive object who had caused him to wander, was now no more. But they knew, that while the memory of that object was yet fresh in his mind, while his heart was yet bleeding for her loss, it was not the proper time to make any attempt to shake those opinions which she had, as they supposed, inculcated, and which must, therefore, under present circumstances, be doubly endeared to his feelings. They expected, however, that as his grief for his wife's death abated, his attachment to her religion would also abate;

and, that then, it would be no difficult matter to excite in his mind a veneration for that of his fathers'.

But Dermid and Munn were resolved, should they fail in restoring Bernard to his former faith, to exert every nerve to secure to themselves the possession of his infant daughter, so that she, at least, might be brought up in that religion in which alone they believed her soul could be safe. They soon found, however, that this was no easy matter to accomplish; for Mr. M'Culloch, who had her already in his possession, was equally solicitous respecting the faith in which she should be educated, and determined, if possible, that it should be the one in which he himself believed—the one in which her mother had died, and was now become a saint in Heaven.

Both of these equally determined parties wished to apply for her father's concurrence in their designs, but the present state of his mind prevented them, and, as if by mutual consent, the matter was postponed to a future period.

In a few weeks Bernard began to long to revisit the scenes that were sacred to the memory of his lost Eliza, to enjoy the caresses of his daughter, and to be under less restraint than he felt at his father's house, in the exercise of his religion. He, therefore, to the great dissatisfaction of his father

CHAPTER VI.

*Now he exults war's crimson path to try,
For camps, and arms, and battles give him joy.
He hastes to scenes where bloody flags unrol
In treason's cause, congenial to his soul.
But love's sweet power arrests his rude career,
And awes that heart that never knew to fear.
Yes! love has power the savage heart to tame,
And ruffians melt beneath the tender flame!*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

THERE is a certain disease esteemed by physicians hereditary, but which, notwithstanding, as they assert, possesses the extraordinary power of passing by one generation and seizing upon another, according to its own caprice. For the information of such readers as may not be acquainted with the history of diseases, it may be mentioned that this is the same complaint which, in old times, stood in such awe of the king's fingers, that immediately, on being touched by them, it is said to have submissively fled from its chosen abode, like a whipped spaniel from a favourite dish. In these philosophical days, however, it has lost its veneration for kings, and persists in revelling on the human constitution in absolute defiance of the "royal touch."

Like the before-mentioned disease, there are certain tempers hereditary in some families, but which we frequently find assuming the privilege of that disease, in rejecting or adhering to such generations only as they think proper. Hence it was, that the temper, or rather distemper, of audacious turbulence, which had for centuries affected the M'Manus family, seemed to have lain dormant in the constitutions of our friends Brian and his son Dermid. The latter, especially, had passed a long life of abortive schemes and useless machinations, which never resulted in any enterprise, merely for want of boldness and activity to carry them into execution. We have seen that, although he vehemently thirsted for revenge upon the opponents of his family and religion, he indolently permitted year after year to roll away without attempting to inflict any.

But upon his son Munn, the bold spirit of a long line of grandsires seemed to have descended in full and unadulterated vigour; or, perhaps, having recruited its strength during a sleep of two generations, it awoke in the third with redoubled force and activity. Hence the character of Munn, for promptitude and energy, was the very reverse of his father's. With him to deliberate was to decide, and to decide was to act. Consequences were never taken into account, where either passion or interest was to be gratified; and to possess the means of

undertaking any enterprise against his enemies, was all that was necessary to recommend it.

It has been seen that his education was such as tended in every respect to confirm such a disposition. Objects of hatred were from his infancy held out to him; and he was encouraged to form plots, and engage in secret enterprises, for their annoyance and destruction. His personal qualities also fitted him for taking the lead in seditious combinations. He was not tall; but he was very muscular, broad-chested, and full and well formed in his limbs; his joints were firmly knit, and, at the same time, possessed of great freedom and agility; his countenance was rather broad and ruddy, expressive of gravity and obstinacy, but not altogether destitute of some tokens of generosity and public spirit, and exhibiting no traits of mean personal interestedness; his mouth was capable of expressing the most intolerable indignation and disdain, but it could on other occasions relax into an expression of kindness and conviviality; while from his small blue eyes there generally emanated a fierceness which, when increased in the moments of passion, gave to his aspect a truly savage appearance; his hair, which was of the darkest shade of black, was from negligence permitted to grow thick and bushy, adding considerably to the uncultivated wildness of his looks. His gestures denoted a consciousness

of strength, his step being firm, and at the same time elastic.—In short, his whole form and demeanor were an exhibition of boldness, determination, and defiance, approaching almost to rudeness, without any observable mixture of that low cunning which bespeaks a sordid selfishness of disposition.

On arriving at manhood, it may be presumed that Munn embraced every favourable opportunity of displaying these energetic qualities with which nature had endowed him. He, in fact, soon became conspicuous in every affray of a religious or political nature that took place, according to custom, in the fairs, markets, and other places of public resort in the vicinity of Glen-Arib; and it was seldom, after he was nineteen, that he returned home from such assemblages, without a black-eye, a bloody nose, or a broken head. It was always, of course, the catholic, or aboriginal Irish side of the question that he supported on these occasions; and, in a short time, his reputation for courage and personal prowess became so well established, that scarcely any individual of the other party dared to encounter him single-handed. The people of Glen-Arib naturally became proud of him, not only as the presumptive heir to their feudal allegiance, but also as the great champion of their national

cause, who had already, ere the beard had stiffened on his chin, become the terror of their enemies.

Being thus, by the universal, although tacit consent of his clan, acknowledged their military leader, he was never at a loss to assemble, on a few hours warning, from thirty to fifty devoted followers, for any enterprise of violence or vengeance.

The force which he had thus at his command was at first chiefly directed against those unfortunate revenue-officers, who, in the performance of their duty attempted to seize any of the unlicensed stills, which, being encouraged by the countenance and example of the M'Manuses, the people of Glen-Arib and its neighbourhood had of late established in almost incredible numbers. In the opinion of Munn and his friends, this species of fraud upon the nation was not only allowable, but commendable; as it tended to impair that revenue, by which the government they detested was supported. Hence smuggling also, as has been before mentioned, had become a favourite, laudable, and gainful employment to Dermid, and was now eagerly pursued by his son.

The resistance which, by the aid of his devoted clansmen, he so effectually made to the seizure of stills, or the punishment of persons engaged in contraband occupations of any kind, was for a few years so alarming and powerful, that no officer

would undertake the performance of such duties without the aid of a strong military force. Hence it became necessary to quarter detachments of soldiers in various parts of the surrounding country. With these Munn and his followers had frequent, and sometimes murderous encounters. But so artfully did he manage this method of disturbing the country and annoying the government, that although he was well known to be hostile to the protestant establishment, he never was suspected of being the leader of these daring and felonious outrages. The attacks took place generally in the night, and always in these remote situations of the country where the stills abounded. His followers were mostly disguised with painted faces and unusual dresses, and he himself always acted under an assumed name. Sometimes he was Captain Firebrand, sometimes Major Ranger, sometimes Colonel Whiskey, and sometimes General Thunderbolt. He frequently varied his dress; so that it was seldom the same on two successive enterprises, and never the same as he wore in ordinary life. His confederates were under the most solemn oaths not to betray each other; and as none were enlisted among them but the most trusty and fanatical of the party, he felt secure from any risk of being informed against by such as occasionally fell into the hands of the constituted authorities.

Having thus secured to the illicit distillers of his faction and neighbourhood a tolerable immunity from official molestation, he devoted a large share of his attention to the increase and encouragement of smuggling. His father had always been to a certain extent engaged in this business; but under the management of Munn, it grew to a state of activity and success it had never before reached. He formed a connexion with a Captain M'Cann, the owner and commander of a sloop of about seventy tons burthen, and a man almost his own equal for daring intrepidity and adventurous enterprise, but far surpassing him in low profligacy and unprincipled villany. By means of this man, he was enabled to ship off the surplus produce of the numerous private stills in the vicinity, for which he received in return contraband goods from various parts of Scotland, the west of England, the Isle of Man, and even occasionally from Portugal, Holland, and other parts of the Continent. The caverns of Glen-Arib were the secret depôts of many an illegal cargo; and teas, wines, spices, foreign fruits, &c. were soon to be had so cheap in the adjoining country, that many of the gentry, nay, some of the magistracy, and of the excise-officers themselves, secretly favoured their illegal introduction.

But in the year 1745, the Pretender's invasion of Scotland presented to Munn an opportunity of

directing his hostility against the established government, in a more effectual and dignified manner than in petty depredations upon its revenue. It is well known, that when this invasion was projected, the Pretender's friends procured promises of support from many of the disaffected Irish. Among others, Dermid M'Manus had been applied to, and had engaged to lend all the assistance in his power; and, as was expected, his proximity to the seat of invasion enabled him to lend it more prompt and powerful succour than any other of the Irish conspirators.

As soon as intelligence of Charles-Edward's landing in the Highlands reached Glen-Arib, Munn, at the head of about one hundred and fifty men, set sail in a smuggling vessel, and in a few days joined the insurgent standard. The Pretender was so well pleased with the zeal and martial appearance of these men, that he immediately raised them to the honour of forming his body-guard, and bestowed the rank of colonel on their leader. The important services which these Irish auxiliaries rendered the adventurer's cause during the disastrous rebellion of forty-five, is too well known in history to require narration in this work. Some of the personal exploits of Colonel M'Manus, which the usual histories have overlooked, may however be concisely stated.

At the battle of Preston-Pans, the issue of which threw the city of Edinburg into the hands of the rebels, victory seemed for a long time uncertain to which side she would turn. This incertitude, at length, exhausted the patience of M'Manus, and he resolved to bring her to a decision. He therefore obtained permission to abandon the care of the Pretender's person, and, in conjunction with about fifty of his Glen-Arib men, who were well mounted, dashed towards the place where the British standard waved in triumph amidst General Cope's regiment of horse, and cut through the compact opposition of nearly five times the number of his own men. In a moment Munn had penetrated to the standard-bearer, whom with one stroke he levelled to the earth; and, having seized the colours, in another moment had withdrawn with his trophy into the midst of his clansmen, who were now supported in their work of destruction by a large body of Highlanders, whom their example had stimulated to rush forward and decide the wavering fortune of the day.

Another occasion on which Munn rendered himself conspicuous, was in the disastrous battle which succeeded the evacuation of Edinburg. In that battle it is well known that Colonel Gardiner, of pious memory, was slain. The accurate and veracious author of the history of the renowned Wa-

verley mentions this event; but he does not inform us by whose hand it was accomplished. This omission we shall now supply, by stating, that it was no other than our friend Munn, who encountered the heroic Englishman, sword in hand; and after a well-fought combat of nearly fifteen minutes, gave him the fatal blow, which has been so much lamented in British history. Munn, however, would have paid dearly for his victory, had he not received timely succour from his faithful and valiant Glen-Arib men. Colonel Talbot, the particular friend of the fallen officer, having observed his disaster, at the head of a detachment of dragoons spurred furiously on to avenge it. The Irish soon repulsed these assailants; and M'Manus, with his own hand, unhorsed Colonel Talbot and took him prisoner. This is another circumstance which the great Waverley historian has overlooked; although a statement of it ought naturally to have preceded the account he gives of the delivery of this prisoner into the charge of his hero. But it is probable that he was not informed on the subject; for the Highland senachies, or historical bards whom he consulted in their accounts of these battles, have avoided, as much as possible, the mention of any thing creditable to the reputation of their Irish allies.

After this—for, the one colonel being slain and

the other captured, victory soon declared for the rebels—history relates that their army continued an almost uninterrupted march of triumph into the very heart of England; so that some of the Pretender's sanguine friends predicted that, in less than ten days, he would be in possession of the Tower of London. But at this very moment of high and elevated hopes, another instance of the instability of fortune took place. The spirit of the English nation aroused itself in defence of its religion and liberties; and, in a few days, the daring invaders found themselves surrounded by enemies, armed, brave, numerous, and determined to effect their expulsion and overthrow.

An expeditious retreat was, therefore, commenced; but, before it took place, M'Manus met with the following adventure, which, as it impressed a deep tinge on the future colour of his life, it may be proper to relate.

While marching through the well-cultivated and flourishing counties of England, Munn was astonished to witness the unrivalled degree of wealth and comfort which its heretical inhabitants manifestly enjoyed. This was a fact totally inconsistent with the truth of the doctrine which Father O'Dogherty had taught him to believe; namely, that no heretic could possibly enjoy happiness either in this world, or in that which is to come.

He was, at first, much puzzled on the subject; but it soon occurred to him, that comfort in appearance might not be happiness in reality, and he became somewhat reconciled to the circumstance. He longed, however, to be an instrument, in the hands of Providence, of adding to the unhappiness of these hated English, by diminishing their means of comfort;—in other words, he wished to plunder them. But, during its march into the country, this appetite for plunder, which had become contagious over the whole rebel army, was from political motives restrained by its leaders. Munn the more readily submitted to this restraint, from the consideration that, although these wealthy people were now heretics, there was every likelihood of their being soon converted, if not willingly, at least by the force of arms, to the faith of their ancestors.

The retreat, however, which was now become necessary, plucked up every probability of this kind by the root. He determined, therefore, for two reasons, immediately to commence his long meditated system of plunder. His first reason was, that he might appease his conscience by inflicting a chastisement upon the enemies of his mother-church; and his next was, that he might not let such a favourable opportunity slip of rewarding himself and his followers for their exertions in that

church's cause. This last was a duty he was the more anxious to perform, as he began plainly to perceive that there was but little chance of their ever being rewarded by any other means.

It was on the very evening before the retreat commenced, that, accompanied by twelve of his clan, he approached secretly towards an elegant mansion which stood on the banks of a small romantic Derbyshire stream, for the purpose of laying it under contribution.

Like a prudent commander, he thought it necessary, before he should make the attack, to reconnoitre the defences. He accordingly concealed his men in a grove at some distance, and advanced cautiously alone towards the premises, in order to ascertain whether he might not have something like military opposition to encounter.

He had arrived almost at the upper end of a long avenue of tall and over-arching elm trees, that led to the gate of the gently swelling lawn, in which the splendid object of his investigation was situated, when his ear was attracted by the sweetest tones of vocal music that he thought he had ever heard; they proceeded from a summer-house which he perceived at a short distance upon his left. He cautiously approached it, and ascertained the enchanting sounds to be those of a female at her devotion.

He contrived to conceal himself behind some thick foliage which fronted one of the casements of the summer-house, in such a manner that, without being discovered, he had a satisfactory view of not only the posture but the countenance of the singer. She sat with her face towards him, beside a table, on which lay a book open before her, which evidently contained the words of the divine song to which she gave such melodious utterance. She was dressed in white. A little girl about eleven or twelve years of age, in the same dress, sat beside her, who gazed upon her with mute and delighted attention ; while the lovely singer, with her left arm resting on the back of the little girl's chair, gently reclined towards her as she sung, as if she wished the more deeply to impress on her young mind the holy sentiments of inspiration with which she herself was animated, and which ascended to Heaven as she poured them fourth in tones of seraphic melody.

Her countenance was such—but I shall not describe it. I will only say that, in the opinion of M'Manus, the world did not contain its equal for all that is sweet, beautiful, and charming. The fact is, that, in contemplating it, his whole recollection became completely absorbed. He forgot ambition, vengeance, war, plunder, religion, heresy, every thing, even himself, in this moment of ec-

static admiration of the only female who had ever touched his feelings.

The strain ended, but he remained rivetted to the spot. She then, with her young companion kneeled; and the following prayer, which she addressed to the throne of her Maker, served in some measure to recall his scattered senses to real life, and to the remembrance of his situation.

“Almighty Power! who so signally manifested thy goodness to the people of this land, by opening their eyes to see, and by strengthening their hands to cleanse away the corruptions which had crept into thy holy religion; now, when the friends of those corruptions have gathered in terrible array against us, and against our reformation;—now, when they, by fire and sword, and every species of violence, threaten to re-establish idolatry amongst us, and to compel us to worship thee in a manner we think sinful; oh! do thou put forth thine hand to disappoint their wicked intentions, and to deliver us from the threatened calamity! Rescue our suffering and bleeding country from the terrors that surround her.—My aged father, O Lord! and my only brother, go forth to-morrow to fight thy battles. Do thou preserve them in the midst of danger; return them safe, after the expulsion of the enemy, to me and to this tender plant, my sister; for what comfort would remain to us in this world

should they fall? Poor, destitute orphans! who would speak to us the words of kindness, or protect us from the designs of the wicked? But thou art all gracious and all powerful, and we commit our cause entirely into thy care. Deal with us in mercy, for our Redeemer's sake. But, should it be thy will to afflict us for our manifold sins, grant us resignation to submit to all thy dispensations; for, O Lord! we believe that the greatest misfortune that could befall us, would be to offend thee. Once more we beseech thee, who art our Maker, to be our Protector. We do not plead our own merits,—alas! we have none! but we plead His, who so loved us that he died for us. Oh! for his sake, grant us deliverance from our present evils.”

The conflicting passions which agitated Munn's mind, when he heard sentiments so adverse to his party and his religion breathed from lips that he could almost have deified, were nearly sufficient to drive him to distraction. He was sometimes, in the moment of rage, for flying to his men, and leading them on to instant vengeance upon the heretical family to which the sorceress belonged. But the vision was too lovely to excite any long continued feeling of resentment, even although it should utter the sentiments of a fiend; and he felt that, if the beautiful heretic should even call down

thunder from Heaven to consume all that he esteemed sacred on earth, he could not depart from her in anger.

But whatever irritation he felt from her prayer, it was soon again soothed by her music ; for rising from her knees, she reseated herself at the table, and with increased sweetness, sung the following hymn, taken from the forty-sixth Psalm, expressive of her confidence in God's interference in behalf of her suffering country :—

WHEN dangers threat, and woes oppress,
 In every form of deep distress,
 The Lord himself our aid shall be,
 From every ill to set us free :
 At random then though earth be toss'd,
 The rudder of her orbit lost ;
 Still in our God, our sure defence,
 We'll trust with fearless confidence.

Though rocks from their foundations fast,
 And mountains midst the sea be cast ;
 Though that dread sea should raging rise,
 And threaten to o'erwhelm the skies ;
 Though sun, and moon, and planets all,
 Should in promiscuous ruin fall ;
 Yet still in our Almighty guide,
 With fearless hearts we will confide !

There is a hope, whose visions bright
 The worshippers of truth delight ;
 It loves the troubled heart to cheer,
 And bids the feeble not to fear.

Hence though our land awhile may mourn,
Though wrath may o'er our cities burn,
We know that God, whom we adore,
Will all her former joys restore !

In vain conspiring nations rage,
And war against God's people wage :
They soon his mighty voice shall hear,
And tremble in their souls with fear.
Then shall they see, and then confess
Our God a God of righteousness,
A God of mercy, kind, and true ;
But yet a God of vengeance too !

Come ! and behold an awful sight,
Terrific wonders of his might !
The earth he to the centre shakes,
Her nations he in pieces breaks ;
Her mightiest works in ruin lays ;
Her fairest monuments of praise,
Her men of pride and great renown
All sink to nothing at his frown.

He brings opposing hosts from far,
And bids them join in horrid war ;
And when again he speaks the word,
Contending nations sheath the sword ;
The furious warrior quits the field,
And breaks the useless bow and shield ;
The spear to pruning knives he turns,
And all the useless armour burns.

" Be still," he cries, " be still, and know
" That all the sons of men below,

" And all the Hosts of Heaven on high,
 " My wondrous acts shall magnify.
 " As I am God, my glorious name
 " Remotest heathens shall proclaim ;
 " Ye, angels shall the chorus raise,
 " While nature all sings to my praise ! "

The very God that this commands,
 For ever as our guardian stands ;
 Ah ! why then should we be afraid ?
 Our safety all is on him laid.
 Beneath his shadow we repose,
 Nor fear the utmost of our foes :
 On Israel's God our hopes depend,
 Our great Creator, King, and Friend.

Having finished, she, with her little companion, left the summer-house. Munn, afraid of being detected in the act of listening, hastened into the adjoining avenue, where, whether by chance or design it is hard to say, he met her almost at the gate. Alarmed at his unexpected appearance and hostile uniform, she shrieked and attempted to fly. He gently stopped her.

" Fear not, fair lady," said he, " I am not thy enemy: deserving of eternal perdition would he be, who would attempt to injure thee ! "

" And what wouldst thou ? " she replied ; " why comest thou in the attire of my country's foes ? For such as thou appearest, there is, at present, no peace with us ;—our house is armed against thee ! "

"I could command a force," returned Munn, his natural haughtiness in some degree arising at what he conceived to sound like a defiance, "which would disregard the arming of thy house. But no," he continued, relapsing into softness; "I would rather be hewn into pieces than injure a hair of thy head, or ruffle a tucker of thy garment!"

"Fly then," she cried, "rash stranger! If your intentions be pacific; for yonder comes my brother, and with him you will have no alternative but war or captivity."

At this moment M'Manus perceived a mounted officer, in scarlet uniform, galloping up the avenue. He had no inclination to fly; but if he had, flight would not have availed him, for the speed of the horseman brought him in a moment to the spot.

"What! a rebel here?" exclaimed the rider: "surrender, Sir!—In the name of King George and my country, you are my prisoner!"

"You must first wrest this weapon from me," returned Munn, drawing his huge broad-sword, and retreating a few steps to put himself in a posture of defence; "but if we must fight," he added, "let us retire from the presence of that lady. I wish not to shock her feelings by deeds of violence; nay, even do as thou wilt, I will not slay her brother in her presence!"

"Then get thee behind yon enclosure," replied the officer, "and have at thee. Thy business with that lady may also require chastisement. Emily! has he insulted thee?"

"No, my brother!" she answered in an entreat-
ing tone. "Ah! do not be so rash! one of you
may fall, and human blood will be uselessly shed.
Ah! I conjure you not to drive this stranger to
extremity; he has here done no harm; let him
return to whence he came, unmolested, since he
does not wish to injure you."

"I would be answerable my sister, for permit-
ting one of his party to escape. No—it cannot
be.—Young man, prepare to fight, or surrender!"

"Fight or surrender!" repeated Munn, with a
look of inexpressible contempt. But that moment
he cast his eyes on the lady, and he paused before
he had uttered the word of defiance that hung
upon his lip. "No, by Heavens! I will not slay
her brother," he mentally exclaimed; "Though I
should be doomed to death and infamy for my
forbearance. But I may disarm him.—I shall at-
tend you, Sir."

The officer dismounted, and they hastened to
the ground he had pointed out.

"Come on!" cried Munn, "try your skill, my
young warrior! You find I am not afraid of your
prowess. You will perhaps tire of the exercise."

The young Englishman, however, attacked him with more spirit than he expected ; and it required all Munn's dexterity to prevent some of the blows from being fatal. At last seeing a favourable moment, he gave his opponent's weapon such a forcible side stroke, as broke it clear off by the hilt. He then threw down his own weapon, and, seizing his antagonist with a grasp forceful as that of a smith's vice, held him for a moment immoveable. He then let him go, and inquired if he were satisfied on which side was the victory.

The Englishman acknowledged himself conquered.—“You are a brave man,” said he, to Munn ; and I wish you a safe return to your friends. But I owe you my life, and must request you to accept my lasting friendship and my present hospitality.”

They returned to the place where they had left the lady, who, having fainted, had just been carried into the house by some servants, whom her sister had alarmed and brought to her assistance. She soon recovered ; and her joy, on seeing both the combatants unhurt, restored her during the evening to considerable gaiety and spirits.

Munn without reserve communicated to Mr. Grenville, which was the name of his new friend, what had been the object of his visit, and how he had been induced to relinquish it. He then has-

tened to order his men back to their encampment, and returned to the hospitable mansion, where, such is the power of love over the most savage and fanatical dispositions, he for the first time in his life, felt satisfaction and enjoyment in the society of protestants. So strongly implanted, however, were early impressions in his mind, that several times during the evening he experienced severe checks of conscience, for thus sacrificing, even for a single evening, his antipathy to heresy at the shrine of beauty; and as soon as he withdrew from the syren's presence, recollecting his brother's fate, he resolved to make a mighty effort to break the spell with which she had bound him, lest it should drag him a single step towards apostacy from the holy faith of his fathers.

But it is not such an easy matter to baffle the power of love, when the seductive god has fully established his empire in the heart; and had Munn not made an almost instantaneous retreat from his reach, with the Pretender's army, the insinuating deity might have been an over-match for the whole force of his religious prejudices and the energy of resolution combined. Even as it was, he could not refrain from stealing an hour, while arrangements were making for the retreat, to take a private and formal farewell of Miss Grenville. During this interview, he was so te-

tally overcome by the potency of love, that his heart exacted from him a vow, to which, during his whole life, he religiously adhered, that for the sake of this lovely heretic, he should never join another woman in wedlock!

CHAPTER VII.

*I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay, Mary,
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary ;
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath, Mary ;
And life ne'er looked more purely bright,
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !*

MOORE'S MELODIES.

THE battle of Culloden, which put an end to the Pretender's wars, and annihilated the ambitious hopes of the house of Stuart, left Munn nothing more to do but to return to his own country, with such of his followers as had survived the toilsome and dangerous campaign through which they had passed.

As comparatively few of the Irish had embarked in this perilous rebellion, the government of that country did not think proper to make much inquiry after them. No more notice was, therefore, taken of our friend Munn after his return to Glen-Arib from an enterprise which had nearly over-

turned the government and destroyed the liberties of the country, than if he had been only engaged in a smuggling expedition.

Several years of his life now passed away in his ordinary practice of illegal distillation and smuggling, without being distinguished by any important event except one. That event was a trip to England, which he took, some months after the rebellion, with the view of once more visiting the Derbyshire beauty, the influence of whose charms upon his mind absence had as yet in no degree impaired.

He was received by the Grenville family with politeness, but with an air of gravity, which shewed that some calamity either had befallen, or threatened to befall it. To his great consternation, he soon discovered that his heart's fairest treasure was at that moment in the last stage of consumption. The intelligence sunk like lead upon his spirits.

"Ah! I thought too truly," he exclaimed, "that she had too much of Heaven about her to be long a dweller on earth. She has ripened too soon for paradise;—but no; she will be happier there than here!"

He was permitted to see her. The progress of her disease had produced a certain shadowy thinness in her form, which resembled an approach to

spirituality; while her glowing complexion, brilliant looks, and handsome features, still remained unaltered, or perhaps from the affecting circumstances of her case, had acquired a superior power of interesting the beholder.

The resolution of Munn was not proof against the affecting power of such a sight. Here he perceived the lovely object that had excited in his breast feelings that had never been there excited by any other human being, about to bid farewell to that world which she had rendered more lovely, but which had been too coarse and corrupt a habitation for one so gentle, pure, and holy! She who had, since he first beheld her, been the constant object of his daily thoughts and his nightly visions, was now indeed before him; but she was about to vanish forever, and to leave behind her, like one of those dreams in which he had so often contemplated her charms, nothing but a pleasing recollection that she once had been, mingled with a bitter sensation that she was now no more.

While these ideas floated through his mind, he could scarcely salute her. She sat upon a sofa, with a table before her, and was reading when he entered. She smiled, and held out her hand to him: he pressed it to his lips; it was feverishly hot, but an unbidden tear from his eye served to cool it. Her colour heightened, and she desired him to sit

down. He obeyed; but to her expression of welcome he could only reply :

“ Ah! Miss Grenville! how is this that I find you?”

“ I am not, indeed,” she replied, “ so active, strong, and healthy as when we first met. I have suffered a great deal since that time, but I am now drawing near the conclusion of my sufferings. Had it been God’s will, I would have gladly enjoyed this world a little longer, for there are individuals in it much endeared to me. But I only go before them to a better world, and am content to be the first to make the happy change.”

She paused. Munn continued silent under an agony of sorrow. His eyes appeared to swell, but not a tear came to his relief as he looked upon her.

“ You are affected,” she continued, “ at the change I have undergone. I feel grateful for the interest which this manifests in my favour; but I grieve to think that my early departure from a troubled world should afflict my friends so much. They should reflect that they are all destined to follow me, and that our separation will be but of short duration.”

Munn had by this time recovered from his agitation sufficiently to converse. Still his grief was vehement, and he scarcely dared to trust himself in expressing it, especially as her brother was pre-

sent: but, recollecting that this brother was aware how much he loved her, he soon threw off reserve, and catching him by the hand:

“Mr. Grenville,” said he, “forgive me for displaying such weakness in your presence; but you know how my heart has been devoted to this lady. It was she who saved me from the commission of robbery and murder. Had it not been for the power of her charms, I should have pillaged this house, and taken your life, and might, perhaps, have gone on with the system of devastation and cruelty which I had projected. But her loveliness arrested my career of guilt and villany, ere it was commenced; and it is to her I owe that I am not at this moment the monster in barbarity I had intended to become. Ever since, whether amidst the tumults of war, or the tranquillity of peace, I have never ceased to make the contemplation of her absent beauties the chief pleasure of my existence. It is true that I dared not to hope that she should ever become my wife; but I dared to vow that I should never have another. The obstacles to our union I knew to be insurmountable; but my vow in some measure reconciled me to a misfortune that could not be remedied. I longed again to behold those charms which had given to my soul a new feeling of existence, and which faithful memory constantly figured to my enamoured imagination. I wander-

ed here to enjoy this satisfaction, as a pilgrim wanders to adore the image of a superior Being. I now see the object of my desire,—the sweet saint of my devotion; but it is with the melancholy conviction that I shall not see her long. She is about to pass away—to become invisible, except to my ardent imagination, from which her loveliness shall never, never fade!”

In about three weeks Miss Grenville resigned her pure spirit into the hands of him that made it. Her lover remained with her friends some weeks longer, until his strength and spirits were sufficiently recruited to permit his return to his own county. Before his departure, a small gold casket was put into his hands by his young friend Mr. Grenville, who mentioned that it was a legacy from his sister.

“She entrusted me with it,” he added, “only a few days before she died, with a request that I should deliver it to you privately before you left this country. With its contents I am unacquainted; but whatever they may be, they are your property.”

This bequest, so precious to the heart of M'Manus, he retired to examine in secret. It contained, on one plate two well-drawn portraits—one of himself, and the other of the testator, apparently taken at a time when she was in the bloom of health and

beauty. It was adorned with a number of diamonds of great value. M'Manus pressed it to his lips, and vowed that it should be for ever worn next his heart. This picture was enveloped in a silken case, which also contained the following letter, superscribed,

“To Edmund M'Manus, Esq.

“Sir,

“The slight and accidental knowledge we have obtained of each other has been fatal to me. I fear that it has been also unfortunate to you.

“Our first interview caused me to think that you loved me. At our second your own lips confirmed the opinion; and, alas! your delicate behaviour to me, and your magnanimity towards my brother, rendered my too susceptible heart favourably disposed to return the sentiment. I did return it; with what ardour and sincerity, my early dissolution bears witness. I knew our loves to be hopeless. Our religions, our prejudices, our families,—all things connected with us, were dissimilar; we had nothing in common but our love. It seemed, therefore, impossible that we could be united; and imprudent, perhaps criminal, to desire a union.

“But I could not banish the feeling; it preyed secretly and strongly upon me; it undermined my

health; it dried up the fountains of my life: I die its victim.

“My brother will deliver you this when I am dead. Let it be to you a memorial of my affection. An eminent artist drew my portrait shortly after I first saw you; and by its side I painted your’s from memory. They may be united although the originals cannot. Keep them together for my sake; they were placed so for yours. The jewels that enrich them might have ornamented me on my bridal-day, had Providence been so disposed. On such an occasion, could my vain wishes have been accomplished, both they and their wearer should have been yours. Let them still be yours—if not with their mistress, at least with her picture; and if you should lead another love to the altar, a daughter of yours may yet wear them.

“God grant you length of days and happiness; and, when you next place your affections on a female, may the result be more fortunate! Farewell! Oh! that we may meet in a happier world!

“Emily Grenville.”

These events could not but make a great alteration on the manners, feelings, and views of M'Manus. His former acquaintances observed, almost immediately on his return from England, that he had lost much of his fierce enthusiasm and rude

promptitude of action. At balls, assemblies, fairs, or markets, he was seldom seen; and, when seen, he was no longer the hero of the quarrel and the dictator of the mob. Even his smuggling adventures were for some time laid aside; and the laws against illicit distillation began to take their proper course in his vicinity, without obstruction.

Priest O'Cassidy was somewhat startled to find that he did not inveigh as formerly against heretics; and it will be recollected by the reader that it was about this period his brother experienced the advantage of his present moderation on this subject. On paying a debt to a protestant tradesman, he did not, as formerly, curse him to perdition for a heretic; nor, on meeting with a beggar, did he oblige him to cross himself, ere he gave him alms. Mr. M'Culloch also found him less violent than he expected, in urging his demand for his niece Isabella; for neither fraud nor force was used to obtain her, as he had been assured, by those who knew Munn's character, would undoubtedly be the case. How to account for this forbearance, he could not tell; for the plain reason, that he did not know Munn's secrets; and the good man was very much, but very agreeably, puzzled on the subject.

Time, however, as it mollified his grief for the loss of Miss Grenville, produced a corresponding

relapse into his former habits of fanaticism and violence; and, after his mother's death, which took place in 1748, as he seldom appeared in female society, his manners, in a few years, became even more rude and uncultivated than in the high blood of his juvenile days. In time too, his illegal pursuits resumed their former ascendancy; and as he mixed in the business of life, and met with rivals and opponents, his quarrelsomeness and ferocity also returned. He indeed, never ceased to love and venerate the memory of Miss Grenville, which circumstance prevented his hatred to Englishmen and protestants from being so uniform and deadly as it had formerly been; but he was still liable to fierce and frequent paroxysms of rage against them. As to his hostility against the Rosendales, it had never experienced any diminution; and seemed, as he increased in years, to increase in strength and inveteracy; so that want of power and opportunity alone had hitherto prevented it from breaking out into acts of outrage and vengeance.

But, while the distance of the Rosendales saved them from the effects of Munn's hereditary hatred, the quarrelsome activity of his mind often found vent in collisions with his neighbour Rogerson, whose activity in thwarting his contraband pursuits kept him in a perpetual ferment of embarrassment

and rage. He had, indeed, good reason to dislike this heretical guardian of the revenue; for of many a fair package of goods, and many a profitable distilling establishment, he despoiled him and his confederates, and handed the same over to the King; a personage who had, in Munn's estimation, infinitely less right to them.

It was in the year 1761, that a contest took place between these hostile neighbours, which brought Munn under the lash of the law, and added greatly to his bitterness of mind against the government of the country.

Rogerson obtained information that he had gone on a smuggling voyage with his old associate M'Cann; and, being persuaded that he would return loaded with contraband goods, he determined to lie in wait for him. He therefore, in conjunction with his son and a number of tide-waiters from a neighbouring port, secretly but vigilantly watched a long extent of the coast for several weeks.

At length, from off Torr Point, he discovered the good sloop Shark, Connolly M'Cann, master, his long meditated prize, steering for the small unfrequented bay which is formed by the mouth of Cushendun river. The preconcerted signal was immediately given, and several King's boats made their appearance in a few hours at the appointed place of rendezvous; whence, with all sail set, they

turned their prows towards the Shark,—the boat in which Rogerson and his son were placed, leading the van.

As they kept close to the shore, they were not observed by the people on board of the Shark, until they were about half a mile distant. Aware of their design, M'Manus and M'Cann changed their course, and endeavoured to get off, but were prevented by a calm; while the King's boats, by the aid of their oars, soon approached so near as to be within hail. M'Cann with a speaking trumpet demanded their business. They made no reply, but, holding on their course, were in a few minutes alongside of the Shark, on board of which Rogerson demanded admittance in the king's name; which being refused, the party, armed with pistols and cutlasses, attempted to effect it by force. Munn and M'Cann called upon their crew to resist, and "throw the protestant rascals into the sea!" Some obeyed, but others were intimidated by the number of the assailants and the illegality of their own cause. The two leaders, however, with three or four of their men, made a courageous resistance—laying about them with sabres, axes, and handspikes so furiously, that several of the king's party were seriously hurt and hurled back into their boats, from which, however, they again sprung to the attack.

M'Manus, having a particular wish to inflict ven-

geance on Rogerson, flew to the larboard chains, where that officer and his son had obtained a footing on board, exclaiming :

“ Ah ! the pillaging scoundrels, have at them ! ”

He was armed with a huge rusty sword, with which he made a fierce thrust, in order to bury it in the body of his enemy. Young Rogerson perceived his father's danger, and, with a well-aimed blow of his cutlass, struck the coming weapon so forcibly aside, that its point ran into a joint in the bulwark and broke. With a back sweep, however, of this mutilated weapon, Munn felled young Rogerson to the deck ; while, with his other hand, he seized the descending cutlass of the old Rogerson, which would have otherwise pierced him through the neck, and wrenched it from him. The two then closed upon each other in deadly gripe ; but the superior strength of M'Manus in an instant gained the advantage. A couple of boatmen now darted upon him, in order to rescue Rogerson ; but Munn held him before him, as a shield from their weapons, until, watching his opportunity, he made one leap, with incredible strength and agility, towards the stern of the vessel, with his prey secured firmly in his grasp ; then, flinging him overboard with as much ease as if he were heaving the lead, he exclaimed :—

“ There ! sink to perdition, you damned, cant-

ing, black-mouthed Presbyterian! I long owed you this." But, turning to attack his other adversaries, he perceived the vessel taken, for M'Cann was disarmed, and the crew had ceased resistance. He himself was instantly surrounded and compelled to surrender; but what perhaps at that moment added most to his grief was, that his arch-enemy was saved and brought on board by his son and another boatman. Young Rogerson had just resumed his feet on recovering from the stunning effects of the blow that had knocked him down, when he perceived his father thrown overboard. He jumped into the sea after him, and with the assistance of an expert sailor, who brought a boat to their aid, saved him from drowning.

The vessel and cargo were now seized as contraband property and lawful prize to his Majesty and the captors, and steered for the port of Larne, where M'Manus, M'Cann, and such of the crew as had made any resistance, were delivered prisoners into the hands of the constables, and were thence soon conveyed to the jail of Carrickfergus.

At the next assizes, none of the boatmen having died of their wounds, the grand jury thought proper to indict the prisoners only of a riot, and an attempt to obstruct the King's officers in the performance of their duty. The facts were easily proved, and they were all found guilty. The com-

mon sailors were sentenced each to six months imprisonment, and to be whipped through the town of Carrickfergus ; while their leaders, M'Manus and M'Cann, were ordered to undergo a year's imprisonment, to pay each a fine of five hundred pounds, and to give ample securities to keep the peace and refrain from smuggling.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Oh! green were the fields where my forefathers dwell, O,
Erin ma vorneen, slanliet go bragh!
Though our farm was but small, yet great comfort we felt, O,
Erin ma vorneen, slanliet go bragh!
At length came the day when our lease did expire,
Oh! fain would I've lived where before lived my sire,
But ah! well-a-day! I was forced to retire!
Erin ma vorneen, slanliet go bragh!*

POPULAR SONG.

SHORTLY after the expiration of Munn's imprisonment, his father died. He had long acted as the avowed champion of his clan; but on him now devolved, by birth-right, all the dignities and responsibilities belonging to its sole and undisputed patriarch and chief. It, therefore, became his great and unceasing study how to act worthy of this high and exalted station.

To his habits of thinking and feeling, no mode of serving his clan appeared half so glorious and gratifying, as that of inflicting vengeance on their enemies. This would be a noble retaliation for the injuries sustained by their ancestors—a holy

punishment on the unbelieving enemies of their faith, and a just and sweet revenge for their own daily oppressions. His mind, soured by his late imprisonment, glowed with a more than ordinary resentment against his own and his people's adversaries; and he began to look upon humbling and distressing them as the great duty, to perform which he had been sent into the world. The civilization and enlightening of his followers, the introducing among them knowledge, industry, arts, wealth, comfort, and refinement, were in his estimation far inferior objects,—nay, inasmuch as these were favourite pursuits with the heretics, they were hateful in his eyes; and except in the arts of poetry, music, and dancing, to which we may, perhaps, add those of distilling, smuggling, and fighting, he absolutely set his face against every improvement being made or adopted by the people of Glen-Arib.

In this policy of keeping the minds of his clansmen immersed in ignorance and barbarity, the renowned M'Manus has had many imitators among the great men of the earth. In latter times especially, we have it on record that a sagacious emperor on the European continent—a ruler no less renowned than Munn for despotism and superstition, but far inferior to him in valour, magnanimity, and candour, issued his imperial edict, that the career of

learning should be stopped in his dominions; because knowledge only tended to convert miserable slaves into discontented subjects, and superstitious and bigotted barbarians, into enlightened and liberal Christians.

In pursuance of this statesman-like policy, Munn contrived to prevent any heretic or scholar from settling in Glen-Arib, or any of his Glen-Arib men from wandering elsewhere after heresy or learning. He also took care, in the fairs, markets, and other public meetings of the people, that, when any of his own way of thinking should engage in a quarrel, they should always come off victorious, either by his own individual assistance, (for he disregarded his recognizance to keep the peace,) or, if that were not sufficient, by giving a signal for his Glen-Arib men, of whom, on such occasions, he had always a party at hand, to interfere.

But this mode of annoying the government was on too confined and paltry a scale to satisfy the rancorous ambition of Munn. He sighed for some opportunity of national discontent and disturbance, in order that he might obtain allies who could afford him a wider scope and more extended resources for the infliction of his vengeance. It was not long until the conduct adopted by the agent of an absentee nobleman of the county of Antrim towards a large portion of his tenantry whose leases had

expired, produced exactly that kind of ferment in the minds of the people, that he wanted.

This agent informed the tenants that his employer's wish was, to let his lands, without raising their rents, to such as would pay the highest sum, under the denomination of a *fine*, for their new leases. Many of the smaller tenants were unable to pay the fines demanded; in consequence of which they were dispossessed, and their farm let to richer individuals, who exacted from the new occupiers, or such of the old ones as ventured to comply with their terms, higher rents than the properties were worth. A great deal of distress and misery, to a numerous class of these unfortunate renters, was the consequence, which of course excited the sympathy of thousands who did not in their own persons feel the grievance. Those especially whose leases were drawing to a close, were afraid that the pernicious example might be followed by other landlords, and they themselves become the next sufferers. It was, therefore, the ardent wish of every farmer, throughout the country, whose lease was terminable, that the growth of such an oppressive custom should be checked, ere it became too formidable for opposition to be useful.

At the same time, the feelings of the people were also much irritated by a plan which was adopted for the gratification of such as paid large

lines, of throwing several small farms into one. This plan was rendered still more offensive, by many of these united farms being let to graziers and converted into pasture grounds; thereby diminishing the grain produce of the country, to the manifest danger of causing a famine in the land. "At all events, this conduct," it was said, "betrayed an unnatural disposition in the rich to prefer raising food for brutes rather than men!"

This was such a state of the public mind as M'Manus waited for. It is true that the majority of the discontented were Presbyterians; a people, in his estimation, the very worst of all heretics. But they were mostly of the lower orders, and therefore, he could the more readily overlook their errors; besides, they could the more easily be wielded to his purpose, and made fit instruments for humbling their haughty superiors, who had now become their oppressors and adversaries as well as his.

With these ideas revolving in his mind, he set out for a fair, held in the month of May, in the town of Ballyclare, then the centre of the disaffected neighbourhood. He was attended by Dennis M'Clurkin, his family musician, whose musical talents were always sure to meet with profitable employment in such places.

The day was yet young when they alighted at a

public house, about three miles from Ballyclare. This receptacle for thirsty as well as weary travellers, was well known, for many miles round, by the name of the Game-cock Tavern, from a badly drawn figure of that fowl, which was perched upon the sign-board. The house was a long stone building of two stories, with massive walls and slated roof; but owing to some whim in the architect, rather scant of windows in the front; while those which it did possess were unusually narrow, occasioning the intervening spaces of stone work to be remarkably large, heavy, and formidable in their appearance. From this circumstance, this noted tavern was often called the Battery; having the felicity, like many other places of importance, to enjoy two appellations;—the one derived from its own natural aspect, and the other from its faithful herald and constant companion upon the sign-board.

The owner of this hospitium was a lively, merry, middle-aged man, called David Donaldson, who, of all things on earth, loved a jolly guest, a loud laugh, and a pitcher of punch. His wife had made him the father of two or three children; she was a pretty, good-natured, cleanly woman, who had the knack of coquetting and jesting with her customers, without either injuring her reputation or lessening her dignity. In short, both Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson were well suited to each and to their

vocation, and their vocation was well suited to them: so that, in reality, they were as happy and cheerful a couple as could be found in the country.

“Oh! Mr. M‘Manus! by my faith, but I’m glad to see you!” shouted the landlord as he ran out bare-headed to receive Munn’s horse; exclaiming with the same breath to the ostler—“Wull! Wull! haste ye! an’ tak’ care o’ thir gentleman’s horses.”

M‘Manus by this time had alighted, and seized the landlord by the hand, which he shook cordially; saying, “how do you do, Mr. Donaldson? Why, man, you’re as cheery and brisk as I ever saw you.”

“Ay! still the auld five-pence, thank God! An’ ye wear weel yoursel, M‘Manus. I think you’re grown a wae lustier since we last met; but aye as supple as a twa-year-auld. Ballyclare may brag o’ ye yet on a fair day.”

“How do you do Mrs. Donaldson!” cried Munn, who had advanced into the house during the delivery of his landlord’s compliments.

“Very weel,” sir, replied the smart landlady; “but still better to see you here. Will you walk into the parlour an’ rest yoursel.”

“Mr. M‘Manus, an’ his man, nae doubt, will be wantin’ breakfast, Sally,” observed the landlord, by way of interrogation, to his guest.

Munn assented, provided that it should be a speedy one, as he said he wished to be in the fair by mid-day.

“It will be ready in a jiffey,” replied the landlord. “In the meantime they’re some frien’s o’mine—may be aqua’ntances o’ ye’re ain, in the parlour. Ye’ll step in an’ crack wi’ them awee, an’ may be drink something to gie ye a stomach.”

Munn obeyed—while Dennis M’Clurkin retired with his fiddle-case and its contents, to the kitchen, as on this occasion became him: for although he enjoyed the dignity of being harper to the M’Manus family, yet his own good nature and their frugality, frequently combined to reduce him to the humble station of a footman; or rather, although he only received the emoluments of one, he performed the duties of both offices, just as the family required them.

In the parlour, Munn found three countrymen over their glasses, one of whom only he knew, and saluted by the name of Douglas. In a minute Munn had his glass of the stimulus also on the table.

“What is the news now stirring in this neighbourhood, Mr. Douglas?” he inquired.

“Only such news,” answered the other, “as can give no satisfaction to the poor man. You have

heard, no doubt, of the new method of letting land on D——l's estate?"

"Yes, sir; and it is another proof, among the thousands we have had, of how little the rich cherish a fellow-feeling for the poor."

"For the sake of a few guineas," observed Douglas, "they think nothing of driving heart-broken, destitute families out of house and holding, to beggary and starvation."

"Surely perdition yet will overtake such villainy," muttered one of the men whom Munn did not know, with emphatic bitterness.

"I wonder the people do not rise in a mass, to stop the oppression, or destroy the oppressors," observed Douglas.

"It would be a righteous and noble rising," said M'Manus. "It would be a struggle for justice that would deserve the aid, and command the prayers of all good men. It would please me to the heart, to teach tyrants such a lesson!"

"I hope they will yet be taught it, and that effectually too," said Douglas; "but," continued he, "I fear the spirits of the people are too much broken down with their sufferings."

"Proper management might infuse both sufficient spirit and energy into them," replied Munn; and he was about to continue his observation, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord,

announcing breakfast. He was shewn into a room, where he was waited on by the landlady in person.

In those good old times that are sunk half a century deep in the gulph of "eternity elapsed," the breakfast beverage of tea, now so common as to be almost indispensable, was then a rarity, and neither expected nor received by every common traveller at an Irish inn. Hence, when it was received, it was the more precious, and was considered as a flattering testimony of the particular esteem in which the landlord, or rather the landlady, held the guest.

It was in this light that Munn viewed the delightful infusion of the best congou, with which Mrs. Donaldson on this occasion presented him; ham, chickens, eggs, toast and crackers formed the accompaniments: and the guest did not hesitate to do justice to the goodness of the fare. The good-humoured sprightliness of the hostess, also contributed to add enjoyment to the feast, which Munn relished perhaps the more sensibly as he had not for many years past been much accustomed to the charms of female society.

"You dinna aften travel our way?" observed Mrs. Donaldson, as she handed him his first cup.

"Not so often as I could wish," he replied, "if every landlady on the road would furnish such tempting inducements as you do."

"Ah! Sir," said she with a smile, "keepin' tavern would indeed be a pleesure instead o' a toil, gin a' our guests were as easily pleased as you; but some surly folk wunna' confess when they are pleased. It does a body's heart guid to hae yin like you in the hoose."

"Why, he should have neither palate nor eyes," said Munn, "Who would not be pleased with such a table and such an attendant; and he ought to be whipped for dishonesty who would not confess his pleasure."

"Some folk," said the lady, "hae cunning enough to preffess pleesure when no' pleased; an' it may be that you yoursel' may want to mend a bad breakfast by makin fun o' the landlady!"

"No! by Saint Patrick!" replied Munn, "I like the relish of my breakfast well, but I like the presence of my landlady better!"

"You're unwise in that Mr. M'Manus, as weel as ungratefu', for the breakfast will do you maist guid."

"Faith! Mrs. Dainty," said Munn familiarly, while he handed her his cup to be replenished; "I believe you are half right. Forbidden fruit was never wholesome, however fair to look at. Our pretty grandmother of Eden first found that out."

"Ah! you hae learnt that fræ Geneses, Sir. The old story o' Eve an' the serpent! The poor

woman maun aye bear the rub o't. Our minister, Mr. Kirkwright, himsel', was at it last Sunday; but I tauld him since that, I thought Adam had the least credit in the affair."

"How so? hostess!" demanded Munn.

"Why!" replied the hostess, "he let a silly woman owercome him, whereas Eve had the devil to deal wi'!"

"By Saint Peter! an excellent idea! Let women alone for craft. In our days at least, I think the devil would have no chance with them. I wish some modern lady had been in Eve's place; she would certainly have outwitted the old cheat."

"I maun say, you compliment owre muckle, Sir;—we only think aboot cheatin' men. We want to ha' na' dealings wi' devils."

"It may be so," replied Munn. "Ye may be saints—nay, ye may be angels, as ye are sometimes called—but by Saint Columb! ye often make devils of men!"

At this moment the landlord entered with a note, which he delivered to M'Manus. He broke the seal, and found the following contents:

"Sir,

"Perceiving that you have the humanity to detest the present system of *landlord cruelty*, which distresses the country, and not doubting but

you would willingly lend a hand to oppose it; I invite you to meet me in this house at nine o'clock to night, if your business will permit you to return from the fair so soon, that I may confer with you on some measures which I think it would be useful to adopt under present circumstances.

“M. DOUGLAS.”

Munn, delighted with this communication, hastily finished his meal, and summoning Dennis M'Clurkin, who had regaled very comfortably in the kitchen, on potatoes and beef and a mug of beer, bade good morning to his good-humoured host and hostess, and set off for the fair, resolving to be back at the time appointed for this conference.

CHAPTER IX.

*These are the fellows whom our people hate,
The blustering minions who would lord it o'er us ;
Seize them, brave spirit ! roll them in the mire,
And let them seek for justice as they list.—
Justice ! aye, faith, we'll yield it to them soundly,
Till trembling on their knees they beg our pardon.*

SIMON GURTY.

THE chief purpose of Munn's visiting the fair, being thus likely to be answered at to the Gamecock, he was under less concern as to the issue of other matters. His other business was chiefly to purchase some cattle for the purpose of stocking certain pasture grounds he had rented in Glen-Arib. This would not detain him long; but as the important interview was not to take place till night, he conceived he might as well spend the intermediate time amidst the busy and entertaining scenes of the fair, as elsewhere.

He arrived there about mid-day, but found that he was too late to make any advantageous purchase of cattle. There remained for sale none but such as were of a very inferior quality, and these were

dear beyond all reasonable expectation. This state of things was produced by a cause in itself sufficient to awaken all his ill nature, however much it might have been lulled into repose by the morning's transactions.

Some merchants of Belfast, who wished to speculate in fattening beef cattle for slaughter and exportation, had engaged in the unpopular measure of renting a number of farms, according to the new practice, and had dispossessed the former occupiers with some aggravated circumstances of harshness and cruelty. It was the agents of these men that had, previous to Munn's arrival, bought up all the prime cattle in the fair, and had consequently raised the price of the rest.

With his mind soured, both against their employers and themselves, Munn heartily wished for an opportunity of mortifying these agents. There were two of them. He advanced to them as they were bargaining for a couple of steers, which appeared to be the only tolerable cattle yet for sale in the market.

"My friends," said he, "you have made great bargains to day, I understand. May I inquire how you are to dispose of such a large stock?"

One of the agents, a young fellow of more mettle than management, promptly replied, "If we knew

by what authority you make the inquiry, we might be inclined to answer it."

"Heigh day! that's noole, my young hero!" returned MUNN, sarcastically. "But if I judge right, you are going to feed your brutes on land that should feed men; and the destitute, and the wandering thousands whom the avarice of your masters, and such as they, have made homeless and houseless, authorize me, by their sufferings, to catechise, and if need be, to chastise the vile instruments of their oppression."

"You had better utter your threats where they will be feared," answered the young man, whose rage could not be restrained by the efforts of his more prudent companion. "We are not disposed to account for our conduct to every ruffian who questions us, much less to such as have the presumption to bully us on the subject."

"Stop there!" said Munn, his eyes flaming with uncontrolable wrath. "If thou say another word, by all that is holy! thou snarling tool of tyranny! I'll trample thee in the mire, as I would a dead whelp."

The companion of the enraged young man, here interfered to pacify M'Manus, but with little success.

"Thou too," he exclaimed, "thou black-hearted fawning hypocrite art linked in the same chain of

iniquity. Go thy way, I scorn thy meanness even more than I hate the insulting rudeness of thy companion. Depart! ere I make your heads clash together, and roll you over each other like rotten logs upon the street."

The pacific agent now began himself to lose temper, or rather his patience began to yield to the persevering violence of his opponent, and to Munn's last threat he replied with considerable spirit:

"That, my good friend, is easier said than done. What if we now put your blustering to the proof! Our rolling won't be such a trifling job."

While he said this, he cast off his hat, cravat, and coat, in preparation for combat. His companion did the same.

"Are you both ready, my valiant heroes?" shouted Munn, who had also prepared himself. "If so, come on together. Here is a fist for each of you."

"No, that would be unfair;" said the last irritated of the two. "One to one is enough, I shall try you first."

"You, ye Popinjay!" exclaimed Munn, "I scorn to give you a soldier's blow." At the same time, springing to one side, he dashed upon him with such a forcible side-kick, as sent him to some distance among the crowd, and left him sprawling in the dirt. "And now for you, you tinder-pated abortion!" he again shouted, as he seized the other,

and whirling him around, threw him upon his companion. "If you are now satisfied with your exploits," he continued, "you may both walk away, and bring a constable as soon as you please."

He then resumed his clothes and withdrew to the inn where he had left the harper, and his horses, amidst the applauding huzzas of the multitude.

So speedily had the affray commenced and terminated, that no report of it had reached the inn, which was at the other end of the village, when Munn arrived there. He found Dennis M'Clurken professionally employed in administering with his fiddle to the jollity of a party of dancers who were bounding away to the tune of "Paddy O'Rafferty," with such animation that the whole house shook, and with such unceasing noise and intensity of enjoyment, that regiments might have fought in the streets without being honoured by their notice.

Munn, perceiving his musician so happily engaged, did not disturb him, but seated himself in a corner of the room where he might sooth the irritation of his mind, by witnessing the merry feats and good-humoured noise of the company. The danger of his antagonists appealing to the law gave him no concern; for he knew, that it would be difficult for them to prove him the aggressor; but, be that as it would, he knew that it would be equally

difficult for any single constable to make him a prisoner without his consent.

He had not, however, sat long until a constable made his appearance, followed by the discomfited and enraged cattle-dealers. He proceeded to arrest Munn, who starting to his feet, in a voice of thunder ordered him to stand off. The whole room was instantly a scene of confusion, and blows would have immediately taken place, had not a man whom Munn recognised to be his friend Douglas, whispered in his ear, "submit, you shall again be victorious."

"Be quiet, Mr. Constable," said Munn, "I will go with you; but keep these monkey-faced cow-dealers out of my reach, if you value the soundness of their bones."

The party, followed by a large concourse of people, proceeded to the house of a Mr. Onsley, a magistrate, who resided about half a mile from the village. On reaching the presence of this man of authority, Mr. Douglas, who had attended the procession, requested a private interview with him for a few minutes on important business. The dignitary complied, and they withdrew into an adjoining chamber. In about ten minutes they returned into the hall of office; and the man of power assuming his spectacles, and opening his large folio docket, proceeded to examine the parties.

"Mr. Constable, who is your prisoner?"

“ This gentleman, Mr. M‘Manus, sir.”

“ You, a pretty fellow, indeed ! who ordered you to make a gentleman your prisoner ?”

“ These youngsters ! your honour. I believe, they are Belfast sparks in service. But they can answer for themselves.”

“ Ho ! sir, you with the torn ruffles ! what is your name ?”

“ Richard Clearfield, sir.”

“ Very appropriate ; as I understand you have lately in a most gallant style, swept certain fields in an adjoining barony quite clear of their old owners. You have been honoured with the title, no doubt, from your dexterity at this benevolent business. But say—what is your complaint against the prisoner ?”

“ I complain against him, may it please you, sir, for rudely and violently assaulting me and my companion while in the peaceable pursuit of our lawful calling to-day in the public street ; and forcibly throwing us both down among the crowd, to the great annoyance, danger, and detriment of our bodies as well as our clothes.”

“ A likely story, indeed !” observed Onsley, “ that one man should in open day prostrate two on the ground. But I perceive that your backs bear testimony to your downfall. What says your writhing companion there ? Your name, sir ?”

“Thomas Landsdown, sir.”

“Quite unsuitable! If I may believe report, your name is the reverse of your profession, Lands-up would be more appropriate to one who takes lands over other people’s heads. But without punning, what charge have you against the prisoner?”

“The same that Mr. Clearfield has made. He has stated the truth to your worship.”

“But hold,” said Onsley; “I must examine you upon oath.”

The oath being administered—“Tell me,” continued he, “Mr. Landsdown, on what part of the body did the prisoner strike you, or rather did he strike you at all?”

“Sir! he kicked me so unmercifully on the right haunch, here, that the pain is still intolerable, and I am yet lame with it.”

“Oh! it was only a kick then that overset you in the mud! But pray, sir, before the prisoner gave you this tremendous kick, had you not stripped with the intention to fight him, and had you not even advanced in a bullying threatening manner to attack him.”

“I—I—Sir. Yes, sir—But he had so insulted me I could not endure it.”

“And so—my quarrelsome young jackanapes, you would take the law into your own hands, would you? You would first advance to knock down a

gentleman, from a supposition that he had insulted you, and then you would accuse him of an assault and battery for defending himself. But, thank God ! there is more justice in the land than you are aware of. Sit down, sir, I have done with you.”—Mr. Clearfield, come forward. “Did the prisoner strike you?”

“He seized me by the breast, sir, and threw me down.”

“Were you not, like your companion, advancing to assault him when he did so?”

“Sir—Sir—we—we all three had stripped to fight?”

“What ! two against one. That was valiant, indeed ! Why, you might have killed the man ! But like your accomplice there, I suppose, you would have pleaded the provocation of ill language for the crime.”

“Why, yes, sir, he had used intolerably insolent and scolding language.”

“Scolding language ! Indeed, I have heard of old women being indicted for such an offence ; but I am yet to learn, that the law in such cases applies to our sex. I see evidently, that in chastising you, my young gentleman, Mr. M‘Manus acted only in his own defence. Constable, you may discharge the prisoner. And Mr. M‘Manus,” continued he, with a bow, “I hope you will do me the favour to step

with Mr. Douglas into the parlour and take a glass of wine."

"Sir," said Douglas to the magistrate, "I think it would be but justice, if Mr. M'Manus would sue these gentlemen peace-breakers for false imprisonment."

"It is undoubtedly in his power to do so," observed the magistrate, looking significantly at M'Manus; "but if I may be allowed to interfere in the case, as he has already painted their jackets pretty well, I think he may be content to let them go if they apologize for their misconduct. It is an old truism—the less one has to do with filth, the more he will preserve his cleanliness."

"If the puppies acknowledge their fault, and give five guineas to the poor of the parish, I shall have nothing more to do with them," replied Munn.

"What say you, my lads," said Douglas, "do you comply with the terms or will you be kept in custody by his constableness there, on a charge of unlawfully and maliciously seizing and detaining the person of Edmund M'Manus, Esq. one of his Majesty's liege subjects; which charge against you, can be clearly and amply proven by many witnesses."

"We have not received justice; nay, we have

received the worst of foul play," replied Landsdown: "I will comply with no such terms."

"Sirrah!" said the magistrate, "do you impeach my justice? Constable, do your duty. Detain that fellow to answer in another place for this contempt."

"May it please your worship," said Clearfield, whose fears were beginning to produce a desire to get rid of their disagreeable predicament, "to grant us half an hour to deliberate on what is best to be done. We shall not ask to leave this office for that time, and you may then deal with us according to our decision."

The half hour was granted, and the three gentlemen retired in the interim to drink wine, and to laugh at the ridiculous and mortifying situation into which the young traders had got involved.

"I rejoice," said the magistrate, after their first burst of merriment was over, "that Mr. M^cManus had something like a legal plea for chastising their insolence; for, having their pockets full of money, they have, during the whole morning, been crowing over and brow-beating every respectable person they met with in the fair. Still I know we must let them off, for we have, in reality, no proper grounds for detaining them; and I acknowledge that I have no great desire to inflict that punishment on agents, which should with more justice

fall on the employers. I dislike the present system of letting lands only to the rich: still it is not contrary to law, and it cannot with safety or propriety be opposed, farther than by embracing every legal opportunity to discountenance it."

"Sir," said Douglas, "the country should unite in opposing it."

"It would be an unlawful combination," replied the magistrate; "but petitions to parliament might be got up against it; although, I confess, I do not see how even parliament could interfere on the subject. Making statutes to control a man's authority over his own property might be deemed unconstitutional. But the evil is great; and if it be not by some means checked, the mischief it may produce will be incalculable. To contemplate what it has already produced, is really sickening to humanity."

"I honour you, Mr. Onsley," said M'Manus, "for such sentiments; and, although I think that where the hopes of redress by regular and legal methods are so small, there would be no crime in directing the energies of the people against the grievance, even should they be secretly collected and combined; yet, from your official situation, I can duly appreciate and respect the scruples you entertain against such a species of opposition."

"It is too grave a point for present discussion,"

CHAPTER X.

*The plot of vengeance is at length contrived;
The test is form'd, and sworn, with ardour sworn to
By foul conspirators against the laws;
Who thus rejoice to work their country's wo!
Ill-fated land! whose children disagree
So oft, and meditate each other's ruin!
Alas! will Irishmen ne'er love each other!
Oh! will they never view themselves as brethren,
And learn that concord is their truest wisdom!*

IRISH SOOTHSAYER.

MUNN, and his new associate, Douglas, spent the evening with the magistrate in all the festivity and high glee of Irish conviviality. The former was, indeed, astonished at the more than usual degree of respect which the magistrate paid him. Throughout the whole evening, he manifested towards him a warmth and a desire to please, which far surpassed the ordinary demands of good breeding and hospitality, even of such ardent hospitality as Irishmen ever consider due to a stranger and a guest!

On their way back to the Game Cock, M'Manus therefore, could not help expressing to Dou-

glas his pleasure and surprise, at meeting with such extraordinary kindness from a mere stranger, and confessed his inability to account for it.

“Order your servant forward out of hearing,” said Douglas, (for Dennis M‘Clurkin was at this moment almost alongside of them,) “and I shall account for it to your satisfaction.”

Dennis received his instructions, and rode on.

“You will be surprised when I tell you,” continued Douglas, “that there is, at this moment, no man in the country who possesses so much influence over my cousin Onsley, (for my mother’s side of the house confers upon us that relationship,) as yourself. I knew this when I advised you to submit to the constable; otherwise, I would rather have attempted to rescue you by force of arms, than have seen you a prisoner on the present occasion. But the best way to account for my cousin’s partiality towards you is, to give you a concise sketch of his history.

“He was the only son of Thomas Onsley, a gentleman, who made himself my uncle by the plain method of marrying my aunt. They were an honest, well-meaning, neighbourly couple, possessed of an income of about two hundred a year, on which they contrived to live a very reasonable time on this precious earth of ours, without either increasing their wealth by industry, or diminishing it by

extravagance. Quiet and unambitious, their existence was harmless, perhaps useless, to the world, unless we may consider their occasioning my cousin to come into it as a useful transaction. But, useful or not, it was the only one of their lives worth recording.

“George—for so my cousin was baptized, in compliment to royalty,—was intended for the church, by his father, who had a smattering of piety in his composition. He belonged to the episcopal persuasion; although, by the bye, he was the only one of my kindred who did so; for, as far as I can learn, every mother’s son and daughter of us have been true disciples of John Knox. But George himself had no great relish for the pastoral office. He, however, like a dutiful son, went through the usual courses of Trinity College, preparatory to his taking orders; and would no doubt have assumed the cloth, had not the death of his father happened at a very convenient season to leave him to his own inclinations.

“The possession of only two hundred a-year, now that he embraced the profession of an independent gentleman, he soon found inadequate to support the style of living suited to such a character. But, as you perceive from his management to-day, he is of a ready genius, he soon contrived to obviate this difficulty, by obtaining a legal claim to

both the person and property of an ugly old widow of the neighbourhood, who possessed a rent-roll of fifteen hundred.

“He bore patiently enough with this good lady’s person for about three years, when she thought proper to relieve him of her company by a trip to the next world. This fortunate event took place about five years ago; and you now perceive my cousin a jovial widower of thirty, in the commission of the peace, with seventeen hundred a-year, and a healthy constitution.

Although, in the widow’s case, George sacrificed at the shrine of Plutus, instead of Venus, you must not suppose him to be a woman-hater. On the contrary, he is susceptible of the warmest affection for the sex; and at this very moment his heart is under the absolute dominion of a very beautiful young lady. It is to this circumstance that you owe your influence over him—for the lady is a near relative of yours; and I knew I had nothing more to do than acquaint him with that particular, in order to procure your discharge, even had the circumstances of the quarrel to-day been more against you than I knew them to be; for although unobserved by you, I was an eye-witness to the affair from beginning to end. From Onsley’s manner of examining the plaintiffs, you could not but perceive that he had got the thread of the

story by its right end, and that my ten minutes' interview with him had not been mispent."

"So, so," replied Munn, half-muttering to himself; "aye, 'faith it was well managed. He wants to be my nephew, I see. Well, with all my heart. It is true he is a heretic; that is,—I beg pardon, Mr. Douglas—an episcopalian; but then a justice of the peace, seventeen hundred a-year, not above thirty, and a kind jovial fellow;—why, why, I think it may do—with all my heart—it may do.—Why—at all events it is better than a disciple of John Knox—no offence, Mr. Douglas, I hope?"

"None in the world, Sir," replied Douglas.

"Does the old calvinist, her grandfather, favour the match?" inquired Munn.

"Why, his Scottish sagacity is too sensible of the important advantages you have just enumerated," answered Douglas, "to oppose it. But as the lady herself has hitherto remained proof against my cousin's attacks—for, as a poet might say, her heart appears impenetrable to cupid's darts—the old gentleman, I understand, has, with all due politeness towards the assailant, declined interposing between the belligerents; and, despite of all the efforts of my kinsman to make him a party in the contest, he, as yet, obstinately persists in his neutrality. My cousin has some hopes, however,

that by your aid he may ultimately prove victorious."

"Surely," observed Munn, "he cannot be ignorant of my total want of power in that quarter?"

"He is not ignorant of it," said Douglas, "but desponding lovers, like drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. And who knows how soon some accidental revolution may place the inexorable fair one under your control? Mr. McCulloch may go to heaven, or the maiden may choose, even while he is on earth, to reside with her uncle. At all events, the love-sick squire wishes much to have you on his side."

"If ever my interest can serve him in the affair, he may command it," said Munn; "and, even at present, I think my niece has some regard for my opinion. She is a kind-hearted creature, and I never shall forget the attention she paid me while a jail-bird. You have heard I suppose, of that cursed affair with the tide-waiter, Rogerson? She came every week to visit me, accompanied by her grandfather; for, to give the devil his due, the old preacher has some good qualities, although he is a calvinist. He behaved very friendly on that occasion; but the tenderness and sympathy of my little fifteen-year-old niece, as she was then, was what principally pleased me: it helped much to

make my confinement tolerable. She is, indeed, a sweet creature, Mr. Douglas ; and I'll lend your kinsman's suit all the help I can, if he only continues to assist in humbling the blood-suckers of the country."

"He will go as far as the statutes will permit in that cause," observed Douglas ; "but I fear it will be a difficult job to induce him to go farther ; although it is hard to say how far a wish to please you may carry him. But here is the Game-Cock. Let us first have a taste of Donaldson's *Best*, and then to business."

"Landlord !" cried Douglas as he entered the inn, "shew us a private room, and do not let us be disturbed : but, tell me, is Forsythe in the house?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the landlord.

"Well, first shew us our room, and then bring him to us ; and let us have three glasses of best Glen-Arib, with sugar and hot water."

"Aye ! ye hae a guid taste, Mr. Douglas," replied the landlord, bowing ; "I'll serve you in a trice : " and, with a pleasant smirk, he retired to execute his orders.

In a few minutes the landlord returned, carrying a black-varnished iron waiter, which contained three shining glass tumblers, each about one-third filled with sparkling Glen-Arib whiskey, a delft

pitcher fuming with hot water, and a china bowl containing sugar, and *wooden bruisers* for mixing the materials. He deposited the whole upon the table, and withdrew, telling his guests, that Mr. Forsythe would be with them presently.

That person soon appeared; and Munn recognised him to be the same who had in the morning so emphatically expressed his assurance that perdition would overtake the cruelty of those who dispossessed the peasantry of their homes and properties.

He was middle-aged, tall, and somewhat stoop-shouldered, with a very heavy discontented-looking countenance.

"Mr. Forsythe," said Douglas, "our friend, Mr. M'Manus, has, without knowing it, avenged your cause very generously to-day in the fair. He humbled the pride of Gregg and Cunningham's agents in a manner that delighted all who saw it."

The whole of the day's transactions were then recounted to Forsythe; and M'Manus was informed that the vanquished cattle dealers had, only a few weeks before, with great harshness and insolence, driven Forsythe, and several of his neighbours, with all their families, off the places on which they had been born, and the value of which they had laboured industriously and successfully to increase, with the fond hope of long enjoying,

under a just and considerate landlord, the fruits of their improvements; but, alas! only with the effect of working their own ruin, by rendering their places objects of desire to the cupidity of covetous mercantile speculators. The distress and desolation of the families thus dispossessed and driven, numbers of them friendless and pennyless, on the mercy of the world, were then depicted by Douglas in colours calculated to excite all Munn's enthusiastic hatred against the proud authors of such legalized mischief and misery. "I have myself," said he, "suffered much, although not so much as many others, from the oppressors. But oppression of every kind I from my heart detest; and this barbarous species which now prevails, I am determined, while I live, and while it exists, to resist with all the means in my power."

"And I," said Forsythe, "have sworn to pursue it with a deadly revenge, until I affect either its destruction or my own."

"And, gentlemen," exclaimed Munn, "I shall not be the last, nor least zealous, to lift the determined arm of vengeance against the tyrants of the land."

Being thus mutually pledged to each other, Douglas informed them that he had reduced to writing a plan for combining all the sufferers and their friends in a secret confederacy, for the pur-

pose of defending the peasantry by punishing their enemies, and intimidating others from following their examples. "By this means we may at least hope," said he, "to check the progress of an evil, against which the regular laws of the country, it appears, can afford no protection."

He then read to them the constitution of the proposed association, which, as it was intended to admit none into its secrets but men of known energy and courage, he denominated the "Hearts of Steel." He also submitted the form of an oath of secrecy, fidelity, and devotion to the interests and objects of the society, which should be administered to each member on his admission. The times and places of meeting for the different divisions of the confederacy, the manner of electing its officers, of arming and training its members, and of conducting its enterprises, were then sketched out, and agreed upon by these hot-headed and fearless conspirators. Each immediately swore the oath of fidelity according to the prescribed form; and pledged himself to industry and caution, in adding to their numbers. A mode of correspondence, under fictitious names, was then settled; and the business of the meeting was finished by drinking another round of Glen-Arib to the success of their society.

"This night's transaction," said Forsythe, "has

relieved my heart of a burden of grief that oppressed me to the earth. I am a man again, for I feel now that I shall soon make my enemies repent that they wronged me. Oh! how sweet is revenge!"

Munn and Douglas were both somewhat surprised at the fiend-like exultation expressed in the countenance of their confederate, and Douglas could not avoid saying:

"Prudence rather than passion, must direct us in seeking revenge. Our enemies are powerful, and we must act against them with caution as well as courage. We must not unnecessarily expose ourselves and those who may join us to destruction, by premature and isolated acts of violence. Nay, it would be right to assume, before the world, the garb of peaceful and patient endurance, and, if possible, to appear even more resigned in our stations than other men."

M'Manus acknowledged the propriety of these suggestions. "But still it is hard," said he, "to restrain one's indignation in the presence of insolence, pride and cruelty. Instantaneous and open vengeance on a tyrant, or an adversary, is often too tempting to be rejected; but, for the good of our confederacy, we must each of us henceforth endeavour to control our propensities, and only endanger our persons in the common cause."

"You are right my friends," said Forsythe:

“let us be hypocrites—let us be any thing—so that we can only make sure of vengeance.”

“Or rather,” said Munn, “let us yield a feigned submission to our proud and lordly oppressors, in order that we may the more successfully direct against them those efforts by which we mean to overthrow their power, and humble them to the dust.”

“Our aim must, indeed, be to destroy their power, if we cannot compel them to desist from its abuse,” observed Douglas; “but if we can intimidate them into justice, and oblige them to restore to every man his right, we ought to be content with our victory, nor seek for their farther molestation.”

“Ay,” said Munn thoughtfully, “if every man had, indeed, his right restored to him, upstarts and interlopers would not then lord it over the true children of the soil.”

“Come, come, my friends,” said Douglas, “let us in the mean time banish care. I am so well satisfied with the events of the day, that I want to finish it with a light heart.”

“I second your motion,” replied Forsythe: “for I feel my heart, for the first time these three weeks past, capable of enjoying mirth.”

“I shall not dissent from your agreeable proposal,” said Munn; “for I never to this day covet-

ed the appellation of mar-sport. But what o'clock is it?"

"It is only eleven," replied Douglas; "let us call in your man Dennis, renew our glasses, and invite the landlord and landlady, so that they may witness that we have done no treason; and by the help of whiskey, music, wit, and good humour, we may, for an hour to come, be as happy as if we never felt injustice, without encroaching on the concerns of to-morrow."

All these requisites for the enjoyment of the night being procured, the merry party sent care to the shades, and gave full swing to the powers of fun and frolic. The lively catch, the sprightly air, the nimble jig, the merry jest, and the hearty laugh, were the inspirers of the happy night. It was in vain that the clock struck twelve; she was voted to be wrong, and the rights of another day still untouched. The glasses were replenished; the bow was new rosined, the jig was repeated, the songs grew sweeter, the jests grew brighter, the laugh grew louder, and the clock struck two. Shortly after which, the company grew tired even of pleasure, and withdrew to repose.

CHAPTER XI.

*Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.*

GOLDSMITH.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, our three conspirators arranged a plan of recruiting for their society in different parts of the country. To Munn was assigned the north-eastern coast around Glen-Arib; to Douglas, the centre of the county, being convenient to his residence in the vicinity of Ballymena. The southern parts of the county, where as yet the greatest hardships had been sustained by the people, and consequently where the greatest disaffection prevailed, were allotted to Forsythe. They then fixed a day for their next meeting at the Game-Cock, and parted with mutual promises of zeal and activity in the common cause.

As Munn wished before he returned home to visit his niece, in order that he might find some

opportunity to bespeak her favour in behalf of his friend Onsley, he, accompanied by Dennis M'Clurkin, directed his course eastward, on the way to Mr. M'Culloch's mansion, which was situated near the main road, leading from Carrickfergus to Larne.

It cannot be supposed that the dwelling house of a dissenting minister in the North of Ireland, upwards of fifty years ago, when preaching was no better paid for by the people than it is at present, and the comfortable *regium donum* of the Synod of Ulster altogether unknown, could furnish any materials for a splendid description. The one possessed by Mr. M'Culloch, however, if not splendid, was neat and convenient; for that frugality and prudent attention to money matters, which he had brought with him across the channel, enabled him to manage a stipend of about seventy pounds a year, and a free-farm of about thirty acres, which belonged to his congregation by way of glebe, and on which his mansion was situated, to such good purpose, that he had been long considered, by his reverend brethren of the presbytery of Templepatrick, as the richest man belonging to their body; and was, consequently, able to make some expenditure towards embellishing his residence.

He did, indeed, occasionally expend small sums for that purpose; but as he had no longer claim on the property than while he was minister of the

parish, which he knew could not be for ever, the same spirit of prudence which rendered him able to improve his domains, induced him to confine his improvements to mere comfort and decency.

The edifice itself, at the time of Munn's present visit, was a clean-looking, rough-cast and white-washed, straw-thatched cottage, one story high, placed in the centre of a small enclosure which was occupied as a flower-garden. Three sides of this enclosure were formed by a well trimmed thorn-hedge; while the front side was composed of a wooden paling erected on a low wall, and painted white, as much with the view of defending it from the weather, as for ornament,

This enclosure was entered by a small gate, from which a neat gravelled walk, skirted on each side by a border of smooth and verdant turf, led to the house.

The door, which was in the centre of the building, admitted the visiter into a small hall paved with brick, and extending about three yards backwards to the bottom of a flight of stairs; past the one side of which the hall narrowed to a passage of about three feet wide and twelve long, leading to a large earthen floored kitchen, attached to the back part of the house. On each side of the hall was a neat parlour, one of which was used as a family room, and the other for the reception of strangers.

Behind the family room was the good man's library, containing a large collection of theological works, making a complete body of divinity, from the days of Saint Clemens Romanus to those of Ralph Erskine. There was, indeed, no species of expense in which Mr. M'Culloch seemed to forget his habitual attention to economy, so much as in that of purchasing books. It was on this account that his wife, who did not so highly appreciate the value of this kind of property, regretted every journey he made to Belfast, as he was sure never to return home without a precious collection of literature stowed into his portmanteau.

"If you would not fill your saddle-bags with these fusty old volumes," she would sometimes say to him, "they would have room for other articles, which I am sure you know would be more useful in the family. I myself want a new shawl; Isabella should have a new riding-dress; and the maid, Nelly Nesbit, wants new stockings."

"My dear, you may have the shawl if you greatly desire it; but I think that you already possess more articles of dress than you will use during your earthly pilgrimage. As to Nelly, Andrew Mercer the shopkeeper, in Larne, has my instructions to supply her to a certain amount. And you know that Miss Thimble the milliner, in Belfast, has authority to furnish Isabella with every pru-

dent article of clothing that the fashions of young women require, or that she herself may fancy ; and I can say this for our grand-daughter, that I have never yet had occasion to chide her for extravagance in these matters."

The worthy couple were one day interrupted in a notable conversation of this kind, by a tapping at the small gate of the pailing before described. They looked from the window and perceived M'Manus alighting from his horse. It was early in the afternoon when he arrived. Mr. M'Culloch ran out to meet him, and received him with great pleasure and cordiality. Isabella was on a visit in the neighbourhood ; but she was sent for, and soon arrived, being much delighted with the idea of a voluntary visit from her uncle. It was the second of the kind he had ever paid her—the first being immediately after his liberation from Carrickfergus jail, when he called, on his way homewards, for the purpose of making his acknowledgments for the attention which both she and her grandfather had shown him while in prison.

He had thought her then a pretty sweet girl, being between fifteen and sixteen years of age. She was now nearly two years older, and had grown into the most exquisite proportions of female symmetry ; while her countenance, which had always been remarkable for the regularity and sweetness

of its features, now exhibited all the charms of blooming health and maiden modesty. The witching smile that played on her rosy lips as she advanced to salute so near a relative, told him that Onsley would indeed be a happy man, if he should ever become possessed of such charms.

“Why, my niece, said he, “you are really grown to be a woman since I last saw you, and, much improved, too, in your appearance; and, what is still better, you seem to enjoy both health of body and satisfaction of mind in a high degree.

“Yes, my dear uncle, I have reason to thank Providence that neither my mind nor my body has as yet met with any serious misfortune.”

“I had hopes of prevailing on you to keep house for me a few months,” said her uncle, “this summer; but I see that the soil of this neighbourhood agrees with you so well, that I should think it a pity to transplant you to the wild and bleak climate of Glen-Arib. But that is not the worst of it; I fear you would not feel content as the regulator and mistress of a bachelor’s house, although it should be your uncle’s. And then, the wild Irish, and their strange language—how would you like to live among them?”

“Why, uncle,” she replied, “you take rather an odd mode of enticing me to your place, by charging your picture of it with so many disagree-

able features. But I imagine the description is rather an exaggeration."

"In my eyes, my dear Glen-Arib is the loveliest and most agreeable spot on earth: but I describe it as I imagine it would appear in your's; for, on these subjects, custom and education generally furnish the ideas upon which we form our tastes and ground our opinions. But, under all these disadvantages, could you my Isabella, prevail on yourself to pay me a visit?"

"In the company of my grandfather, I should with pleasure; or, if I had only a female companion, and my grandfather's consent, I think I could procure my own for a short visit. But, uncle, why do you not come oftener to see us here?"

"Various circumstances, my child, have hitherto prevented me;—but, I believe I shall, in future, more frequently gratify myself in this particular."

After tea, M'Manus took occasion to speak privately to Mr. M'Culloch on the subject of Mr. Onsley's addresses to his niece; but gained from him no other information than he already possessed, namely, that the reception or rejection of them was a matter that he left altogether to Isabella's own choice.

Munn observed, that young women were not always capable of making a proper choice in such matters.

“ My grand-daughter, I presume, however,” replied the clergyman, “ is not one of these. She is not likely to take any step of the kind, without my approbation. I conceive it, therefore, but just that I should not urge her to take any without her own. Were I to do so, I know that I should have upon my head the crime of forcing her to be unhappy. In this case, I have already interfered with advice ; but I am determined never, in either this or any other case of the kind, to interfere with authority.”

“ Perhaps, in acting so conscientiously, you are acting right,” replied Munn ; “ but I must confess, that in order to effect so eligible a match for one in whose welfare I feel so much interest, I should be tempted to urge the matter with more earnestness, and, perhaps, even to use something more than mere argument ;—and who knows but perseverance in giving good counsel might open the eyes of even a young lady to her own interest ?”

“ Sir,” replied the divine, “ the cord which forms the indissoluble knot of wedlock ought not to be the production of reason alone. The feelings ought to enter largely into its composition, otherwise it will only bind the parties to discontent and wretchedness ; and you are surely aware, that over the feelings, arguments drawn only from cool, prudential considerations can have no control ?”

“ Alas ! I know it,” said Munn, with a sigh, his

memory reverting to his own experience. But suddenly recollecting himself; "I grieve, Sir," he added, "that such is the case; for these feelings but too often interfere to mar the best projects that wisdom can form for the attainment of earthly happiness."

"Say, rather," replied the clergyman, "that short-sighted, erring reason, which human vanity often dignifies with the name of wisdom, forms projects of happiness, which, even when seemingly realized, produce nothing but disappointment, vexation, and misery. In short, I have been long of opinion, that in respect to our present subject, neither feeling nor reason, taken separately, is a sure guide to a happy marriage;—nay, such is the uncertainty of all human concerns, that following the united dictates of both together, may lead us astray. Still, in taking the road to matrimony there must be greater safety in following both, than in running counter to either."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Isabella and her grandmother, who had been a short distance on a charitable visit to the abode of a poor stranger whose wife was sick.

"They have been seeing one of those unfortunate families," said Mr. McCulloch to M'Manus, "whose lands have been taken up by the speculators in the expired leases of Lord D———'s tenan-

try. The poor man came here, with a wife and seven or eight children, about three weeks ago, utterly destitute; for he had all his moveables arrested, for arrearages of rent; and was obliged to move off, with only the coverings that his family wore. The proceedings of these speculators are, indeed, unnecessarily harsh towards the poorer tenants; and, perhaps, if all the circumstances were investigated, some instances of illegality might appear, which would render them liable to punishment. In such a case, I believe, the country in general would rejoice; for there seems no other chance of checking the cupidity of these jobbers, than by taking advantage of any illegal step which their rapacity may tempt them to commit."

"There is another mode, which I think would be as effectual," replied Munn.—"The people ought unanimously to rise in opposition to their oppressors, and teach them what the law, it appears, either will not or cannot do,—that they will not, with impunity, be trodden into wretchedness by a worthless set of petty tyrants."

"Mr. M^cManus," said the clergyman, "you are surely not seriously of such an opinion. Were the people to be so rash, they would, indeed, be adding such fuel to the fire of their sufferings, as would increase it so as totally to consume them. Instead of being only unfortunate, they would then be crimi-

nal. I rejoice that they have as yet displayed a patient endurance under their unmerited sufferings. This has drawn from all good men sympathy towards them, and indignation against their oppressors. Let them not, by any ill-advised act of violence or unlawful combination, forfeit that sympathy, and it will soon operate against their adversaries. The legislature will hear of their wrongs, and will interfere to protect an unoffending populace; or the disgust and detestation of society will so bear down their covetous spoilers, that they will become ashamed of their conduct; or, should a few persist in their rapacious practices, still the mischief will terminate with them, for none will be wicked or hardy enough to follow their example."

"Such remedies are not only tedious, but uncertain in their results," observed Munn.

"They may be slow, but they are sure," replied the other; "as sure as the opinion of society is potent over human manners and conduct; and that opinion will be for ever potent in a country like ours, blessed with free institutions, popular tribunals, a popular house of legislation, and open and unlimited scope for the expression of popular sentiment."

"But if the remedy be slow," observed Munn, "even admitting it in the end to be sure, how many in the mean time will be doomed to suffer; and

where is there redress for those who have suffered already?"

"Assuredly," replied the divine, "that redress is not to be found in unavailing opposition; nor would fewer victims be saved from the grasp of misery, by the insurrectionary attempts of criminal and illegal combinations. Such attempts would turn the tide of sympathy from the peasantry, and call down the arm of authority to repress and punish them. Alas! there is already enough of misery in the land; but if we are now chastised with rods, we should then be scourged with scorpions."

The clergyman paused. Munn thought it improper to push the discussion further. He, therefore, inquired concerning the present situation and prospects of the poor man whose story had introduced the subject.

"A neighbour of mine, said Mr. M'Culloch, "has supplied his family with a cabin; and, for the last eight or ten days, he has wrought with me as a gardener. But grief has had the effect of impairing his wife's constitution; and yesterday evening an incident took place which greatly agitated her, and brought on a severe hysterical attack, from which, it seems, she has not yet perfectly recovered. As there is no medical practitioner within the distance of five miles, I always keep a

small assortment of medicines; and, when a patient cannot afford to purchase more skilful assistance, I am ready to bestow mine. Your niece and her grandmother, have been just administering one of my prescriptions to this sick woman. Indeed, Isabella is become of great use to me in my medical duties, by taking upon herself the task of administering the medicines; and I generally find that, when she does so, my prescriptions are attended with a more certain effect."

"That is easily accounted for," said Munn, smiling, "by her accuracy affording the patient the full advantage of your skill."

"It may be so," said the reverend *Æsculapius*, also smiling;—"but I assure you that, as I derive no profit, and but very little reputation, from exerting my skill, I should be very well content, if my neighbours were either healthy enough not to need it, or rich enough to procure better."

"The former condition would undoubtedly be a blessing, but the latter might be a curse," observed Munn; "for, instead of getting health from you gratis, their riches might only serve to purchase a prolongation of sickness from a more regular, but, perhaps, less judicious or honest practitioner."

"But, uncle," said Isabella, "if you only knew what distress this poor woman's mind has undergone, you would really pity her."

"I do pity her, my love," said Munn. "The source of her grief I know well. Its intensity, perhaps, I cannot know; for the feelings of a woman and a mother, under such circumstances as hers, a woman and a mother only can experience. But what is the new cause of her agitation to which your grandfather alluded? I should imagine that in this quiet part of the country, and under his protection, she would be safe from the rude hand of rapacity and insolence."

"My grandfather will himself tell you," said she:—"it is a distressing story." So saying, she bowed to her uncle, and with her grandmother, left the room.

"It appears," said Mr. M'Culloch, "that the agents employed to dispossess this family of their property, were two unfeeling youths from Belfast——"

"I think I know them," said Munn, hastily interrupting him. "Their names are Clearfield and Landsdown?"

"The same," replied Mr. M'Culloch.

"I had some transactions with them in Ballyclare fair yesterday," resumed Munn. "But no matter for that; they are scoundrels! I wish to know how they behaved here?"

"They have indeed acted the part of scoundrels here," replied the divine. "Poor Ned Moore—for

that is the name of the man whose case excites so much of our sympathy,—has again been the victim of their base and violent passions. They seem to haunt his path, like spirits of mischief; for, even in his present forlorn seclusion, they could not let him rest without molestation.

“It is said that one cause of their treating him so harshly, is, that he detected, and, in a summary manner, punished some wicked attempts which Clearfield, when he went first to seize his farm, made to overcome the virtue of his eldest daughter. The disgrace rankled in the villain’s mind; and he let loose upon the family his whole spirit of vengeance, until he had reduced it to ruin.

“On their way home from the fair, these ruffians had occasion to pass the place where the unfortunate family now resides. It was advanced in the evening, but not so dark as to prevent them from recognizing Mrs. Moore and her daughter on the road.

“Clearfield stopped and familiarly accosted the daughter. Perceiving that he was intoxicated, she hastened to take refuge in the house from his impertinence; but, springing from his horse, he seized her before she reached it. The young woman struggled, and threatened to call for assistance. Her mother was prevented from going to her aid by Landsdown, who was also intoxicated,

and seemed disposed to take such liberties as greatly alarmed her ; and she called loudly for help. It happened that her husband, who was returning home from his work, heard her cries and ran to the spot. A scuffle ensued, and Landsdown fell. Moore now flew to relieve his daughter from Clearfield ; but that villain mounted his horse and galloped off before he reached him. He then ran to seize Landsdown ; but he had also escaped on horseback. The poor man now raised his wife ; for the fright had so affected her, that she had fainted and fallen upon the road.

“ I was immediately sent for, and hastened to their cabin. On reaching it, I found she had recovered from her swoon ; but she laboured under a strong hysterical affection ; and the whole family seemed in great terror. I mustered all the medical skill I possessed to her assistance, and also used all my influence ; as a neighbour and a clergyman, to comfort and re-assure the family. Such a scene I should never again wish to see. The unconscious ravings of the wife—the lamentations of the daughter, who was scarcely in a better state—the crying and sobbing of the younger children—and, above all, the agony of terror and rage visible in the countenance of Moore himself, formed a scene of distress capable of shaking nerves far more firmly braced than mine.

“I am happy, however, to say, that Mrs. Moore is now in the way of recovery, and the minds of the family have to-day become greatly becalmed and settled. There is now a fair opportunity of punishing these ruffians by law, which, I think, should not be neglected; as making examples of them may deter others from following their iniquitous practices.”

“Does Moore intend to prosecute them?” inquired Munn, after a considerable pause.

“I believe he does,” was the reply.

“Has he taken warrants out?” was next asked.

“Not yet I think. He could not leave his family in its present state.”

Munn again paused awhile.—He then observed: “It is, indeed, a sad tale to tell, that a couple of such worthless vagabonds should dare to lord it so over the country.—But Moore will yet get satisfaction.”

“I hope he will get justice,” answered Mr. M’Culloch.

“I hope so too,” said Munn, “and that speedily and amply.”

Here supper was announced, and the dialogue of course interrupted.

CHAPTER XII.

*You need not urge me, for I cannot love him ;
Neither his mind, his manners, nor his person
Are suited to my taste. But that's not all :
As yet, I'm altogether disinclined
(And may Heaven long preserve me so !) to yield
The freedom of my maiden heart to any,
Much more to one whom I can ne'er esteem.
How could I love what is to me unlovely,
Or yield obedience where I feel dislike ?*

ULSTER BARD.

WHEN Munn retired to rest, he set his mind to reflect on the state of the country, and how far it opened to him any prospect of accomplishing that object which was dearest to his heart—redress or revenge for his hereditary wrongs.

These heretics, thought he, now feel what it is to be dispossessed of their patrimonial inheritance. I pity them sincerely, although I should not,—for their present calamities are but a just retribution for those which their ancestors inflicted on thousands of the ancient and rightful owners of the land. But I am pledged to their cause; and will support

it, because it will be to humble the lordly and the proud, whose ancestors were the artificers, while theirs were but the mean instruments, of the ruin of my name and race—the desolation and destruction of the people of my country. What are their injuries, compared with ours? As the drop is to the ocean!—as the sparkle of the flint is to the flame of the sun! Not one family of these boors, who now make such an outcry for their lost patrimony, has been in possession of it more than two or three generations back; but our forefathers were robbed by theirs of what they had enjoyed for countless ages!—Ah! Rosendale! Rosendale! I must claim from thee a retribution. Nor must I delay it long. A favourable prospect now opens before me; the long wished-for season appears advancing, when I shall lead the heretical peasantry of the North, against the heretical aristocracy of the South; and Rosendale shall know that there is a M'Manus yet living, who has a sting that may pierce his soul, and make him feel that his fathers were robbers. But let me first embroil the North by our confederacy, and then, 'Hearts of Steel' against Rosendale, shall be the aim of M'Manus. That tender plant, my sweet niece, that blossom of loveliness, how I grieve to see her lost in this unnatural soil,—this wilderness of heresy, when she should be blooming

on her paternal inheritance, the pride of a powerful and ancient family, and the delight and desire of many a noble and exalted true Irishman's heart! For this, too, Rosendale owes retribution, and he shall pay it, or I shall perish!"

Having made this fierce resolution, he began to lay a plan of operations for its performance. He deliberated long, adjusted and re-adjusted a number of times the chain of his intended movements, without coming to any satisfactory decision. At length, he determined on taking an immediate journey to Leinster, to reconnoitre the present condition of the Rosendale family, and ascertain whether the feelings and spirits of the people in that quarter, might not be favourable to the formation of an auxiliary society to the Hearts of Steel.

With respect to Ned Moore, although he felt for him, and detested the ruffians who had treated him so badly, he conceived that his obtaining either redress or revenge was a matter of very inferior moment, to the benefit which the cause of the Hearts of Steel might derive, from the increased irritation that would be produced by these ruffians being, for awhile longer, permitted to continue their iniquitous practices. He was, therefore, afraid that the intended prosecution, if it took place, might check the evils, which he thus thought it his policy for some time yet to encourage.

It was with this view, that, early in the morning, he sent Dennis M'Clurkin to request Moore to meet him secretly after breakfast at a public-house in the adjoining village, about a mile distant. Dennis executed his commission very discreetly; and informed Moore what a good, and great, and valiant man his master was; not forgetting to mention that he himself was, next to the priest, the greatest officer of his household, and, besides, his chief favourite and companion. "And I can tell you," said he, "that where my master takes a fancy, he has a heart as constant and as hard as a rock,—that is, as hard to be turned away from his own wishes."

"Then, he maun be an unco positive man," observed Moore seriously.

"He is as positive," replied Dennis, not exactly comprehending Moore's meaning, "as I am positive, and sure also, that he wants to speak with you to do you good."

"Weel, Mr. M'Clurkin," replied Moore, "I'll see an' attend him. It can do me nae harm. An' ye say I 'm to be secret:—weel, weel, that, too, is easily minded."

At the appointed time, Munn set off with Dennis for the village, and found Moore in attendance.

"My good friend," said Munn, taking him aside, "I have heard of your misfortunes, and am really

sorry for them. Your wife, it is said, is now fortunately very much recovered."

"Yes, God be thankit," replied Moore, "Mr. M'Culloch's medicine, an' the kin'ness o' Miss M'Manus, hae had a blessing wi' them."

"Do you intend to prosecute the villains who assaulted your family?" asked Munn.

"Why, sir, I think it would be richt to tak' the law o' them. I hae been advised o't."

"You would find the law a very troublesome matter to deal with, my friend, observed Munn. "And what redress could you expect, even if you were to convict these men, which, as their employers and supporters are rich and powerful, you might not be able to do? They would only be sentenced to a few months confinement, which would do you no good. Not one foot of the land, nor one shilling's-worth of the property of which they robbed you, would be restored;—nay, you would not even be remunerated for your trouble in prosecuting them."

"But I would then," answered Moore, "hae the satisfaction o' punishing them at least; that's if I get justice done me."

"Ay," resumed Munn; "but of that there is no certainty. But I can point out to you a nobler, surer, and more effectual way of not only punishing those vile tools of tyranny, but also of hum-

bling the proud tyrants, their unfeeling and avaricious masters, without resorting to the uncertain and troublesome process of the law. But it is a secret, which I can only reveal to such as have the courage to incur some risk for the noble and glorious purpose of putting a stop to the oppressions that are depopulating the country. If you have the spirit to embark in such a just and virtuous enterprise, the secret shall be communicated to you, and you shall be admitted as a brother among men who detest, and are determined henceforth to resist oppression."

"Gladly, Sir, would I join heart an' han' in such a just an' guid cause," answered Moore, his countenance brightening with joy at the proposal; "for my stomach is fu' o' gall an' bitterness against the destroyers o' the land."

"Will you, then, abandon your intended prosecution against these fellows," inquired Munn, "an' leave it to me to point out the mode of punishing them?"

"I wull," answered Moore; "the easiest way o' getting satisfaction is ay the best way. I wull leave it a' to your management."

Munn now informed him of the institution and intentions of the "Hearts of Steel," and administered to him the oath of that association, desiring him to be industrious in making proselytes to the

During the evening, while the clergyman was absent on some professional duty, he walked with his niece into a garden situated behind the enclosure which surrounded the house. This was the garden in which Ned Moore was engaged as a labourer. He was at this moment at work in adjusting the exuberant tendrils of some honey-suckles that entwined round the sides of a handsome summer-house.

Isabella and her uncle approached him; and after some inquiries for his wife, passed on to a more distant part of the garden, which declined with a gentle slope towards a small, but noisy brook, from which it was separated by a very thick and tall thorn hedge, from the midst of which at intervals, arose the still taller and more majestic forms of spreading oaks and elms, forming the favourite retreat of innumerable tribes of aerial warblers. This declivity was chiefly occupied as an orchard, and the blossoms of the fruit-trees were, at this period, in their highest state of bloom and fragrance.

Munn, who for many years had scarcely known what it was to enjoy the softening luxury of such a scene—for, after the death of his mother, the garden at Glen-Arib had been allowed to go into complete disorder, and had of late years been totally neglected,—felt its influence on his heart,

stern and rugged as it was, very sensibly; and he exclaimed to his niece: "What a delightful place, my Isabella! No wonder you are attached to it, and resist all my invitations to Glen-Arib. Yet Glen-Arib once possessed beauties that might have vied even with these; but that was when your grandmother presided over it, as the Genius of taste, and impressed regularity, comeliness, and beauty around our dwelling, which is now an absolute wilderness of deformities. Ah! my dear niece, when I was young, like you, I had scenes beauteous even as these to enjoy, and leisure, and relish, and virtue, and friendship—a brother's friendship, a father's care, a mother's tenderness—and I might have been happy—and methinks now, that I then was happy; for the hand of time has shaded over the rougher points of that restless ambition which, I confess, disturbed even the tranquillity of my boyish days; and I am, at this moment, more clearly than ever presented with the view of those bright visions of expectation which were then brighter, and those sweet scenes of real enjoyment which were then sweeter, than either have been since. You are yet young, my love, and you are happy. Be conscious of that happiness, and long may you enjoy it! Ah! may you never have occasion, like me, to feel that length of years is increase of care; and that experience

of the world only excites desires, and suggests undertakings, which its perverseness dooms to disappointment, and converts into sorrow !”

But abandoning the sentimental strain, which he never could bear long to indulge, he suddenly changed the tone and subject of his conversation, by observing:—

“ My dear niece, I was induced to visit you, at present, by a particular business which much concerns you. Let me ask you, what I hope will not be considered an impertinent question from your nearest paternal relative ; have you not lately received some offers for settling in life ?”

“ I cannot properly answer that question,” she replied ; “ but I may say that I have received no offers which I can accept.”

“ I wish you to be ingenuous, my love—for I may surely claim the privilege of advising you on such a subject. Has not a certain magistrate, of respectable standing and considerable wealth, made proposals to you ?”

“ Whatever proposals of the kind were made, they have been unhesitatingly and decisively rejected,” replied Isabella.

“ I hope, not decisively, my child ; for the establishment would surely be eligible ; neither do I see any thing in the man that can be displeasing to a lady’s eye.”

“The establishment I do not take into the account; and as to the man, he may be pleasing or displeasing, as one chooses to view him; but from his addresses I have derived no pleasure.”

“Your mind may change, however; and I should rejoice much if you could encourage his suit; for I would, indeed, be happy to see you so well settled, as to be the wife of so worthy and respectable a character.”

“My dear uncle,” she replied, “I doubt not your good intentions towards me; and really believe that your advice on this matter originates from a desire to see me happy. If such be your desire, my yielding to your advice respecting this man, would produce a woful disappointment—for as his wife, I assure you, I feel that I could never be happy. Why I so feel, I acknowledge that it is difficult, but I trust also, that it is unnecessary to explain. And I hope, that as I have been thus explicit with you, your good sense and kindness will prevent you from continuing the subject.”

“Since it is so disagreeable to you, my niece, I shall discontinue it, for the present; although I hope that you will yourself in time see the propriety of adopting my counsel.”

They now returned to the house: and Munn was convinced that, in her present tone of mind, he could do nothing for his friend Onsley.

The next day he took leave of his interesting niece, and her venerable relatives; and returned to Glen-Arib, to make arrangements for his journey southwards. Previous to his setting off, however, he swore upwards of fifty Glen-Arib men into the association of the **HEARTS OF STEEL**, besides making a number of proselytes in other parts of the country. He then wrote to Douglas of his success in the cause, and informed him of his intended journey being undertaken with a design to ascertain the dispositions of the people of the South, and, in other particulars, to subserve the great end they had in view,—of inflicting vengeance on oppressors.

Dennis M'Clurkin was desirous to accompany him; but, as he intended to travel incognito, and under an assumed name, that he might make his observations to more advantage, he dispensed with his attendance.

Accordingly, having disburthened his conscience of what sins he thought proper to confess; and having told his beads, and pronounced his pater-noster, nine times over, by way of penance for concealing the remainder, he received Priest O'Cassidy's benediction, accompanied with a thorough ablution of aqua sancta, and departed with a light heart, and a courageous spirit, to visit the soil that had once belonged to his fathers, and which he still looked upon as his own rightful inheritance.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Courage, my boys !—a garland for the winner !
Put forth your strength, and lay your bodies to it.
The people, all on tiptoe, watch your motions,
And wait impatient, in a breathless state,
With loud huzzas to hail the sturdy victor
That gives his staunch antagonist the fall.*

M'CARROHER.

FREDERICK ROSENDALE, whom it is hoped the reader has not yet forgotten, had been three months a soldier, when he was despatched at the head of a party of his regiment to Athlone. As he had permission to take the route past his brother's residence, and to remain there a few days, he directed his march thither, and arrived on the 30th of June, O. S. the eve of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. It was then the custom of all, as it still is of many protestant families of distinction in Ireland, to celebrate this anniversary with great pomp and festivity. Frederick, therefore, took this opportunity to add to the rejoicings at his brother's residence the splendour of military parade.

The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells,

the firing of guns, and the sounding of trumpets. Orange lillies and ribbons decorated the gates and avenues to Lord Rosendale's house ; the doors and windows of which, together with every prominent object that surrounded it, also displayed, in great profusion, these brilliant symbols of Protestant triumph, and British glory.

A little after breakfast, a long procession of Lord Rosendale's servants and tenants, with his lordship himself at their head, ornamented with the same memorials of William's victory, marched to the music of the "Boyne Water," with the British standard waving in the air before them, from the park that surrounds the mansion, to the family church, followed by Frederick at the head of his troops, adorned also with the fashionable colour of the day.

Here the Rev. Mr. Carlow, in an impressive discourse, animated their gratitude to God for the manifold blessings which they now enjoyed as the happy fruits of that glorious victory which they had met that day to commemorate. He drew a striking picture of the bondage under popery and despotism, from which that victory had released them ; and forcibly contrasted it with that prosperous and happy state of both religious and civil liberty which they then enjoyed, under the pro-

tection of a popular constitution, and a benign and virtuous race of monarchs.

But it would be improper to tease the reader with a sermon, when we should give him a history; otherwise we might go through the various topics of this celebrated discourse; which ended by giving the audience that good advice, which, like many another good advice has been oftener given than taken—"to fear God, honour the king, love our neighbour, mind our business, and pay our debts and taxes without grumbling."

After sermon the audience repaired to a plentiful and luxurious banquet, provided by his lordship, and served up on long ranges of benches upon the surrounding green. The loyal and public-spirited toasts which were drunk on this occasion need not be repeated, since they have in latter times formed the standing sentiments of every Pitt Club in the United Kingdom, by whom they are periodically given to the world as containing the very quintessence of sound patriotism and good citizenship. Whether they do exactly contain these noble and inestimable ingredients as applied to the present times, is a disputed point which it would be no easy matter to determine; for what may have been very good patriotism half a century since, may now be too old to pass for that quality. Even in those days there was a difference of opinion on the sub-

ject; but not, indeed, among those who enjoyed large estates, secured to them by King William's victory.

The feast being over, and many a good kilderkin of whiskey and cask of ale consigned to the thirsty gullets of the multitude, their patriotism and gratitude began to manifest itself in a more unrestrained and jovial manner. The military, after marching, counter-marching, and loudly expressing their patriotic joy in frequent volleys of musquetry and cannon, were allowed to mingle with the people in the various rural pastimes, and trials of strength and skill, with which they amused away the afternoon. Shooting at marks, running races, heaving stones, leaping, wrestling, and boxing, now occupied the attention of different parties, according as taste or caprice inclined them. Numerous groups of well dressed females, of all ages and conditions, added life and fascination to the scene; and many a stout and active youth had his strength and activity almost doubled with ambition to excel, in the presence of his smiling sweetheart, all his competitors in these athletic sports.

In one corner of the park, in which there was a small valley, with a level bottom, from which the surrounding sides arose with a gradual ascent like the seats of a theatre, a party of wrestlers exhibited their prowess and dexterity, in the presence of

a large crowd of highly interested spectators. A stout raw-boned sergeant of the troops, named Skipdale, had been the uniform victor since the commencement of this pastime, and had overcome five or six young farmers of the neighbourhood in succession, to the no small delight of the soldiers, and the great mortification of the country people. After his sixth antagonist had been defeated, the opinion of his invincibility became so completely established, that no other was willing to enter the list against him, notwithstanding the insolent and provoking tone of defiance with which he repeatedly challenged the crowd.

The huzzas and jeers of the soldiery now became so irritating to the populace, that angry looks, and even threatening expressions, began to be bandied between them; and might have resulted in blows, had not the attention of the parties been suddenly attracted by the people at some distance shouting—"Huzza for Rosendale! Long live our landlord!" while hats and handkerchief flew through the air, like a flock of crows mingling with pigeons.

This was occasioned by the approach of Lord Rosendale and Frederick, who, with their attendants, and a select company of gentlemen, had left their wine and other luxurious entertainments within doors, to witness the more active amusements

and mirth of the people without. They advanced on horseback towards the scene of Sergeant Skipdale's triumphs, just as that champion was about to leave the ring to an inferior order of wrestlers, as no one seemed willing to enter it while in his occupation. On perceiving, however, the approach of his commander and his party, his pride prompted him again to repeat the challenge he had so often given in vain. He accordingly stepped forward, and in a tone more haughty than ever, exclaimed :

“ Here am I, Timothy Skipdale, a true protestant, and a soldier of King George; who, on this merry anniversary of King William's glorious victory over popery, after having overcome six sturdy fellows at wrestling, am still ready to engage with a seventh. If there be any man on this field who dares encounter me at either long or short grip, him I challenge to the contest. In the name of the royal house of Brunswick, I defy him; and for the honour of Rosendale, I promise he shall measure his length upon the ground !”

The presence of Frederick and his brother had drawn a vast increase of spectators to the spot. Every one was, therefore, certain that some person among so many would accept the challenge. But, no one appearing, a murmur of discontent began

to vibrate among the people; while sneers and taunts began again to issue from the soldiers.

“Curse the fellow! what if I try him!” muttered a man, in the hearing of Lord Rosendale: “I should like to pull the plume off his damned heretical head!”

“What says that man?” demanded his Lordship, who had but indistinctly heard the word *heretical*. “Does he accept the challenge?”

“I do!” exclaimed the man, in a Northern accent; and, in the name of Saint Patrick and my country, I shall humble his pride.”

“What is your name, Sir?” inquired his lordship, who was glad that there was some person present who had courage to prevent his company from being disappointed of witnessing the sport.

“Roger Murphy,” was the reply.

“Where do you come from?” was next asked.

“That is of no consequence,” was the surly answer.

Frederick, perceiving his lordship somewhat affronted by the stranger’s manner, and having conceived a respect for his boldness and courage, interposed by observing:—

“My friend, you are a stranger and entitled to hospitality and fair play. You shall receive them. But your being unknown made his lordship’s question not unnatural; nor do I think that it ought

to be offensive, as there are few men disposed to deny the place of their birth."

"I was born in Ulster," replied the man, "if it benefits you to hear it; but my patrimony is in Leinster. To either place, as you choose, you may suppose me to belong."

"That is a sufficient answer," observed his lordship. "Clear the way for Mr. Murphy's admission into the ring. And now, my boys, do your best;—a purse of five guineas awaits the victor."

The populace, overjoyed that the proud insolent serjeant had at last got an opponent, cheered Murphy as he entered the space marked out for the contest, the area of which was now in such danger of being broken into by the great pressure of the crowd, that Frederick thought it a useful precaution to surround it by a file of soldiers.

The wrestlers, having adjusted their clothing, and become fully ready for the contest, eyed each other for a moment from opposite sides of the ring.

The stature of Skipdale was nearly six feet; his appearance displaying strength as well as agility. He was about thirty years of age, rough-boned, round chested, but not fat; with a quick eye, hard features, and confident aspect.

Murphy, on the other hand, was not above the middle size in stature; but he was broad and capacious in all his other dimensions, and from head

to foot was completely covered with a panoply of muscles. His neck was, if any thing, rather short ; but his arms were long, and all his joints well-knit, and perfectly at command. His features were broad and full ; but they were not displeasing, although his eyes were fierce, and his eye-brows so heavy that they seemed as if they had never relaxed from a perpetual frown.

“ Long or short hold ? Stranger ! ” demanded Skipdale.

“ Which ever you can seize first, ” replied Murphy. “ Come on :—St. Patrick for ever ! ”

Skipdale instantly made a pounce at him, which, although it made the earth shake, Murphy received with as little impression as if he had been a block of granite. Their mutual grasp was so intense as to make some of the by-standers shudder. They had clinched each other by the breast, at arm’s length, and stood a moment immoveable, like two columns of masonry. Skipdale, finding that he might as well have attempted to shake the pedestal of King William’s statue in Dublin from its stand, as to move his antagonist either to the right or to the left, suddenly made a spring backwards, with the hope of jerking him upon his face to the earth. This was the very movement for which Murphy waited ; and, the instant his opponent’s feet were loosened from the soil, he gave him a

swing to the right that made him describe the semi-circle of the area on which they moved, at one leap, and then to come down on his left knee. It was rather a slip, however, than a fall; for he had scarcely touched the ground till he was again firm on his feet; and now thinking Murphy somewhat off his guard, he made a violent effort to dart more closely upon him, in order to strike one of his feet from its adhesion to the ground. Murphy received the blow on his right ankle. It made the air ring, but it might as well have rung from the stump of an old oak. Skipdale was then swung back in the other direction, being whirled round his antagonist as a wheel turns on its pivot. Still he, with incredible dexterity, kept his feet, until, again getting firm hold of the ground, the two leaned against each other in the same immoveable position as at the first.

Murphy, perceiving that his antagonist was too agile to be overthrown in this way, exerted his full strength to push him backwards for a few yards, with the intention of putting him off his guard against the same manœuvre which had been practised upon himself,—of suddenly plucking him forward to the ground. Skipdale, unable to resist his opponent's weight and muscular force, was driven nearly round the area by this movement, to the great delight of the country people, who loudly

cheered at this manifestation of their favourite's superior strength. Murphy tried several times in vain, to bring him down by a sudden impulse forward ; his agility still buoyed him up ; and in the moment when, to all appearance, he must inevitably greet the earth, a bound, still at his command, would act like wings upon his loins, and support him from falling. At length both, being somewhat breathless with this exercise, paused for a moment, as if they mutually wished to consider what was next to be done. But it was only for a moment ; for Murphy, whose strength was by far the least exhausted, desiring no truce, renewed the struggle by a sudden and powerful effort to trip his antagonist. This had nearly succeeded ; but the earth seemed to have the faculty of repelling Skipdale's body from its surface ; for another leap again set him upright before his opponent in the old position ; in which they stood once more, for a short space motionless, and frowning terribly, like two enraged bulls fast locked in each other's horns.

How to overcome this obstinate and almost preternatural buoyancy of his antagonist, Murphy was at a loss to conjecture ; but overcome it he must, he perceived, before he could effect his overthrow. The most probable way, he thought, would be to exhaust his strength, by dragging him from side to side, and tugging him backwards and forwards

without intermission, until downright fatigue would render him unable to execute those surprising and perplexing leaps, which kept him, like another Antæus, from the ground. With this view, dreadful was the force he now applied to Skipdale. He seemed as if he would tear his very limbs asunder. At every bound of Murphy, the earth trembled under him; and, as his antagonist was whirled around, the swiftness and force of his feet striking the sods, tore them up and scattered the dust about, like the spray flying from a water-wheel. But Skipdale, as if aware of his opponent's intention to exhaust him, permitted himself, as much as possible, to be passive for a short time during an exertion which could not but cost Murphy a vast waste of strength. By this means, soon feeling himself tolerably recovered, he made an unexpected movement, which nearly entangled Murphy's legs and almost overset him. The bound by which the latter recovered his balance was like the shock of a thunder-bolt, and caused Skipdale to lose the grip of one of his hands. That instant Murphy closed with him at short hold, and grasped him, locking the loosened arm close to his side, with the force of a bear, round the waist. Skipdale's agility now availed him nothing. Murphy raised him from his feet, and overturning him, he fell with a dreadful crash, with his back upon the ground.

The air immediately rung with acclamations, and the stranger Murphy was unanimously hailed by the people as the victor of the well-contested day. The soldiers themselves, perhaps in some measure, from respect to the presence of their commander, yielded, without any apparent reluctance, to a decision which they could not well controvert.

After the first ebullition of the popular triumph was over, Lord Rosendale called for the wrestlers, in order to bestow on the conqueror the promised reward, and also to compensate the vanquished for the prolonged entertainment which his dexterity and strength had afforded the company. But the conqueror was no where to be found. The moment his victory was declared he had disappeared, and it seemed now in vain to search for him. Lord Rosendale, whose health was infirm, and who, therefore, began to feel the confusion which now prevailed among the multitude rather disagreeable, returned to the house ; contenting himself with giving directions, that any of the people who might at any time see Murphy, would inform him, of his lordship's wish that he should call at Rosendale-house to receive his reward.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Ah! knave, ah! villain—would you kill the man,
And use such cowardly baseness for the purpose?
By Heaven, such treachery should be impaled;
'Tis fitting only for Italian ruffians,
That slay for wages at the midnight hour,
Making the deeds of Hell the trade they live by!*

BASKET OF SCRAPS.

GREAT was the mortification of Skipdale at his defeat, and great was the hatred which he, in consequence, imbibed against his conqueror. The recompense and approbation which his own conduct had received from Lord Rosendale, did not in the least mollify his ill-humour; which was, during the evening, kept in perpetual excitement by the reiterated applauses and continued encomiums that the populace conferred on his antagonist. Murphy, himself, he conceived, had exhibited towards him, when he dashed him so furiously to the ground, more rage and animosity than the occasion required. He resolved therefore, if possible, to discover his enemy and be revenged. He accordingly consulted with some of his companions, to whom he

represented, that Murphy must undoubtedly be a papist, and had encountered him, on this occasion, merely to humble their party. This accorded too well with their own pre-conceived opinions and feelings not to be admitted, and they readily agreed to assist their serjeant in obtaining revenge.

It was a very beautifully clear and calm evening. The people had all retired to their several homes; and not a living creature was to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, where all had been so lately full of mirth, activity, bustle, and acclamation. The very air was so still, that not a breath stirred the luxuriant foliage of the groves; and yet it was not sultry, for a pleasant and inviting coolness was dispensed by the falling dews to the slumbering atmosphere.

Lord Rosendale's company had departed; and he himself, being fatigued with the amusements of the day, had withdrawn to repose. Frederick and Mr. Carlow remained alone. They walked out to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and the sweets of conversation, amidst those scenes where they had so often rambled, and which Frederick's late absence rendered him more than usually desirous to trace.

The moon was nearly at her full, and rode along the blue and unchequered expanse of the Heavens, in all that solemn and imposing majesty which

Homer so accurately describes. While the two gentlemen paused to gaze upon her, Mr. Carlow repeated the passage according to Pope's unrivalled translation :

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.

ILIAD, Book viii.

“Poetry never painted the scenery of such a night as this in more glowing and accurate colours,” observed Frederick, as they walked in the direction of the old dilapidated castle of the M'Manusus. “Mark now the ‘yellow verdure’ which is shed on the dark trees that surround yon old building, and also the silver that tips its gray mouldering turrets, which from this spot almost look as if they were parts of the rocky peak of a mountain. Surely we may imagine that Homer recollected a

scene similar to this, only substituting for the old castle that mountain to the left, when, in his days of blindness, he wrote such a noble and natural description."

"Had such venerable fabrics as that before us, existed in Homer's time," returned Carlow, "his muse would not have failed to delight us by numerous splendid allusions to them, given with the same accuracy and spirit which is so much admired in this night-piece; for such objects, bringing to mind the industry and exploits of former times, must have highly interested the feelings of such a poet, and been made by his verses to interest the feelings of all other men. I wonder that our modern bards have not more frequently availed themselves of such interesting monuments of the glory of our ancestors to impress delight on their readers, and secure to their works admiration and fame. But indeed it is only since these gothic buildings began to decay, that they have become the objects of peculiar veneration; and perhaps, the day is not far distant, when some poet, destined to become the favourite of mankind, will draw from them, and from the recollection of the deeds they have witnessed, inspiration for his genius, and immortality to his name."*

* It may be suggested, that this prediction of Mr. Carlow has already been fulfilled, in the appearance of the

At this moment, having approached almost to the north-western angle of the building, they thought they heard something like the sound of a human voice. They advanced silently, and became confirmed in their opinion.

"It is, perhaps, some unfortunate wanderer who has taken shelter here for the night, and is now at his devotions," observed Carlow, in a low voice.

"If so, we ought to invite him into more comfortable quarters," replied Frederick.

"But he must have come here from choice," resumed Carlow, "as there are so many hospitable farm-houses in the neighbourhood."

"In that case, there must be something remarkable in his disposition, to induce him to prefer lodging amidst gloom, solitude, and desolation, to enjoying the comfortable couch and hearty welcome of an honest farmer."

As they were about turning the north-eastern angle of the building the voice became more audible, and they could even distinguish the words. Unwilling, therefore, to disturb the stranger's meditations, they stopped; while the voice of lamentation reached their ears in the following strains:

"— Yes, gallant race of warriors! Your pos-
immortal bard of Chivalry, whose genius has delighted the world with the romantic tales of "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," &c. &c.

terity is now banished from these halls, and the strangers who now possess them care not how fast they go to destruction. Often have the sounds of song and revelry, as Irishmen and Irish maidens enjoyed the exhilaration of the mirthful dance to the sweet music of their native harps, resounded through yonder casements, where now can be heard nothing but the fluttering of the bat, the screeching of the owl, or the sighing of the wind:—or perhaps, some time-loosened fragment, falling down to accelerate the completion of the ruin of those venerated walls, may occasionally startle and attract the passing rustic, who would otherwise disdain to afford a glance at objects which have been honoured with the admiration of brighter eyes, and more heroic hearts than the present usurping race have ever possessed. Ye, whose bones lie in yonder cemetery! Heroes of men! Angels of women! do your beatified spirits know how fallen and degraded is your race? Ah! thou whose improving hand first laid the foundation of this once stately and magnificent pile, and ye whose taste gave the last finish to its grandeur, did your hearts ever forbode the disasters of your family? Did ye ever think that your rightful heir should only dare to approach the scenes of your glory, the home of your importance, by stealth—in the night season, disowned and despised—like an outcast, and a criminal!

Oh! God of my fathers! is it a sin to implore thee for retribution and for justice? Holy Mother of Jesus! thou whose worship was long here held sacred, but is now profaned and despised, wilt thou not intercede against thy enemies and mine, and bring a righteous judgment upon the destroyers of my race, and the contemners of thy holy religion?—”

“Vile papist! son of a harlot! take this for thy blasphemy,” was at that instant exclaimed by a fierce voice, while the report of a pistol was, at the same moment, heard by Frederick and his friend. Frederick immediately sprung towards the spot. He had to descend a steep flight of stairs that were cut in the rock, on which the castle stood before he reached the scene of the scuffle, which, as he descended, he distinctly heard going forward; while the fellow who fired the pistol shouted—

“By Heavens! I have missed him. Come on boys! surely five of us will master him!”

The moon lighted Frederick to the spot; and, having snatched a loose bar of iron from an old grating of one of the windows, he rushed in, and beheld several soldiers engaged with one man, whom they had thrown down, but who held two of them by their throats firmly above him as a shield from the weapons of the others.

“Villains!—murderers!” exclaimed Frederick

as he struck the first soldier he met to the earth with the iron bar. Two others at that instant fled. Mr. Carlow now arrived; for he had followed Frederick as fast as his inferior agility would permit; and the two soldiers, whom the stranger had almost strangled, were instantly secured. It was found, however, that the stranger had received several severe bayonet wounds, and was becoming weak from loss of blood. The most dangerous of his wounds were soon staunch'd with handkerchiefs and cravats; and Mr. Carlow hastened to the dwelling-house for assistance, while Frederick remained to guard the culprits. The one whom he had struck, indeed, required no guarding; for, although he could breathe and move, he was still speechless; and Frederick became apprehensive that he had killed him.

Several of Lord Rosendale's servants soon arrived, and were followed by a guard of soldiers, whom Frederick had directed Mr. Carlow to order out. The prisoners and the wounded man were then conveyed to suitable accommodations, and a messenger-despatched for a surgeon.

Frederick was much grieved to find that Serjeant Skipdale, of whom he had hitherto held a favourable opinion, had been the leader and contriver of this savage attempt on the life of a stranger, who had done him no other injury than defeat-

ing him at a game of wrestling, to which he had himself been the challenger:—for the reader will have rightly conjectured that this stranger, whose life had been so basely attacked, was no other than the victorious Murphy, and that the said Murphy was no other than our Northern “Hearts of Steel” chieftain, M’Manus.

As soon as this restless zealot had, on the bed of pain where he now lay, leisure for reflection, some qualms of conscience came across his mind. Believing his wounds to be mortal, and feeling some impulses of gratitude for the generous part Frederick had acted towards him; conceiving, besides, that there was now no more hope of his family quarrel being ever revenged on the Rosendales, he resolved no longer to struggle against such a clear manifestation of the will of Providence, by persisting, in this awful hour when eternity stared him in the face, to harbour unavailing resentment against a family whose hospitality and benevolence he now experienced. He wished much to acknowledge his former designs, and express his contrition for them privately to Frederick, for whom he had already imbibed a very high esteem. He felt assured that one of his generosity would not reject the request of a dying man for forgiveness; at all events, he felt that the confession would relieve his own mind of a load which then oppress-

ed it. At his request, therefore, Frederick attended at his bed side.

“Mr. Rosendale,” said the penitent, “you have this night jeopardized your life to rescue mine from assassins. If you had succeeded, which I cannot think is the case, you would have saved the greatest enemy to your house and name upon earth.”

“How so?” inquired Frederick. “Surely neither I nor any of my connexions have ever knowingly injured you.”

“Ah, Sir! a deadly injury have your ancestors done mine,—and I alone was left to avenge it!”

“Certainly, Mr. Murphy,” observed Frederick, “you must have mistaken the objects of your hostility. None of our house, as far as my information reaches into past times, have ever had any collision with people of your name.”

“My name, Sir, is M’Manus. Have you ever heard of it?” demanded Munn, with some degree of pride.

“Yes, Sir!” replied Frederick, in a mild tone —“that name explains all mysteries.”

“Then you think a M’Manus not an unworthy enemy?” inquired Munn, with impatience.

“One of my ancestors felt a M’Manus valiant,” replied Frederick; “and I have no reason to think meanly of any of the name.”

“But, do you not hate the name?” asked Munn.

“No, thank God! I harbour no such feelings towards it,” answered Frederick; “nor do I believe any such-feeling to be harboured by any of our house. We know your family to have suffered much by espousing the unfortunate side in a disastrous war. We gained what you lost;—but, bethink you, had we not gained it, others would; for, to you circumstances had rendered the loss inevitable; and it was then, surely but a matter of inferior moment on whom the gain was conferred.”

“Perhaps you speak justly,” replied Munn. “Rosendale may not have been more hostile to us than a thousand others would have been; nor have we, Sir, cherished a greater hatred against your family, than we should have cherished against any other of the thousand who had occupied its place. It was not the shadow, but the substance that inspired our resentment. Your name might be Rosendale, and welcome: to that we had no objection. But your deriving prosperity and grandeur from the patrimony from which you had driven us to become pennyless, outcast, contemned, and persecuted;—this was the source of our antipathy. Was there not reality in this?” he demanded, with more vehemence than his situation warranted. But Frederick was of too generous a temper to

take offence from the sudden warmth produced by the wounded feelings of an unfortunate man.

“Assure yourself, Mr. M‘Manus,” said he, in a soothing tone, “that I lament the misfortunes of your family; and, if my power were only equal to my inclination, they would soon terminate. If you, or any of your connexions, labour under distress, of a nature that I can relieve, disclose it, and relief shall be at once given.”

“Mr. Rosendale,” replied M‘Manus, his natural haughtiness yielding to Frederick’s good nature and kindness, “I believe you are a generous young man. I was once your bitter enemy; I am so no longer. Whether I live or die, I shall henceforth be your friend. My family connexions are, alas! few. I had but one brother, and no sister. I lost my brother; for he forsook our creed, and left his country long since. He may still be alive; but he is lost to me by his apostacy, and he has not been heard of for sixteen years. Besides him, the only human being now akin to me is his daughter,—for I have neither wife nor offspring. But my niece, alas! has been reared by her mother’s friends, an alien from our fathers’ faith. Still she is innocent, lovely, and endearing; and I cannot but love her. Ah! if she only belonged to the true church, the star of my eye, the blood of my heart, would not be more precious to me:—but she is an alien.

Besides, she is in no want :—for her advantage therefore, I need not quarrel with Rosendale. When this heart of mine ceases its motion, then, I know of no other but her's in which the blood of my fathers will move. Why, then, should I be so anxious about patrimony? Let who will enjoy it for me, I care not :—our race will be soon extinct.”

His emotion became here so great, as almost to choke his utterance. Frederick endeavoured to comfort him.

“Be of good cheer,” said he. Providence may furnish you, even in this world, with a share of happiness you have never yet felt. Should you have no children of your own, those of your niece may become objects of attachment, sufficient to give you an interest in the affairs of men, and to render your latter days happy.”

“Generous youth !” exclaimed M'Manus, whose feelings were always ardent, and generally sudden, in either friendship or enmity, “your words are the most soothing I have heard since the death of my mother. No person has ever since spoken to me with such kindness. But I required it not; for I defied man, and stood aloof in my own strength. I was proud to do so; and, therefore, despised sympathy. I now, thank you for it, for my feelings are altered—yes, greatly altered! With respect to your family, Sir, I wish to confess

it, I came here, but a few days since, with an intention to watch it as my prey and to destroy it. Perhaps, I am destroyed myself; but, whether or not, this arm shall never be lifted against your safety, or that of your father's house. If I die, you are safe by my destruction: if I live, you are safe by my gratitude; for that life will be owing first to your gallantry, and next to your kindness; and you will not have preserved it for the destruction of your own: wicked as I am, I am not wicked enough for that."

Frederick was afraid that the ardour of his emotions, with his exertions to express them, might be prejudicial to his recovery. He gently hinted this to him—wished him to be calm until medical aid should arrive, which he expected every minute. He then assured him, that he hoped this introduction, although it had taken place under such unpromising circumstances, might lead to a fortunate issue, by bringing their families to a better understanding.

He had scarcely finished these remarks, when the surgeon, who had been sent for, entered. He soon examined and dressed M'Manus's wounds; and declared, that he expected a favourable termination of his case; but that calmness and repose were necessary to ensure it.

On examining the soldier whom Frederick had

be the heir of a race that had vanquished and dispossessed the ancestor of so valiant a person. But it was not long until his usual haughtiness broke out on several occasions, in Munn's presence; and in such a manner, as required from the latter all his respect for Frederick to enable him to brook with any appearance of good temper. He was heartily glad, therefore, when his convalescence enabled him to take leave of Rosendale House; which he did, however, with such feelings as might have resulted in evil to its lord, had he not been an invalid, and his lordship's heir-apparent a gentleman, and the friend and preserver of a M'Manus.

CHAPTER XV.

O, Conspiracy!

*Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy!
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.*

SHAKESPEARE.

In a few months after the preceding occurrences, the depredations of the Hearts of Steel became very alarming to the country. The association had prodigiously increased in numbers, very soon after its organization. The zeal and intrepidity with which they conducted their nocturnal enterprises, enabled them always to effect their object, and kept the country in perpetual disturbance or apprehension; while their disguise, secrecy, and fidelity to each other, secured them from detection.

As the inhabitants of Ulster were chiefly of the reformed religion, it was considered, and had actually for a long time been, the most peaceable and

loyal province of the kingdom. Very few troops were, therefore, at this juncture quartered there. In Carrickfergus, Belfast, and Londonderry alone there were small garrisons, very inadequate, under present circumstances, to preserve the tranquillity of such a large and populous district.

The Hearts of Steel had also recourse for their protection to a novel artifice, which, on various occasions, had the intended effect of stifling prosecutions against them, even when they were detected. Whenever the person on whom they had concerted an attack, had any relatives among their adherents, which was often the case, these, although disguised like the rest, were always put in the foreground of the enterprise. If a demand of money was to be made; if a dwelling-house or a barn was to be burned; if a flock of cattle were to be maimed or destroyed, those belonging to their body who were most nearly connected with the owners, were, by the terms of their compact, obliged to be the chief agents in the affair. Hence, even when discoveries were made, and culprits seized, the plaintiffs often declined to prosecute, lest they should endanger the life of a relative, and bring affliction and disgrace into the midst of their own families. Others were also intimidated from prosecuting, by the fear of further violence from the vengeance of such a daring and formidable association. Nay, so great-

ly had this terror of being obnoxious to the "Hearts of Steel" at one time become impressed on the minds of the people, that no jury, even on the clearest proof, would venture to find any of them guilty. This state of impunity, arising partly from the favour, and partly from the fears of the public, exceedingly increased the power of these malcontents, and encouraged them to a degree of audacity almost unparalleled in the history of such combinations.

When Munn returned to the North, he was much rejoiced at the prosperous condition in which he found the confederacy. Now is the time, thought he, to turn the hand of heresy against itself, if not for its overthrow, at least for its annoyance. The dispirited Catholics to the Southward have neither energy nor means to turn against their oppressors; but these more favoured Puritans of the North can be made effectual instruments of vengeance against the proud usurpers of the country.

Under this impression, he, with redoubled zeal, put his shoulder to the wheel of their movements, and powerfully hurried them on to deeds of terror and destruction against all who had injured them. Clearfield was the first object of his hatred, whom he wished to get into his power.

"There is no occasion," said he to Forsythe, at a conference they held on this matter, "to delay

longer the vengeance we owe that man. He has now done as much mischief as he will dare to do. Our cause, therefore, need not expect to acquire more advantage from his villany. Let us be at him! I long to make him tremble for his deeds!"

"My soul will feel pleasure in his punishment," replied Forsythe. "The first of October is Mounthill fair: I am informed that he is to be there on some cattle business. By means of his cousin, Whiteford, who is zealous in our cause, we can have him seduced towards the shabeen house, at Ballyrick-art-hill, in the evening. Old Blair, who keeps it, is a friend, and will assist us in inflicting a suitable punishment."

Whiteford immediately received his instructions; and Ned More was invited to assist in bringing his arch-enemy to punishment.

Whiteford paid particular attention to Clearfield, during the afternoon of the fair day. He assisted him to make several profitable sales of cattle, for which he received prompt payment; and instead of paying on the spot for his purchases, he persuaded him to retain the money, and give in its place orders on his employers—a mode of payment which he represented might turn out more advantageous, and, therefore, more agreeable to the latter, by giving them an opportunity of prevailing on these creditors to receive merchandize instead

of money, in liquidation of at least part of their claims.

The hurry of business being over, and night drawing near, Clearfield delivered his purchases into the care of a servant; and prepared to leave the fair, for the purpose of lodging at a friend's house, a few miles distant. But Whiteford would not part with him, until they should have at least a couple of naggins together.

"It would be a cryin' oot sin, besides a shame," said he, "after doin' sae much business, to leave the fair sober, an' without spen'ng ony thing wi' the tent-keepers."

Into a tent, therefore, they went: and, in the drinking of several naggins, Clearfield spent a most jovial hour—listening with great satisfaction to Whiteford's professions of friendship, and placing implicit credit in his loud and reiterated asseverations to serve him by night or by day. At length, Clearfield having become completely intoxicated by the combined powers of whiskey and flattery, the two friends left the fair together, at that dubious time, when the shades of night have just gained the victory over the last struggles of day. There was no moon to light them on their path; but the stars shone clearly, which, to brave hearty fellows, with warm stomachs and giddy heads, answered the same purpose, especially as

the road was good, and not remarkably difficult to find.

“By the Lord!” said Clearfield, looking about, and finding himself somewhat bewildered, “if I cannot see the road, my horse can; and he knows George Findlay’s well enough; he’ll steer for the oats in George’s manger, I’ll warrant him.”

“That he will, faith,” replied his companion, “We canna’ miss oor way wi’ twa sitch beasts under us. It’s a guid thing, on dark nichts, that men and horses are never baith drunk at yince.”

“By my soul though, Whiteford, I rather think we’re on the wrong road,” observed Clearfield, looking inquiringly around. “Barnacle has lost scent of Findlay’s oats for once. I don’t remember this bridge-wall on the way.”

“Never min!” exclaimed Whiteford: “Push on. By the dickens! wha’s afeard? Findlay’s is aye in the auld place—quite afore us, I think.” At the same time, he pushed his horse forward, and Clearfield passively followed.

They had not ridden much farther, till Whiteford, slackening his pace, began to whistle the tune of “Morgan Rattler” with great spirit. He had not whistled more than half a minute, when, just as they came opposite to the ruins of an old house, on the left side of the road, two large figures, dressed in white, with their heads and shoulders shin-

ing as if in flames, darted suddenly upon the road before them.

“Heaven preserve us!” cried Clearfield, in a terrible fright, as he turned his horse to fly from the apparitions; but, on the other direction, he was also assailed by two similar figures, equally terrific and more menacing; for they ran towards him, demanding in a wild tone, “Who travels there?”

Clearfield, who trembled at every joint, faltered out, “A friend!”

“What’s your name?” was next rudely demanded.

“Richard Clearfield,” was answered, in a tone which indicated the speaker to be more dead than alive.

“What? the very scoundrel we are looking for!” was exclaimed by one of the figures;—“the villain who has ruined so many poor men, and whom the devil has commissioned us to carry off to hell! What say you, master ruffian, are you ready for the journey?”

But they gave him no time to reply; for pulling him off his horse, they drove him into the ruinous house, in the floor of which they opened a trap-door, down which they tumbled him headlong into a deep and damp dungeon; cursing him to lie there awhile, and repent of his sins, before

they should transmit him ~~altogether~~ to the infernal regions.

Having secured the trap-door on the prisoner, they struck a light, and despatched a message to the shabbeen-house, which was about half a mile distant, for a supply of whiskey, and other materials necessary for making a merry night.

These matters being provided, they caroused, sung, swore, danced, raged, and roared, with all the wickedness and spirit of true devils; while the unfortunate wretch beneath them lay trembling and sweating in an agony of terror and despair. For about an hour, fear had so totally absorbed every other sensation, that he scarcely knew where he was, or how he had been driven there. When his faculties at last began to recover, he groped about his den, conceiving that Whiteford must also have been thrust into it along with him. On not finding him, after the most painful search, he again relapsed into his almost stupifying state of horror and despair. He would, nevertheless, at intervals, think of Whiteford, who he doubted not, had met with a fate equally disastrous.

This fellow, Whiteford, besides serving the Hearts of Steel, had his own private views to accomplish by the destruction of Clearfield. He knew that the saddle-bags of the latter contained upwards of a thousand pounds. These, as soon as

he saw his companion fairly kicked into the dungeon, he hastened to secure, unnoticed by his confederates, and concealed them at some distance for his own use. It was with a view to this appropriation that he dissuaded Clearfield from paying in the fair for the cattle he had purchased; and, to prevent a detection of this theft, he was now become, perhaps, the most zealous among the conspirators for hastening their captive's death.

When that unhappy wretch recovered sufficient presence of mind to listen to the proceedings of the revellers above him, whom he had hitherto taken to be in reality fiends, he soon acquired from their conversation a clearer idea of the truth.

"I'll be shivered, Captain," said one of them, "but you looked so like Beelzebub, that you might have deceived his old crony, master Satan himself, by the resemblance. The old phosphorescent fish fragments flamed around you, as if they had been in reality devil's matches. No wonder the cursed wretch lost his wits!"

"You were equally frightful, good major," replied the captain, "although less disguised, it may be; for you appeared only what you really are in your heart—a burning fiend. I should never wish for a more satanic colleague in a hellish deed."

Why faith," observed another, "we had a' a guid appearance o' the devil about us, for that mat-

ter. But as we hae now got the savage in our clutches, I only irk to be at the roasting o' him. What say you, lan'lord?"

"Why, as to roasting him," replied the land-lord, "na, na. I hae a better project than that comes to: he'll be roasted weel and lang enough in the other world:—we had better freeze him here, that he may ken the benefit o' baith punishments."

"Let him freeze where he is, then, and be damned!" said one of those who spoke tolerable English, "For my part, I think either freezing or roasting would be too honourable a death for him:—hanging would be more suitable to his disgraceful and base villany. But, in the meantime, let us have another round to the "Downfall of Tyrants," and the major will give us a song."

"With all my heart," said the major. "Hob and nob, my boys! I pledge you all round. Attention! now here's for the song; but you must all join in chorus."

"Agreed, agreed!" was answered by all. "Let's have it."

"Hem, hem!" said the major; and immediately he sang as follows:

CHORUS.

Go on, my boys! your cause is just,
And justice is no treason;

**Brave Hearts of Steel, we firmly trust,
Will teach the tyrants reason.**

**We suffered much, we suffered long,
Beneath their vile oppression;
Nor could they say we did them wrong,
Their's was the first aggression.**

Go on, my boys, &c.

**Though poor our homes, our holdings small,
With them we were contented ;
Our tribute to their lordly hall,
Without a grudge we sent it.**

Go on, my boys, &c.

**But evil they for good return'd,
Insulted and abused us ;
Our prayers, our tears, they mocked, they spurned,
And worse than brutes they used us.**

Go on, my boys, &c.

**On those dear lands that gave us birth,
Sweet was our occupation ;
From them, alas ! they turned us forth,
To want and desolation.**

Go on, my boys, &c.

**Our wives and maidens, sweet and true,
For whom 't was pleasure toiling ;
Their treatment by the hellish crew
Has set our blood a boiling !**

Go on, my boys, &c.

**Our mothers, sires, and children dear,
Now left without a shelter ;**

Their tyrants yet, by Heaven ! we swear,
In flames and blood shall welter !

Go on, my boys, &c.

Since Satan loves the wicked race,
To him we'll quickly send them !—
In hell they'll rue their want of grace,
Then may the devil mend them.

Go on, my boys, &c.

To the long applause which followed this horrid song, a renewal of their glasses succeeded. They then continued their noisy orgies for a considerable time. At length one of them asked, in a serious tone, how they determined to dispose of their prisoner ? They now began to deliberate. It was first proposed to make him confess his crimes, and then shoot him. It was then proposed to strangle him ; and even mention was made of burying him alive. But not one of these proposals received the assent of the majority.

During this deliberation, either inebriation, or conscious security, induced them to address each other by their real names.

“ You seem very urgent for his instant execution, Whiteford,” said one of them. “ You have done your part dexterously ; leave the rest to us. We shall not fail in the needful. He is now, quite safe, and tolerably uncomfortable, under hatches there. I should like to confine him in his den for

a few days, to give him time for repentance, if it were only to torment him awhile with suspense. What say you, Forsythe? You knew his gizzard tolerably of old. What shall we do with him?"

"I approve of your plan of punishing him, M'Manus," replied Forsythe; "let him remain in the pit, well manackled, and fed sparingly: it will be good for his health. Blair will be his goaler, until we obtain the opinion of more of our friends on the subject. Let us in a few days assemble a consultation party, before whom he may be regularly arraigned, tried, condemned, sentenced, and then executed in proper form."

This was agreed upon. The wretched Clearfield was bound hand and foot in his dungeon; the hatch-door was firmly secured above him; and the charge of all being consigned to the worthy landlord of the adjoining shabeen-house, the infernal conference broke up.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gentle friends,

*Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up our servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE day following, C. Earfield's imprisonment, Squire Onsley, hearing of M' Manus being in the neighbourhood, sent him a very friendly invitation to his house. Munn attended, and spent a very agreeable day with the magistrate.

After dinner the two gentlemen walked out together.

"You have heard of the Hearts of Steel combination; I suppose?" said Munn.

"Yes, Sir," replied the other; "there is hardly any thing else talked of in the country."

"And what do you think of it?" asked Munn.

"Why, I can scarcely tell," replied Onsley; "their intentions may be justified on the ground of the provocations they have received. They

have already intimidated the great land speculators; and so far their association has been useful; but, I am afraid, that, like most other secret combinations, they may plunge themselves so deeply into illegal measures, that many of even those who wish them well, shall be obliged, not only to discountenance but to oppose them. But, Sir, I wished to speak with you on a matter of much importance to my feelings. I have an object in view—I do not know whether you already know of it—on the attainment of which the whole happiness of my life, I believe, absolutely depends; and to assist me in its attainment, I believe is considerably in your power. In short, Sir, I love your niece to distraction. My fortune, my all, I am anxious to lay at her feet, if she will consent to be my wife.”

“I have heard,” replied M‘Manus, “of your wishes respecting Isabella, and have spoken to her on the subject; but I must confess she gave me no reason to think that you are a favoured suitor.”

“Perhaps, she has some other in view, whom she prefers?” observed Onsley.

“I do not think she has,” replied M‘Manus, “I believe that her heart, in respect to love matters, is, as yet, totally untouched.”

“Then surely, Mr. M‘Manus, I need not give up my suit,” said Onsley. “Perseverance may gain

her favour; and I think that your interference might be attended with some advantage."

"My interference and influence, so far as they can go, Mr. Onsley, you shall have, on one condition; but that condition I scarcely know whether it would be prudent to mention."

"Mention it, in Heaven's name! No matter what it be, from you to me it cannot be imprudent."

"Will you support the cause of the Hearts of Steel," said Munn, abruptly, "both in your private and official capacity? If you do, I will with all my power, support, and, I hope, successfully, your suit to my niece."

"I can refuse nothing to which you attach such a condition," replied Onsley; "but may I ask, why you so eagerly wish for my support to this confederacy?"

"Because," answered M'Manus, without hesitation, "I know their cause to be righteous,—the cause of vengeance on oppressors; and to be plain with you, my friend, I have myself joined them."

"Did I not fear the inconsistency of their views with my official obligations, I would not, since it is your wish, hesitate to lend them my countenance. Be assured, however, since you are one of them, that I shall never be their enemy."

"That is not enough," replied M'Manus pointedly. "I here pass my word, by some means or

other, to obtain you my niece in wedlock, if you attach yourself to our society, and take the oath of fidelity which we administer to its members. There can be no danger in it; for we are all sworn to inflict the most terrible retribution upon informers."

"My affections are unalterably fixed on your fascinating niece," returned Onsley. "I feel I can never be happy without her:—only assure me that she shall be mine, and I am yours as ardently in this cause of the persecuted against the persecutors as you can desire."

In short, Munn pledged his word; Onsley took the oath of fidelity to "the Hearts of Steel," and the affair was settled.

According to appointment, a session was held by a suitable number of "the Hearts of Steel," at the shabeen-house of Ballyrickart, for the purpose of trying the delinquency, and deciding on the fate of the unfortunate Clearfield.

It was about ten o'clock on a very dark night, in the early part of October, 1765, that, after the preliminary consumption of several quarts of whiskey, the court organized itself, by appointing Matthew Douglas, president; Sampson Blair, the landlord of the shabeen-house, clerk; David Forsythe, attorney for "the Hearts of Steel;" and Edmund M'Manus, counsel for the prisoner. The prisoner was then ordered to be brought before the court to

take his trial. He appeared pinioned and handcuffed, with a rope round each ankle, and one round his neck. His superfine coat, cambric ruffles, white moselle waistcoat, buff breeches, and silk stockings, were all disfigured with mud, from lying on the swampy floor of his dungeon; while his thin sallow appearance, and wo-begone countenance, gave ample proof of the agony of mind he had undergone in captivity.

They seated him on a round three-legged stool, at a small distance from the long deal table, or bench, behind which the president had taken his station, with the clerk of the court on his right hand. To his left sat five or six rustic-looking fellows, who were to act as a jury; while the attornies, for and against the prosecution, sat one on each side of the prisoner, opposite the judge.

The precaution was then taken to place sentinels at some distance around the house, to give notice of the approach of any enemy, during their proceedings.

The formality of a written indictment was dispensed with by this grave tribunal; and the business of its sitting commenced, by the judge ordering silence, and then commanding the accusers of the prisoner to bring forward their charges.

Forsythe now slowly rose; and, stretching his

tall, slim figure to its utmost height, cast first at the prisoner a withering look of triumphant malignity, and then turned to the court a face of great importance and affected gravity. He next cleared his throat with a couple of thorough bass hems; and, with the formal air of a village school-master, in which employment he had spent several years, he proceeded to draw a picture of his own grievances, and the prisoner's villany. It may be here stated that Forsythe had received a better education than at that time was usually received by the peasantry of Ulster; it having been his father's intention to prepare him for the pulpit. The dissipated and profligate habits of the son, however, frustrated this design, the presbytery to which he belonged refusing, on account of certain immoralities of which he had been guilty, to grant him license. The only advantages, therefore, that he derived from his learning, besides improving his speech were, that it enabled him for some years, as has been observed, to teach a village school, and now qualified him to be a leader of "the Hearts of Steel."

"May it please you, the right worshipful judge and jury of this court," said he, in an assumed tone of deep feeling, "to hearken to the complaint of a man who has suffered from the insolence, cruelty, brutality, and treachery of the prisoner before you,

the most galling wrongs, and the most unrelenting persecution.

“ The most of you know how comfortably I was situated, not seven months ago, in the possession of a snug patrimony, and a healthy and thriving family. You all know the state of wretchedness to which I have been since reduced. Poverty, almost to famine ; affliction, almost to death ; regret and vexation, almost to despair, have been and still are the lot of my wife, my children and myself, and that principally owing to the villany of the prisoner.

“ My farm, my ancestors had possessed for more than a hundred years. Joshua Forsythe, a gallant soldier in the great Cromwell’s army, held it as a reward for his services, by lease, at a low rent, under the D——l family. My progenitors improved it much. I continued also, after it came into my possession, about nine years ago, to improve it, though I knew that the lease was near expiring ; for, who would have thought that a landlord, whose house we had so long contributed to support, would, for the value of a few guineas, have turned us destitute upon the world ?

“ My lease expired about a year ago. I was then promised a renewal of it, on the old terms, for fifty guineas. With close management and the assistance of some of my friends, I gathered the money

together, during the last winter. In the month of April, I therefore went to Belfast, to claim the fulfilment of the agent's promise. In the office I happened, unfortunately, to encounter the prisoner. I was waiting patiently, until the agent should have leisure to attend to my affairs; when the prisoner approached me, and, taking me aside with an air of friendship, inquired if I wanted a lease renewed? Not suspecting his treacherous intention, I told him I did. He then questioned me concerning my farm,—where it lay?—what was its size?—what was its quality?—what were the improvements on it?—how much of a fine I had agreed to give for a renewal?—and so on. In the simplicity of my heart, I told him all.

“ He then went to a desk, wrote something on a leaf of paper, and gave it to the agent. I did not know the meaning of this; but I perceived that the agent gave a nod, and smiled, when he received it. In about half an hour afterwards, the agent called me.

“ ‘ Well, my good fellow,’ said he, ‘ David Forsythe, I think, is your name?’

“ ‘ Yes, Sir.’

“ ‘ How much money have you got?’

“ ‘ Fifty guineas—for which you may remember, your honour promised last October, to renew my lease of Tobergowan.’

“ ‘ I cannot recollect, my friend,’ he replied; ‘ at

any rate, I cannot do your business to-day. I shall think of it. But—stay ;—you need urge nothing: call again in about a month, and you shall know the result. Good morning, Sir :’—and he ran immediately to another part of the office, leaving me panic-struck, for I saw that his manner forboded me no good.

“ I returned home, however, consoling myself, that, at our next interview, I should set all to rights; although I was not without my fears, that some of the land-jobbers were at the root of the business. My fears were correct ; and our very upright prisoner there was the man. In about a week after my rebuff in Belfast, he, accompanied by one Landsdown, another fellow of the same calling, came to my place.

“ ‘ Well! Mr. Forsythe,’ said he, saluting me with the most provoking familiarity, ‘ I believe I got the start of you in that renewal business. This farm, whose appearance I like vastly, now belongs to my employers, Gregg and Cunningham, of Belfast. I managed it snugly for a hundred guineas—double your offer ;—but, faith! I think it was a cheap bargain ; and Landsdown says I deserve good wages. But, Mr. Forsythe, in two weeks we desire you to pay up old scores, so that there will be no arrears lying on the property ; and provide your-

self with another lodging. Here is your written notice.'

" 'Your written devil!' I exclaimed, snatching the paper from him and tearing it into pieces: 'leave the place instantly, or I'll blow your brains out, you treacherous scoundrel!'"

Here both the court and audience interrupted the speaker with shouts of applause.

"But," he resumed, "in two weeks the black-hearted Judas and his companion returned, accompanied by the sub-sheriff and a large posse of armed officers. Seeing it in vain to resist, I told my wife that we must prepare to depart, and throw ourselves on Providence for future subsistence. She ran out in a state of distraction, threw herself on her knees, before the prisoner, as he was raging and blaspheming most furiously at our delay, and begged that he would have mercy and not drive her and her little ones to desolation. I was in the mean time speaking to Landsdown, as apparently the more reasonable of the two, and proposing to give bail for the payment of the hundred guineas to Gregg and Cunningham, besides an increase of rent, if I should be allowed to keep the farm. This offer was just refused, when I heard the prisoner shouting fiercely to my wife, while in a threatening manner he cracked a horsewhip over her head: 'Begone, strumpet! and prepare instantly, to take your

squalling brats yonder with you—or, by Saint George! I'll horsewhip you all off the place.'

“ ‘And, by Saint George! you shall be the first horsewhipped!’ said I, running to him and snatching the whip from him—for I was roused almost to madness.” Here the speaker was again interrupted with cheering.

“But before I could apply it to the rascal's back, I was seized by several armed men, and bound and dragged into the house.

“The prisoner swore he would have me punished for an assault; but the sheriff and Landsdown said, that if we moved off without giving more trouble, the matter should be hushed.

“I was obliged to yield. A great portion of my stock was immediately seized for arrears of rent, taxes, tithes, &c., due upon the place. Besides which, I had run into considerable debt for the purpose of raising the fifty guineas for the fine; and having ever since been too heart-broken to attend to any industry, and my wife's health being totally destroyed by intense grief, I may truly say that, by the selfishness, treachery, and shameless brutality of the prisoner now before you, I have been plunged into a sea of affliction, from which I can see no prospect of escape.

“I therefore demand of you, in your wisdom and justice, to inflict on him a suitable punishment

for his wickedness. Ah ! I feel that my mind would be lightened of one half its weight of troubles, if I could only witness a júst and thorough retribution inflicted on that man for the unutterable pangs he has caused me to endure.”

A murmur of approbation from the court responded to the last sentiment, and the speaker bowed and sat down.

Ned Moore was now called on to state his complaints ; with the outlines of which, as the reader is already acquainted, it will not be necessary to report his speech at full length. Being, however, more illiterate than Forsythe, and his style consequently more homespun, and conformable to the dialect of the peasantry of the country, for the satisfaction of *virtuosi*, the following extract may be given as a specimen :

“An’, as I was sayin’, my lòrd, or worshipful judge an’ jury, my father died just sax years syne. I mind it weel ; it was the very year the French landed at Carrick’—an’ he left me the lan’, as I was his auldest sin, an’ had a family ; so that I had it fully five years an’ something mair, afore the leash was done. But done, at last, it cam’ to be ; an’ this graceless Judas o’ a prisoner was the very man that took it ow’re my head, just amaist in sitch a way as he did my neighbour Forsythe’s : for the twa farms marched thegither ; an’ he had promised

to his master employers to get them baith thrown into yin, for grazing brute cattle, whar mony a fair melder o' corn was raised to feed men an' women. An' then he came aboot it wi' sitch ill manners, after I had brak' his mooth for trying to corrupt Jenny, my dochter, as I hae tauld ye, that you would hae thought he was mair like a bear than a man. He seezed a' we had under yae pretence or ither, an' we were turned adrift to the wide world, wi' little mair nor the sarks on oor backs."

Ned then related the assault on his family, committed in Mr. M'Culloch's neighbourhood, with which the reader is already acquainted; and concluded as follows:

"For whilk offences, fit to be done only by a deevil, an' enough to raise the wrath o' a saint, gin it wad please my lord judge an' the jury, I wad be fain to hae my hand in his heart's bluid, so that I might be sure he wad ne'er again molest me, nor cast an' ill ee on ony o' my family."

Here Ned was saluted with a complimentary cheer, and he sat down.

M'Manus now rose on the defence.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I rise reluctantly in this case; for, you are all aware, that it is a very ungrateful task to defend a villain from the justice demanded by honest men; but it is a

task you have assigned me. I shall, therefore, undertake its performance as briefly as possible; for, however little regard I may have for the safety of the prisoner, I have a due sense of the value of your time; and shall take care, therefore, not to waste such a precious commodity on such a trivial object.

“I may have nothing very persuasive to say in defence of the accused; but to make some observations on the unreasonable obstinacy and perverseness of the accusers, may not be irrelevant.

“They mention it as a serious matter, that they were forced to abandon properties possessed by their ancestors for the *mighty period* of three or four generations back!—Ah! Gentlemen, will they revert to the condition of those men whom those very ancestors of theirs, deprived of patrimonies that had been hereditary in their families from the remotest ages of our country’s annals! But I must restrain myself—this is a topic I must touch but lightly; although I cannot help admiring the outcry which the grandsons of those very men, who formerly drove off the real proprietors of the soil with fire and sword, now make, when it becomes their turn to decamp, although only driven away by the mild and tender process of the law, enforced by a constable’s staff.

“To this law, to this baton of office, they, as

true and loyal subjects of King George, owed obedience ; and their tender consciences—for the consciences of honest men are always tender—ought to have deterred them from resistance ; and it is plain that, had they not resisted, they would have been dispossessed, perhaps rudely enough, but without disturbance or breach of the peace. There would have been then no sheriff's posse,—no threatenings to horsewhip—no calling of strumpets and brats,—and abusing of women and children. What would then have been the amount of the prisoner's offences ? Why, only deception and forestalling, and taking a fancy for a pretty girl whom he did not wish to marry. Do any of these acts, gentlemen of the jury, deserve condign punishment ? or, in the case of the prisoner, did no circumstances of palliation attend their commission ? Did he not deceive, under orders from his superiors ? Was not treachery, when he imposed upon the accusers, his vocation ? and was there any crime, as Falstaff would have said, in labouring in his vocation ? I admit, that he may have fulfilled his duty to his employers with too much zeal ; but the delicacy of his conscience may have obliged him to do so. The Scripture tells us, that there have been some men over-righteous ; and kings and priests, those immaculate patterns of morality, have for conscience's sake often committed

murder upon the innocent, and rewarded, with wealth, dignity and honour, the instruments of their villany and oppression.

“With respect to forestalling, this was also within the vocation of the prisoner. He was bred to the chicanery of dealing, and catching a good bargain became natural to him;—nay, it was quite a matter of conscience with him, to let no opportunity slip of over-reaching the simple and unwary, for the benefit of the concern with which he was connected. I know, that many of our merchants despise such dishonourable means of getting rich; but you are aware that there have been dishonourable as well as honourable merchants in the world; and why not permit the former to labour in their vocation as well as the latter? Why not permit an industrious man to get rich by tricks as well as by truth—by cunning and artifice, as well as by fair, open, and generous conduct? At the long run, the one method does society no greater injury than the other. Each causes property to change hands; and if one man getting rich makes another poor, it is immaterial to the world, whether the means have been fair or foul. To the man who has suffered, the only difference is, that, in the one case, he suffered with his eyes shut; whereas, in the other, he has the mortification to know that they were open. In the one,

he can blame the fraud or treachery of his neighbour; in the other, he has no resource but to accuse his own stupidity or folly. I therefore infer, that those gentlemen who have been impoverished by the misconduct of the prisoner, are, in reality, in a more enviable state than if they had been impoverished by their own. In place of praying for his punishment, therefore, before this honourable court, they ought to turn round, with their hats in their hands, and thank him.

“As to his falling in love with the young woman, you all know that this is a natural propensity in young men, especially such young men as strut, in the manner the prisoner did, gracefully along the area of the admiring world; with long tied hair dangling between their shoulders, with well greased whiskers, powdered cape, flowing ruffles, and sparkling breast-pin; not to mention the well-cocked hat, silver-headed cane, and silver-mounted snuff-box, all in the true style of fashionable lady-hunters. Nor will any of you gentlemen, deny, that, when a young fellow has taken a fancy for a young maiden, it is also a natural propensity to wish to embrace her with all the ardour and impetuosity of love. That the father of the maiden for whom the prisoner felt this propensity, resented and chastised the licentious impetuosity it excited, he may reconcile to his own conscience:

but surely he has no right to expect that you shall interfere to help him out of the scrape; much less to grant him revenge for a mere fanciful injury received in a love quarrel.

“I have now, gentlemen of the jury, done my best for the prisoner. If you think I have not done enough to remove, or at least to palliate, the enormous nature of the charges that have been adduced against him, I cannot help it. I can only deplore the insufficiency of all arguments, whether *sophistical* or *logical*, to weaken conviction, when conviction is built upon fact. I shall, therefore, leave his fate to your disposal, which, whatever it may be, I assure you, shall meet with my ready acquiescence.”

He then, like other well bred advocates, bowed to the court and sat down.

The judge now delivered a very learned and argumentative charge to the jury. He clearly showed the heinousness of the crimes that had been proved against the prisoner; and exposed both the false premises and *sophistical* deductions so ingeniously, as he termed it, used by the eloquent counsel for the defence. He concluded by mentioning, that it was his own unqualified opinion, that the prisoner was guilty of the crimes charged against him; and that, if they agreed with him, they had no alternative but to find accordingly.

In a few minutes the jury gave in the awful verdict of Guilty; which has caused many a poor prisoner of firmer nerves than Clearfield to tremble from head to foot. The clerk read it aloud; and the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence against the unhappy culprit, who piteously looked at him with a countenance of anguish, that must have melted the hearts of all present, had they not been Hearts of Steel.

His sentence was, that he should be taken to the dungeon from which he came, and there, without further delay, strangled until he should be dead. After which, his body should be carried to the crossing of two public roads, about four miles distant, and there hung upon a pole, with the following label affixed to its breast:

“A WARNING TO OPPRESSORS!

**LET THEM BE AWARE OF AN INCENSED
PEOPLE.”**

This sentence was rigidly carried into execution; and, as was expected, spread terrible alarm and dismay throughout the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

*The annals say, (to prove her worth,)
The graces solemnized her birth;
Garlands of various flowers they wrought;
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:—
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow;
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
And to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said the chestnut stained her hair.*

COTTON.

THE distracted state of the North now imperiously demanded the attention of government, and Major Rosendale was ordered to proceed, at the head of three companies of the 59th regiment, to reinforce the garrison of Carrickfergus.

The day after his arrival there, as he was walking alone on the parade-ground, in front of the fortress, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young lady leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, in the garb of a clergyman. They walked slowly towards the pier, or quay,

which is a continuation of the parade-ground formed by a low portion of the rock on which the castle stands, and skirting along the base of its southern front.

Frederick had obtained but an indistinct view of the lady's face, but he conceived it to be handsome; and as to her person, he felt such pleasure in gazing on it, that he was tempted to follow at a respectful distance, for the purpose of prolonging the enjoyment. It is hoped that he will not be accused of ill-breeding for doing this; since it is well known that some of the best bred young men that ever lived have found themselves fascinated into precisely similar conduct, by the graceful and elegant proportions of a handsome female. If he committed an error, however, he soon suffered its penalty; for the lady, perhaps by accident, looked round, and perceived the fixed steadiness of his gaze upon her; which aroused him instantly from the deep abstraction of his admiration, to a feeling of shame and confusion. She was also embarrassed, and requested her companion to return.

“Let us go a little further, my child,” said he, unless you are fatigued or unwell. I should like to show you the stone on which that glorious champion of civil and religious liberty, King William, first stepped, on landing to rescue this kingdom from the grasp of popery and despotism.”

“I am neither fatigued nor unwell,” she replied; “and shall be glad to see this celebrated stone, for which the people of Carrickfergus have so much veneration.”

They advanced towards the end of the pier; while Frederick remained stock still, under a load of self-accusation and reproach, and looking as condemned and stupified, as if he had been detected in the commission of some degrading crime.

From this silly state of self-condemnation he was suddenly startled by a scream from the lady. He ran forward.

“Oh! my grandfather!” she cried, “Oh! save my grandfather? He has fallen from the quay, and will be drowned!”

Frederick, in a moment, sprung to where the old man was struggling with the waves. He soon caught him; and having obtained footing in about four feet water, on a soft muddy bottom, he carried him to the front of the pier, and with difficulty ascended with him the slippery and dangerous, rudely hewn steps, which afforded a landing place when the tide, as was then the case, is at ebb. It was from the fourth or fifth of these steps, overgrown with wet sea-moss, to which the old gentleman, leaving the lady at the top, had ventured to descend, for the purpose of getting a nearer view.

of some shell-fish that lay at the bottom, and had excited his curiosity, that he slipped and had fallen into the sea; the ebbing waves of which, had it not been for the timely assistance of Frederick Rosendale, would soon have carried him beyond all chance of safety.

“Oh! my grandfather! does he still live?” cried the lady, running to embrace the wet figure, which hung over Frederick’s shoulder as he reached the top of the wharf.

The old man that instant opened his eyes, as if the warmth and tenderness of her embrace had been his restorative.

“My Isabella! my child! where is my child?” cried he; being able to think of her, but not yet to distinctly perceive her.

“I am here! my dear grandfather,” she replied, again embracing him. “I am your Isabella.”

“I hope my child is safe,” said he; and fixing his eyes upon her with recognition—“Ah! thank Heaven! you are safe; I feared you had also fallen.”

Several people had by this time, reached the place, who knew the Rev. Mr. M’Culloch; for it was that gentleman to whom Frederick had thus rendered such timely assistance. He was immediately carried to the house of a friend, where his

deliverer was politely invited to attend, which he did as soon as he had got rid of his wet clothing; and where, it is needless to say, he received profuse and sincere acknowledgments of gratitude for the service he had rendered.

But the young lady,—she whose acknowledgments would have been to him the most grateful of rewards—was silent. But her eyes spoke thanks, if her lips did not: and he was satisfied; for he could well understand the meaning of such language. He had now seen her face distinctly; and he found it lovely, beyond what he had dared to fancy, and attractive beyond any other he had ever beheld.

There is, perhaps, no occasion on which the charms of a young female appear to more advantage, than when accompanied with those endearing offices of affection towards an afflicted friend, which are bestowed with such natural ease and tenderness by the softer sex;—and there is certainly no moment in which the youthful heart is more favourably disposed to yield to the power of loveliness, than when it is so employed. Isabella was thus employed, and Frederick thus beheld her, when he first leisurely surveyed those beauties, which no eye could survey without admiring.

She was dressed in a gown of white muslin, with a green silk handkerchief neatly fitted to her

shoulders, so as to leave her neck uncovered, except where some clusters of sable ringlets flowed naturally down, exhibiting a contrast of colours with the smooth and snowy skin. A cap of green silk velvet, ornamented with a gold band and tassels, surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers, confined the curling tresses that shaded her forehead. Her eyes were of a dark hazel hue, approaching to black, overarched with well defined delicate eye-brows, and shaded with long black eye-lashes, through which they beamed on Frederick an expression of gratitude, which touched his soul and captivated his heart. At that moment also—for she perceived that her looks was observed—her cheeks became tinged with a deeper red, the hue of health being heightened by the blush of modesty. Her features were all exquisitely proportionate and regular, at least in Frederick's eyes. Her nose which partook more of the Grecian than of the Roman mould, harmonized so well with the rest of her countenance, that the imagination of the beholder could not wish it improved. When a medical attendant announced that her grandfather had sustained no material injury, a look of thanksgiving illuminated her features, which soon relaxed into a lovely smile; not unseen by her admirer, who did not fail to observe the shining rows of polished pearls that were surrounded by those ruby

lips, which resembled the budding rose of June moistened with the morning dew. The round and dimpled chin, gradually and smoothly losing itself in the rosy cheek and snowy neck, claimed also its share of admiration amidst that bewitching group of charms, by which Frederick Rosendale was now become completely fascinated.

Long would he have protracted an interview which afforded him the luxury of beholding such beauty, had not propriety at length suggested that he must withdraw, and defer its longer enjoyment until another occasion.

“Mr. M'Culloch,” said he, “I must reluctantly bid you good evening, for it is near the hour of parade; but, with your permission, I shall do myself the pleasure to see you in the morning, when, I hope, you will be perfectly recovered from the effects of your accident.”

“My kind friend!—my gallant preserver!” replied the divine, “to-morrow at all times—whatever doors I can command shall be open to you; and, if occasion should ever lead you towards Ballycarney, I hope you will not pass my humble residence without considering it, and, if time will permit, using it as your own.”

“Be assured,” replied Frederick, “I shall avail myself of this invitation,—and that, perhaps, not unfrequently; for I anticipate much advantage from

cultivating an acquaintance, which has commenced under circumstances so extraordinary and interesting.”

He now turned to bid Isabella good evening. He made his bow,—she slightly returned it. He hesitated—he wished to speak—he became embarrassed—he stammered—he wanted to name her ;—for he had heard the surname mentioned by several visitors, without adverting to a circumstance that now, all at once, struck him very forcibly ; namely, that she was in all probability the niece whom that M‘Manus he had saved from the hands of assassins in the old castle, and who was the *titular*, that is to say, the *unentitled* claimant of his family estate, had described as the only living relative he possessed. This thought, so suddenly seized upon, conjured up as suddenly a thousand crude indigested ideas into his mind, which he was, at the instant, totally unable to banish or to reduce to order. He stood, therefore, for a few moments before the most interesting female he had ever beheld, like a statue, confused, awkward and speechless.

On such occasions as these, the quick eye of female discernment, and the ready resources of female self-possession, often shine to advantage. Isabella interfered ; for she pitied the youth, and perhaps, suspected something of his malady.

“ Major Rosendale,” said she, “ since you must

now attend to your military duties, before you withdraw, I beg leave to express my sincere gratitude to you for your bravery and promptitude to-day, in saving my grandfather's life from destruction."

"Madam—Miss M'—Miss M'Manus," replied he, "I am rejoiced—that is, Madam—I am happy in having been the means of rendering you a service:" and, while uttering this, his ideas having become tolerably disentangled, he continued with almost his natural fluency. "To become the object of such gratitude, surely no man could esteem any task difficult, nor any difficulty insurmountable."

"You had danger as well as difficulty to encounter," observed Isabella; "for you could not know the depth of the water."

"Had the depth been fifty fathoms," replied Frederick, "and the billows mountains high, there was no time to think of either danger or difficulty, when duty and humanity required instant action. To have done so would have been unmanly, would have been unworthy of a rational being and a Christian."

"I honour such sentiments,"—said Mr. M'Culloch.

"But we detain Major Rosendale," observed Isabella, interrupting him. "Perhaps his present duty requires instant attendance. Let us not throw

difficulty now in the way of duty. He has had difficulty enough to-day to contend with."

"To withdraw from your society and conversation, my friends," said Frederick, "I, indeed, find at present to be a task difficult to accomplish; but accomplish it I must, otherwise I shall forfeit, almost as soon as I have earned it, the character for promptitude you have so flatteringly given me.— But good evening! I shall have the pleasure, I hope, to see you well in the morning:" and he withdrew with a palpitating heart, his whole frame labouring under sensations of a kind he had never before experienced. These sensations were undefinable, but they were delicious. They were of a nature perhaps, compounded of the various events of the day; but their prominent feeling was such, as he would have been willing to face any danger, or undertake any difficulty, rather than part with. In short, that feeling was a pure and ardent love for a young, beautiful, and interesting female: and where is the youth who would not have cherished it as Frederick did? If you can find such a youth, I will say, he has neither generosity, spirit, nor feeling in his composition. Take him away! He is unfit to be a hero.

Frederick soon hurried over the ceremony of the parade; for he was in no humour to enjoy military show, or the company of soldiers. He then

hastened to his chambers in the castle. His servant brought him tea, &c. for he refused to attend the mess; but he ate nothing; his appetite was gone. He ordered his attendant away; threw himself on his bed, and endeavoured to calm his agitated spirits, and to collect and arrange his scattered and confused ideas.

“She is, indeed, a lovely girl!” he soliloquized. “What a countenance of beauties! and what an expression of affection, tenderness, and intelligence, does it exhibit! and as to her form, surely woman could not be made with more symmetry. But what is this to me? I have unpardonably offended her. She must either detest me for my rudeness, or despise me for my stupidity; or, perhaps she does both. What a dolt I am to have acted so, and in the presence of an object whom I——! What!—what is she to me? I never saw her before to-day. But she is the sweetest—ah! I may as well out with it: I do—I must love her. I cannot help it. She is the only woman I have ever seen whom I could love. And I have acted the fool before her,—before her whom I would die to please! Stupid dolt! I must have excited her unalterable contempt. Ah! I must try to do away the impression by some means. I will see her to-morrow. I wish it were come, though I do not know how I

shall be able to apologize for my behaviour, or to make her think better of me. But why? perhaps it would be best to think no more of her. The Rosendale family have pride and dignity and rank to support, and I am its apparent heir. Would it sound well with my brother? But no matter! She would do honour to any family. Her principles,—for them, her grandfather's character, whom it appears every body loves, is sufficient pledge. Her education—his profession, and her own elegant manners, speak for that. Her beauty,—ah! my heart has decided upon that. I neither expect nor wish ever to see one more beautiful. Her rank—why, I may consider it, at least, equal to my own. She is heiress to an ancient family, and a family, too, that claims our Meath property by an hereditary title. Our marriage would unite our claims, and do justice to all parties. My brother will never marry; our offspring would then be the undisputed inheritors. It is fixed! I feel it.—I must try to please her, and to win her by every fair means. She will, surely, in time forget my ill-breeding and awkwardness of to day. I will to-morrow act more discreetly, and convince her that I am neither a ruffian nor a blockhead. Oh! if I win her how happy I shall be in the possession of such a jewel! And win her I shall, if tenderness, assidui-

ty, and love—unequalled, passionate love,—can do it!”

Having made this sturdy resolution, he thought he might compose his mind so as to sleep on the strength of it. But it would not do. He continued ruminating on her charms, and on the supposed displeasure which his misbehaviour must have produced in her mind; and again, and again reiterated his resolution to attempt removing it by his future good conduct. At length the castle bell struck eleven; and he fell into a confused species of slumber, in which the image of her loveliness and of her fancied displeasure still continued to haunt him.

The bell had just struck twelve, when he was aroused from this confused and agitated slumber, by a sudden and continued noise, which he could not explain. He got up, rushed out, and found the soldiers all in an uproar. That portion of them especially which had lately arrived under his own command, he found in a state of indiscribable consternation. No one could at first tell what was the matter; but a terrible noise was heard, as if the castle was beleagured by an enemy. The drums beat to arms—the portcullis was lowered—the draw-bridge raised—the cannon pointed—matches were preparing—and every man was running with alarm and speed to his post.

The only replies that Frederick could for some time obtain to his inquiries, concerning the cause of this extraordinary disturbance, were such as the following:

“ Indeed, sir, we cannot tell what it is. If it were not for the peace, we might suppose it to be the French, or the Spaniards, or the Dutch; but it must be either the White-boys, or the Green-boys, or the Oak-boys, or the Hearts of Steel, or the Devil, and perhaps his imps the Island Magee and Carnmoney witches, combined to batter this castle about our ears. There goes the long roll on the drum to the north wing; now it is to the east; now to the south. Ah! the castle is surrounded. But now—now they are under our feet. The sound shakes the very pavement. Now—now it is aloft. It seems as if it would tumble the roof down upon us. Hark! they are at work. There is actual firing. Who the devil can they be that have made this attack?

“ That is exactly what I am myself inquiring,” observed Frederick. At this moment he perceived Colonel Jennings, the commandant of the garrison, approaching.

“ My dear Colonel,” said he, “ you see us all in confusion and astonishment at these wild and unaccountable sounds, which seem to issue at once

from every part of the castle. Can you afford any explanation of them?"

"I can afford no other," replied the Colonel, "than that this must be one of the freaks of our Castle Spectre Button-Cap; for since every old building has its spectre, it would be a shame, if the most ancient castle in Ireland should be destitute of such a necessary appendage! But Major, order all the men into their quarters—except about a dozen whom I wish you to bring along; for I am determined, if possible, this night, to discover whether this wonderful drummer be really material or immaterial. This is the third time, since I have commanded here, that Button-Cap has played his pranks in this fortress."

Frederick selected his patrol; and ordering the rest of the troops to return to their births, accompanied the Colonel in his search after Button-Cap. They spent nearly two hours, exploring every chamber, closet, cellar, and excavation they could discover about the castle, from which the noise had been ever heard to proceed, and where they might suppose it likely they should meet with this extraordinary alarmist; but it was in vain. The noise had ceased for more than half an hour, and they were about abandoning the search, when a soldier, who carried a light somewhat in advance of the party, opened the door of a small closet, or wall-

cove, built in a narrow gallery on the second floor of the north wing; when a tall man, dressed in blue uniform faced with red, having on his head a scarlet cap with a large polished button by way of cockade shining on the left side, started before them.

“Halt! comrades!” exclaimed the figure in an awful voice that made the whole gallery ring. That moment the soldier was knocked down, and his light dashed out; and the next, a shock, loud as the explosion of a thunderbolt startled the whole party with a sensation as if the floor on which they stood had fallen from beneath their feet. They rushed forward with other lights to the closet; but it contained no visible living creature, either earthly or spiritual. The ceiling, the walls, the flooring,—every part, where it would have been possible for even a mouse to conceal itself, was examined with fruitless accuracy. They at length gave over the search, greatly chagrined at their disappointment, but convinced that they had all heard the spectre; while the man who had fallen, was ready to swear, and actually the next morning did swear, that he had both seen and felt the renowned Button-Cap.

“Really, what to think of this adventure, I cannot tell,” said Jennings to Frederick before they parted for their chambers: “only I am persuaded that it must either have been flesh and blood that

knocked down our soldier, or he must have fallen from excess of fear, and broke his nose upon the floor. Curse the booby! If he had only taken care of the light, Button-Cap, be he man, or be he devil, could not have escaped us."

"The pranks of this noisy spectre," said Frederick, "you have stated to be of old origin. Have you heard Colonel, how long it is since he first commenced them?"

"The first of his frolicks I have heard of," replied the Colonel, "was shortly before the landing of King William at this place. Since then, it is said that no war has either begun or ended, nor has any of our kings died, or any heir apparent been born, or any great battle been lost or won without the event being celebrated by this mysterious musician. It is the legend of the place, that shortly before the revolution, the governor of the fortress unjustly ordered a certain drummer to be put to death. Before suffering, the unfortunate drummer declared with great bitterness, as if intending to frighten his enemy, that he should beat drums in this castle, long after the governor should spit fire in the lower regions;—and you perceive, Major, that he has been punctual to his word."

"That is," replied Frederick, "if the governor has been so unfortunate as to descend to those regions; which, I hope, in charity to him, is not the

case. But this mystery, notwithstanding all our exertions to-night, is still a mystery."

"That is as plain as the church steeple at noon-day," returned the Commandant. "But good night! I trust that, by this time, F needs sleep too much himself to disturb for this night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

*... our hearts when first the tidings came,
That our beloved pastor was no more.
Although we knew his God would sometime claim
His presence on that ever blessed shore,
Where sinning and where suffering are o'er;
Yet much we wish'd far off that day to keep:
For, oh! our souls reluctant were to part
With such a shepherd, who had fed his sheep
So long with food that cheer'd each sorrowing heart;—
'Twas heavenly manna sweet, prepared with heavenly art!*

ULSTER BARD.

COUNTER-IRRITATION is a species of remedy from which physicians often witness the most salutary effects in even very aggravated cases. It was in the manner of such a remedy that the excitement produced by Button-Cap, on this occasion, greatly relieved Frederick's mind from the high effervescence into which, as we have seen the incidents of the preceding day had thrown it. The impressions of wonder having thus tranquillized the emotions of love, he soon fell into a calm and refreshing sleep, from which he awoke in the morning cheerful, and possessed of all his faculties and feelings.

His memory, his judgment, his wishes, his wit, his politeness, his benevolence, his generosity, his liberality, his dignity, his romance, his courage, his energy, promptitude—in short, every talent, except his heart, which was irretrievably lost, the reader knows where.

After breakfast he went in search of it, or rather, he went in hopes to gain one in its place;—in plain terms he went to visit Miss M'Manus. He found her lively, blooming, and in high spirits, disposed to be satisfied with herself and with all the world. Her grandfather was almost perfectly recovered; and they talked of returning to Ballycarney in a few hours.

"You had last night a busy time of it in the castle, I am told?" said Mr. M'Culloch to Frederick, after the usual salutations were over: "this Button-Cap has been at his old freaks."

"Yes, we had indeed a wonderful night. I suppose the whole town knows of it. What is the general opinion on the subject?"

"If by the general opinion you mean the opinion of the majority," said the divine, "it is, that Button-Cap is as certainly the ghost of a murdered drummer, or, at least, one who was unjustly executed, and who threatened to haunt the castle, in revenge for his death, as that the Decalogue was given to Moses; and to doubt either, would, in the

estimation of nineteen in twenty of the inhabitants of this ancient corporation, be considered equally criminal."

"I ask what the minority think of it?"

k.

ority are divided on the subject. Some think that the noise is only occasioned by the wind shaking the casements of the building, or whistling through the port-holes and other openings and fissures in the walls. These suppose that terrified imaginations alone have occasioned the reports of any actual apparition. Others believe that the whole affair is brought about by the contrivance of some mischievous wag, or wags, who take delight in alarming the superstitious fears of the garrison and the townspeople. If I dared to differ with the majority, I should myself incline to the latter opinion; for the music of Button-Cap has been heard, when neither of the four winds of heaven were stirring."

"But an earthly Button-Cap runs great risk of detection," said Frederick; "and I am astonished how such a one could have escaped our patrol last night. Still there are some daring fellows, no doubt, who will venture much for the sake of mischief; and, in this instance, the performer of Button-Cap may conceive that the greater the danger the greater the glory."

"But, my dear Major," said the clergyman, "the danger in this case may not be so great as we might imagine. Some person may be acquainted with concealed passages and excavations, amazing thick and massive walls, or the foundations of this ancient castle, wholly unknown to the public. Within these and loud clamour may be made, without detection. But suppose detection should take place, what is the mighty punishment to be dreaded? only a month or two of imprisonment; for no law has ever placed such an offence on the list of capital felonies; and no court, even if the law allowed it, would ever punish it as a capital crime."

"But there might be danger in the garrison taking summary vengeance on their tormentor, should they catch him," observed Frederick.

"I acknowledge it," replied the divine; "and must consider, after all, that Button-Cap, if he be really of terrestrial mould, exhibits too much foolhardiness, and that his pranks may yet end in some unlucky catastrophe. But, my dear Major, when will you honour me with a visit at Ballycarney. I intend setting off, after dinner, for that home, which but for you I should never more have seen. If your engagements would permit you to join company, my old woman would be delighted. She

will not, indeed, be content till she sees the preserver of her husband's life."

"Will it not for these unlucky Hearts of Steel," Frederick, "I should at once obtain leave, and have the happiness to attend you. I am directed to conduct, this very evening, an exhibition, concerning which I have not yet received particular instructions; but which, I believe, is to be directed against some of their parties. Be assured, however, that on my return I shall not fail to visit you."

"This misguided combination is, in every respect, unfortunate for our country," observed the divine. "Their depredations and atrocities are really insufferable in a civilized community. It is true, they had grievances to complain of; but their sanguinary outrages have now lost for them the sympathy and commiseration of good men, and will only have the effect of adding tenfold to their own misfortunes."

"The murder and exposure of Clearfield," said Frederick, "was a dreadfully dark and daring business. For the safety and honour of the country, its perpetrators ought to be hunted up and punished."

"It was an awful deed," replied the clergyman, "and augurs deeds still more awful and disastrous yet to come. Clearfield, indeed, I know to have

been a wicked man, and very obnoxious to the peasantry. But still, the vengeance they have taken is indefensible. Would to Heaven they could be brought to a sense of their duty by milder means than military interference! for it is a dreadful resource for a nation to direct against its own spring. But in this case, I fear that it is indispensable."

"It is a disagreeable duty, I acknowledge," said Frederick, "to draw the sword against our own countrymen; but, when it is to protect the orderly and virtuous part of the community against the riotous and wicked, I hope you will conceive it not only justifiable, but necessary. No man could embark in such a duty with more reluctance than myself: but it must be undertaken by some person; and I undertake it like the tender-hearted surgeon, who, seeing that there is no other way of saving his patient's life than by amputating his limb, performs the operation, although he would much rather that it should be performed by another."

"And I," said the clergyman, "feel in respect to this matter, much in the same way that I should witness an amputation. I deplore, I acknowledge, the necessity of the measure; and lament while I approve of its performance; for, oh! the sufferings even of the wicked are repugnant—are distressing to the feeling mind."

Here Isabella, who had been absent during the greater part of the preceding conversation, entered the room; and shortly after Mr. M'Culloch being called out on some business, Frederick, for the first time, found himself unexpectedly alone with the mistress of his heart. On visiting her to-day, it has been already stated that he had resolved to act with such propriety and self-possession as would serve to remove from her mind whatever bad impressions it might have received from the rudeness and awkwardness of his yesterday's conduct. But, however much a young lover may resolve to act discreetly, he frequently finds it a difficult matter to perform. In avoiding Scylla, he is apt to fall into Charybdis; and, on the present occasion, Frederick, afraid above all things of showing rudeness, relapsed into awkwardness. He wished to apologize for his unintentional misbehaviour. The sentence was formed in his mind—the words hung upon his lips; but, on lifting his eyes to behold her countenance, it shone with so much good-nature and loveliness, that his lips were sealed, and he had not power to advert to any thing disagreeable. He became disconcerted, agitated, confused, and remained silent. Isabella now relieved him, as she had formerly done, from his perplexity.

“Major Rosendale,” said she, “the spectre of

your castle must have very much disturbed you last night?"

"My mind was indeed, greatly disturbed last night, Miss M^cManus, from various causes; but the spectre was far from being the chief of them. The recollection of the offence I must have, however undesignedly, given you by my impertinent gazing at you on the wharf yesterday, stung me to the soul, with the most afflicting sensations. But, believe me, until your look recalled me to myself, I was unconscious of impropriety."

"Where there was no consciousness there could be no offence," replied Isabella, smiling. "I am sorry, therefore, that you gave yourself any uneasiness on that account. For me although I thought your gaze was rather pointed, it would have been too much vanity to have supposed that I alone was its object."

"Ah! Miss M^cManus, I must confess that you alone were indeed its object. At that moment I saw no other earthly being. Yet I assure you that I did not look at you with any thing like irreverence;—nay, it was with a look which, in respect to purity and esteem, might have been directed to a holy being of more than earthly origin, for the feeling that accompanied it was more of adoration than curiosity."

"Sir," she replied, "if that fear of offending me

which you mention, be nothing more than pretence, you will cease such overstrained compliments; for your language of to-day is, indeed, more likely to become offensive than your gaze of yesterday!"

"Pardon me! Miss M'Manus," said he, much embarrassed at this rebuke; "I neither wish to offend by language nor by looks. But if, in expressing my regret for the one, I have as you think, overstrained the other, I beg that you will ascribe the fault to the force of my feelings, and not to any wish to flatter.—Ah! my present embarrassment, and my yesterday evening's perplexity, prove that I have too ungainful a way of complimenting, ever to have practised the art."

"I have been told, Sir, that those who are practised in the worthy art you mention, can always dexterously suit the mode to the object. Hence, a well feigned embarrassment is often played off with great success upon the simple and unexperienced, especially when it is thought that they may possess just enough of sagacity to detect, and enough of dignity and spirit to resent, barefaced flattery."

"Alas! Miss M'Manus," returned Frederick with great fervour, "I know not how to address you. I wish to apologize for my yesterday's indiscretions, and to gain that good opinion which

they may have caused you to withhold from me; but I find that my attempt only adds to my disgrace; and that, instead of removing bad impressions from your mind, I am only, through my stupidity, confirming them."

"I can perceive no stupidity about you," said she, in a somewhat soothing manner, "nor have I harboured any unfavourable impression concerning you. What! how could I on such a slight acquaintance, be justified in harbouring unfavourable impressions concerning the deliverer of my grandfather?—No, Sir; your noble and generous conduct to that old man secures to you my gratitude for ever."

"And that gratitude is my dearest and best reward!" exclaimed he, for an instant forgetting himself in the delight occasioned by her avowal. "Ah! what services, however difficult and dangerous, would not be richly compensated by such a reward? Pardon me, madam, but I cannot permit this opportunity to pass.—"

At this moment the door opened; and the return of Mr. McCulloch prevented Frederick from adding to his improprieties by a too sudden and premature disclosure of his passion; and undoubtedly saved him from a severe reprimand from Isabella, and a hearty fit of self-condemnation from himself.

The divine was followed into the room by a

grave-looking elderly personage, of a tall figure, and time wrinkled countenance, dressed in the coarse but decent apparel of a comfortable farmer. He made his first salutation to Isabella, and then approached with a measured step, and a respectful but formal bow towards Frederick, to whom Mr. M'Culloch introduced him by the name of Mr. Samuel Garvin, one of the elders of his congregation.

"The report of my accident," continued he, "has alarmed my kind-hearted people; and Mr. Garvin has come here, at the request of his neighbours, to ascertain the extent of my injury; and has requested me to introduce him to the preserver of my life."

"Major," said the elder, "I was fain to see the man wha, under Providence, has been the instrument o' saving oor minister; an' to thank you, wi' a' the sincerity o' an honest heart, for the Christian part ye hae performed. An' you will get the prayers o' the congregation, an' the blessing o' God for it; for it would hae been a sair loss to oor parish, had we lost sitch a pastor, wha's ministry noo, for six and thirty year, has never ceased to work for oor guid, and to communicate abundantly to us the oot-poorings o' the gospel o' grace. Forgie me, Sir, if I mak' owre free we ye; but I am sae glad to

see oor auld minister safe, that I canna help thankin' you for what ye hae done for him an' us."

"I am delighted," said Frederick, "to have had the power of rendering such an acceptable service to the good people of your congregation, and I am doubly delighted to find that my reverend friend is situated among such a virtuous and kind people, who, having experienced his worth, have the good sense to appreciate it, and the gratitude to acknowledge it with such zealous affection."

"My flock have ever been affectionate towards me," observed Mr. McCulloch. "I have endeavoured conscientiously to perform my duty towards them as a minister of Christ. I have taught them the doctrines I myself firmly believed, and have urged their attention to the duties which these doctrines inculcate; and I have reason to bless God that my labours have not been altogether without usefulness. But the affectionate regard of my people exceeds my merits; for, God knows, that although I did my best, I am too conscious of many and great deficiencies in my performance of the work assigned me."

"You hae aften tauld us o' your imperfections," said Garvin; "but it was the only thing you tauld us whilk we could ne'er believe. Nae doobt the word sometimes fell upon stony ground; but that

was na your fault—and I hae ken'd even stony ground saftered by the grace gi'en to your word, and made to yield precious fruit."

"Such a testimony, Samuel," said the divine, "affects me, because I know it to be sincere; although it may be the pure result of partiality and affection. But, I surely, cannot make, by any exertion within my limited powers, an adequate return for such kindness as my flock has ever shewn me. I pray God, that when he chooses to separate me from it, he will raise up to it one as zealous for its welfare, and more capable of contributing to it than I have been."

"I am aulder than you, Mr. M'Culloch," observed the elder, "by at least five or six years; for I was thirty and you but twenty-four at the ordination. I ha'e the comfort, therefore, to think that it's likely my head will lie aneath the grass before that day comes. It will be a sair day for Ballycarney. The ablest preacher that can be taucht within the college wa's o' Glasgow winna' supply the loss.—But oor neebours will be uneasy. They'll think every minute an oor till they hear that they ha'e na' yet met wi' that loss. An' Mrs. M'Culloch is amaist wud we fear that things may be waur than they ha'e been tauld her."

"We will set off instantly, my dear Isabella," said the clergyman. "Your grand-mother, and all

our friends, are, no doubt, extremely anxious. We must hasten to relieve their apprehensions.

Isabella assented, and they departed for Ballycarney, leaving Frederick's mind overpowered with love and admiration, mixed with a delightful feeling of self-congratulation, on account of having contributed so essentially to the happiness of such worthy and interesting people.

CHAPTER XIX.

*The opposed files,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
And furious close of civil butchery.*

SHAKESPEARE.

COLONEL JENNINGS had received information that a meeting of a party of the Hearts of Steel was to take place that night, at a house near Lough Morne, about three miles from Carrickfergus. The object of this meeting was to concert measures for an attack on the dwelling of one Huntly, a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had incurred their displeasure, by taking the farm on which he then resided out of the hands, or as they phrased it, *over the head* of its former occupant, by out bidding him for a new lease.

This practice of making proposals to a landlord for unleased lands already tenanted, was particularly offensive to the Hearts of Steel: and whenever it occasioned the dispossession of an old tenant, scarcely ever escaped being visited with their ven-

geance. Huntly's cattle had, of late, been frequently driven away, or *houghed*, or their tails cut off, or otherwise maimed or maltreated ; while he had been forewarned by several anonymous letters that, if he did not throw up his bargain, and withdraw from the farm, he should, together with his whole family, be subjected to the severest personal punishment.

Notwithstanding these depredations and threatenings, Huntly had hitherto persisted in holding the property, contenting himself with arming his domestics, and keeping a vigilant watch against any nocturnal attack. Having received, however, a notification from some unknown friend belonging to the Steel boys, that a certain night was fixed upon for assaulting his dwelling-house, he thought it prudent to solicit protection from the garrison of Carrickfergus.

It was in consequence of this, that Colonel Jennings despatched Major Rosendale, with about thirty soldiers, to Huntly's place. As he wished much to capture some of the assailants, for the purpose of making a legal example for the intimidation of others, he deferred sending off the party till towards the evening ; and instructed Frederick to march quickly, but silently, lest the Hearts of Steel should hear of his intention, and be frightened from coming into his reach.

Frederick obeyed, and about three quarters of an hour brought him to a small rugged lane, which led from the main road to the place of rendezvous. Here he halted the men, in order that he might make his observations. The night was cloudy, but not so entirely dark, but that houses, hedges, trees, and even men, could be distinguished at some distance; and lights from the windows of the house to which their march had been directed, appeared about half a furlong from the entrance of the lane.

Frederick, ordering his party to keep close and silent, advanced cautiously, attended by two men, under the screen of an irregular and interrupted hedge, towards the rude mud-plastered hovel which formed the counsel-chamber of these worthy dispensers of summary justice.

He reached unnoticed the southern gable of the edifice, through a fracture in which, that was partially stuffed with straw, he could discern the fraternity, to the number, as he conjectured, of nearly forty, engaged in riotous and noisy revelling; some drinking, some singing, some swearing, some laughing, some hectoring and very charitably consigning every land-jobber, land-holder, and government supporter in the country to eternal perdition. They seemed to be altogether as wicked, desperate, and terrifying a gang of ruffians, as ever lived on this side of the dominions of Satan. They were

all either blackened or in the process of becoming so; and were abundantly armed with weapons of various descriptions. About a score of muskets and some blunderbusses, were ranged along the walls of their apartment; while pistols, bayonets, sabres, and dirks, either hung at their girdles, or were scattered about in various directions upon benches and tables, intermixed with bottles, glasses, steaming pitchers of hot punch, and pewter plates, containing a large supply of cheese, butter, and oaten cakes.

An old, wrinkled, brown-faced, sooty-headed woman, with long, red, bare arms, was the only female to be seen among them. She was dressed in a loose hanging bed-gown, made of coarse linen, as brown as her face, and, in some places, as sooty as her head. Upon her head was placed a species of close linen cap, called a *dowd*, the untied greasy flaps or wings of which hung pendulating beneath her projecting under-jaws like the gills of a turkey cock. Her short petticoat of gray flannel was scarcely supported in its place by the listing ligature which girdled her waist, while her slipper-shod feet clattered along the floor, at every step she took, in administering to her clamorous and ferocious guests.

Whether Major Rosendale had ever heard the old Scotch story of the sally that the witches of

Kirk Alloway made upon "honest Tam O'Shanter," which was afterwards so gaily narrated in verse by the inimitable Burns, is uncertain; but he became instantly aware of the imprudence of waiting such an irruption of the infernal crew, whose orgies he thus in similar manner witnessed; and having effected the purpose of his espionage, which was to ascertain whether this was in reality an assemblage of Steel Boys, he thought proper to withdraw with all due speed and privacy towards his own men.

He now deliberated whether he might not be legally justifiable in attacking the rioters in their present quarters. After many *pros* and *cons* in his own mind, and reverting to every construction possible to be put on his orders, which were, at "all hazards, to protect Huntly's property, and to destroy or capture whoever might attack it," he concluded that he had yet discovered them in the commission of no act sufficient to justify his commencing hostilities. None of the persons he had seen, were, as yet, so far at least as he knew, outlawed; and, as to the association itself, no particular statute legalized the summary destruction of its members by military violence, unless when detected in the commission of some unlawful act, and even then only in case of their refusal to surrender to the laws of the land.

Leaving a small party, therefore, under his lieutenant to watch their motions, he, with the main body, directed his march to Huntly's. His lieutenant had instructions, that if the Hearts of Steel should proceed to Huntly's, not to attack them, nor even to appear in their view until they should arrive there: but if they should abandon their purpose, and either disperse or direct their course in a body elsewhere, he was to despatch immediate intelligence of such proceedings to Huntly's.

Frederick was received by Huntly with the species of delight that a trembling culprit feels when, at the foot of the gallows, he perceives the anxiously expected, but now despaired of, messenger that brings him a reprieve. The welcome soldiers were accommodated and entertained to their heart's content.—A plan for giving a warm reception to the Hearts of Steel was soon adopted. It was Frederick's great desire that they should be the aggressors: in consequence of which, the house was darkened, and every thing made to appear as if the family had retired unsuspectingly to rest.

It was about half-past twelve o'clock when the Steel Boys arrived. As from the apparent state of things, they conceived that they were going to meet with but little resistance, a few of them advanced boldly to the door, and demanded admittance.

“Who are you, and what is your will?” inquired Huntly from within.

“You will soon know that to your cost,” answered one of the assailants. “We shall soon teach you to disregard our warnings—for we intend to touch both your skin, and your conscience for your greed of other people’s properties. Open the door, you covetous son of a bastard! or, by the powers of mischief! we will burn the house about your ears.—Did you never hear of Captain Spitfire?”

“To flames with the rascal! break in upon him, and drag him out, till we get at his heart’s blood,” shouted a number of infuriated voices. In an instant the door was shivered to fragments, and about five or six men rushed into eternity; for the fatal word “Fire!” was given to the soldiers, and the entry floor was strewn with fallen bodies. Supposing that this discharge proceeded only from Huntly’s domestics, and that their fire-arms were now unloaded, another party rushed forward, denouncing terrible imprecations and vengeance.

“Surrender or be shot!” cried Frederick, who did not relish this kind of nocturnal slaughter, even upon such desperate and wicked assailants.

“Surrender the Devil!” answered a man who sprung towards where he had heard the voice; but instead of seizing Frederick, which he intended, he

grappled with a soldier, whom he threw to the ground, and stabbed to the heart, exclaiming, "By Hell! there are military here!" The next moment he was outside of the house vociferating, "Hearts of Steel, withdraw! there is an ambush of troops within."

"Fire again, and pursue!" cried Frederick to his soldiers, as the assailants fled. He was obeyed, and three or four more of the Steel Boys fell. The small party of troops that had been left to watch their proceedings, as before mentioned, now also approached and fired amongst them, but without doing them much injury. On this party a number of Steel Boys rushed with the fury of madmen, and would have cut it to pieces, but for the rapid attack which Frederick's men made on them with their bayonets.

"Spare all who surrender," cried Frederick to his soldiers—for his heart sickened at the carnage he witnessed,—but not one offered to surrender. Every one fled who had a chance; and they who had none, fought to revenge themselves, and fell, uttering savage yells of bitter denunciations against their enemies.

While Frederick, careless of personal danger, ran in every direction, anxious to take prisoners and to save lives, a man burst from a thicket upon him with a drawn sword, the thrust of which he

just perceived in time to avoid by a leap backwards. That instant the man drew a pistol, presented it—and had he not hesitated to fire, Frederick would have fallen dead on the spot; but from some strange motive he did hesitate.

“By Heavens! it is he,” he exclaimed, and throwing the pistol behind him he vanished like an arrow.

The Steel Boys, now ceased all resistance, and fled; while the soldiers in vain pursued them in darkness, through a country well-known to the fugitives, and not at all to the pursuers.

At length Frederick stopped the pursuit, and led his men back to Huntly's, where he found fewer dead and wounded on either side than he expected. Among his own men three were killed, and seven or eight wounded. Of the Hearts of Steel six were killed, and ten or twelve had, it was supposed, been wounded, all of whom, except two, whose wounds were severe, had contrived to make their escape during the pursuit.

The coroner's inquest the next day relieved Frederick and his party from any bad consequences attendant on the night's transactions, by returning a verdict in regard to the deceased Steel Boys, of “justifiable homicide, done in self-defence;” but in regard to the deceased soldiers, their verdict was—“Death, occasioned by a nocturnal attack

of some banditti, supposed to be a party of these lawless depredators styling themselves Hearts of Steel."

The two wounded prisoners who seemed likely to recover, were handed over to the civil power, and committed to goal to abide their trial at the next assizes.

With the reader's permission I will here forestal events, by informing him, that when the trial of these prisoners came on, although their guilt was proved as clear as noon-day, so much was the jury in terror of the Hearts of Steel, that they were acquitted, to the great surprise of the court, and the consternation of the landed proprietors of the country.

In consequence of this, and several other instances of the same nature, which took place at this troublesome and alarming period, a bill was introduced into parliament, which passed into a law, authorising the Sheriffs of disturbed counties to transmit prisoners accused of illegal combinations, to Dublin for trial. A number of the Hearts of Steel were accordingly tried in the metropolis; but there the unconstitutionality of the "Act," under which they were transmitted from their own counties, operated as much in their favour as the terror of their confederates did in the North, and the juries

acquitted them on the ground, that they had no right to try them.

This remarkable fact in the history of Irish jurisprudence, although attended with some temporary bad consequences, has practically proved that there is a protecting energy in the long-established principles of our happy constitution of which the legislature itself cannot deprive us,—a controlling power too mighty to be overcome by the united caprice of King, Lords, and commons. It is a victorious answer to those cavillers who allege that we have no constitution independent of legislative enactments; and that the vote of a servile parliament, in accordance to the will of an ambitious monarch, is capable of annihilating our liberties.

CHAPTER XX.

Now to each bard allot the station due:—

Lady, the contest we refer to you!

This pours melodious strains almost divine;—

That breathes a heartfelt throb in every line.

Give me that throb, she said; the tuneful art

Is ne'er so sweet as when it moves the heart!

IRISH SPOOKSAYER.

THE disagreeable excitement produced in Frederick's mind by the foregoing transactions, in a few days began to subside; and the pleasurable desire to see again the fairest maid he ever saw, became his predominant feeling; and in obedience to its dictates, he set out for Ballycarney.

It was on a sacramental Saturday; and the public services of the day were just finished when he arrived. It is needless to describe the reception he met with from his kind and grateful host, in whose company he found two neighbouring clergymen, who had come to assist in administering the solemn ordinances of the ensuing day. These gentlemen were both communicative and well-informed, and in their deportment perfectly clerical.

although their appearance, manners, and tastes, were considerably dissimilar.

The elder of them, whose name was Logan, was a little grey-headed man, of rather an austere, but venerable aspect. He spoke in the broadest tone of Scottish accentuation; and lengthened out the grace which he pronounced before dinner, by the copious introduction of cant phrases and scriptural allusions, almost to half the extent of a modern genteel sermon. During the subsequent conversation, Frederick discovered that he was a native of Ayrshire, and had in his youth been a favourite pupil of the celebrated Alexander Peden.

The younger clergyman, whose name was Cooke, was a native of Ireland. He had received his education at Glasgow, and had been only a few months ordained to the ministry. He was tall and somewhat slender in his person, with an expression of countenance, lively, keen, and occasionally approaching towards the sarcastic. His manners and language sometimes betrayed an affection of refinement, which he would have been as well without; but for which his being only six months emancipated from the discipline of a college, and his evident desire to produce a contrast to the monotonous and formal slang of several of his colleagues, in some measure apologized. From his discourse, it was apparent that unlike his reverend

seniors, poetry and other kinds of light literature had constituted a large and favourite portion of his studies; and while Mr. Logan delighted chiefly to enforce his remarks by quotations from Rutherford's Letters, Watson on the Catechism, or Boston's Fourfold State, Cooke preferred drawing from the stores of Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope. As, however, he was orthodox in all great doctrinal points, such of his reverend coadjutors as kept up the austere and venerable formality of old times, had the good nature to overlook the innovations which he, and some others of their younger brethren, were introducing into the manners and phraseology of their body. They indeed, often forbore with a heavy heart, and none with a heavier one than the Rev. Mr. Logan. He would sometimes groan in the spirit, when he would hear the distinct articulation and rounded periods with which the younger ministers began about that time to address their congregations. He thought that they were approximating too near to the manners and language of worldly orators, and were breaking down that ancient and sanctimonious partition which their godly predecessors had raised between them and the laity. However, he was a prudent man; and he perceived that his opposition to the new customs, which, after all, could not be

considered heresy, would be unavailing, as the people themselves generally approved of them.

With respect to Mr. M'Culloch's sentiments concerning this revolution which was evidently taking place in the clerical manners, he looked upon it as one of these non-essentials to which he considered it proper that custom should always give law. He had himself considerably relaxed in many minor points, from the rigidity of ancient Puritanism; and was looked upon, by the more bigotted of his brother-presbyters, as of too pliant a disposition to take up a testimony in defence of mere forms, however much they might be sanctified by usage, or recommended by the authority of great and venerated names. Hence he rather countenanced than opposed the improvements of his junior brethren; and although he himself was too old to adopt them, he could not but acknowledge that, instead of seeing any thing in them inconsistent with the dignity of the clerical character, he conceived that they had a manifest tendency to render it more amiable, influential, and useful.

From the society of these three reverend and learned gentlemen, Frederick derived much satisfaction. He also acquired considerable knowledge of the views, sentiments, and habits of that most industrious portion of all his countrymen, the Presbyterians of Ulster. He had been taught to be-

lieve that they were a selfish, dogmatical, and illiberal race of sectarians, more inveterately opposed to the national church establishment than even the Roman Catholics themselves; and that their cold, plodding, narrow, money-making habits, were directly the reverse of the warm, generous open-heartedness of the Southern Irish. He began now, however, to perceive the mistake. He saw them indeed, industrious and careful; but he also saw them generous and hospitable; more prudent and calculating, perhaps, but not less cordial and friendly; more guarded in their morals, but not less amiable in their manners; more pious, but certainly not more bigotted than the people of the South. He saw them such, and he felt both surprised and indignant at the gross and slanderous misrepresentations to which they had been subjected.

“They have, indeed, Hearts of Steel among them,” he observed to himself, when he had retired to rest and was reflecting on this subject; “but these form only a very small portion of the lower and more ignorant class of the community; and are, at the most, but a misguided and temporary association. But have we not in the South our White-boys, our Levelling-boys, our Ultagh-boys, our Twelve o’clock-boys, and various other insurrectionary combinations of perpetual standing. On this ground, therefore, we can surely boast of no superiority over our Northern countrymen.”

No notice has yet been taken of one—and perhaps, the principal cause of the high delight which Frederick enjoyed in his present society, and of the favourable light in which he was disposed to view the Northern Irish,—this was the presence of Miss M'Manus. She had given him a very flattering reception, and paid him considerable attention during the whole evening; for she was anxious to show him that he was mistaken in supposing that she harboured any unfavourable impression respecting either the propriety of his manners, or the goodness of his understanding. Perhaps he would have had more cause to have been gratified, had she been less unembarrassed and consistent in her efforts to please him; for he had sagacity enough to know, even if his own experience had not taught him, that when the heart is affected the manners cannot be easy.

This idea, when he now at leisure meditated on her charms, and reflected on her conduct, occurred to him in full force. Happy would he have been, could he have recollected some harmless mistake, some pretty blunder, or interesting oversight, that would have betokened a mind otherwise occupied than in the mere mechanical performance of parlour and tea-table duties.

“Had her civilities towards me,” thought he,

“been more constrained, I should have augured better of my interest in her heart. Ah! if she felt for me as I feel for her, she would have been as awkward as I have been. But no; perhaps I reason wrong. She may be more able to subdue her feelings, at least to restrain them within the bounds of propriety. Every one is not so incapable as I am of acting wisely, or of resisting the impulses of feeling.—Yet I sometimes imagined that she could not look steadily at me: when her eyes met mine, she still hastily withdrew them;—but that might be only maiden bashfulness, or it might be because I did the same, and intended to relieve my confusion; for she seemed the whole evening to study making every body happy. But why need I perplex myself? If she does not love me, it may be because we are yet strangers to each other. I will persevere—my assiduities, my tenderness, my devotedness, may yet make some impression. But what if I have a rival? ay, there may be the obstacle. I fancied once or twice that the young clergyman, Cooke exchanged favourable looks with her,—but it might be only fancy. Heavens! If I thought she loved him, I would—I would—ah! I would—be miserable! It is too true—God forgive me for jealousy!—I might have seen it at once in the affair of the poetry; she decided so warmly in favour of his taste. But I’ll

be resolute; and torment myself no more, until I discover whether my surmises be well-founded."

In a short time—that is, in about two hours, which is no great period for the meditations of a half confident, and half jealous lover,—Frederick fell asleep; and while he is dreaming over the question that perplexed him, it may not be improper to give an account of the poetical discussion from which he had drawn so unfavourable an inference.

After dinner, while the two elder clergymen were engaged in the discussion of some point of Church discipline, the younger one asked Frederick to take a walk into the garden. As they walked along, the subject of their conversation happened to turn upon poetry.

"Whether do you prefer rhyme or blank verse?" asked Frederick.

"My taste, since I became a reader of poetry," replied Cooke, "has undergone two revolutions on this subject; or, rather, it has reverted to its original state in favour of rhyme, in which I believe it is likely to remain. When I was a boy—that is, when I was in a state of unsophisticated nature, I could not endure blank verse, while I was enthusiastically attached to rhyme. I afterwards permitted the critics, or rather the declaimers in favour of blank verse, to interfere with my natural taste, and even to supplant it by an artificial one.

Hence blank verse became so entirely the object of my admiration, that I would scarcely condescend to read rhyme. I looked upon it—for the literary law-givers of the day told me to do so—as a species of writing of Gothic origin, fit only to amuse children and barbarians. But even then, with all my care—for I acknowledge that it required care to preserve my taste in this state of exalted refinement,—I frequently detected myself slipping into the recitation of a couplet, or a stanza; but, ashamed of being thought so vulgar as to value the jingle of similar terminations, I always stopped abruptly; and, if unluckily there was any one present, I never failed to apologize for an inadvertence arising from early habit. Latterly, however, my taste has relapsed avowedly towards rhyme; for I began to think that there was no reason why we should not tolerate a species of writing which is in itself pleasing, merely because it was not adopted by any of the classical authors of Greece or Rome. Our language is not theirs; nor is it necessary, I should think, that our forms of writing should resemble theirs. A good sentiment is a good sentiment, whether expressed in prose or verse; although it will undoubtedly appear to better advantage in the latter. For what reason? Because the latter is more musical, and therefore more calculated to make an impression

on the mind, and more fitted for retention in the memory. For exactly the same reason, rhyme, in the hands of a good poet, will do more justice to a good sentiment, than blank verse."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Frederick; "a good thought will certainly make a better figure: it will be oftener quoted—that is, it will, in spite of the literary law-givers, as you call them, become more admired and popular, if neatly clothed in the tasteful drapery of rhyme, than in the slovenly garb of the best trimmed blank verse that ever was made. Rhyme does not, indeed, answer so well for the drama as blank verse; but for this species of literature I believe that prose would answer better than either. It would undoubtedly be more suited for the natural representation of a dialogue in real life. With respect to our English poets, my greatest favourite is not perhaps the greatest genius among them; but to me he is the most pleasing writer. Shakspeare and Milton may have surpassed him in the greatness and originality of their conceptions; but they have not equalled him in the delightful harmony and sweetness of his verses. When I wish at any time to read merely for enjoyment, Pope is my author. Accident may occasionally drive me to the bards of sublimity, coarseness and blank verse; but choice will forever determine me to the sweet-

est of versifiers, the great master of poetical melody and English rhyme."

"Until within these few weeks," observed the Clergyman, "Pope was also in my estimation, without a competitor, in the power of giving pleasure; but I have since then obtained possession of a poem, lately published; entitled 'The Traveller,* or a Prospect of Society,' written by one Oliver Goldsmith, who is said to be a countryman of our own; which, for harmony of numbers, sweetness of cadence, and accuracy of rhyme, in my opinion equals any thing that ever came from Pope; while in ease, simplicity, and artlessness of diction, I conceive it to be far superior."

"I have read the poem you mention," answered Frederick, "but, I must confess, I could perceive nothing in it sufficient to rival Pope in my estimation. This new writer has all the ease, simplicity, and artlessness you mention; but he wants the grandeur, the dignity, and the fire of Pope. What is there in this new poem, or, I may ask, what is there in any other poem in English literature;

* This discussion is supposed to have taken place shortly after the first publication of the "Traveller," which was in 1765. "The Deserted Village," the most popular of Goldsmith's works—perhaps the most popular of English poems,—did not appear until five years afterwards, and consequently could not be taken notice of here.

equal to the pathos, animation, spirit, and harmony of Eloisa to Abelard? The passion of love—that most suitable of all subjects for poetry—never was so well delineated in numbers; never did the muse clothe herself in such captivating charms; never did she address the heart in such enchanting strains, as when she sings the high-wrought fervours of Eloisa's unaltered and unalterable attachment."

"Pope," replied the divine, "had, perhaps, a more fiery muse than our countryman; but to me, generally speaking, he is not so pleasing. If he is more brilliant, he is also more laboured; if he is more lofty, he is more obscure. When he sings, he frequently requires all our attention to catch his beauties; but we can enjoy Goldsmith's strain without effort. Like a true bard of Nature, he sings what we have all seen—what we have all felt; and in strains that we can all understand, and which it is difficult for any of us to forget."

Perhaps the readiest way of deciding the controversy," said Frederick, "is to compare passages. In all Goldsmith's poem, can you find a parallel for the warmth, tenderness, delicacy, and beauty of expression, contained in the following exclamation of Eloisa?

"O happy state, when souls each other draw!
When love is liberty, and nature law!

All then is full, possessing and possest;
 No craving void left aching at the breast:
 E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart:—
 Such sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be!
 And once the lot of Abelard and me!"

"These lines are very fine," replied the Clergyman; "but although not absolutely unintelligible, they are somewhat obscure. The state of felicity they describe, has never in this world been experienced. It therefore requires an effort of the imagination to conceive it,—and making such effort is always a deduction from the enjoyment of reading. The language of this passage, indeed, excites my admiration by its elegance; but its ideas do not interest my heart by their fidelity to nature. I am not ashamed to acknowledge the superior delight with which I contemplate the picture of real, tangible, living happiness, so sweetly, so naturally, so easily drawn, and so easily comprehended, in the following passage of my new favourite writer :

"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire!
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair!
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!"

"This, I confess," said Frederick, "is a well-drawn, easily understood, and perhaps, easily felt description of the benevolence and enjoyments of rural life; but—where is the splendour of diction? where is the fervour of passion? where is the strength, the boldness,—in short, the glowing enthusiasm of poetical inspiration which the verses of Pope afford us? Methinks that mere smoothness and simplicity are but poor substitutes for these."

"I find, Major," said the divine, "that we shall not be able to convince each other on this subject. What, therefore, if we call in an umpire? I perceive Miss M'Manus in the summer-house. Will you yield to her judgment, upon the comparative merits of these passages?"

"With all my heart," replied Frederick. "Her opinion shall be, with me, decisive of this, or any other question of literary taste."

They approached Isabella, and stated the subject of their controversy, requesting her to decide between them.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said she, "you apply to me in the very worst time imaginable for obtaining

an impartial opinion. I have been just reading the new poem with such delight, that mere gratitude to the author would prevent me from deciding against him. But perhaps this is itself the best criterion of his superior power of pleasing me; for, I acknowledge, Major," said she, looking at Frederick with a smile that compensated for her decision against him,—“ I acknowledge that from none of Pope's poems, not even from your boasted ‘Eloisa to Abelard,’ have I ever derived so much enjoyment. Pope is undoubtedly a more brilliant, more passionate, and perhaps a more musical writer than our new author; but, he is generally too abstract and unreal in his pictures to interest me. With every image and every sentiment of Goldsmith I can sympathize, because they remind me of real men and real women, of the living scenes, the genuine joys and griefs, wishes and feelings which I every day witness, and of which I every day partake. Let whoever will enjoy the grandeur and dignity of Pope, give me the sweet tenderness, the artless simplicity, the heart-felt benevolence, and genuine nature of Goldsmith.”

“ I submit,” said Frederick; “ such demonstration is irresistible.”

“ Both poets,” observed the Clergyman, “ have their peculiar excellences. Those of Pope may be preferred by the few who judge by the rules of

art; but those of Goldsmith will ever be more felt by the many who judge from the impulses of nature."

"And he who pleases the greater number," said Isabella, "must assuredly possess the greater excellence, as the prince who diffuses the largest share of happiness among his people, possesses the best talents for governing."

"I acknowledge," said Frederick, "that, let authors think what they will of the approbation of the learned, the great criterion of poetical excellence is the approbation of the people."

"Hence," observed Cooke, "a poem that would please only a knot of philosophers, might be excellent as a treatise, but it would be good for nothing as a poem."

"It would have answered better to have written it in prose," said Frederick; and with this profound remark we shall close the conversation.

CHAPTER XXI.

*Now for awhile the world, and worldly things,
We'll leave to misers, debauchees, and kings;
And to the temple of our God repair,
To share with saints the Heav'nly banquet there!
There shall our souls their pious vows renew;
There endless joys shall open to our view;
There angels shall rejoice, as we adore
The Power Supreme, who reigns for evermore!*

ULSTER BARD.

THE Sabbath morning dawned—the Sacramental Sabbath, a day of high importance to the people of Ballycarney. Many a pious heart hailed it with a solemn invocation to the great Deity, whose holy rites they were about to celebrate, that he would prepare their hearts for the great occasion, and render them worthy partakers of the memorials of their Redeemer's love and sufferings for them.

In the Presbyterian congregations of the North of Ireland, the sacrament is usually administered but twice a-year. This unfrequency, and the circumstance of it never being administered but in public communion, render such an occasion, when it occurs, the more impressive on the minds of the

people, who regard it as a solemn religious jubilee, during which greater fervour in their devotions, and greater strictness in the duties inculcated by their faith, are required of them.

By the good pastor of Ballycarney, the duties of this important day were commenced, as those of the preceding had been finished, with family worship. As soon as all the inmates of the family were forthcoming, they were invited into the sitting parlour, to join in that act of devotion.

When all were assembled and adjusted, Mr. M'Culloch read a portion of the Scriptures, and then "those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide," were sung by the whole company, to the tune of "Plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name!" and the service was concluded by kneeling before "Heaven's eternal King;" while their reverend host addressed an eloquent and fervent prayer to "the Gracious Power," that he would make them truly thankful for all past favours; that he would pardon all their past transgressions; and, for the future, "lead and guide them "in the way in which they should go." He prayed especially for his "assisting might," to support himself through the solemn and awful duties of the day; and earnestly entreated that, while his people participated of those elements that were symbolical of their Saviour's "broken body and shed blood," they should, at

the same time, be fed with the Heavenly manna that produceth eternal life.

After breakfast, the party proceeded without delay to the meeting-house, which was about half a mile distant. It was situated in the centre of a smooth level Green, which was now occupied by a large assemblage of the parishioners; who, drest in their best apparel, were collected in various groups, awaiting the arrival of the ministers to commence the services of the day. The house itself was of large dimensions, calculated, with its galleries, to hold between three and four thousand people.

At one side of the Green, near its principal entrance, there was a smaller house, containing only one apartment, called the Session House, where the minister and elders held their sittings to deliberate and decide upon congregational affairs. On entering the Green, the two senior clergymen retired into this house; while Frederick, Mr. Cooke, and Isabella walked forwards among the people. In a short time Frederick was recognized by Mr. Garvin, the elder who had been introduced to him in Carrickfergus. He saluted him respectfully, and hinted how much he was pleased with his pious choice of a sacramental occasion for his visit. He then, with some degree of officiousness, introduced him to several of the more respectable parishioners as the gentleman who had so gallantly

saved their minister's life. The report immediately spread over the whole Green.

"That is the young officer who saved Mr. M'Culloch from drowning!" was repeated by every body: and all eyes were directed towards him, and many a blessing was pronounced upon his head. Wherever he approached, every man moved his hat, and every woman made her courtesy, in token of respect and gratitude. Some had even the forwardness to address him without any introduction, and to express their thanks for the service he had rendered their congregation. On one occasion, as Isabella and he walked together, he could overhear, or at least he fancied he overheard, some of the young women whispering to each other,—
"What a weel-farred pair! how weel they wad suit for man an' wife!" Whether Isabella heard these whispers he could not tell; but he perceived that she felt uneasy, for she blushed deeply; and leading the way to Mr. Cooke, who, at a small distance was conversing with some of the people, she requested that they might retire into the church.

When Frederick was seated in Mr. M'Culloch's family pew, which adjoined the left side of the pulpit, he leisurely surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice, to all parts of which, from his favourable situation, his eye could reach. It had on its ground-floor four entrances: one near the pulpit,

one at each gable, and one into a large aisle fronting the pulpit, and projecting from the north side of the building. Each of the three galleries had also a separate entrance, approachable by massive flights of stone stairs erected on the outside of the house. The whole structure seemed calculated merely for convenience and durability;—nothing appeared to have been in the slightest degree intended for ornament, unless we should consider a clock, which was affixed to the front of the gallery opposite the pulpit, and the green velvet-covered cushion with green fringes, which surmounted the pulpit, and on which the large church bible reclined, to be ornamental.

The long space which intersected the pews, from one end of the house to the other, and which was usually vacant, was, on this day, occupied by a triple row of benches; the middle one of which, being the Communicants' Table, was of course the highest, the others being for seats. This table was neatly covered, throughout its whole length, with extremely clean white linen, as was also a small square table, placed in the area before the pulpit, which contained the sacramental elements of bread and wine.

Frederick had scarcely time to make these observations, when the door near the pulpit opened, and the Reverend Messrs. M'Culloch and Logan

ascended the spot from whence divine instruction had so often flowed from the lips of the former. The congregation now thronged in; and in a few minutes the pews were filled, and the people attentive.

Mr. McCulloch now rose; and commenced the worship of God, by a short invocation to the Holy Spirit to inspire his efforts, and impress the sentiments he should deliver, upon the hearts of his audience. During this invocation the people stood up. As soon as they had reseated themselves, the preacher desired them to join in celebrating the mercies of God, by singing the twenty-third Psalm, which they did, to the tune of "Dundee's wild warbling measures," with a fervency and energy that caused Frederick to esteem it the most heartfelt scene of religious praise he had ever witnessed.

The Psalm being finished, the congregation again stood up; while their pastor, lifting his hands and directing his looks towards Heaven, copiously poured forth his very soul, in a strain of the most moving and earnest supplication, that in Frederick's opinion, had ever flowed from a pulpit. It concluded with the following consoling allusion to redeeming love:—

"O! Jehovah! Creator, and eternal Monarch of the universe! all great, powerful, and tremendous

as thou art, and much as we are conscious of having offended thy awful majesty, we are encouraged to address these supplications to thy throne, from a consideration of that wondrous love which effected our redemption, which raised our souls from the dungeons of despair, to the bright regions of hope and salvation!—which snatched us as brands out of the fire, and placed us in the courts of thy house, and under the wings of thy favour; where, O! may it be ours to go on, from grace to grace, in thy service and in thy praise, until our corruption shall put on incorruption,—until our supplications shall be changed into hallelujahs! and our faith and hope shall be realized in the full enjoyment of a celestial eternity!

When the prayer was concluded, and the people again seated, the preacher opened the sacred oracles of Christian faith; from which he selected, as the subject of his discourse, the emphatic words, “It is finished!” the last uttered by the Redeemer ere he threw off the mortality of his human nature,—the words by which he announced the great work of our salvation to be completed.

From this text the reverend orator proceeded to descant in an eloquent strain upon the vastness of the love and tenderness of the Deity for his creatures. “Rather than permit them said he, “to suffer the just consequences of their own miscon-

duct, by becoming the objects of eternal punishment, he chose to inflict that punishment upon his only Son, who had voluntarily offered to bear it in their stead. Oh! the immensity of redeeming love!" he exclaimed—"Oh! the unsearchable riches of divine grace! that could accomplish such a miracle as to bring the Heir of Heaven voluntarily down to earth, to suffer like a malefactor for the sins of men—to bear the burthen of that iniquity which had been committed by his worst enemies! That such a transaction should appear mysterious to us is not wonderful; it excited the astonishment of celestial spirits!—And it was for us, vile, worthless sinners, by nature enemies to God and to each other, that the incomprehensible sacrifice was made,—that the mighty miracle was performed. By no means short of this could we have been delivered from the everlasting vengeance of a God who hateth and must punish wickedness like ours. The punishment that we had incurred was vast; none but a God could have borne it—and a God did bear it; otherwise we are at this day, without hopes of mercy, the children of wrath, the heirs of eternal perdition! Such must be the gloomy, the horrible prospects of the infidel. But thanks to the mercy of our Maker! our hopes are better founded. The miraculous atonement was made, and our pardon sealed; other-

wise it would be impossible that the offended justice of Omnipotence could spare us a single day—could spare any of the whole multitude of human criminals a single moment, from suffering the vengeance due to the guilty.

“Do we experience comforts in this life? do we breathe the air with ease? do we behold yon sun with satisfaction? does the repose of our limbs yield us gratification? do we meet here to-day to worship our Creator with hope and delight? Then, it is demonstrated, that notwithstanding all our guilt, he is reconciled to us;—and he could not have been so reconciled, such were our offences, and such his justice, unless the Son of the Highest, who alone was able and willing, had borne our punishment.

“Yes! thou holy Lamb of God thou didst bear it. Thou wert the spotless sacrifice for our transgressions. Thy unparalleled love and sufferings wrought our redemption from endless misery. The work was mighty,—but thou wert also mighty. Thou didst accomplish it—Thou didst pronounce it “finished!” and we are safe. Take us, Lord! for we are thine—we are bought with the price of thy blood. O! let no temptations allure our hearts from that love, that gratitude, that obedience, which we owe thee for the wondrous things thou hast done for us.

“Now, my friends,” said he, looking round on the audience, “let us prepare to commemorate the surprising, and, at the same time, the heart-rending scenes, the dying torments of the spotless Son of God, by which this momentous redemption was accomplished; and while we partake of the symbols of the great work of our salvation, let us deeply reflect on what it cost him; and surely we will then thoroughly detest those sins which required such a sacrifice, and feel a due sense of gratitude for that astonishing love for his people, which induced him, who alone could accomplish it, to undertake such a work.

“O! glory to his adorable name, who stepped forward in the hour of our need to atone for our transgressions, by assuming their awful penalty, the vengeance of God! We were poor, lost, undone criminals—we hung upon the verge of destruction—we lay in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity:—even then, when there was no eye to pity, no hand to save, the Son of God pitied us, and suffered for us, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life.”

The preacher next proceeded to the usual ceremony of “fencing the Table,” by inviting the worthy, and forbidding the unworthy, to partake of the **HOLY SUPPER**.

“You whose faith is fixed in firm dependence

for salvation on the merits of this great atonement," said he, "and whose lives, and hearts, and wishes have, as far as your frail nature would allow, been conformable to the revealed will of your holy Redeemer, ye are welcome to the sacred feast of Divine love, this day prepared for you. Come forward to the communion of saints; and, in the fulness of your faith, enjoy a foretaste of that celestial food from the tree of life, with which you shall be nourished in those mansions of everlasting happiness, into whose chambers the Lord himself, your best friend, your greatest benefactor, has purchased you a free admittance.

"And ye too, whose hearts may have deceived you into conduct hateful to your God, if ye be only inclined to return to him with your whole strength and resolution; if ye feel real sorrow and shame for the abominations ye have committed, and are sincerely desirous to plead, with an humble heart, the benefits of your Saviour's merits and sufferings; ye too are welcome. Come and share with us—for the contrite heart and the humble spirit are such as our God loveth. Ye are, therefore, fit to be guests at his holy table. Come then, and join us in celebrating that extraordinary manifestation of mercy, by which ye, and we, and all of us, are pardoned—cleansed from our impurities, and rendered fit for the society of saints and angels.

“But ye whose hearts are perverse ; ye who are obstinately bent on following the wicked suggestions of your evil passions ; ye who wantonly and profanely despise the great salvation so kindly offered to you—we have no warrant from our Lord to invite you to our feast. Alas ! ye have not the wedding garment upon you, and must be rejected. But should ye deceive us, who are but the stewards and the companions of the feast, by your fair and false assurances, we warn you to be aware ; for ye cannot deceive him who is its Lord. He can unmask the wolf in sheep’s clothing ; and if ye attempt such an imposture ; if ye dare unworthily to partake at our sanctified table, be assured, that ye will only ‘eat and drink damnation to yourselves.’

“But I trust that there is none in my hearing, of this perverse hypocritical character. To every one of you, therefore, no matter what your sins may have been, who feel truly penitent, and are determined to sin no more, I address the solemn invitation, as it was dictated by the Spirit of God itself to the Apostle John.—‘And the spirit and the bride say, come—and let him that heareth say come ; and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.’”

For the purpose of maintaining order, and preventing any scandalous or notoriously profane per-

son from obtruding himself among the communicants at the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper, the custom of furnishing such as are considered worthy of this high privilege with tickets, or, as they are usually termed, "tokens," which are generally small pieces of some kind of metal, impressed with a particular stamp, has been adopted. These tokens are distributed either by the minister himself, or by any of the elders, none else having authority for that purpose.

When the sermon on this occasion was concluded, the preacher prescribed the following stanzas of Rouse's version of the twenty-fourth Psalm, to be sung by the congregation; during which he descended from the pulpit: while as many of the people as could conveniently find seats upon the benches on each side of the Communicants' Table, before mentioned, rose slowly and regularly from their pews to occupy them.

Who is the man that shall ascend
Unto the hill of God?
Or who within his holy place
Shall have a firm abode?
Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He from the Eternal shall receive
The blessing him upon,
And righteousness, ev'n from the God
Of his salvation.
This is the generation
That after him inquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
With their whole hearts' desire.

The "first table" being thus filled up, and the elders having adjusted the bread and wine upon the small square table before noticed, the minister proceeded to pronounce over these elements a short blessing; and then while uttering the following words, distributed a portion of each of them to such of the communicants as were nearest to him; the elders taking upon themselves the charge of distributing to the rest.

"The Lord Jesus Christ, in the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and having blessed it, as has been done in his name, he broke it, as I now do in imitation of him, and gave it to his disciples, as I now give it to you, saying, take, eat; this is my body, broken for you—this do in remembrance of me.

"After the same manner he took the cup; when he had supped, saying, this cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as often as ye drink, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this

bread, and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come."

Religious eloquence is, perhaps, more impressive than any other. Frederick Rosendale thought that he never heard any thing half so forcible as the strain of pathetic and sublime oratory with which Mr. M'Culloch, for the space of about forty minutes, now addressed the communicants, who sat at the table of the Lord's Supper.

Tears flowed from their eyes as he painted the Redeemer's sufferings in such strong colours that the heart of the most obdurate could scarcely endure the picture. He then aroused their indignation against sin, the detestable cause of such a catastrophe, to a state which could not fail to make a durable impression on their minds. He then excited their surprise and astonishment, by the felicitous manner in which he reminded them that the object of all their suffering was the spotless Son of God.

"And who is it that endures all this?" said he. "Who have they nailed to that accursed tree, as a criminal, between two malefactors? It is the immaculate Son of Jehovah. Ah! look at him! On his sacred person is inflicted the incalculable weight of punishment, due to the accumulated crimes of a world of sinners. On the head of the King of the Universe, lo! vile, worthless men have planted a

crown of thorns, and for a sceptre they have given the Lord of All a reed. O think of that agony which could induce Omnipotence to cry out—‘ My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?—If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ But his Godhead carried him triumphantly through the terrible struggle, and he meekly added—‘ nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.’

“ At length the debt was paid, the wrath was endured—justice was satisfied—our salvation was completed, and he pronounced the victorious words, ‘ It is finished !’ and his manhood for a season, resigned its vitality. ‘ He bowed his head, and gave up the Ghost.’

“ Hark ! yon convulsion of the elements ! No wonder Nature trembles, when the God of Nature dies !—The graves give up their dead, the rocks are shivered, and the Temple is rent in twain ; while the great luminary of the world, as if unable to behold his Creator so humbled, becomes darkened with astonishment and shame. Oh ! well might Dionysius, the heathen astronomer, when he beheld those extraordinary changes in the laws of Nature, exclaim—‘ Either the God of the Universe suffers, or he sympathizes with one who does !’ ”

When this address was finished, the communicants arose from the table, during the singing of another portion of the Psalms, and their places

were taken by another company. This second company had the solemn ordinance administered to them by the Rev. Mr. Logan, whose address continued about half an hour; and although esteemed by Frederick to be less striking than Mr. M'Culloch's, was nevertheless admitted to be very appropriate to the occasion.

A third serving up of the sacred banquet was found necessary to accommodate the great number who had received 'tokens' of admission, the duties of which were performed in a very neat, dignified, and impressive style, by Mr. Cooke. But accurate and tasteful as were the language and gestures of the young orator, to Frederick these were insipid qualifications, when compared with those bursts of passion, those soul-harrowing descriptions of Mr. M'Culloch, by which he had been so entirely overpowered.

Such of the congregation, as had partaken of this Divine Banquet, were now addressed by their pastor in a brief but earnest exhortation to be ever mindful and strict in the performance of the duties incumbent upon them, in their holy and glorious character of Christian worshippers, which, by their public participation of the solemn ordinance of this day, they had before men and angels avowed themselves to be.

"In your intercourse," said he, "with the men

of that busy world, into which you are again to return, ah! do not, my friends, disgrace the honourable and upright character of followers of Christ, by yielding to the allurements of vice, or by turning into any of the seducing paths trod by the followers of Satan. Ah! remember that such paths, however fair to view, however gratifying to the sense, inevitably lead to the valley of Death, to the abyss of everlasting destruction."

He then addressed the Throne of Grace, the people standing up, as usual, to join in his prayer—that the Almighty would bless the ceremonies of that day, in such a manner that all present might enjoy eternal advantages therefrom.

"If any here," said he, "have eaten and drunk unworthily of thy holy feast, pardon them, O Lord!—Bring them to see the error of their ways; visit them not in thy hot indignation, nor judge them according to their iniquities. O God! we thank thee, that thou dost not see as man seeth; thou dost not judge as man judgeth: for as far as the East is from the West; as far as the Heavens are above the earth, so far are thy ways from our ways, and thy thoughts above our thoughts. We rejoice that the great ransom which we have this day commemorated, is sufficient to cover the guilt of the vilest amongst us; and that the repentant

sinner, who pleads to thee for pardon through that all-sufficient ransom never pleads in vain."

Psalms were again sung: after which, the congregation was dismissed, with the apostolic benediction pronounced upon it.

Frederick withdrew with the clergyman, and the rest of Mr. M'Culloch's household, to the dwelling-house of the latter, where they partook of a short repast. In about an hour they returned to the church; when Mr. Cooke resumed the performance of Divine Service, and preached an excellent sermon, abounding with good taste, good sense, good morals, and scriptural doctrines. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the public worship of the most piously-spent day Frederick Rosendale had ever witnessed, terminated; and the people of the congregation of Ballycarney returned to their homes, with their hearts deeply and thoroughly impressed with that holy gratitude and adoration which they owed to the great and beneficent Being, whose almighty power had brought them into existence, and whose infinite goodness had rescued them from the deplorable effects of their own transgressions.

CHAPTER XXII.

*But was he orthodox?—for that is better
Than to possess the power of Cicero
To wring the people's hearts. Faith and sound doctrine,
Such as great Knox or greater Calvin taught,
Let common sense distrust them as it may,
Take souls to Heaven with greater certainty
Than all the heartless force of moral duties,
Although urg'd home with every trope of language,
And all the sounding energy of gesture.*

GAVIN GURTHRIE'S OPINIONS.

THE next day, Major Rosendale again accompanied the clerical party to church, where Mr. Logan delivered a sermon in the genuine style of Caméronianism. It was divided into an alarming number of *ninthlys* and *tenthlys*, and consisted chiefly of a technical disquisition concerning the comparative soundness of the creed of Calvin and Arminius. It contained, however, some observations and figures of speech amusing for their originality and quaintness, and, on the whole, seemed to give great satisfaction to the audience;—even Frederick thought there was something in the veneration

ble antiquity of the style, and the apparent zeal and sincerity of the preacher, not unworthy of a Christian pulpit.

But there was an individual in the pew with Frederick, whose presence would have made the most tedious sermon appear to him short, and the most uncouth phraseology pleasant. The reader need not be told that this was Miss M'Manus. Wherever she was, it would have been impossible for him to have thought any thing either tedious or disagreeable; and it must be confessed, that while Mr. Logan was labouring hard to convince him of Calvin's orthodoxy, his mind was so totally absorbed in the contemplation of the virgin flower that bloomed before him, that he did not comprehend one word of the good man's reasoning.

He had as yet discovered nothing that could in the slightest degree tend to confirm the wandering suspicion he entertained of an attachment between her and Mr. Cooke.

"I may be mistaken—I trust I am mistaken in this matter," he said to himself as he gazed upon her, with a sigh; just at the moment when Mr. Logan, raising his voice suddenly to its highest pitch, and striking the pulpit cushion with energy, looked down, as Frederick imagined, upon him, and demanded:—

"What does the reprobate sigh for?" Then,

after a considerable pause, he continued: "I'll tell you my frien's! He sighs for the carnal delights and filth o' the world! But the converted sighs for the immortal joys o' Heaven! the inestimable riches o' free grace!—This is the first distinction between them. I could tell ye o' twenty distinctions, but I'll content mysel' wi' ten."

The reader however, will, we dare say, be content with the one already told; we shall not therefore trouble him with the remaining nine.

The effect of this pulpit salutation was almost too much for Frederick's self-possession: it had astonished him, as well as touched him on a tender point; and although he instantly perceived it to be merely accidental, he found it impossible, during the remainder of the sermon, to recover the ease and equanimity of his mind.

The cheerful and lively disposition, however, of his friends on their way to Mr. M'Culloch's, after the service was over, entirely-dissipated every disagreeable sensation; and he became once more as happy as the presence of his heart's best beloved could make him.

He was still indeed, uncertain as to the state of her feelings respecting him; but, during the evening, he was set perfectly at ease respecting any attachment between her and Mr. Cooke. That gentleman, in a confidential manner, informed

for the regulations of John Calvin, or John Knox, than consideration for the bashfulness and sensibility of youth."

"But our younger brethren," said Cooke, "are in consequence of the fast increasing number of our congregations, gradually acquiring such accessions to their numerical strength as I hope, will, in a few years, enable us to outvote those whom we cannot convince."

"It will be a humane measure," observed Frederick; "and every unprejudiced, humane heart will rejoice at your success in carrying it."

"But the good folks within doors will be waiting tea for us," said Cooke.

As he conjectured, so it was: and Frederick sat down, with a light and joyful heart, to partake of that elegant beverage, prepared and distributed by the fair hand which he now indulged in sanguine hopes of sometime or other making his own. He ardently wished for an opportunity of declaring to Isabella, in form, his feelings and intentions; but during that evening he found it impossible, for she seemed studiously to avoid every thing approaching to a private interview with him.

He was compelled, therefore, to listen, with as much good grace as he could, to a long conversation of the clergymen, which after tea turned on the subject of methodism, and the difference be-

tween the characters and tenets of Wesley and Whitfield.

Frederick incidentally mentioned that he had heard Whitfield preach several times in Dublin: his opinion of him as a Christian preacher, was, therefore, requested. He replied, "that he considered him to have the faculty of exciting the feelings of the multitude more powerfully than almost any man he had ever heard; but as to the orthodoxy of his doctrines, concerning which Mr. Logan particularly inquired, he did not conceive himself qualified to judge. He believed, however, that if his reverend friend considered Calvinism to be orthodoxy, Whitfield was as firm as he could desire on that point."

"I ken," said Mr. Logan, "that he has had some argumentations wi' the Wesleys anent Predestination: but I was told that, after a,' he had only a certain qualified way o' believing that divine doctrine. His late brither in the ministry, the pious James Harvey, was far mair staunch on the subject."

"I once heard Whitfield, when he made his short visit to Belfast," said Mr. McCulloch; "and I must agree with Major Rosendale, that he possesses an extraordinary command over the feelings; but his discourse on that occasion, wonderfully persuasive as it was, I thought wanted connexion;

and a dry logician would have detected many palpable deficiencies in the chain of his reasoning. But it was not, in fact, on the reason, so much as on the passions of his audience, that he seemed to depend for his success in persuading; and over these he exercised a power which there were few present who could resist. One instance of it I may relate.

“The sermon was a charity one for the purpose of raising contributions for building a poor school in America. A friend of mine, who thought the matter an imposition on the public, was resolved to give nothing; and being aware of the preacher’s persuasive talents, to secure himself effectually from being their dupe, as he called it, he left all his money at home. He sat near me, and was very attentive to the speaker. I myself intended not to have contributed any thing; but it so happened that the discourse effectually changed my intention; and when the collection-plate was approaching towards our pew, I never in my life saw a more pitiable object than my friend, who had deprived himself of the means of gratifying his charitable feelings, which were now wound up by the most irresistible appeals of eloquence to their highest tone. He looked sometimes at me, and sometimes at the orator, as if in hesitation what to do. At length the power of eloquence prevailed over the

shame of breaking his boasted resolution; and, in a whisper, he begged me to lend him half a guinea. At first I refused, telling him that I would with pleasure at any other time. But the plate drew near, and he became so uneasy, and begged so piteously, that I yielded, and he appeared instantly the picture of satisfaction. He afterwards declared, that he never purchased so much gratification with so small a sum."

"Is it in the energy of delivery, or in the appropriate expression of forcible ideas, that Whitfield's eloquence principally consists?" asked Mr. Cooke.

"I believe it to be almost exclusively in the former," replied Frederick, to whom the question was addressed. "His language is always careless, and often inelegant;—nay, sometimes so intolerably illiterate, that were we to suppose a critic destitute of every other feeling and faculty except the mere capacity of judging literary composition, to hear him, he could imbibe no other sentiment than that of contempt for his performance. But then his looks, his gestures, his modulation of voice, are so perfectly at his command, and are always commanded, or rather they seem to adapt themselves, with such miraculous propriety to the sentiments he utters, that they never fail to produce the intended effect. If he reasons, he is calm, consider-

ate, and sagacious in his appearance: if he expostulates, he assumes a firm, dignified, and almost magisterial aspect: if he recommends virtue and charity, his countenance brightens,—he almost smiles with delight at the beauty and utility of the objects he describes; and he speaks slow, as if reluctant to part with the pleasing theme. If, on the other hand, he declaims against vice and hardness of heart, his utterance becomes rapid, his eyes fiery, and all his gestures, as it were, excited to violence, with detestation of the execrable images they produce. When he entreats, there is a softness, an earnestness, a winningness in his manner, that no heart, possess of the smallest susceptibility, can withstand. When he threatens the wicked and the obdurate with the inevitable retribution due to their crimes, a boldness, a fury approaching nearly to ferocity, but at the same time imparting the idea of strength and majesty, swells his voice, inflames his countenance, and sparkles from his eyes; and the conscience-struck sinner is ready to confess all—all his offences, or to sink overwhelmed with terror, as at the presence of a destroying angel commissioned to pronounce and inflict his doom! Well was it said of him, by one of the lower orders—“That man preaches like a lion!”

“This” said Cooke, “is that rare faculty which Demosthenes pronounced to be the first, the second,

and the third requisite essential to the complete orator : but it is remarkable that it is so seldom possessed in any eminent degree in conjunction with sound sense, good taste, and high literary attainments. It cannot be bestowed by learning—nay, it seems as if learning, at least in our days, had only the effect of fettering or debilitating its energies. If such powers, derived from nature, should for once unite with the acquirements of education, to adorn the lucky possessor, what an illustrious character would be the result ! a Demosthenes, or a Tully—perhaps a greater than either—would embellish the annals of the age.”

“ For us, puir preachers o’ the auld style,” observed Mr. Logan, with something of a sarcastic smile at Cooke’s enthusiasm, “ it is, perhaps as weel, that the gifts o’ nature and education are sae adverse to a union. The appearance o’ a few sitch brilliant orators in the modern days o’ Presbyterianism, would render oor plain hamespun discourses slighted and despised ; and we might in oor auld age become deserted by our congregations, and looked upon only as *dry bones*, fit for naething but to wither awa in silence and neglect.”

“ The sincere manner, and edifying doctrines of Mr. Logan,” returned Cooke, “ could not at least fear such a catastrophe, even if the constitution of our church permitted it. The younger and greener

scions, that have yet hardly taken root in the vineyard of the ministry, would be far less able to resist such opposition than the strong and mature trunks, whom long established reputation has rendered invulnerable."

"If one minister has any thing to fear from the superior talents of another," said Mr. M'Culloch, "which, I presume, can seldom be the case in our church, it would not be from the flaming oratory of such men as Whitfield. This oratory is not the best suited for a settled preacher, as a great share of its effect depends upon its novelty. Its brilliancy and force being more apparent at first sight than its blemishes, would, as soon as the dazzling of the former allowed the latter to become perceptible, lose much in the public estimation; and when surprise would be destroyed by repetition, admiration would sink into mere attention; and delight, perhaps, degenerate into indifference. Whitfield, therefore, has sagaciously enough chosen an itinerant life for the display of his eloquence; and as our parishioners cannot follow him in his peregrinations over the different quarters of the world, we need not be much alarmed at the great reputation he has acquired."

"Can the ministers of your church hold their places contrary to the wishes of their congregations?" asked Frederick.

“It would be almost as easy,” replied Mr. M’Culloch, “to separate a wife from her husband, as to separate one of our ministers from his congregation without his consent. A charge of immorality, or of utter uselessness in his profession, substantiated before the Synod, alone could effect it.”

“It is an excellent provision for the independence of your clergy,” observed Frederick.

“It is no more than just towards them,” said Mr. M’Culloch. “The people have a free choice respecting their incumbent at the first; and inasmuch as their choosing him may have disappointed him in other views, it would not be right that, without a proper cause, he should be turned destitute to the world whenever their caprice should desire it. He is, however, sufficiently dependent on them,—his maintenance arising almost altogether from their individual contributions—to make it his interest to yield them satisfaction, besides, they may at any time bring a charge of inattention to duty before the Presbytery, who have it in their power either to censure, or to suspend, or totally degrade him from his office. There is, to be sure, an appeal to the Synod, who may either confirm or revoke the decision of a Presbytery; but the same proof that prevails in the one body, it is obvious, will be likely to prevail in the other. Hence

while the safety of the minister is secured, from the fickleness of the people, the people are sufficiently secured in the reasonable, not to say diligent, performance of the service he owes them."

But the reader may not be such an admirer of Presbyterian church government as the Reverend Mr. M'Culloch, and therefore, will not derive as much gratification from reading, as that worthy man did from relating to Frederick Rosendale an account of its regulations; and, as the remainder of this evening's conversation was totally engrossed by this subject, to record it further would be injudiciously taking the trouble to write what many might find rather troublesome to read!

END OF VOL. I.

Feb *EB*





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