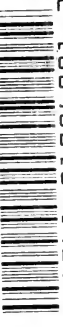


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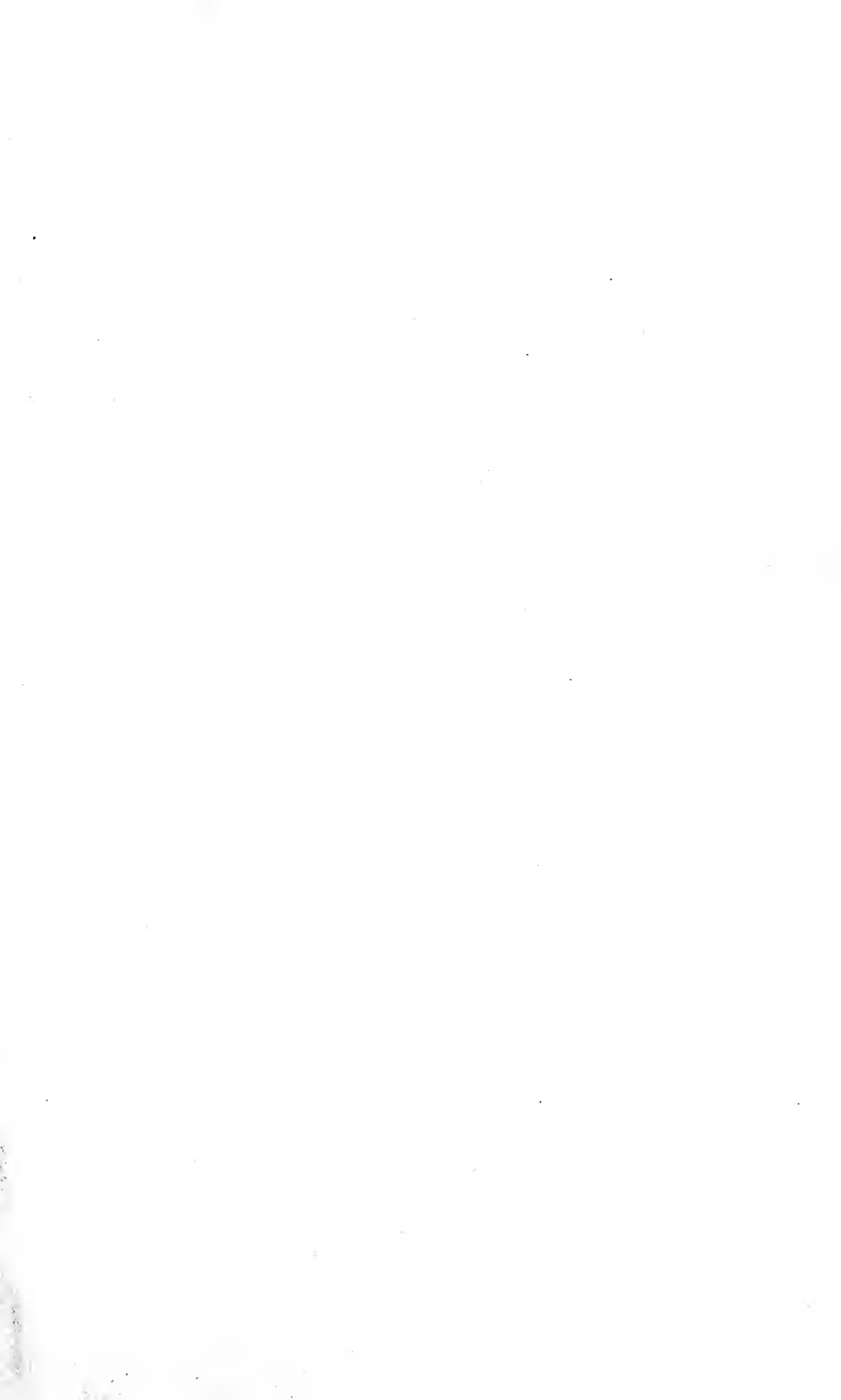
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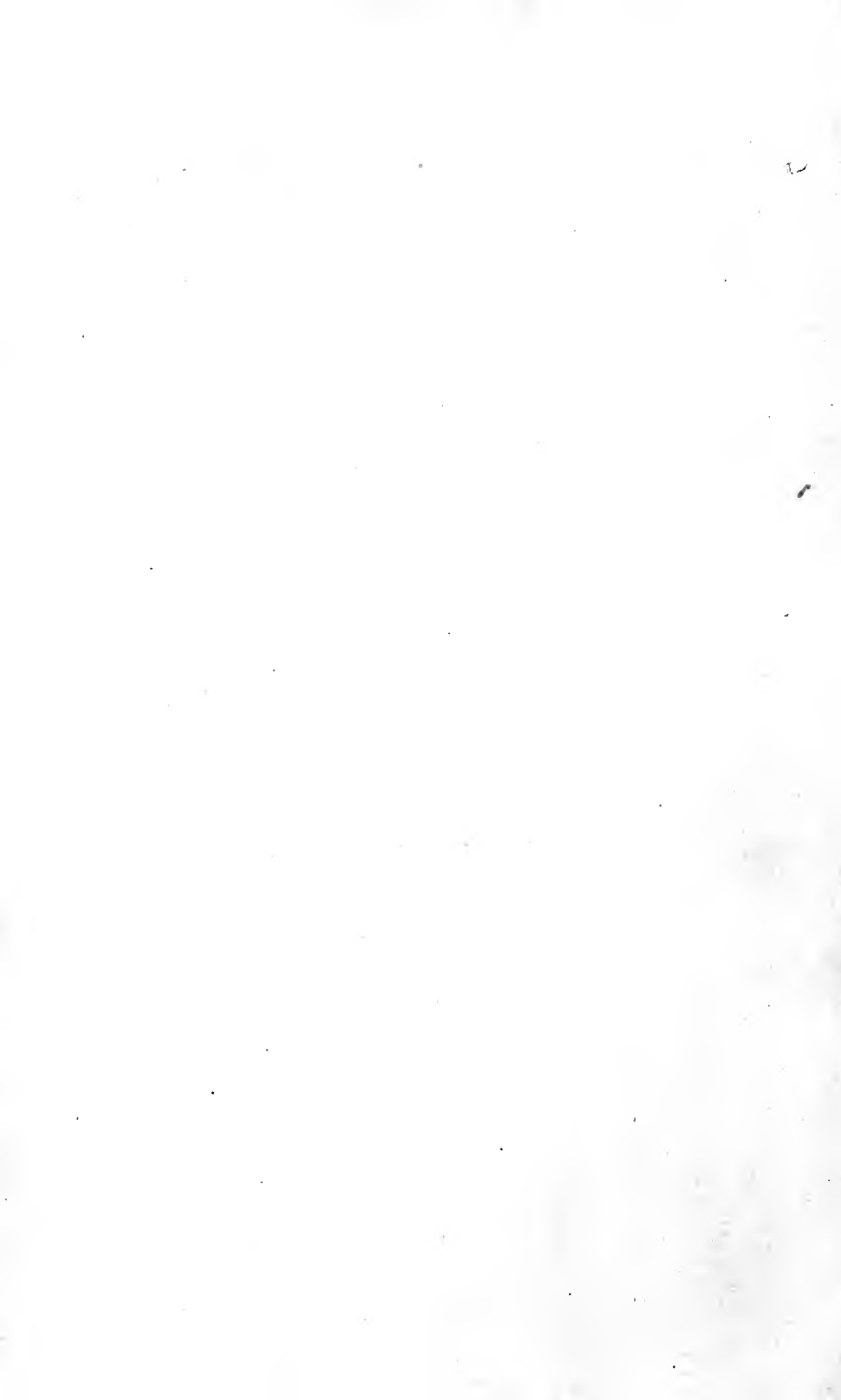
Uncle James O'Hagan.

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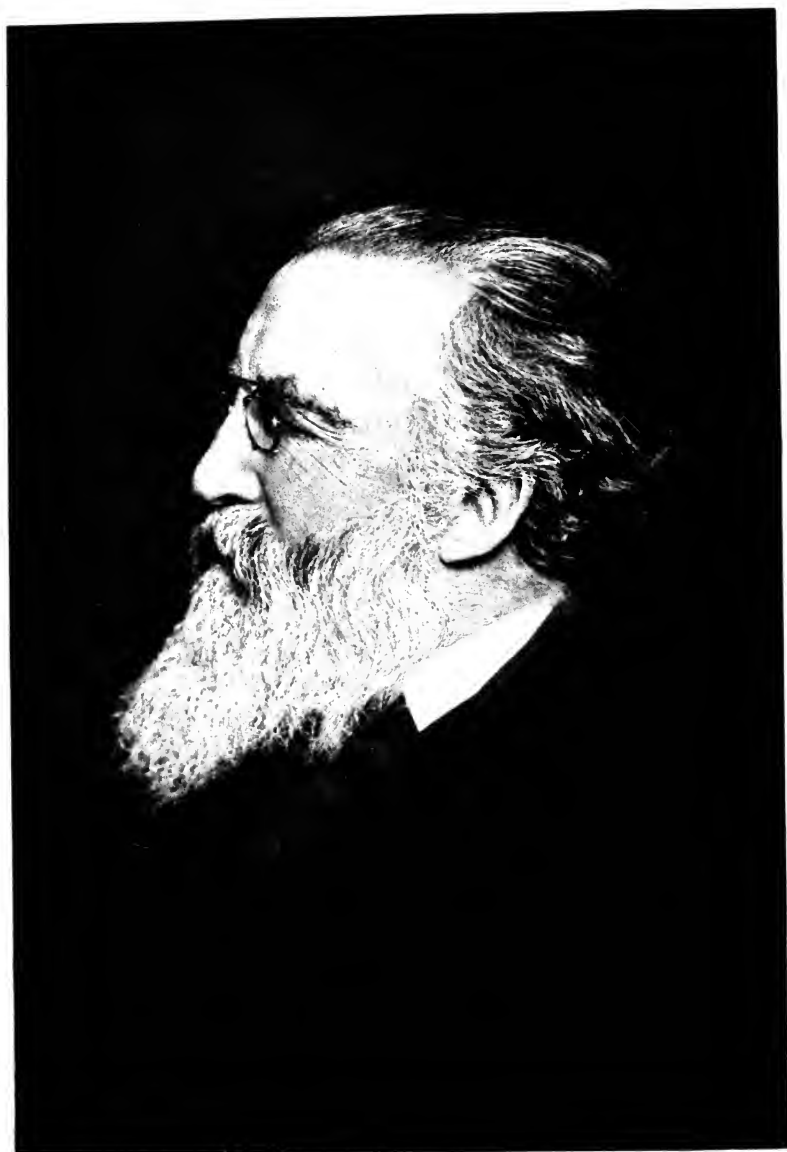
IRISH
LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

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‘IRISH LITERATURE.’

‘IRISH LITERATURE’ is intended to give to the reading world a comprehensive if only a rapid glance at the whole development of literary art in prose and poetry from the opening of Ireland’s history. I may say at once that when I use the words “opening of Ireland’s history” I do not intend to convey the idea that the survey is limited to that period of Ireland’s story which is recognized as coming within the domain of what we call authenticated historical narrative. The real history of most countries, probably of all countries, could be but little understood or appreciated, could indeed hardly be proved to have its claim to authenticity, if we did not take into account the teachings of myth and of legend. This is especially to be borne in mind when we are dealing with the story of Ireland. Only by giving full attention to the legends and the poems, the memory of which has been preserved for us from days long before the period when the idea of authentic history had come into men’s minds, can we understand the character and the temperament of the Irish race.

The Gaelic populations have ever been deeply absorbed in legendary fancies and mythical creations, and only through the study of such prehistoric literature can we understand the true national character of these peoples. The mythical heroes which a race creates for itself, the aspirations which it embodies and illustrates, the sentiments which it immortalizes in story and in ballad, will help us to understand the real character of the race better than it could be expounded to us by any collection of the best authenticated statistics. We could not really know the history of Greece without the Homeric poems, and we cannot understand the history of Ireland without studying the legends and poems which have preserved for our time the aspirations and the ideals of prehistoric Erin. According to the accepted belief of prehistoric days, Ireland was occupied or colonized in the early past first by an invasion, or perhaps it might better be called a settlement, from the Far East, and afterward by an adventurous visitation from the shores of Greece.

One of the names given to the Irish people as it developed from this later settlement carries with it and must ever carry the proclamation of its Greek origin. There is indeed in the early literature of Ireland much that still illustrates that Hellenic character. It may therefore be fairly assumed that the Phenicians first and the Greeks afterward left their impress on the development of the Irish race. Nothing impresses a stranger in Ireland who takes any interest in studying the Irish people more often and more deeply than the manner in which poetic and prehistoric legend finds a home in the Irish mind. The sentiment of nationality is also a pervading characteristic of Irish literature from prehistoric times down to the present day. The idea of Ireland is metaphorically embodied in the conception of a mythical goddess and queen, to whom all succeeding generations of Irishmen give a heartfelt, even when half unconscious, reverence. In his marvelous poem 'Dark Rosaleen,' James Clarence Mangan, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated in Ireland in 1903, has made this conception seem like an embodied reality. To the ordinary matter-of-fact person this feeling of devotion to the national idea may sometimes appear like mere sentimentality. But even the most matter-of-fact person would have to acknowledge, if he looked into the question at all, that this idea, sentimental or not, has lived and never shows signs of decay through all the changes, all the conquests, and all the foreign settlements which have come upon Ireland in the centuries of which we can trace the authentic history.

No conqueror ever made more resolute attempts to suppress and to extirpate this national sentiment than have been made by the Normans, by the Anglo-Saxons, and by the English masters who have held possession of Ireland since the birth of Christianity. There never was a time when the Irish language ceased to be the vernacular of daily life among the Irish peasantry in many parts of the Green Island. As with the Greeks so with the Irish: there was always a vein of bright humor animating the native literature, even when the general tone of that literature was naturally most disposed to melancholy and even to tragedy. When, under the dominion of English-speaking rulers, the Gaelic language ceased altogether to be the

exponent of Irish literature, the same blended strains of humor and of pathos distinguished Irish poetry and Irish fiction from the poetry and the romance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Every effort was made at one time by the English conquerors to stamp out the use of the Gaelic tongue, but no efforts and no power could change the mold of the Irish mind. We know that in some memorable instances captive Ireland, like captive Greece, conquered her conquerors, and that the victor accepted and welcomed the sway of the vanquished. The race of the Geraldines came to be described as more Irish than the Irish themselves, and down to very modern days were identified with Ireland's struggle for the recovery of her national independence. So much of course could not be said for that great English poet Edmund Spenser, who lived so long in Ireland that some of the finest passages in his poems seemed to have caught their inspiration from the scenery and the atmosphere of that noble river on whose banks he mused so much, that "Avondhu which of the Englishmen is called Blackwater."

There came a time, as must naturally have been expected, when Irishmen ambitious of success in literature sought a more favorable field for their work by settling in the English metropolis. Irishmen became successful in English literature, art, politics, and science, and were able to hold their own in any competition. This was not, however, the greatest period of English literature. During the Elizabethan age, the age of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, the great change was taking place in Ireland which doomed the native tongue to temporary silence and the genius of Ireland to a time of eclipse while the English language was still only growing into use in Ireland. When we come to that great era of English letters represented by the Queen Anne period, and from that onward, we can find Irishmen holding their own in the language of the Anglo-Saxon against the best of the Anglo-Saxons themselves. The plays and poems of Goldsmith, the dramas of Sheridan, cannot be said to have had any rivals in the England of their time, and have certainly had no rivals in later days. Sheridan was one of the greatest parliamentary orators who ever delighted the House of Commons. The great Sir

Robert Peel declared that Edmund Burke was the most eloquent of the orators and the most profound of the philosophical politicians of the modern world.

During all this period there was little or nothing of proclaimed nationality in the literature which Irishmen contributed to the history of English letters. The public Irishmen addressed was, first of all, an English public, and it had to be supplied with literature appealing to the taste and to the experiences of English readers. Yet even during that time there was always strong evidence of nationality in the work done by these Irishmen. It is impossible not to see that the fervor of Irish feeling and the vividness of Irish imagination counted for much in the best speeches of Burke and Sheridan, and may be felt in some of the finest passages contained in Burke's 'French Revolution.' Swift never, to my thinking, developed in his own ways of thought and feeling any of the genuine characteristics of Ireland's national temperament. But it is certain that until long after Swift's time Ireland's literary work was still passing through that curious period of development when by the unavoidable conditions of the era it had to address itself in a foreign tongue to a foreign audience. The fact upon which I desire to dwell is that even through this era the national genius and spirit of Ireland showed itself distinct and vital, and never became wholly absorbed into the moods and methods of Anglo-Saxon literature.

As the years went on there began to grow up more and more in Ireland the tendency toward a genuine revival of the Irish national sentiment and toward the restoration of a national literature. In Ireland there arose a race of men who no longer thought of writing merely for the English public, but who were inspired by the conviction that there was still in their native country a welcome to be found for an Irish national literature. There was at that time no deliberate purpose for the restoration of the Irish national language, such as we can see giving ample proof of its existence in our own days; but there was very distinct and palpable evidence that a new generation had already come up which was to have an Irish literature of its own. It can be shown as a matter of fact that the uprising of this new spirit of vitality in Ireland's literary de-

velopment was due, in great measure, to that very scheme of English statesmanship which was introduced and carried into effect for the purpose of extinguishing Ireland's nationality altogether. That scheme was, I need hardly say, the Act of Union which deprived Ireland of her national Parliament with the object of blending the legislatures of Great Britain and the so-called sister island into one common Parliament and one common system of law, and thus extinguishing the national spirit of Ireland.

One of the immediate results of the Act of Union and the suppression of the Irish National Parliament was to bring about a sharp and sudden reaction against the growing tendency to make Irish literature merely a part of the literature of England. From that time, it may be said with literal accuracy, there came into existence the first school of really able Irish authors who, although writing in the English language, made their work distinctively and thoroughly Irish. Such novelists as Banim, Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and others were as inherently Irish as if they had written in the old language of the Gaelic race. I do not mean merely that the scenes and personages they described were Irish, but I desire to emphasize the fact that the feelings, the imagination, the way of looking at subjects, and the very atmosphere of the novels breathed the Irish nature as fully as a harp breathes the national music of Ireland. Take even the novels of Lady Morgan, with all their flippancy, their cheap cynicism, their highly colored pictures of fashionable life in Dublin, their lack of any elevated purpose whatever—even these novels were, in their faults as well as in whatever merits they possess, unquestionably Irish. There are descriptions in some of Lady Morgan's novels which give us the scenery and the peasant life of Ireland with a realism and at the same time a national inspiration which no stranger trying to describe a foreign country could ever have accomplished. Poor Lady Morgan—she had indeed many deficiencies and many positive defects; but after all it may be allowed that she would compare not disadvantageously with some English women who have written novels that are the rage among large masses of novel-readers in the England of our own times. I am not disposed to enter here into any study of Lady Morgan's literary productions. My only object in

writing of her is to show that even she who worked under the worst influences of the system of alien rule in Ireland, and who certainly could not be supposed to have written her novels in order to win the favor of the Irish, could not escape from the influence of the new era, and was compelled to write in the spirit and the style of the national revival.

My own conviction is that the most interesting, the most characteristic, and for my present purpose the most instructive of all Irish novels is 'The Collegians,' by Gerald Griffin. This story is a literary masterpiece, and is well entitled to take its place with some of the best of Sir Walter Scott's immortal romances. Its story, its most striking characters, its scenery are illumined by the very light of genius; its pathos is as deep and true as its humor is rich, racy, and genuine; it contains some original ballads which seem as if they ought to be sung in Irish; and its pictures of the Irish peasantry stand out like the living and breathing embodiments of the people they illustrate. Let me add that I do not know of any other Irish novelist who has the happy faculty of reproducing with perfect accuracy the different dialects of Ireland's four provinces and never making a Connaught man or woman talk quite like a native of Leinster or of Munster. I am afraid too many readers get their ideas concerning 'The Collegians' chiefly from Dion Boucicault's clever and, for stage purposes, most effective adaptation of the novel under the title of 'The Colleen Bawn.' The more exquisite qualities of the novel seem to vanish in the process of theatrical presentation, and the marvelous beauties of Gerald Griffin's prose style, as well as the finer and more subtle touches of character, are not reproduced for the benefit of the spectators in the stalls, boxes, or galleries of the theater.

After the days of Gerald Griffin's finest work came Charles Lever, with his broad, bright, comic humor, his rattling descriptions of the drolleries and the contrasts of Irish life among the landlord and the peasant class alike. I do not desire to say a word of disparagement where books like 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Jack Hinton,' and 'The Dodd Family Abroad' are concerned. They have served their excellent purpose, have given much amusement and likewise some telling instruction, and they are likely to find

readers for a long time yet to come. But there has often come into my mind a distinct pang of mortified national and literary pride at the thought that probably the great majority of English-speaking readers who accept these books as typical Irish novels know nothing whatever of that real masterpiece of Irish romance, 'The Collegians,' unless what they learn from the successful drama of Dion Boucicault. However that may be, what I have especially desired to explain in these latter pages is that the literature of Ireland broke away at a certain period altogether from its companionship with the literature of England, and asserted itself, consciously or unconsciously, as the genuine product of the Irish soil, claiming, on that account, the especial recognition of the Irish people.

There now arose a new movement in the national progress of Ireland. That movement showed itself in organized shape under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell claimed first of all the legislative repeal of the Act of Union and the restoration of the Irish National Parliament, but he asserted also the right and the duty of Irishmen to maintain their distinct nationality in literature and art as well as in political systems. I do not invite my readers into any consideration of the political effects of O'Connell's movement, but I wish to call their attention to the fact that it gave impulse and opportunity for the opening of a new chapter in the story of Irish national literature. The Young Ireland Party rose into existence to protest against what it believed to be the too passive and too dilatory policy of O'Connell, and to arouse the country into a more earnest, vigorous, and concentrated expression of nationality. Then came that brilliant chapter in Irish literature illustrated by such poets as Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Richard Dalton Williams (who was known as "Shamrock"); such prose writers as Charles Gavan Duffy, John Mitchel, Devin Reilly; and such orators as Thomas Francis Meagher and Richard O'Gorman. Most of those men had to pay for their conduct of the National movement the penalty which was habitual in earlier days, and were either sentenced by English law to expatriation or else compelled to seek in a foreign country that career which was made impossible for them in their own. Charles Gavan Duffy found a home and

success in Australia; Thomas Francis Meagher fought for the cause of the North in the American civil war and led his Irish Brigade on the heights of Fredericksburg; and Richard O'Gorman made his way to influence and position in New York.

From that time up to the present the national spirit of Ireland has asserted itself steadily in the literature of the country, although some of its most gifted exponents, like John Boyle O'Reilly, had still to seek for success and to find it in the United States. But with the rise of that literary movement which began with the days of "Young Ireland" there passed away altogether the period when Irish poetry and prose were content to regard themselves as the minor auxiliaries of English letters. The Irish men and women who now write histories, essays, romances, or poems are, as a class, proud of their nationality and proclaim it to the world.

The object of this library of 'IRISH LITERATURE' is to give to the readers of all countries what I may describe as an illustrated catalogue of Ireland's literary contributions to mankind's intellectual stores. The readers of these volumes can trace the history of Ireland's mental growth from the dim and distant days of myth and legend down to the opening of the present century. From the poetic legend which tells 'The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin' and that which tells the fate of the children of Lir, down to the poems and romances of our own time, this library may well help the intelligent reader to appreciate the spirit of Irish nationality and to follow the course of Ireland's literary stream from the dim regions of the prehistoric day to the broad and broadening civilization of the present. I desire especially to call the attention of readers to the fact that throughout that long course of Irish literature it has always retained in its brightest creations the same distinct and general character of Irish nationality. I think any one studying these volumes will see that even during the adverse and ungenial times when Irishmen seemed to accept the condition of disparagement under which they wrote, and to be quite willing to accept a place as contributors to England's literature, the characteristics of the Irish nature still found clear, although, it may be, quite unconscious, expression in their romances, dramas, and poems.

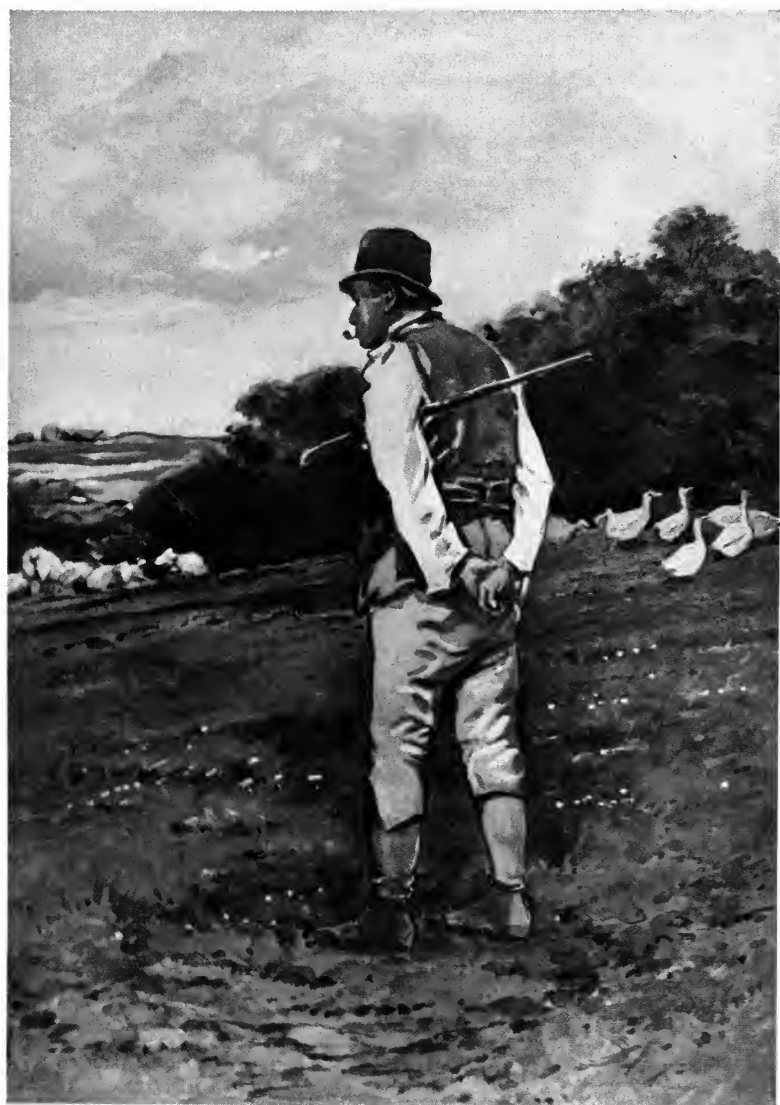
The same story has to be told of Scotland and even of Wales; but neither Scotland nor Wales was ever subjected to the same long and constant pressure for the extinction of its nationality which strove for centuries against the utterance of Ireland's genuine voice. Scotland was always able to hold her own against the domination of England, just as when she consented to merge her Parliament into that of Britain she was able to maintain her own system of laws, her own creed, and her own national institutions. No such pertinacity of effort on the part of the ruling power was ever made to suppress the language of Wales as that which was employed, even up to comparatively modern times, for the suppression of the language of Ireland. Yet the reader of these volumes will easily be able to see for himself that the true spirit of the Irish Celt found its full expression with equal clearness, whether it breathed through the hereditary language of the Irish people or through the Anglo-Saxon tongue which that people was compelled to adopt. The literature of Ireland remains from the first to the last distinctively Irish.

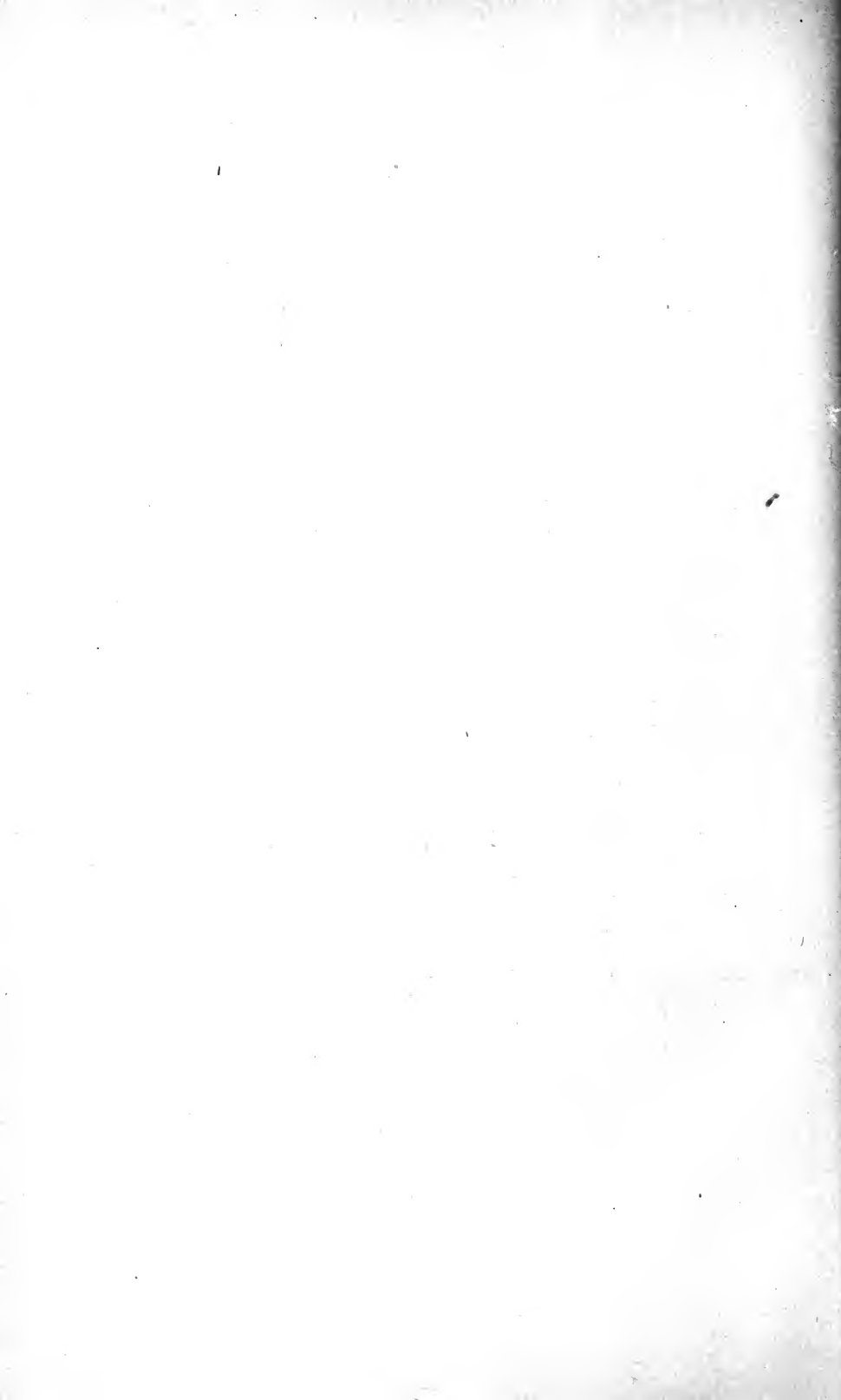
The study of this historical and ethnological truth may well give to the reader a new and peculiar interest while he is reading these volumes. But I must not be supposed to suggest that this constitutes the chief interest in the works of Irishmen and Irishwomen which are brought together in this collection. The fact to which I have invited attention is one of great literary and historical value, but the array of literary work we present to the world in this library offers its best claim to the world's attention by its own inherent artistic worth. We are presenting to our readers in these volumes a collection of prose and poetry that cannot but be regarded as in itself a cabinet of literary treasures. The world has no finer specimens of prose and poetry, of romance and drama, than some of the best of those which the genius of Ireland can claim as its own. When we come somewhat below the level of that highest order, it will still be found that Ireland can show an average of successful and popular literature equal to that of any other country. The great wonder-flowers of literature are rare indeed in all countries, and Ireland has had some wonder-flowers which might well charm the most highly cultivated readers. When we come to the literary

gardens not claiming to exhibit those marvelous products, we shall find that the flower-beds of Ireland's literature may fearlessly invite comparison with the average growth of any other literature. I have spoken of the great movement which is lately coming into such activity and winning already so much practical success in Ireland for the revival of the Gaelic language and its literature.

Every sincere lover of literature must surely hope that this movement is destined to complete success, and that the Irishmen of the coming years may grow up with the knowledge of that language in which their ancestors once spoke, wrote, and sang, as well as of that Anglo-Saxon tongue which already bids fair to become the leading language of civilization. But in the meanwhile it is beyond question that Ireland has created a brilliant and undying literature of her own in the English language and there can be no more conclusive evidence of this than will be found in the library of 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Austin McCarty.





FOREWORD.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, an Irishman, was the first to show the world "the scientific use of the imagination." He shared with Professor Huxley the honor of being the most luminous exponent of abstruse scientific propositions that the world has ever seen. Powerful and vivid imagination, both mystic and scientific, is the characteristic and dominant element in Irish literature.

Even literary experts are hardly aware how many of the bright particular stars which stud the firmament of English literature are Irishmen. Ireland has produced men of mark and distinction in all departments of public life: some of the greatest administrators, some of the greatest soldiers, and, last but not least, some of the greatest authors, poets, dramatists, and orators that have used the English language as a medium. Furthermore, Ireland is at last figuring before the world as "a nation once again," as the poet Davis so fervently sang. Her nationality and her national spirit have been recognized during the last twenty years as they never were since the days when Ireland was the "island of saints and scholars," the land of intellectual light and leading in Europe; when it was, to quote Dr. Johnson, "the School of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature."

Lady Gregory, in a letter addressed to the writer, while this work was going through the press, speaking of the good progress that is being made in Ireland toward the building up of the character of the country, says: "Its dignity has suffered from persistent caricature, and too often by the hands of its own children. I am not a politician, but I often say, if we are not working for Home Rule, we are preparing for it. Ireland is looked upon with far more respect by thinkers than it was ten years ago, and I feel sure that your Anthology will do good work in this direction."

The world has never yet fully recognized the fact that Ireland has produced a literature of her own, fitted to take rank with that of any other nation, and this literature is far too important a contribution to the sum of human knowledge and delight to be obscured under a for-

eign name. Because it has been so obscured is one reason why Ireland has not been looked upon by thinkers with the respect which she deserves; but this condition of things will, it is hoped, be forever removed by the publication of this work.

Before Irishmen were forced to express themselves in English they had a literature of which the wealth and the wonder have been revealed in these later years by Dr. Whitley Stokes, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Eugene O'Curry, John O'Donovan, Miss Eleanor Hull, Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, M. de Jubainville, and Professors Zummer and Wundlich, and others too numerous to mention. The rich field of ancient Celtic literature has been explored by them, and many of its treasures in translation will be found scattered through Volumes I. to IX. of this library. But more than this. In Ireland's progress toward becoming "a nation once again," her people have sought to make their native language a vehicle of literary expression once more—with what success our tenth volume shows.

After all, however, the great bulk of Irish literature consists of the contributions of Irishmen and Irishwomen to English literature. For the first time they are given their due in this library, and Irish people themselves will be astonished to find how the Irishmen and Irishwomen who have written in the English language, and have never been credited with their work as Irish, but have ever been classified under an alien name, have preserved an individuality, a unity, a distinctive characteristic, a national spirit, and a racial flavor, which entitle their work to a place apart.

The continuity of the Irish genius in its literature for nearly two thousand years is very clearly shown in these volumes. The rich, full, and elaborate vocabulary of the Irishmen who have written and spoken in English for the last two centuries or so had its taproots in the Gaelic of a far-off past. This will at once be seen by reading the adjective-laden 'Description of the Sea,' taken from 'The Battle of Magh Leana,' translated from the ancient Gaelic by Eugene O'Curry—almost Homeric in its form and Titanic in its forceful phrasing,—and comparing it with the best of Irish-English prose and verse, or even with the

literary efforts of any modern Irishmen. The same power of glowing description, the same profusion of cumulative adjectival phrase, the same simple yet bold and powerful imagery, the same rhythmic sense, will be found to underlie them all.

The nationality of Ireland expressed in her literature is the noblest monument she has reared, and to exhibit this monument to the world in all its beauty is one of the objects of this work. The Irish is the most readable literature in the world; it is entertaining, amusing, bright, sunny, poetical, tasteful, and it is written with an ease and a fluency which have been the salt that has seasoned the whole body of English literature.

This library contains in ten volumes representative selections from the works of Irish writers, ancient and modern, in prose and in verse. It gives examples of all that is best, brightest, most attractive, amusing, readable, and interesting in their work; and, while its contents have received the approval of the highest and most fastidious literary critics, it is, first and foremost, a library of entertaining and instructive reading.

Few people can afford to have the works of the three hundred and fifty Irish authors represented in this collection. Few, indeed, could select the one hundred greatest Irish books from a catalogue. The Editors have selected from the works of nearly three hundred and fifty authors, and this library is a guide, philosopher, and friend to conduct the reader through the wide fields of Irish literary lore.

From the vast storehouses of Irish literature they have extracted the choicest of its treasures, and have brought them within the reach of all—the mythology, legends, fables, folk lore, poetry, essays, oratory, history, annals, science, memoirs, anecdotes, fiction, travel, drama, wit and humor, and pathos of the Irish race are all represented. This library, therefore, focuses the whole intellectuality of the Irish people. It not only presents a view of the literary history of Ireland, but it gives also a series of historic pictures of the social development of the people, for literature is the mirror in which the life and movements of historic periods are reflected.

From the story of 'The Hospitality of Cuanna's House,'

translated by Connellan, in which we have a picture of social manners and customs nearly two thousand years ago, down to the stories of the life of the present day, Irish literature is full of pictures, some bright and some dark, of the way in which the people of Ireland have lived and loved and fought and prayed for twenty centuries.

This library will be found an inexhaustible source of inspiration to old and young alike, an influence in forming taste, in molding character, and in perpetuating all the best qualities associated with the name of Irishmen; furthermore, it will be a valued acquisition in every English-speaking home, for the qualities of the Irish are those which have made the chief glories of English literature. It gives every household a share in the treasures with which the genius of the Irish race has enriched mankind.

While this work brings together a representative selection of all that is best in Irish literature (and by "Irish literature" we mean the literature which is written by Irish men and women), it does not appeal to the Irish alone. Among the greatest novelists, dramatists, orators, poets, and scientists of the world, Irishmen are to be found, always vivacious, always lively, always bright, and always attractive; therefore this library presents such a body of representative reading as has never before been put together. It is distinctly national in flavor, quality, and character; it is entertaining at every point; it appeals to humanity on every side; there are no acres of dryas dust in 'IRISH LITERATURE.' Open any one of these volumes where you will, at any page, and there will be found something which, whether it amuses or instructs, will be sure to possess in the most eminent degree the great qualities of vivid imagination and readability.

Of the authors whose names appear in 'IRISH LITERATURE' one hundred and twenty are living to-day, or are of the last twenty-five years. This indicates how fully the new movement is represented. Here will be found the work of Jane Barlow, Stopford Brooke, Shan Bullock, Egerton Castle, John Eglinton, A. P. Graves, Lady Gregory, Stephen Gwynn, Eleanor Hull, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Coulson Kernahan, Seumas MacManus, George Moore, F. F. Moore, R. B. O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Standish O'Grady, T. W. Rolleston, G. W. Russell ("A. E."),

G. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Sigerson, the Misses Somerville and Martin, Dr. Whitley Stokes, John Todhunter, Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, William Butler Yeats, and Sir Horace Plunkett.

To mention these names is sufficient to show that this work properly represents the great modern revival in Irish intellectual life—in its literature and art, and the drama, as well as the great changes in the social, moral, and commercial conditions which have been going on for the past twenty-five years.

One of the most valuable features in 'IRISH LITERATURE' is a series of special articles written by men who are the best qualified to deal with the subject assigned to each of them. These special articles constitute a complete philosophical survey of the whole field and embody the latest knowledge on the subject of the origin, development, and growth of the national literature of Ireland.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's article introductory takes the reader by the hand, as it were, and genially describes to him the flowery paths along which he may wander in the pages of 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Mr. William Butler Yeats, the accomplished orator and poet, who has left such a good impression on the hearts of all Irish-American people, deals with Modern Irish Poetry. No living writer is better qualified to write on such a theme, for his work is the latest and most fragrant flower that has bloomed in the garden of Irish literature.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, the world-famous Irish scholar, poet, and actor, the greatest living authority on the subject, discourses upon 'Early Irish Literature,' while an article by Dr. George Sigerson on 'Ireland's Influence on European Literature' will be a revelation to thousands who have never considered Irish literature to have had a life apart from that of the English nation.

Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, professor of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., contributes a valuable analytical and historical essay on the subject of 'Irish Novels,' and a paper by the late John F. Taylor of the Irish bar, one of the greatest orators of his day and generation, gives an interesting and valuable appreciation of Irish orators and oratory.

Mr. Michael McDonagh, the Irish journalist, who prob-

ably is more familiar with Irish character than any other living writer, has contributed an essay on 'The Sunniness of Irish Life,' and Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the famous author-publisher of Dublin, has written on the inexhaustible subject of Irish wit and humor.

There is also an article giving a glance at Irish history, and another describing the origin, classification, and distribution of the Fairy and Folk tales of Ireland, by the present writer.

The Street Songs and Ballads and anonymous verse of Ireland are a feature of her literature which cannot be overlooked; it is but natural that the land which was the land of song for centuries should have countless unnamed and forgotten songsters. Though the names of the writers are forgotten, the songs have lived on the lips of the people, many of them coming down from considerable antiquity. The songs and ballads of the ancient Irish were full of love for country and for nature, and when it became treason to love their country, the songsters personified her in allegorical names, such as "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Coolin," and numerous others.

We have given, as a preface to a very large and representative selection of the Street Songs and Ballads, a special article which describes the vast area of subjects over which they ranged, their general qualities and characteristics, and also some hint of the manner of men and women who wrote and who sang them.

As a final word on the latest phase of the intellectual revival in Ireland, Mr. Stephen Gwynn contributes a special article on the subject of the Irish Literary Theater.

The tenth volume contains brief biographies of ancient Celtic authors, translations from whose works appear in the previous nine volumes under the names of the translators. It also contains, printed in the Gaelic characters on the left-hand pages, a number of folk tales; ranns (Irish sayings or proverbs); several ancient and modern Irish songs of the people; the play by Dr. Douglas Hyde entitled 'The Twisting of the Rope,' in which he has acted the leading character before many Irish audiences; and two or three stories and some historical sketches by modern Irish authors, with the English translations opposite—that is, on the right-hand pages. This volume has been compiled

by the foremost Irish scholars assisted by Dr. Douglas Hyde in consultation with Lady Gregory, and has had the advantage of being seen through the press by the former, as the type-setting and the plate-making were done in Dublin.

Therefore the ten volumes not only present the spirit of the Celtic writers before the dawn of the seventeenth century, but give examples of the very latest literary creations of the Irish people, printed in the Irish tongue.

The work of assembling the contents of this library is not that of one man. It is the outcome of the combined wisdom, taste, literary judgment, and editorial skill of a group of the foremost living Irish scholars and critics, as will be seen by the list of the ladies and gentlemen forming the Editorial Board and Advisory Committee.

First of all, the whole field of Irish literature in the English language from the seventeenth century down to our own day, including the works of the translators from the ancient Irish, was carefully surveyed, and a mass of material was collected sufficient in quantity for two or three such libraries as this. Lists of these authors and of these examples of their work were then prepared and forwarded to each member of the Committee of Selection, who subjected these lists to a most careful and critical process of winnowing and weeding. The results of their independent recensions were then carefully brought together, compared, and combined. A new list of authors and their works based upon this was made, and this was in turn finally examined and passed upon by the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and the eminent critic, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in personal conference.

Only by such effort could a selection have been made which would be thoroughly representative, and in which the people would have confidence that it really represented the best work of the best Irish writers. Popular taste, national feeling and sentiment, and scholarly requirements have been consulted and considered; and the result is a cabinet of literary treasures which gives a full and clear representation of what Ireland has done for the world's literature.

The selection has been made without bias, religious, political, or social, and without fear or favor. It would not, of course, be possible to present examples of all the

Irish orators, memoirists, divines, scholars, poets, and romancists in Irish literature. Some selection had to be made. Literary merit and human interest have been the touchstones employed in choosing the contents of the library; at the same time care has been taken to avoid anything which could wound the feelings or offend the taste of any class or creed.

After much thought and consideration, the alphabetical method of presenting the material was decided on; that is, each author is presented in alphabetical order, ranging from Mrs. Alexander to W. B. Yeats. The examples of the work of each author are prefaced by a biography giving the leading facts of his or her career, a literary appreciation of his or her writings, and a practically complete bibliography. In compiling these biographies the best and most authentic sources were drawn upon, and in many cases literary appreciations have been written by well-known critics.

Among the numerous illustrations in black-and-white and in color are facsimiles of the ancient Irish illuminated manuscripts; some source illustrations, such as ancient prints, and facsimiles of broadsides or street ballads; portraits of the men and women whose work appears in the library, views of places and objects in the country, and of such scenery and incidents as may help to elucidate the articles.

In the transliteration of the Irish words, place names, etc., we have followed the orthography of the author quoted, without attempting to present them in uniform manner all the way through. Authors differ in this matter, and had we attempted to employ a uniform method throughout the work, we should have given an unfamiliar look to many words and phrases which have become classic by reason of long usage.

In the form of footnotes we have given translations of the Irish words and phrases the first time they occur, and all these will be found arranged alphabetically at the end of the Index, the scope of which is fully set forth in the tenth volume. We have not, however, included the familiar Irish words and phrases that are to be found in an ordinary dictionary.

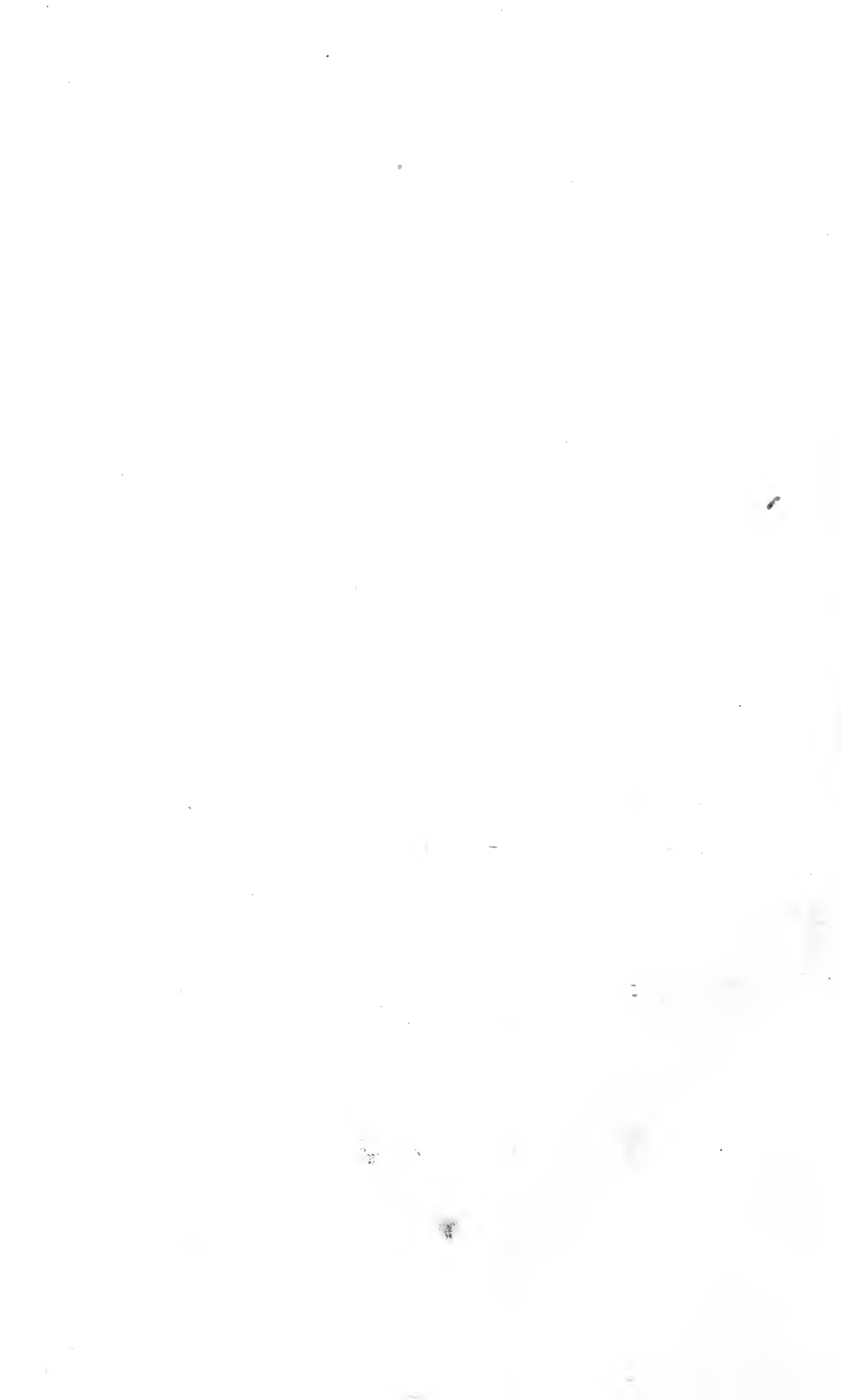
Perhaps the earliest decision in a question of copyright

of which we have any record occurs in the Irish annals. St. Columkille once borrowed from St. Finnen his copy of the Psalms, and secretly made a copy for his own use before returning it. The owner heard of this and claimed both original and copy. The borrower, however, refused to return the copy which he had made, and they agreed to refer the matter to Dermot, the King of Ireland. He, after hearing both sides, gave his decision thus:—

“To every cow belongeth her little offspring-cow; so to every book belongeth its little offspring-book; the book thou hast copied without permission, O Columba, I award to Finnan.”

Nothing herein that is copyrighted has been copied without the permission of the owner, and thanks are due to the publishers who have kindly granted permission to use extracts from copyrighted works (which are protected by the official notification on the page where the extract appears); to the various members of the Editorial Board and our Advisory Committee, who have co-operated in the work with enthusiastic fervor, placing all their store of knowledge of matters Irish at our disposal; to Mr. John D. Crimmins of New York; to Mr. Francis O'Neill of Chicago; to Messrs. Ford of *The Irish World*; to Mr. Charles Johnston, President of the Irish Literary Society of New York; to Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke of *The New York Herald*; to Mr. T. E. Lonergan of *The York World*; to Professor J. Brander Matthews of Columbia University; to Professor W. P. Trent of Columbia University; to Professor F. N. Robinson of Harvard; to Mr. H. S. Pancoast; to Mr. H. S. Krans; to Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue of Dublin; to Mr. George Russell (“A. E.”); to Mr. W. P. Ryan of London—for much helpful advice and suggestion, and to Mr. S. J. Richardson of *The Gael*, who has placed at our disposal the treasures of his ‘Encyclopedia Hibernica’ and materials for illustration, and has allowed free use of the material in the columns of his magazine.

Geo: Welsh



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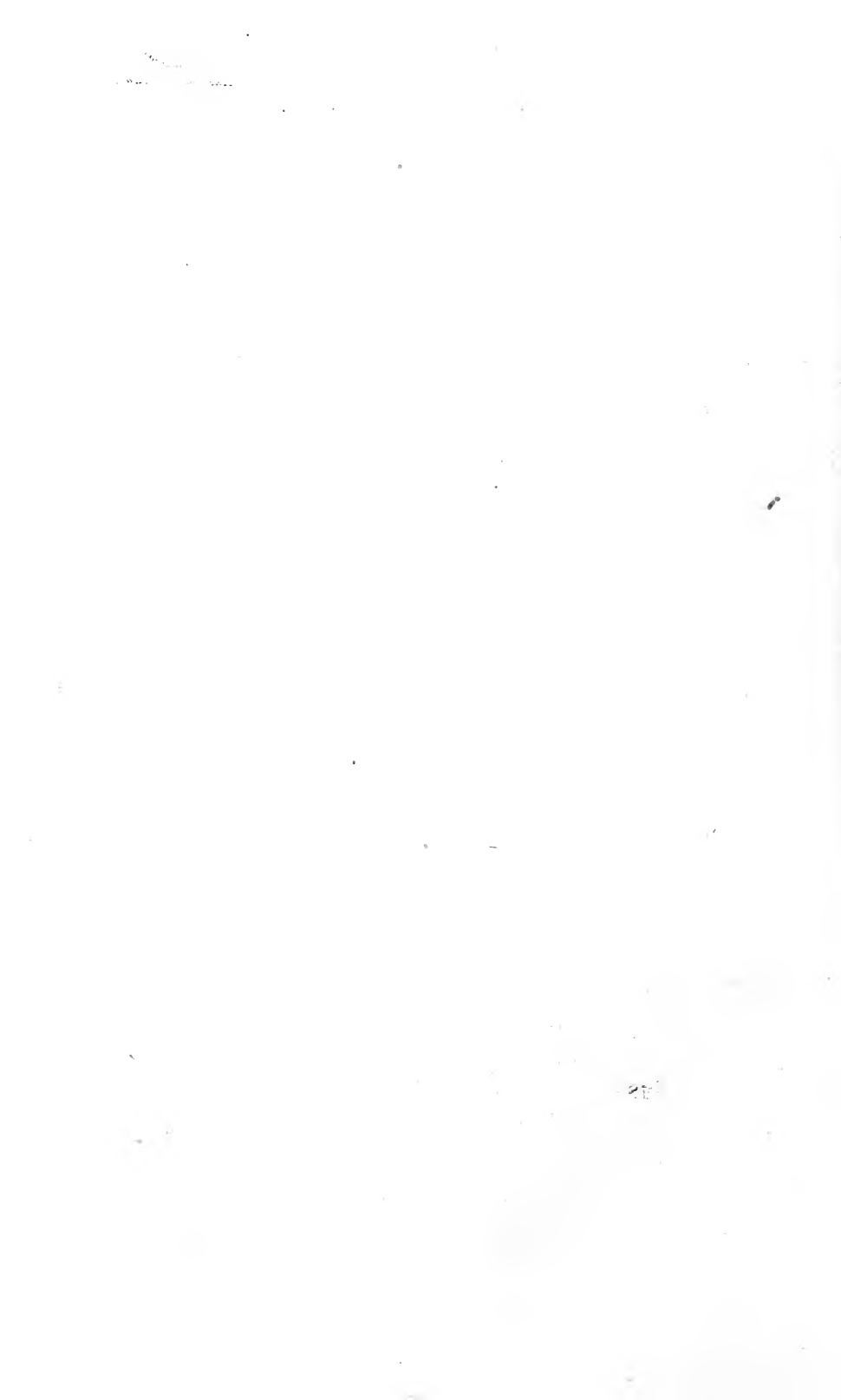
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At either side of the principal entrance to Trinity College, Dublin, are the statues of Burke and Goldsmith, both by John Henry Foley.	

IRISH LITERATURE.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

(1818—1895.)

MRS. ALEXANDER was born in Dublin in 1818 and died in 1895. She was the daughter of Major John Humphreys. She came early under the religious influence of Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, and subsequently of John Keble, who edited her 'Hymns for Little Children.'

In 1850 she married William Alexander, the protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who after her death collected and edited her poetical works.

As a writer of hymns and religious verse she has enjoyed a wide reputation, and she has written some vigorous poetry on secular subjects. Her poem on 'The Siege of Derry' is a fine example of her mastery of language and of rhythm.

Gounod remarked that the words 'There is a green hill far away' were so harmonious and rhythmic that they seemed to set themselves to music. When her 'Burial of Moses' appeared, anonymously, in 1856, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, Tennyson declared it to be one of the few poems by a living author that he would care to have written. Her poems have been published with an introduction by her husband under the title 'Poems of the late Mrs. Alexander.'

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale, in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man
there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling, or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly, as the Daylight comes back when Night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great
sun

Noiselessly, as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves;
 So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown, the great procession
 swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on gray Beth-Peor's height,
 Out of his lonely eyrie, looked on the wondrous sight;
 Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that hallowed spot,
 For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man
 knoweth not!

But when the Warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow his funeral car;
 They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the
 minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land we lay the Sage to rest,
 And give the Bard an honored place, with costly marble
 drest,—
 In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, along the
 emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior that ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he wrote down for
 men.

And had he not high honor,—the hill-side for a pall?
 To lie in state, while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall?
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to
 wave!
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the
 grave!

In that strange grave without a name,—whence his uncoffined
 clay
 Shall break again, O wondrous thought! before the judgment
 day,
 And stand, with glory wrapt around, on the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life, with the incarnate
 Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be
 still.

God hath his mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep of him he loved so
 well.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

There is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

O my daughter! lead me forth to the bastion on the north,
 Let me see the water running from the green hills of Tyrone,
 Where the woods of Mountjoy quiver above the changeful river,
 And the silver trout lie hidden in the pools that I have
 known.

There I wooed your mother, dear! in the days that are so near
 To the old man who lies dying in this sore-beleaguered
 place:

For time's long years may sever, but love that liveth ever
 Calls back the early rapture—lights again the angel face.

Ah, well! she lieth still on our wall-engirdled hill,
 Our own Cathedral holds her till God shall call His dead;
 And the Psalter's swell and wailing, and the cannon's loud
 assailing

And the preacher's voice and blessing, pass unheeded o'er
 her head.

'T was the Lord who gave the word when His people drew the
 sword

For the freedom of the present, for the future that awaits.
 O child! thou must remember that bleak day in December
 When the 'Prentice-Boys of Derry rose up and shut the gates.

There was tumult in the street, and a rush of many feet—
 There was discord in the Council, and Lundy turned to fly,
 For the man had no assurance of Ulstermen's endurance,
 Nor the strength of him who trusteth in the arm of God Most
 High.

These limbs, that now are weak, were strong then, and thy
 cheek

Held roses that were red as any rose in June—
 That now are wan, my daughter! as the light on the Foyle
 water

When all the sea and all the land are white beneath the
 moon.

Then the foemen gathered fast—we could see them marching
 past—

The Irish from his barren hills, the Frenchman from his
 wars,
 With their banners bravely beaming, and to our eyes their
 seeming

Was fearful as a locust band, and countless as the stars.

And they bound us with a cord from the harbor to the ford,
 And they raked us with their cannon, and sallying was hot;
 But our trust was still unshaken, though Culmore fort was
 taken,

And they wrote our men a letter, and they sent it in a shot.

They were soft words that they spoke, how we need not fear
their yoke,
And they pleaded by our homesteads, and by our children
small,
And our women fair and tender; but we answered: "No
surrender!"
And we called on God Almighty, and we went to man the
wall.

There was wrath in the French camp; we could hear their
captain's stamp,
And Rosen, with his hand on his crossed hilt, swore
That little town of Derry, not a league from Culmore ferry,
Should lie a heap of ashes on the Foyle's green shore.

Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral Church
Above the tide-vezt river looks eastward from the bay—
Dear namesake of Saint Columb, and each morning, sweet
and solemn,
The bells, through all the tumult, have called us in to pray.

Our leader speaks the prayer—the captains all are there—
His deep voice never falters, though his look be sad and
grave
On the women's pallid faces, and the soldiers in their places,
And the stones above our brothers that lie buried in the nave.

They are closing round us still by the river; on the hill
You can see the white pavilions round the standard of their
chief;
But the Lord is up in heaven, though the chances are uneven,
Though the boom is in the river whence we looked for our
relief.

And the faint hope dies away at the close of each long day,
As we see the eyes grow lusterless, the pulses beating low;
As we see our children languish. Was ever martyr's anguish,
At the stake or in the dungeon, like this anguish that we
know?

With the foemen's closing line, while the English make no sign,
And the daily less'ning ration, and the fall of stag'ring
feet,

And the wailing low and fearful, and the women, stern and
 tearful,
 Speaking bravely to their husbands and their lovers in the
 street.

There was trouble in the air when we met this day for prayer,
 And the joyous July morning was heavy in our eyes;
 Our arms were by the altar as we sang aloud the Psalter,
 And listened in the pauses for the enemy's surprise.

"Praise the Lord God in the height, for the glory of His
 might!"

It ran along the arches and it went out to the town:
 "In His strength He hath arisen, He hath loosed the souls in
 prison,
 The wronged one He hath righted, and raised the fallen-down."

And the preacher's voice was bold as he rose up then and told
 Of the triumph of the righteous, of the patience of the saints,
 And the hope of God's assistance, and the greatness of resist-
 ance,
 Of the trust that never wearies and the heart that never
 faints.

Where the river joins the brine, canst thou see the ships in
 line?

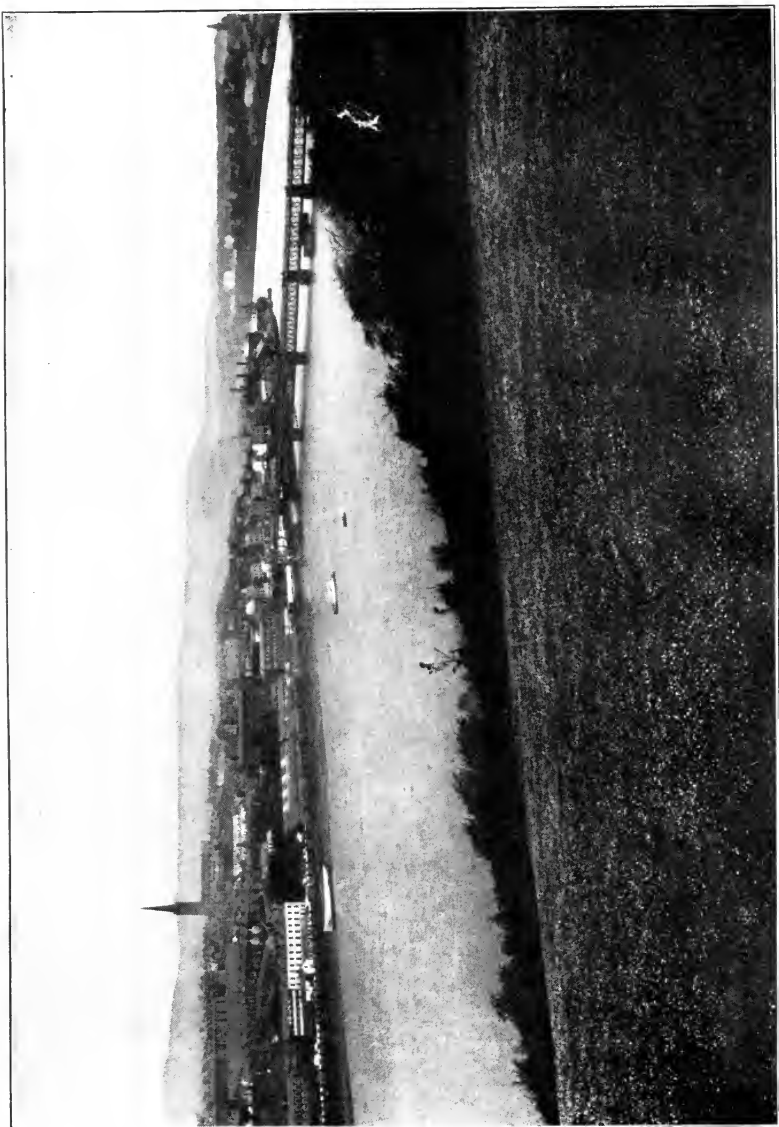
And the plenty of our craving just beyond the cruel boom?
 Through the dark mist of the firing canst thou see the masts
 aspiring,
 Dost thou think of one who loves thee on that ship amidst the
 gloom?

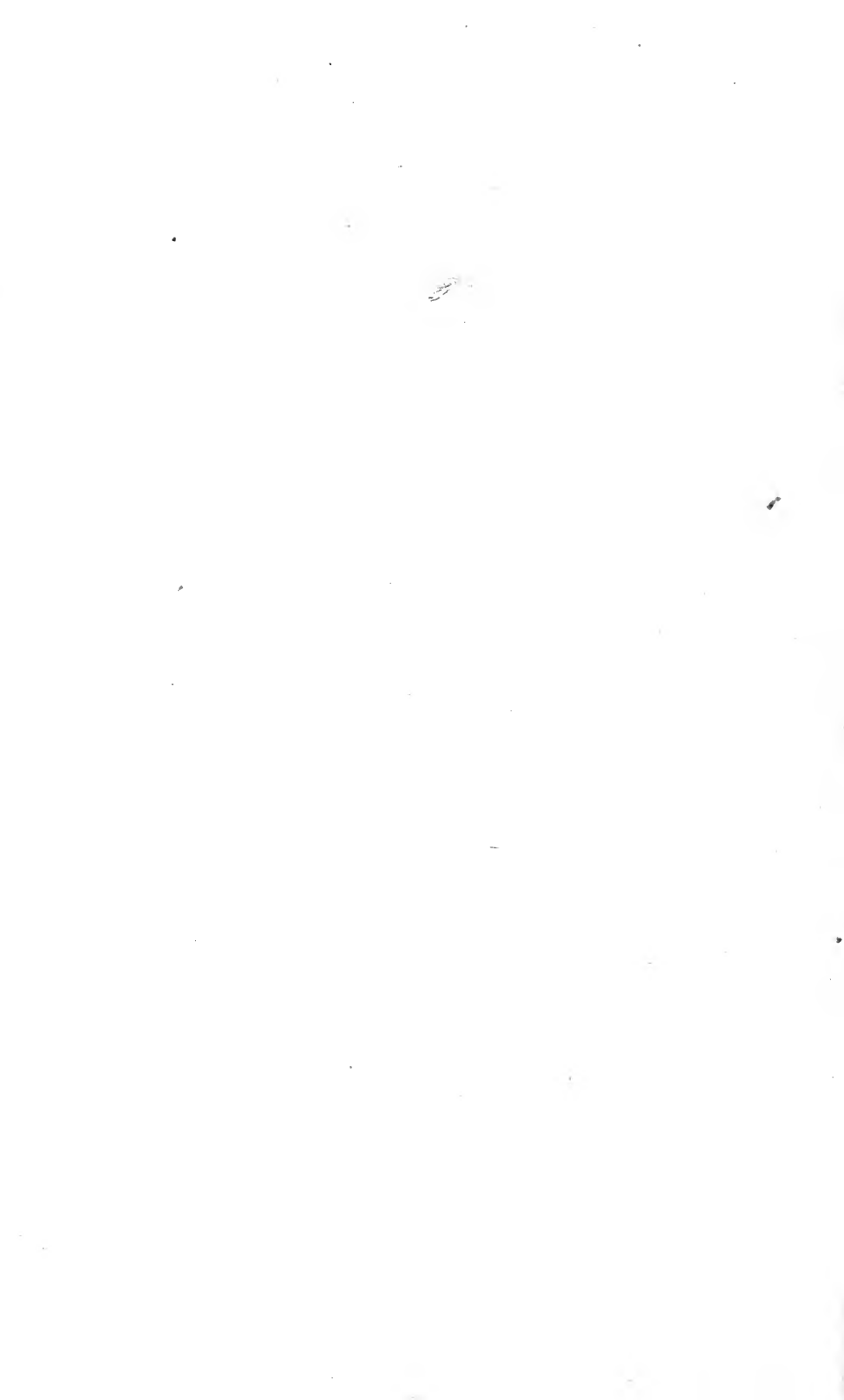
She was weary, she was wan, but she climbed the rampart on,
 And she looked along the water where the good ships lay
 afar:

"Oh! I see on either border their cannon ranged in order
 And the boom across the river, and the waiting men-of-war.

"There's death in every hand that holds a lighted brand,
 But the gallant little Mountjoy comes bravely to the front.
 Now, God of Battles, hear us! Let that good ship draw near
 us.

Ah! the brands are at the touch-holes—will she bear the
 cannon's brunt?





“ She makes a forward dash. Hark! hark! the thunder-crash!
O father, they have caught her—she is lying on the shore.
Another crash like thunder—will it tear her ribs asunder?

No, no! the shot has freed her—she is floating on once more.

“ She pushes her white sail through the bullets’ leaden hail—
Now blessings on her captain and on her seamen bold!—
Crash! crash! the boom is broken; I can see my true love’s
token—

A lily in his bonnet, a lily all of gold.

“ She sails up to the town, like a queen in a white gown;
Red golden are her lilies, true gold are all her men.
Now the Phœnix follows after—I can hear the women’s
laughter,

And the shouting of the soldiers, till the echoes ring again.”

She has glided from the wall, on her lover’s breast to fall,
As the white bird of the ocean drops down into the wave;
And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices singing,
And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph
stave:

“ Sing ye praises through the land; the Lord with His right
hand,
With His mighty arm hath gotten Himself the victory now.
He hath scatterèd their forces, both the riders and their horses.
There is none that fighteth for us, O God! but only Thou.”

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

(1824 —)

WILLIAM ALEXANDER was born at Derry in 1824, and educated at Tunbridge and Oxford, where he received the degrees of D.D. and D.C.L. In 1850 he married Miss Cecil Frances Humphreys, who was destined to succeed in winning distinction for her new name. After holding cures at Upper Fahan and at Strabane he became, in 1867, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, Archbishop of Armagh in 1896, and in 1897 was called to the Primacy of all Ireland. He has published 'The Death of Jacob,' 1858; 'Specimens, Poetical and Critical,' 1867; 'Lyrics of Life and Light' (by W. A. and others), 1878; 'St. Augustine's Holiday,' 1886. Although it was as a poet that he first became known in the intellectual world, the life and duties of a churchman were his first occupation. The very titles of his prose works testify to this—as, for example, 'The Witness of the Psalms to Christ,' 'Leading Ideas of the Gospels,' 'Redux Crucis,' and others.

For a long time his poems were not collected in accessible form. The first volume in which his poetic writings were bound together took the shape of 'Specimens,' published in obedience to the demands of a special occasion. In 1853 he wrote the ode in honor of the then Lord Derby's installation, and in 1860 gained the prize for a sacred poem, 'The Waters of Babylon.' In 1867 he was a candidate for the professorship of poetry in Oxford; he was defeated by Sir F. H. Doyle after a close contest.

Dr. Alexander is eminent as a pulpit orator; and there are few preachers of his church who have such power of poetic imagery and graceful expression. He is a frequent contributor to ecclesiastic literature. His cultivated imagination, his feeling for the glory of Nature, his rich but never overloaded rhetoric, and the occasional strains of a wistful pathos which reveal a sensitive human spirit—all these qualities make his contribution to Irish literature one of high worth and distinction.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE STATUE ERECTED TO CAPTAIN BOYD IN ST. PATRICK'S
CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Oh! in the quiet haven, safe for aye,
If lost to us in port one stormy day,
Borne with a public pomp by just decree,
Heroic sailor! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.

And here, in this calm place, where never din
 Of earth's great waterfloods shall enter in,
 Where to our human hearts two thoughts are given—
 One Christ's self-sacrifice, the other Heaven—
 Here it is meet for grief and love to grave
 The Christ-taught bravery that died to save,
 The life not lost, but found beneath the wave.

VERY FAR AWAY.

One touch there is of magic white,
 Surpassing southern mountain's snow
 That to far sails the dying light
 Lends, where the dark ships onward go
 Upon the golden highway broad
 That leads up to the isles of God.

One touch of light more magic yet,
 Of rarer snow 'neath moon or star,
 Where, with her graceful sails all set,
 Some happy vessel seen afar,
 As if in an enchanted sleep
 Steers o'er the tremulous stretching deep.

O ship! O sail! far must ye be
 Ere gleams like that upon ye light.
 O'er golden spaces of the sea,
 From mysteries of the lucent night,
 Such touch comes never to the boat
 Wherein across the waves we float.

O gleams, more magic and divine,
 Life's whitest sail ye still refuse,
 And flying on before us shine
 Upon some distant bark ye choose.
 By night or day, across the spray,
 That sail is very far away.

BURIAL AT SEA.

Lines from 'The Death of an Arctic Hero.'

How shall we bury him?
 Where shall we leave the old man lying?
 With music in the distance dying—dying,
 Among the arches of the Abbey grand and dim,
 There if we might, we would bury him;
 And comrades of the sea should bear the pall;
 And the great organ should let rise and fall
 The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in Saul—
 Then, silence all!

And yet far grander will we bury him.
 Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly!
 Sailors! trail the colors half-mast high;
 Leave him in the face of God most holy,
 Underneath the vault of Arctic sky.
 Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,
 By the long sunlight be his forehead crowned.
 For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,
 For the tapers in the nave and choir,
 Give him lights auroral—give him glories
 Mingled of the rose and of the fire.
 Let the wild winds, like chief mourners, walk,
 Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.
 Hush! for the breeze, and the white fog's swathing sweep,
 I cannot hear the simple service read;
 Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,
 Or "we commit his body to the deep,
 Till seas give up their dead" ?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

(1824—1889.)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM was born in 1824, at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, a place of primitive and kindly folk—in a country of haunting loveliness which is often referred to in his poems. He was educated at his native place, and at the age of fourteen became a clerk in the bank, of which his father was manager. In this employment he passed seven years, during which his chief delight was in reading and in acquiring a knowledge of foreign literature. He then found employment in the Customs Office, and after two years' preliminary training at Belfast he returned to Ballyshannon as Principal Officer.

In 1847 he visited London, and the rest of his life was largely spent in England, where he held various government appointments. He retired from the service in 1870, and became sub-editor, under Mr. Froude, of *Fraser's Magazine*, succeeding him in 1874. Some years before, he had been granted a pension for his literary services. In the same year (1874) he married. He died at Hampstead in 1889.

Allingham was a fairly prolific writer, in both verse and prose: his first volume appeared in 1850, and there is a posthumous edition of his works in six volumes. No Life of him has been written, but the 'Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham,' edited and annotated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, with a valuable introduction, record the chief facts of his life and literary friendships.

Allingham's principal volumes are: 'Poems,' 'Day and Night Songs,' 'The Music Master, &c.' (containing Rossetti's illustration of 'The Maids of Elfinmere,' which moved Burne-Jones to become a painter), 'Fifty Modern Poems,' 'Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland,' 'A Modern Poem,' 'With Songs, Ballads, and Stories,' 'Evil May-Day,' 'Ashby Manor,' 'A Play,' 'Flower Pieces,' 'Life and Phantasy,' 'Blackberries.'

Mr. Lionel Johnson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says: "His lyric voice of singular sweetness, his Muse of passionate or pensive meditation, his poetic consecration of common things, his mingled aloofness and homeliness, assure him a secure place among the poets of his land and the Irish voices which never will fall silent. And though 'the Irish cause' receives from him but little direct encouragement or help, let it be remembered that Allingham wrote this great and treasurable truth:

“‘We're one at heart, if you be Ireland's friend,
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend:
There are but two great parties in the end.’

“We chiefly remember him as a poet whose aerial, Æolian melodies steal into the heart—a poet of twilight and the evening star, and the sigh of the wind over the hills and the waters of an Ireland

that broods and dreams. His music haunts the ear with its perfect simplicity of art and the cunning of its quiet cadences. Song upon song makes no mention, direct or indirect, of Ireland; yet an Irish atmosphere and temperament are to be felt in almost all."

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
 If fifty girls were round you I'd hardly see the rest.
 Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many
 a shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
 Her chin is neat and pert, and smooth, just like a china cup,
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
 No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and O but she was gay!
 She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
 The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
 The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
 But blessed his luck to not be deaf when once her voice she
 raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
 Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my
 tongue;
 But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your
 hands,
 And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
 The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty
bright,
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
O might we live together in a cottage mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress.
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

ABBHEY ASAROE.

Gray, gray is Abbey Asaroe, by Ballyshanny town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;
The carven stones lie scattered in briars and nettle-bed;
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride;
The bore-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Asaroe.

It looks beyond the harbor-stream to Gulban mountain blue;
It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic breakers too;
High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank of oars
Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon the shores;
And this way to his home-creek, when the summer day is done,
Slow sculls the weary fisherman across the setting sun;
While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cottage white
below;
But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above its broken bridge;
He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain ridge;
He turned his back on Sheegus Hill, and viewed with misty
sight
The abbey walls, the burial-ground with crosses ghostly white;
Under a weary weight of years he bowed upon his staff,
Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph;
For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure full of woe,
This man was of the blood of them who founded Asaroe.

From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell broad was
 theirs;
 Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and holy abbot's
 prayers;
 With chanting always in the house which they had builded
 high
 To God and to Saint Bernard,—whereto they came to die.
 At worst, no workhouse grave for him! the ruins of his race
 Shall rest among the ruined stones of this their saintly place.
 The fond old man was weeping; and tremulous and slow
 Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Asaroe.

ACROSS THE SEA.

I walked in the lonesome evening,
 And who so sad as I,
 When I saw the young men and maidens
 Merrily passing by.
 To thee, my love, to thee—
 So fain would I come to thee!
 While the ripples fold upon sands of gold
 And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands; who will clasp them?
 I call,—thou repliest no word:
 O why should heart-longing be weaker
 Than the waving wings of a bird!
 To thee, my love, to thee—
 So fain would I come to thee!
 For the tide's at rest from east to west,
 And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,
 There's peace in the parting day,
 There's sorrow with every lover
 Whose true-love is far away,
 To thee, my love, to thee—
 So fain would I come to thee!
 And the water's so bright in a still moonlight,
 As I look across the sea.

FOUR DUCKS ON A POND.

Four ducks on a pond,
 A grass-bank beyond,
 A blue sky of spring,
 White clouds on the wing:
 What a little thing
 To remember for years,
 To remember with tears!

THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

Within a budding grove,
 In April's ear sang every bird his best,
 But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
 Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love;
 Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if in jest.
 To every word,
 Of every bird,
 I listened or replied as it behove.

Screamed Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet!
 Pretty lovey, come and meet me here!"
 "Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile, in fear
 Thy darling prove no better than a cheat
 And never come, or fly, when wintry days appear."
 Yet from a twig,
 With voice so big,
 The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

Then I, "The man forlorn,
 Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft."
 "And what 'll *he* do? What 'll *he* do?" scoffed
 The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn,
 Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft,
 With cackling laugh,
 Whom, I, being half
 Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

Worse mocked the Thrush, "Die! die!
 Oh, could he do it? Could he do it? Nay!
 Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!" (went his lay)
 "Take heed! take heed!" then, "Why? Why? Why?
 Why? Why?"

See-See now! ee-ee now! (he drawled) "Back! Back! Back!
R-r-r-run away!"

Oh, Thrush, be still,
Or at thy will
Seek some less sad interpreter than I!

"Air! air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I flee!"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)

"Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright
Whither I see, whither I see! Deeper, deeper, deeper, whither
I see, see, see!"

"Gay Lark," I said,
"The song that's bred
In happy nest may well to heaven take flight!"

"There's something, something sad,
I half remember," piped a broken strain;
Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin, sing again.
"Spring's opening cheerily, cheerily! be we glad!"
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

One morning, walking out, I o'ertook a modest colleen,
When the wind was blowing cool and the harvest leaves were
falling.

"Is our road perchance the same? Might we travel on to-
gether?"

"Oh, I keep the mountain-side," she replied, "among the
heather."

"Your mountain air is sweet when the days are long and
sunny,

When the grass grows round the rocks, and the whin-bloom
smells like honey;

But the winter's coming fast with its foggy, snowy weather,
And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill among the
heather."

She praised her mountain home, and I'll praise it too with
reason,
For where Molly is there's sunshine and flowers at every
season.

Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a feather?
Now I know the way by heart, every part among the heather.

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick and
stormy,
Yet I'd travel twenty miles for the welcome that's before me;
Singing "Hi for Eskydun!" in the teeth of wind and weather,
Love'll warm me as I go through the snow among the heather.

THE BAN-SHEE.

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT ERIN.

"Heard'st thou over the Fortress wild geese flying and crying?
Was it a gray wolf's howl? wind in the forest sighing?
Wail from the sea as of wreck? Hast heard it, Comrade?"

"Not so.

Here, all's still as the grave, above, around, and below.

"The Warriors lie in battalion, spear and shield beside them,
Tranquil, whatever lot in the coming fray shall betide them.
See, where he rests, the Glory of Erin, our Kingly Youth!
Closed his lion's eyes, and in sleep a smile on his mouth."

"The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—louder and nearer,
Circling our Dun—the *Ban-shee!*—my heart is frozen to hear
her!

Saw you not in the darkness a spectral glimmer of white
Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message to-night.

"Constant, but never welcome, she, to the line of our Chief;
Bodeful, baleful, fateful, voice of terror and grief.
Dimly burneth the lamp—hush! again that horrible cry!—
If a thousand lives could save thee, Tierna, thou shouldest not
die."

"Now! what whisper ye, Clansmen? I wake. Be your words
of me?

Wherefore gaze on each other? I too have heard the Ban-shee.

Death is her message: but ye, be silent. Death comes to no
 man
 Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his country's foeman.

"Streak of dawn in the sky—morning of battle. The Stranger
 Camps on our salt-sea strand below, and recks not his danger.
 Victory!—that was my dream: one that shall fill men's ears
 In story and song of harp after a thousand years.

"Give me my helmet and sword. Whale-tusk, gold-wrought, I
 clutch thee!
 Blade, Flesh-Biter, fail me not this time! Yea, when I touch
 thee,
 Shivers of joy run through me. Sing aloud as I swing thee!
 Glut of enemies' blood, meseemeth, to-day shall bring thee.

"Sound the horn! Behold, the Sun is beginning to rise.
 Whoso seeth him set, ours is the victor's prize,
 When the foam along the sand shall no longer be white but
 red—
 Spoils and a mighty feast for the Living, a carn for the Dead."

THE FAIRIES.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men.
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home—
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

THE LEPRECAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

Little cowboy, what have you heard,
 Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
 Only the plaintive yellow-bird
 Singing in sultry fields around?
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-e!
 Only the grasshopper and the bee?
 "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too!
 Scarlet leather sewn together,
 This will make a shoe.
 Left, right, pull it tight,
 Summer days are warm;
 Underground in winter,
 Laughing at the storm!"
 Lay your ear close to the hill:
 Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,
 Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
 As he merrily plies his trade?
 He's a span
 And a quarter in height:
 Get him in sight, hold him fast,
 And you're a made
 Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How should you like to roll in your carriage
 And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the shoemaker, so you may!
 "Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 And pink for a ball:
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe,
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too!"
 Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks,
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,

Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them filled
 Full to the brim
 With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
 In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows;
 A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,
 Spectacles stuck on the top of his nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron, shoe in his lap;
 "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too!
 A grig stepped upon my cap,
 Away the moth flew.
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job's done."
 The rogue was mine beyond a doubt,
 I stared at him; he stared at me!
 "Servant, sir!" "Humph!" said he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
 The queer little Leprecaun;
 Offered the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,—
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

A DREAM.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
 I went to the window to see the sight;
 All the Dead that ever I knew
 Going one by one and two by two.

On they passed, and on they passed;
 Townsfellows all, from first to last;
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,
 Quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we played
 At soldiers once—but now more staid;
 Those were the strangest sight to me
 Who were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak, too;
 Some that I loved, and gasped to speak to;
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
 Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seemed lonely,
 Yet of them all there was one, one only,
 Raised a head or looked my way.
 She lingered a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
 Ah! Mother dear! might I only place
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
 Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
 Young and old, women and men;
 Many long-forgot, but remembered then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
 A sound of tears the moment after;
 And then a music so lofty and gay,
 That every morning, day by day,
 I strive to recall it if I may.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

By the shore, a plot of ground
 Clips a ruined chapel round,
 Buttressed with a grassy mound,
 Where Day and Night and Day go by,
 And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
 Shaking of the guardian trees,
 Piping of the salted breeze;
 Day and Night and Day go by,
 To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
 And Day and Night and Day go by;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
 As Day and Night and Day go by;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed;
Now the graves are also dead;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
 While Day and Night and Day go by
And stars move calmly overhead.

EDMUND JOHN ARMSTRONG.

(1841—1865.)

EDMUND JOHN ARMSTRONG was the elder brother of G. F. Savage-Armstrong (*q.v.*). He was born in Dublin, July 23, 1841. As a child he showed great intellectual power, and he began to write poetry while still a boy. He commenced his career at Trinity College in 1859 with a series of brilliant successes; but in the spring of 1860 he ruptured a blood-vessel and was obliged to go to the Channel Islands. His health being restored, he made a long tour in France with his brother in 1862, during which he collected the material for 'The Prisoner of Mount Saint Michael,' a poem which was highly praised, both for the treatment of the story and for the remarkable ease and power of the blank verse. In the same year he returned to Dublin and recommenced his university studies. In 1864 he was awarded the gold medal for composition by the Historical Society, and elected President of the Philosophical Society. In the winter of 1864, though apparently of strong physique and a great lover of outdoor life, he was attacked by consumption, and died Feb. 24, 1865.

A selection from his poems was published in the autumn of 1865, as a memorial, by the Historical and Philosophical Societies and several eminent friends; it was well received by the press and warmly praised by distinguished writers of the day. He was also the author of 'Ovooca, an Idyllic Poem,' and other poetical works, a second edition of which, with his 'Life and Letters' and 'Essays and Sketches,' was published in London in 1877. There can be little doubt that Armstrong might have attained to high poetic excellence. He had a bright fancy, a keen sensibility, and a fine character which endeared him to many.

THE BLIND STUDENT.

On Euripides' plays we debated,
In College, one chill winter night;
A student rose up, while we waited
For more intellectual light.
As he stood, pale and anxious, before us,
Three words, like a soft summer wind,
Went past us and through us and o'er us—
A whisper low-breathed: "He is blind!"

And in many a face there was pity,
In many an eye there were tears;
For his words were not buoyant or witty,
As fitted his fresh summer years.

And he spoke once or twice, as none other
 Could speak, of a woman's pure ways—
 He remembered the face of his mother
 Ere darkness had blighted his days.

ADIEU.

I hear a distant clarion blare,
 The smoldering battle flames anew;
 A noise of onset shakes the air—
 Dear woods and quiet vales, adieu!

Weird crag, where I was wont to gaze,
 On the far sea's aerial hue,
 Below a veil of glimmering haze
 At morning's breezy prime—adieu!

Clear runnel, bubbling under boughs
 Of odorous lime and darkling yew,
 Where I have lain on banks of flowers
 And dreamed the livelong noon—adieu!

And, ah! ye lights and shades that ray
 Those orbs of brightest summer blue,
 That haunted me by night and day
 For happy moons—adieu! adieu!

FROM FIONNUALA.

With heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang
 The mystic, sweet, low-voweled Celtic rhyme
 Of Fionnuala and her phantom lover,
 Who wooed her in the fairy days of yore
 Beneath the sighing pines that gloom the waves
 Of Luggalà and warbling Anamoe—
 And how he whispered softly vows of love,
 While the pale moonbeam glimmered down and lit
 The cataract's flashing foam, and elves and fays
 Played o'er the dewy harebells, wheeling round
 The dappled foxglove in a flickering maze
 Of faint aerial flame; and the wild sprites

Of the rough storm were bound in charmed sleep—
 And how the lovely phantom lowly knelt,
 And pleaded with such sweet-tongued eloquence,
 Such heavenly radiance on his lips and eyes,
 That Fionnuala, blushing, all in tears,
 Breaking the sacred spell that held her soul,
 Fell on his bosom and confessed her love—
 And how the demon changed, and flashed upon her
 In all his hideous beauty, and she sank
 In fearful slumbers, and, awaking, found
 Her form borne upward in the yielding air;
 And, floating o'er a dark blue lake, beheld
 The reflex of a swan, white as the clouds
 That fringe the noonday sun, and heard a voice,
 As from a far world, shivering through the air:
 "Thou shalt resume thy maiden form once more
 When yon great Temples, piled upon the hills
 With rugged slabs and pillars, shall be whelmed
 In ruin, and their builders' names forgot!"—
 And how she knew her phantom lover spoke,
 And how she floated over lake and fell
 A hundred years, and sighed her mournful plaint
 Day after day, till the first mass-bell pealed
 Its silvery laughter amid Erin's hills,
 And a young warrior found her, with the dew
 Of morning on her maiden lips, asleep
 In the green woods of warbling Anamoe,
 And wooed and won her for his blushing bride.

PILGRIMS.

Wild blows the tempest on their brows
 . . . Lit by the dying sunset's fire;
 While round the brave ship's keel and o'er the bows
 The thundering billows break. And, as a lyre
 Struck by a maniac writhes with storms of sound,
 Wherein the moan of some low melody
 Is crushed in that tumultuous agony
 That sweeps and whirls around;
 So, in the roar and hiss of the vexed sea,
 And 'mid the flapping of the tattered sails,
 The thousand voices of the ruthless gales
 Are blended with the sigh of murmured prayer,
 The long low plaint of sorrow and of care—

The sound of prayer upon the storm-blown sea,
The sound of prayer amid the thunder's roll,
'Mid the howl of the tempest, the pale-flashing gleam
Of the waters that coil o'er the decks black and riven,
While hither and thither through chink and through seam
The foam of the green leaping billows is driven.
A moment their forms are aglow in the flash
Of the red, lurid bolt; then the vibrating crash
Of the echoing thunder above and below.
Shakes the folds of the darkness; they reel to and fro
From the crest to the trough of the flickering wave,
Where the waters are curved like the crags of a cave
That drip with red brine in the vapors of gold
From the doors of the sunrise in hurricane rolled.
 The sea-birds are screaming,
 The lightning is gleaming,
The billows are whirling voluminously;
 Like snakes in fierce battle
 They twist and they fold,
 Amid the loud rattle
 Of ocean and sky,
 While the terrible bell of the thunder is tolled
 And the fiends of the storm ride by;
Till the buffeting blast
Is hushed to a whisper at last;
And the sun in his splendor and majesty
Looks down on the deep's aerial blue;
And the soft low cry of the white seamew,
And the plash of the ripple around the keel,
Like a girl's rich laughter, lightly steal
O'er those true hearts by troubles riven;
And a song of praise goes up to Heaven.

SARAH ATKINSON.

(1823—1893.)

MRS. ATKINSON, a most prolific contributor to periodical literature and the author of at least one book which has made a distinctive mark, was born Oct. 13, 1823, in the town of Athlone, where she received her early education. From the age of fifteen it was continued at Dublin. At school she began that system of diligent note-taking which remained with her through life, and which helped her to the extraordinary accuracy and completeness of detail which marked her later work. She married Dr. George Atkinson in her twenty-fifth year; and in a life devoted to good works she found time for a good deal of writing. With perfect womanly sweetness, she had a masculine force and clearness of intellect. She would have made an ideal historian, for she had the broadest and most impartial of minds, a keen vision, a strong, clear, noble style, and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

The preface to her 'Life of Mary Aikenhead,' dealing with the penal days in Ireland, packed full as it is with out-of-the-way information most lucidly stated, excited the warm admiration of the late Mr. Lecky. Indeed, her mind was in many respects of the same encyclopædic character as that of this great historian.

WOMEN IN IRELAND IN PENAL DAYS.

From 'Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work, and Her Friends.'

Hardly necessary is it to remark that the home life of the people was their dearest refuge—their impregnable stronghold. Not that iniquitous legislation had overlooked this sanctuary of divine faith and domestic virtue. The penal laws, as we have seen, sought to make the fourth commandment a dead letter by encouraging disobedience to parental authority, and rewarding rebellion with privilege and wealth. The Code supplemented this attempt to set children against their parents, by endeavoring to disturb the relations between husband and wife; for, if the wife of a Catholic declared herself a Protestant, the law enabled her to compel her husband to give her a separate maintenance, and to transfer to her the custody and guardianship of all their children; and, as if to bring injury and insult to a climax, every Catholic was by act of Par-

liament deprived of the power of settling a jointure on his Catholic wife or charging his lands with any provision for his daughters. Disruption of the strong and tender bond that held the Irish household as a Christian family was not to be effected by royal proclamation or Parliamentary decree: nevertheless, the legislation that aimed at depriving the naturally dependent members of the family of manly protection and necessary provision was felt as a biting insult and an inhuman tyranny.

In Irish households, high and low, the women throughout those troubled times kept well up to the Christian standard, cherishing the domestic virtues, accepting with patience their own share of suffering, defying the temptations held out by the enemies of the faith, refusing to barter the souls of the young, in the midst of calamity keeping the eternal reward in view, and daily exercising works of charity and zeal. As far as circumstances would allow, the people in their domestic life followed the traditional standard of their ancestors and preserved the customs of immemorial days.

Women, from the earliest times, have ever been held in great respect in Ireland. The Brehon law, by which the inhabitants of the territories outside the Pale were governed from long before St. Patrick's time, to the reign of James I., and according to whose provisions the people in many parts of the country continued, up to a comparatively recent period, to arrange their affairs and settle their disputes, secured to women the rights of property, and provided for their rational independence in a far more effectual way than was contemplated by other codes. In social life the spirit of the Brehon law was embodied, and transmitted to succeeding generations, in the customs and manners of the people. One cannot read the annals of Ireland without observing how important was the position occupied by women in Erin. All, according to their degree, were expected to fill a part, both influential and honorable, in the constitution of the clan. A considerable share of the internal administration of the principality was intrusted to the wife of the chieftain or provincial king. The duties of hospitality—onerous and constant, and precisely defined by the Brehon law—were exercised by her. To her was intrusted the care of the poor and

suffering. She was expected to be an encourager of learning, and a friend to the ollamhs or professors, a benefactor to the churches, and a generous helper of the religious orders.

While the chieftain was out fighting or taking preys from his enemies, the chieftain's wife kept everything in order in the little kingdom, and held herself ready, at a moment's notice, to protect her people from robbers or defend her castle from invaders. The mother of Hugh O'Neill is described by the annalists as "a woman who was the pillar of support and maintenance of the indigent and the mighty, of the poets and exiled, of widows and orphans, of the clergy and men of science, of the poor and the needy; a woman who was the head of council and advice to the gentlemen and chiefs of the province of Conor MacNessa; a demure, womanly, devout, charitable, meek, benignant woman, with pure piety and the love of God and her neighbors." In the obituary notice of a certain great lady, the annalist tells us how she was "a nurse of all guests and strangers, and of all the learned men in Ireland"; of another we read that she was "the most distinguished woman in Munster in her time, in fame, hospitality, good sense, and piety." The old writers, in summing up the noble qualities of an Irish chieftain's wife, do not omit to mention that she was distinguished by her checking of plunder, her hatred of injustice, by her tranquil mind and her serene countenance.

We get the portrait of a woman of this stamp, and a picture of the manners of the fifteenth century in Ireland, in the account of Margaret, the daughter of the king of Ely, and wife of Calvagh O'Carroll. This lady was accustomed to give a great feast twice in the year, bestowing "meate and moneyes, with all other manner of gifts," on all who assembled on these occasions. The guests took their places according as their names were entered in a roll kept for that purpose, while the chieftain and his wife devoted themselves entirely to their guests. Margaret "clad in cloath of gold, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and judges too; Calvagh himself being on horseback, by the church's outward side, to the end that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively." On one of those days of festivity Margaret gave two chalices

of gold as offerings on the altar to God Almighty, and "she also caused to nurse or foster two young orphans." She was distinguished among the women of her time for preparing highways and erecting bridges and churches, and doing "all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soule." Her days were shortened by a fatal cancer; and the annalist concludes his notice with a beautiful prayer and a pathetic malediction. "God's blessing," he exclaims, "the blessing of all saints, and every other blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Gluair, be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be that sore in her breast that killed Margrett."

And should one of these fair women, who acted well her part in the chieftain's household, renounce "all worldly vanities and terrestrial glorious pomps" and betake herself to "an austere, devoute life" in a monastery, the chronicler fails not to speed thither the blessings of guests and strangers, poor and rich, and poet-philosophers of Ireland, which he prays "may be on her in that life." In recording the erection of churches and the foundation of monasteries, the old historians constantly note that it is a joint work of the chief and his wife. Sometimes, indeed, the wife seems to have been sole founder; and we are led to infer that she had at her disposal certain revenues, whether the property of the head of the clan or the proceeds of her own dowry.

We read that the wife of Stephen Lynch Fitz-Dominick, while her husband was beyond the seas in Spain, began, in the year 1500, to build a convent on an eminence over the sea at Galway. Church and steeple were finished before his return, and on entering the bay he was much surprised to behold so stately a building on the heights. Having learned on his landing that the edifice had been erected by his own wife in honor of St. Augustine, he knelt down on the seashore and returned thanks to Heaven for inspiring her with that pious resolution. Subsequently he took part in the good work, finished the monastery, and endowed it with rents and several lands. Another case in point may be noted in the story of the building of the famous Franciscan monastery of Donegal.

If the women of Erin took their full share of the bur-

dens and responsibilities of life in those bygone stirring times, they were not for that excluded from participation in the pleasures of life, and in the advantages of whatever culture was then attainable. Like their husbands, they were fond of traveling abroad, and made pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella; to Rome, "the capital of the Christians"; and even to more distant shrines. But it does not appear to have been customary for the chief and the chieftainess to leave home together: the one or the other should stay to receive strangers, entertain guests, and carry on the government of the principality. In days when certain important professions, such as those of Brehon, poet, and historian, were hereditary in certain families, the women of those families received an education fitting them to take a part in the avocations of their male relatives. Thus, among the Brehons, who were the lawyers of the clans, there were women eminent as judges or expounders of the laws; and in the learned families there were women historians and poets. The learned men of Erin, it is evident, enjoyed the sympathy and appreciation of the daughters of the land, and were not ungrateful for the encouragement and hospitality they received. They inscribed the names of their lady friends on the tracts compiled for their use or at their desire. One of the very ancient Gaelic manuscripts still in existence is a tract entitled 'History of the Illustrious Women of Erin'; another valuable relic of the olden times is inscribed 'Lives of the Mothers of the Irish Saints.'

It is interesting to learn what impression the women of Ireland at a later period—the middle of the seventeenth century—made on strangers from the classic land of Italy. The Rev. C. P. Meehan has enriched the fifth edition of his 'Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Hierarchy,' with the original account of the journey from Kenmare to Kilkenny of Rinucini, Archbishop of Fermo, who was sent to this country as Papal nuncio in 1645. Massari, Dean of Fermo, accompanied the nuncio as secretary, and wrote the narrative which is given in the appendix to the work just cited. The dean speaks more than once with genuine delight of the elegant hospitality with which the distinguished visitors were entertained by the lords and ladies of Munster, and

specially dwells on the reception they received from Lady Muskerry, whose husband was then from home, either with the army of the Confederates, or in Dublin discussing Lord Ormonde's peace. "The women," he says, "are exceedingly beautiful, and heighten their attractions by their matchless modesty and piety. They converse freely with every one, and are devoid of suspicion and jealousy. Their style of dress differs from ours, and rather resembles the French; all wear cloaks with long fringes; they have also a hood sewn to the cloak, and they go abroad without any covering for the head; some wearing a kerchief, as the Greek women do, which, being gracefully arranged, adds, if possible, to their native comeliness."¹

There may seem to have been but little relation between the position of a chieftainess in ancient times and that of the mistress of an Irish Catholic household in the eighteenth century; and yet, even during the penal days, the spirit of the earlier time survived, the old ideal was not supplanted by anything less worthy. The houses of the reduced gentry were still the center of a generous hospitality, and charity was dispensed from the gentleman's door with a liberality wholly incommensurate with the revenues of a fallen estate. The careful mother, who could not grace her home with the presence of the learned, sent forth her sons to encounter the risks of a perilous voyage and the dangers of foreign travel, that so they might escape the dreaded doom of ignorance; she lent her best efforts to the fostering of that magnanimous loyalty so requisite for the preservation of the ancient faith. The mother's lessons proved a stay and conscience to her sons when, in after-life, temptations rudely pressed upon them. The mother's ex-

¹ The Dean of Fermo does equal justice to the men of Ireland, who are, he says, "good-looking, incredibly strong, fleet runners, equal to any hardship, and indescribably patient. They are given to arms; and those who apply themselves to learning become highly distinguished in every domain of science." Of the people in general he speaks in high terms. "I have not words," he continues, "to describe to you the kindness and politeness which we experienced at the hands of this Irish people, whose devotion to the Holy See is beyond all praise, and I assure you that I was often moved to tears when I saw them, wholly forgetful of self, kneeling in the very mire in order to kiss the nuncio's robe and hands as if they were holy relics. At almost every stage of our journey, the nuncio was escorted by strong squadrons of horse to protect him from the enemy. We are in Ireland! we are in Ireland! praise to God."

ample taught her daughters how to unite a virile courage with womanly modesty and grace.

Nor was it among the higher classes alone that these characteristics remained distinctly marked during the days of the nation's trial; they were noticeable in the farmer's cottage and the peasant's hut. The poor man's wife did not turn the weary and the hungry from her door; she received the poor scholar with a motherly welcome; ¹ she accustomed her children to think nothing of a run of two or three miles to the hedge-school. By precept and by example she taught them fidelity to the faith, love for the old land, reverence for God's ministers, and respect for learning. The high moral tone pervading the social life of the humbler classes in Ireland was at once the cause and consequence of the important position which the women maintained at the domestic hearth, and of the beneficial sway which they exercised among their neighbors of the same degree.

The circumstances of the time were favorable to the growth of this influence. As a rule the women did not work in the fields: their occupations were of an indoor character; and the habits of the people, both men and women, were domestic. The latter half of the eighteenth century being happily free from such famines which had laid waste the country during the previous two hundred years, and were fated to reappear at a later period, there was plenty of food for the people. The staff of life—the potato—was then in its prime, as to quality and quantity. Each little holding produced a crop sufficient for the support of a numerous family, with a large surplus for the poultry that crowded round the door, and the pigs, which even the poorest cottier reared; while a paddock was reserved from tillage as pasture for the high-boned native cow, which formed an important item of the live stock. In the

¹ In Ireland it is a custom, immemorially established, for those petty schoolmasters who teach in chapels, or temporary huts, *freely* to instruct such poor boys as come from *remote places*, and are unable to pay. The poor scholar, while he remains at the school, goes home, night and night about, with his school-fellows, whose parents that can afford it occasionally supply him with a few old clothes, as well as food and lodging. This appears to be a faint emanation of the ancient custom in Ireland, so celebrated by historians, of supplying, at the national expense, all foreign students with meat, drink, clothes, lodging, books, etc.

farmers' families linen and woolen stuffs were spun, woven, knitted, bleached, and dyed, and made into wearing apparel by the women. A spinning-wheel was as necessary a part of the furniture as a pot for cooking the stira-bout. Public-houses were few and far between, facilities for locomotion were not abundant, and the men did not range to any great distance from home.

Their amusement was to sit by the fire in the winter evenings, or smoke their pipes at the door in summer, listening to the story-teller or the singer, while their wives and daughters knitted or spun: all, young and old, being ready to break out into a dance the moment a piper or fiddler appeared on the scene. Perhaps the greatest testimony borne to the genuine worth of the poor Irish Catholics was that afforded by the custom which prevailed among the Protestant and respectable classes, of sending their children to be nursed or fostered by the peasantry. Sons and heirs destined to fill prominent and honorable posts, and daughters born to grace luxurious homes, were in all trust committed to the care of peasant women, and grew from tender infancy to hardy childhood in the mountain cabins, sharing the homely fare and joining in the simple sports of their foster brothers and sisters. One thing was certain: the nurse's fidelity and affection could be implicitly relied on, and the gentleman's child would have no vice to unlearn when transferred from the peasant's guardianship to the protection of the parental roof.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL.

(1840 —)

ROBERT STAWELL BALL, LL.D., F.R.S., was born in Dublin, July 1, 1840. He is the son of Robert Ball, LL.D., of Dublin (the well-known naturalist). He married in 1863 Frances Elizabeth, the daughter of W. E. Steele, the director of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin. He was educated at Abbott's Grange, Chester; and at Trinity College, Dublin. He is an Honorary M.A. of Cambridge, 1892, and an LL.D. of Dublin. He was Royal Astronomer of Ireland from 1874 to 1892, and Scientific Adviser to the Commissioners of Irish Lights from 1884. He has been President of the Royal Astronomical Society, President of the Mathematical Association, and President of the Royal Zoölogical Society of Ireland. His title was created in 1886. He was Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge. He is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and he has been Director of the Cambridge Observatory since 1892.

Sir Robert's publications are: 'The Theory of Screws'; many memoirs on mathematical, astronomical, and physical subjects; and the following works on Astronomy: 'The Story of the Heavens,' 1885; 'Starland,' 1889; 'In Starry Realms,' 'In the High Heavens,' 'Time and Tide,' 1889; 'Atlas of Astronomy,' 1892; 'The Story of the Sun,' 1893; 'Great Astronomers,' 1895; 'The Earth's Beginning,' 1901.

His lectures on scientific subjects are much appreciated, and he is well known on the lecture platform in this country. He has a pleasing manner and a very happy method of presenting abstruse matters to popular audiences.

THE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

From 'The Starry Heavens.'

Now about the distances of the stars. I shall not make the attempt to explain fully how astronomers make such measurements, but I will give you some notion of how it is done. We make the two observations from two opposite points on the earth's orbit, which are therefore at a distance of 186,000,000 miles. Imagine that on Midsummer Day, when standing on the earth here, I measured with a piece of card the angle between the star and the sun. Six

months later on, on Midwinter Day, when the earth is at the opposite point of its orbit, I again measure the angle between the same star and the sun, and we can now determine the star's distance by making a triangle. I draw a line a foot long, and we will take this foot to represent 186,000,000 miles, the distance between the two stations; then placing the cards at the corners, I rule the two sides and complete the triangle, and the star must be at the remaining corner; then I measure the sides of the triangle, and how many feet they contain, and recollecting that each foot corresponds to 186,000,000 miles, we discover the distance of the star. If the stars were comparatively near us, the process would be a very simple one; but, unfortunately, the stars are so extremely far off that this triangle, even with a base of only one foot, must have its sides many miles long. Indeed, astronomers will tell you that there is no more delicate or troublesome work in the whole of their science than that of discovering the distance of a star.

In all such measurements we take the distance from the earth to the sun as a conveniently long measuring-rod, whereby to express the results. The nearest stars are still hundreds of thousands of times as far off as the sun. Let us ponder for a little on the vastness of these distances. We shall first express them in miles. Taking the sun's distance to be 93,000,000 miles, then the distance of the nearest fixed star is about twenty millions of millions of miles—that is to say, we express this by putting down a 2 first, and then writing thirteen ciphers after it. It is, no doubt, easy to speak of such figures, but it is a very different matter when we endeavor to imagine the awful magnitude which such a number indicates. I must try to give some illustrations which will enable you to form a notion of it. At first I was going to ask you to try and count this number, but when I found it would require at least 300,000 years, counting day and night without stopping, before the task was over, it became necessary to adopt some other method.

When on a visit in Lancashire I was once kindly permitted to visit a cotton mill, and I learned that the cotton yarn there produced in a single day would be long enough to wind round this earth twenty-seven times at the equator.

It appears that the total production of cotton yarn each day in all the mills together would be on the average about 155,000,000 miles. In fact, if they would only spin about one-fifth more, we could assert that Great Britain produced enough cotton yarn every day to stretch from the earth to the sun and back again! It is not hard to find from these figures how long it would take for all the mills in Lancashire to produce a piece of yarn long enough to reach from our earth to the nearest of the stars. If the spinners worked as hard as ever they could for a year, and if all the pieces were then tied together, they would extend to only a small fraction of the distance; nor if they worked for ten years, or for twenty years, would the task be fully accomplished. Indeed, upwards of four hundred years would be necessary before enough cotton could be grown in America and spun in this country to stretch over a distance so enormous. All the spinning that has ever yet been done in the world has not formed a long enough thread!

There is another way in which we can form some notion of the immensity of these sidereal distances. You will recollect that, when we were speaking of Jupiter's moons, I told you of the beautiful discovery which their eclipses enabled astronomers to make. It was thus found that light travels at the enormous speed of about 185,000 miles per second. It moves so quickly that within a single second a ray would flash two hundred times from London to Edinburgh and back again.

We said that a meteor travels one hundred times as swiftly as a rifle bullet; but even this great speed seems almost nothing when compared with the speed of light, which is 10,000 times as great. Suppose some brilliant outbreak of light were to take place in a distant star—an outbreak which would be of such intensity that the flash from it would extend far and wide throughout the universe. The light would start forth on its voyage with terrific speed. Any neighboring star which was at a distance of less than 185,000 miles would, of course, see the flash within a second after it had been produced. More distant bodies would receive the intimation after intervals of time proportioned to their distances. Thus, if a body were 1,000,000 miles away, the light would reach it in from five

to six seconds, while over a distance as great as that which separates the earth from the sun the news would be carried in about eight minutes. We can calculate how long a time must elapse ere the light shall travel over a distance so great as that between the star and our earth. You will find that from the nearest of the stars the time required for the journey will be over three years. Ponder on all that this involves. That outbreak in the star might be great enough to be visible here, but we could never become aware of it till three years after it had happened. When we are looking at such a star to-night we do not see it as it is at present, for the light that is at this moment entering our eyes has traveled so far that it has been three years on the way. Therefore, when we look at the star now we see it as it was three years previously. In fact, if the star were to go out altogether, we might still continue to see it twinkling for a period of three years longer, because a certain amount of light was on its way to us at the moment of extinction, and so long as that light keeps arriving here, so long shall we see the star showing as brightly as ever. When, therefore, you look at the thousands of stars in the sky to-night, there is not one that you see as it is now, but as it was years ago.

I have been speaking of the stars that are nearest to us, but there are others much farther off. It is true we cannot find the distances of these more remote objects with any degree of accuracy, but we can convince ourselves how great that distance is by the following reasoning. Look at one of the brightest stars. Try to conceive that the object was carried away farther into the depths of space, until it was ten times as far from us as it is at present, it would still remain bright enough to be recognized in quite a small telescope; even if it were taken to one hundred times its original distance it would not have withdrawn from the view of a good telescope; while if it retreated one thousand times as far as it was at first it would still be a recognizable point in our mightiest instruments. Among the stars which we can see with our telescopes, we feel confident there must be many from which the light has expended hundreds of years, or even thousands of years, on the journey. When, therefore, we look at such objects, we see them, not as they are now, but as they were ages ago;

in fact, a star might have ceased to exist for thousands of years, and still be seen by us every night as a twinkling point in our great telescopes.

Remembering these facts, you will, I think, look at the heavens with a new interest. There is a bright star, Vega, or Alpha Lyræ, a beautiful gem, so far off that the light from it which now reaches our eyes started before many of my audience were born. Suppose that there are astronomers residing on worlds amid the stars, and that they have sufficiently powerful telescopes to view this globe, what do you think they would observe? They will not see our earth as it is at present; they will see it as it was years (and sometimes many years) ago. There are stars from which if England could now be seen, the whole of the country would be observed at this present moment to be in a great state of excitement at a very auspicious event. Distant astronomers might notice a great procession in London, and they could watch the coronation of the youthful queen, Queen Victoria, amid the enthusiasm of a nation. There are other stars still further, from which, if the inhabitants had good enough telescopes, they would now see a mighty battle in progress not far from Brussels. One splendid army could be beheld hurling itself time after time against the immovable ranks of the other. There can be no doubt that there are stars so far away that the rays of light which started from the earth on the day of the battle of Waterloo are only just arriving there. Farther off still, there are stars from which a bird's-eye view could be taken at this very moment of the signing of Magna Charta. There are even stars from which England, if it could be seen at all, would now appear, not as the great England we know, but as a country covered by dense forests, and inhabited by painted savages, who waged incessant war with wild beasts that roamed through the island. The geological problems that now puzzle us would be quickly solved could we only go far enough into space and had we only powerful enough telescopes. We should then be able to view our earth through the successive epochs of past geological time; we should be actually able to see those great animals whose fossil remains are treasured in our museums, tramping about over the earth's surface, splashing across its swamps, or swimming with broad flippers through its oceans. In-

deed, if we could view our own earth reflected from mirrors in the stars, we might still see Moses crossing the Red Sea, or Adam and Eve being expelled from Eden.

WHAT THE STARS ARE MADE OF.

From 'The Starry Heavens.'

Here is a piece of stone. If I wanted to know what it was composed of, I should ask a chemist to tell me. He would take it into his laboratory, and first crush it into powder, and then, with his test tubes, and with the liquids which his bottles contain, and his weighing scales, and other apparatus, he would tell all about it; there is so much of this, and so much of that, and plenty of this, and none at all of that. But now, suppose you ask this chemist to tell you what the sun is made of, or one of the stars. Of course, you have not a sample of it to give him; how, then, can he possibly find out anything about it? Well, he can tell you something, and this is the wonderful discovery that I want to explain to you. We now put down the gas and I kindle a brilliant red light. Perhaps some of those whom I see before me have occasionally ventured on the somewhat dangerous practice of making fireworks. If there is any boy here who has ever constructed sky-rockets and put the little balls into the top which are to burn with such vivid colors when the explosion takes place, he will know that the substance which tinged that fire red must have been strontium. He will recognize it by the color; because strontium gives a red light which nothing else will give. Here are some of these lighting papers, as they are called; they are very pretty and very harmless; and these, too, give brilliant red flashes as I throw them. The red tint, has, no doubt, been produced by strontium also. You see we recognized the substance simply by the color of the light it produced when burning.

There are, in nature, a number of simple bodies called elements. Every one of these, when ignited under suitable conditions, emits a light which belongs to it alone, and by

which it can be distinguished from every other substance. Many of the materials will yield light which will require to be studied by much more elaborate artifices than those which have sufficed for us. But you will see that the method affords a means of finding out the actual substances present in the sun or in the stars. There is a practical difficulty in the fact that each of the heavenly bodies contains a number of different elements; so that in the light it sends us the hues arising from distinct substances are blended into one beam. The first thing to be done is to get some way of splitting up a beam of light, so as to discover the components of which it is made. You might have a skein of silks of different hues tangled together, and this would be like the sunbeam as we receive it in its unsorted condition. How shall we untangle the light from the sun or a star? I will show you by a simple experiment.

Here is a beam from the electric light; beautifully white and bright, is it not? It looks so pure and simple, but yet that beam is composed of all sorts of colors mingled together, in such proportions as to form white light. I take a wedge-shaped piece of glass called a prism, and when I introduce it into the course of the beam, you see the transformation that has taken place. Instead of the white light you have now all the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. These colors are very beautiful, but they are transient, for the moment we take away the prism they all unite again to form white light. You see what the prism has done; it has bent all the light in passing through it; but it is more effective in bending the blue than the red, and consequently the blue is carried away much farther than the red. Such is the way in which we study the composition of a heavenly body. We take a beam of its light, we pass it through a prism, and immediately it is separated into its components; then we compare what we find with the lights given by the different elements, and thus we are enabled to discover the substances which exist in the distant object whose light we have examined. I do not mean to say that the method is a simple one; all I am endeavoring to show is a general outline of the way in which we have discovered the materials present in the stars. The instrument that is employed for this purpose is called the spectroscope. And perhaps you

may remember that name by these lines, which I have heard from an astronomical friend :

“ Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now we find out what you are,
When unto the midnight sky
We the spectroscope apply.”

I am sure it will interest everybody to know that the elements which the stars contain are not altogether different from those of which the earth is made. It is true there may be substances in the stars of which we know nothing here; but it is certain that many of the most common elements on the earth are present in the most distant bodies. I shall only mention one, the metal iron. That useful substance has been found in some of the stars which lie at almost incalculable distances from the earth.

JOHN BANIM.

(1798—1844.)

JOHN BANIM, "a bright-hearted, true-souled Irishman," is chiefly known through the powerful 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' which he wrote in conjunction with his elder brother Michael. He was born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798. His father was a farmer and trader, who gave his sons a good education. Instances of John's precocity are numerous: when only ten years old he had written a romance and some poetry. His progress at school was rapid, and at thirteen he was sufficiently advanced to enter the college of his native town. Here his decided talent as a sketcher and painter first developed itself, and when his father gave him a choice of professions he determined to become an artist. In 1814 he went to Dublin, and there entered the Royal Academy, to study art. After two years he returned to Kilkenny and began life as a teacher of drawing. At the same time his early taste for literature manifested itself in his frequent contributions of poems and sketches to the local periodicals.

His life was a checkered one. His first serious trouble was the death of a young lady (one of his pupils) to whom he was engaged. This blow affected his mind so deeply that his health was permanently injured, and he passed some years in an aimless and hopeless manner nearly akin to despair. At length, by the advice of his friends, he resolved to try change of both scene and employment, and in 1820 he removed to Dublin and relinquished his profession of art for that of literature. At this time his contributions to periodical literature were very numerous, and so continued throughout his whole career. Were it now possible to identify these, many of them would probably add little to his fame as an author, since they were for the most part written hurriedly as a means of gaining a living. But among the sketches a few on theatrical topics, written over the signature of "A Traveler," appeared in a Limerick journal, and were remarked as particularly clever. In 1821 he published 'The Celt's Paradise,' a poem now almost forgotten; but at the time it gained recognition of the talents of the young author, and the friendship of Sheil and other literary men. Banim now attempted dramatic composition, and the tragedy 'Turgesius' was written and offered in succession to the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theaters, but was rejected by both. Not deterred by this failure, the author once more composed a tragedy, 'Damon and Pythias,' which through the recommendation of his friend Sheil was produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1821, and met with a reception which amply consoled him for his former disappointment.





In the summer of 1822 Banim revisited his home in Kilkenny, and during his stay he and his brother Michael planned and commenced writing the first series of the 'O'Hara Tales.' He married Miss Ellen Ruth, and subsequently removed to London, where he continued to reside for several years. Here he resumed his necessary labor as a periodical writer. In April of the following year the first series of the celebrated 'O'Hara Tales' was published, and commanded immediate success. 'John Doe, or the Peep o' Day' and 'The Fetches' were John Banim's sole work in this first series. His next work, 'The Boyne Water,' a political novel, the scenes of which are laid in the time of William of Orange and James II., depicts the siege of Limerick and other stirring events of that troubled period. The second series of the 'Tales' appeared in 1826, and included 'The Nowlans,' which was severely handled by the critics. In 1828 'The Anglo-Irish' was published. It was different in character from the 'Tales,' and was not so well received. In 1829 the concluding series of the 'Tales' appeared, commencing with 'The Disowned,' the work of John Banim, and ending in 1842 with 'Father Connell,' the work of Michael.

John's health now began to decline rapidly, and the death of a child and the illness of his wife pressed heavily upon his mind. In 1829, by the advice of numerous friends, he went to France for change of scene, but still continued his contributions to the journals, and wrote besides several small pieces for the English opera-house. In 1835 he returned home, but his health never rallied, and on Aug. 13, 1844, he breathed his last, aged forty-six years. A provision was made for his widow; his daughter died a few years after her father.

The 'O'Hara Tales' were a joint production in so far that they were published together, and one brother passed his work to the other for suggestions and criticism. Those written by John Banim were 'John Doe, or the Peep o' Day,' 'The Fetches,' 'The Smug-gler,' 'Peter of the Castle,' 'The Nowlans,' 'The Last Baron of Crana,' and 'Disowned.' We quote from Chamber's 'Cyclopædia of English Literature' the following estimate of Banim's powers as a novelist:—"He seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The force of the passions and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes; but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and coloring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects."

"Where his songs are at all tolerable," says Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, "they are full of fire and feeling, and written with quite a natural simplicity and strength. . . . His chief fault is his general disregard of metrical laws."

AN ADVENTURE IN SLIEVENAMON.

From 'The Peep o' Day.'

[Lieutenant Howard, pursuing some persons over the mountain, lost his way, and in springing across a chasm alighted on soft turf, which gave way and precipitated him through the roof of an illicit manufactory of spirits, presided over by Jack Mullins.]

The first perception of Howard's restored senses brought him the intelligence of his being in the midst of an almost insufferable atmosphere, oppressive as it was strange and unusual. He breathed with difficulty, and coughed and sneezed himself very nearly back again into the state of unconsciousness out of which, it would seem, coughing and sneezing had just roused him; for he gained his senses while performing such operations as are understood by these words. When a reasonable pause occurred and that reflection had time to come into play, Howard wondered whether he was alive or dead, and whether or no he felt pain. Due consideration having ensued, he was able to assure himself that, so far as he could judge, he lived, and without much pain of any kind into the bargain. Next he tried to stir himself, but here he was unsuccessful. Some unseen power paralyzed his legs and arms, feet and hands. He lay, it was evident, upon his back, and the surface he pressed seemed soft and genial enough.

While in this position he looked straight upward. The stars, and a patch of deep blue sky, twinkled and smiled upon him through a hole in a low squalid roof overhead. This was a help. He remembered having fallen in through the slope of the hill, and, as an aperture must have been the consequence or the cause of his descent, he ventured to argue accordingly. He had intruded, it would rather seem, upon the private concerns of some person or persons, who, from motives unknown to him, chose to reside in a subterraneous retreat among the very sublimities of Slievenamon. Here the strange scent again filled his nostrils with overpowering effect. There was some part of it he thought he could or ought to recollect having before experienced, and he sniffed once or twice with the hope of becoming satisfied. But a fresh, and, he conceived, a different effluvium thereupon rushed up into his head, and

down his throat, and he had again to sneeze and cough his way into a better comprehension.

When Howard was in this second effort successful, he observed that he dwelt not in absolute darkness. A pandemonium kind of light dismally glared around him, clouded by a dense fog of he knew not what color or consistency. Was he alone? He listened attentively. The melancholy female voice that he had heard lamenting at the cabin and among the hills came on his ear, though it was now poured forth in a subdued cadence. Still he listened, and a hissing of whispers floated at every side, accompanied by the noise of a fire rapidly blazing, together with an intermittent explosion that very much resembled a human snore.

Again he strove to rise or turn, but could not. "I will just move my head round, at all events," thought he. He did so, very slowly, and his eyes fixed upon those of Jack Mullins, who, bent on one knee at his side, held his left arm tightly down with one hand, while with the other he presented a heavy horseman's pistol. Howard, little cheered by this comforter, turned his head as slowly in the other direction, and encountered the full stare of another ruffianly visage, while with both hands of his attendant he was at this side pinioned. Two other men secured his feet.

"Where am I? and why do you hold me? and how did all this happen?" asked Howard, as he began to comprehend his situation.

"Hould your tongue, and be quiet," said Mullins.

"I know *you* well, Jack Mullins," resumed Howard. "'Tis some time since we met at the Pattern, but I know your voice and face perfectly well."

"Nonsense," said Mullins. "Hould your pace, I tell you."

"You surely would not take away my life for nothing. And it can be no offense to ask you why you hold me down in this strange manner."

"Bother, man. Say your prayers, an' don't vex me."

"Mullins, I have drunk with you out of the same cup, and clasped your hand in good fellowship; and I desire you for the sake of old acquaintance to let me sit up and look about me. I never did you an injury, nor intended one."

"I don't know how that is," observed Mullins.

"Never, by my soul!" repeated Howard with energy. "This unhappy intrusion, whatever place I may have got into, was an accident: I missed my way among the hills and wandered here unconsciously. Let me up, Mullins, and you shall have a handsome recompense."

"The divil a laffina¹ you have about you," said Mullins. "Don't be talkin'."

"As you have *found* my purse, then," rejoined Howard, easily suspecting what had happened, "you are most welcome to it, so you release me for a moment."

"An' who, do you think, is to pay us for the roof of our good, snug house you have tattered down on our heads this blessed night?" asked Mullins.

"I will, to be sure," replied Howard, "who else should? Come, Mullins, bid these men let me go, and you 'll never be sorry for it. Is this the way Irishmen treat an old friend?"

"For the sake of that evening we had together at the Pattern you may get up—that is, sit up, an' bless yourself. Let him go, men, bud watch the ladder."

The three other men instantly obeyed Mullins' orders, and, Jack himself loosening his deadly gripe, Howard was at last free to sit up.

"Now, never mind what you see," he continued. "An', in troth, the less you look about you, at all, at all, so much the better, I 'm thinkin'." And Mullins sat down opposite his prisoner, still holding the cocked pistol on his arm.

This caution seemed in the first instance altogether useless, for Howard could observe nothing through the dense vapor around him, except, now and then, the blank and wavering outline of a human figure, fitting in the remote parts of the recess. The whispers, however, had deepened into rather loud tones; but here he was as much at a loss as ever, for the persons of the drama spoke together in Irish. At length he gained a hint to the mystery. A young man, stripped as if for some laborious work, approaching Mullins, said, somewhat precipitately, "Musha, Jack, the *run* 'ull go for nothin' this time unless you come down an' put your own hand to the still."

Here, then, from all he had previously heard, and could now see, smell, and conceive, Howard found himself in the

¹ *Laffina*, a halfpenny (a cent).

presence of illicit distillation, at work, though it was Sunday, in all its vigor and glory. He snuffed again, and wondered at his own stupidity, and indeed ingratitude, that he should not at once have recognized the odor of the pottheen atmosphere—a mixture of the effluvium of the liquor and the thick volumes of pent-up smoke, in which for some time he had lived and breathed.

When the young man addressed to Mullins the words we have just recorded, that person's ill-boding face assumed a cast of more dangerous malignity, and, after a ferocious scowl at the speaker, he said with much vehemence:

“Upon my conscience, Tim, a-gra,¹ you 're afther spakin' the most foolish words that your mother's son ever spoke: an' I don't know what bad blood you have to the Sassenach officer, here, that you couldn't lave him a chance for his life when it was likely he had id. Musha, evil end to you, Tim, seed, breed, an' generation!—Mahurp-on-duoul!² What matther was it if the whole *shot* went to Ould Nick this blessed evenin', providin' we didn't let strangers into our sacrets? Couldn't you let him sit here awhile in pace? But since the murther 's out take this, you ballour [bab-ler] o' the divil,” giving the pistol, “while I go down to the pot. An', Tim, lave well enough alone now, an' if you can't mend what 's done try not to do any more. Don't be talkin' at all, I say; you needn't pull the trigger on him for spakin' a little, if it isn't too much entirely. Bud take care o' your own self, Tim, an' hould your gab till I come to you agin.”

After this speech, the longest that Mullins was ever known to deliver, he strode away from Howard's side towards the most remote end of the place, where the fire was blazing. Howard, comprehending that Jack's indignation was aroused because of the revealing summons of the young man, and that his own life might probably be sacrificed to his innocent advancement in knowledge, very prudently resolved to avail himself of the hints contained in the harangue he had heard, by observing, in Mullins' absence, the most religious silence, and withal the most natural unconsciousness. The latter part of his resolve was, however, soon rendered superfluous and unavailing. The wind rose high abroad, and entering at the recent aperture,

¹ *A-gra*, my love. ² *Mahurp-on-duoul*, My soul to the devil.

attributable to Howard, took an angry circuit round the cavern, agitated the mass of smoke that filled it, and compelled the great portion to evaporate through another vent at the opposite side. In about five minutes, therefore, the whole details of the apartment became visible to any observer, nor could Howard refuse to his curiosity the easy investigation thus afforded. . . .

He was, however, little pleased on the whole with the scene revealed by the partial expulsion of the smoke. Mullins' late hints still rang in his ears, and, while contemplating the faces of those round the fire, the unintentional visitant thought he looked on men who would have little hesitation, all circumstances of prejudice and relative place duly weighed, to assist the master ruffian in any designs upon an Englishman and a redcoat. Then he recollected his untimely absence from his men; the intelligence Sullivan had given him; the disastrous consequences that to them might ensue: and his cheek and brow flamed with impatience; while, the next moment, a recurrence to his own immediate peril corrected, if it did not change, their courageous glow.

The young man who had relieved guard over Howard well obeyed the parting orders of Mullins, for he did not open his lips to the prisoner, contenting himself with watching his every motion, and keeping fast hold of the pistol. Utter silence, therefore, reigned between both, as Howard also strictly observed his own resolution.

After he had fully investigated every thing and person around him, and when thought and apprehension found no relief from curiosity, this blank pause disagreeably affected him. It was uncertainty and suspense; fear for others and for himself; or, even if he escaped present danger, the unhappy accident might influence his future character and prospects. Under the pressure of these feelings Howard most ardently desired the return of Mullins, in order that his fate might be at once decided.

And in his own due time Mullins at length came. Everything about the pot seemed prosperous, for, with a joyous clatter of uncouth sounds, the men now gathered near the worm, and, one by one, held under it the large shell of a turkey-egg, which was subsequently conveyed to their mouths. Mullins himself took a serious, loving draught,

and, refilling his shell, strode towards Howard, bumper in hand.

"First," he said, as he came up, "since you know more than you ought about us, taste that."

"Excuse me, Mullins," said Howard, "I should not be able to drink it."

"Nonsense," resumed Jack, "dhrink the Queen's health, good loock to her, in the right stuff, that is made out o' love to her, an' no one else. Drink, till you see how you'd like it."

"I cannot, indeed," said Howard, wavering.

"Musha, you'd better," growled Mullins. Howard drank some.

"So you won't finish it?—Well, what brought you here?"

"Ill luck," answered Howard, "I knew of no such place—had heard of no such place; but, as I told you, lost my way, and—and—in truth I tumbled into it."

"And well you looked, didn't you, flyin' down through an ould hill's side among pacable people?—An' this is all throe? no one tould you?"

"Upon my honor, all true, and no one told me."

"By the vartch o' your oath, now?—Will you sware it?"

"I am ready for your satisfaction to do so."

"Well. Where's our own Soggarth, Tim?" continued Mullins, turning to the young guardsman.

"In the corner beyant, readin' his breviary," replied Tim.

A loud snore from the corner seemed, however, to belie the latter part of the assertion.

"Och, I hear him," said Mullins. "Run, Peg," he continued, speaking off to the girl, "run to the corner an' tell Father Tack'em we want him."

The girl obeyed, and with some difficulty called into imperfect existence a little bundle of a man, who there lay rolled up among bundles of straw.

"What's the matter now?" cried he, as, badly balancing himself, with the girl's assistance, he endeavored to resume his legs, and then waddle towards Mullins at a short dubious pace.

"What's the matter at all, that a poor priest can't read

his breviary once a day without being disturbed by you, you pack of—”

“Don’t be talkin’,” interrupted Mullins, “but look afore you, an’ give him the Buke.”

“The Book,” echoed Father Tack’em, “the Book for him! Why, then, happy death to me, what brings the like of him among us?”

“You’d better not be talkin’, I say, bud give him the Buke at once,” said Mullins, authoritatively; and he was obeyed. Howard received from Tack’em a clasped volume, “much the worse of the wear,” as its proprietor described it; and, at the dictation of Mullins, swore upon it to the truth of the statement he had already made.

“So far, so good,” resumed Mullins, “an’ hould your tongue still, plase your reverence, it’s better fur you. Now, Captain Howard—”

“I only want to ask, is the *shot* come off?” interrupted Tack’em, “for, happy death to me, I’m thirsty. And,” he mumbled to himself, with a momentary expression that showed the wretched man to be not unconscious of the sin and shame of his degradation, “it is the only thing to make me forget—” the rest of his words were muttered too low to be audible even to Howard, beside whom he stood.

“Here, Tim,” said Mullins, giving the shell to the young man, and taking the pistol, “go down to the worm and get a dhrop for the Soggarth.”

The shell returned top-full, and Tack’em, seizing it eagerly, was about to swallow its contents when, glancing at Howard, he stopped short, and offered him “a taste.” The politeness was declined, and Tack’em observed, with fresh assumption of utter flippancy:

“Ah, you haven’t the grace to like it yet. But wait awhile. I thought like yourself at first, remembering my poor old Horace’s aversion to garlic—which, between ourselves, à-vich,¹ is a wholesome herb after all”; and he repeated the beginning of the ode—

“Parentis olim si quis impia manu,
Senile guttur fregerit—”

“Bother,” interrupted Mullins, “ould Hurrish, whoever he is, an’ barrin’ he’s no friend o’ your reverence, could

¹ À-vich, my son.

never be an honest man to talk o' 'gutter' and the pot-then in one breath."

"Och, God help you, you poor ignoramus," replied Tack'em, draining his shell. "What a blessed ignorant crew I have round me! Do *you* know humanity, à-vich?" he continued, addressing himself to Howard.

"Nonsense," interposed Mullins, "we all know that in our turns, and when we can help it. Don't be talkin', but let me do my duty. I was a-sayin, à-roon,"¹ he went on, turning to Howard, "that all was well enough so far. Bud, somehow or other, I 'm thinkin' you will have to do a thing or two more. 'T isn't clear to myself, a-gra, but you must kiss the Primer agin, in the regard of never sayin' a word to a Christhen sowl of your happening to stray down through that hole over your head, or about any one of us, or anything else you saw while you were stayin' wid us."

Howard, remembering that part of his duty was to render assistance at all times to the civil power of the country in putting down illicit distillation, hesitated at this proposition, doubtful but he should be guilty of an indirect compromise of principle in concealing his knowledge of the existence and situation of such a place. He therefore made no immediate answer, and Mullins went on:

"There 's another little matther too. Some poor gossips of ours that have to do with this Captain John—God help 'em!—are all this time in the bog, we hear, in regard o' the small misunderstandin' betwixt you and them. Well, à-vich. You could jest let 'em out, couldn't you?"

"I can engage to do neither of the things you have last mentioned," said Howard, who, assured that concession to the first would not avail him unless he also agreed to the second, thus saved his conscience by boldly resisting both.

"Don't be talkin'," rejoined Mullins, "throth you 'll be just afther promisin' us to do what we ax you, an' on the Buke, too;" and his eye glanced to the pistol.

"It is impossible," said Howard, "my honor, my character, my duty forbid it. If those unfortunate persons yet remain within my lines, they must stay there, or else surrender themselves, unconditionally, as our prisoners."

"I don't think you're sarious," resumed Mullins. "Suppose a body said—you *must* do this."

"I should give the same answer."

¹ *A-roon*, dear.

“Thonomon duoul!¹ don't vex me too well. Do you see what I have in my hand?”

“I see you can murder me if you like, but you have heard my answer.”

“Stop, you bloodhound, stop!” screamed Tack'em. “Happy death to me, what would you be about? Don't you know there 's wiser heads than yours settling that matter? Isn't it in the hands of Father O'Clery by this time? An' who gave you leave to take the law into your own hands?”

“Bother,” said Mullins, “who 'll suffer most by lettin' him go? Who bud myself, that gets the little bit I ate, an' the dhrop I taste, by showin' you all how to manage the still through the country? An' wouldn't it be better to do two things at once, an' get him to kiss the Buke fur all I ax him?”

“You don't understand it,” rejoined Tack'em, “you were never born to understand it. You can do nothin' but pull your trigger or keep the stone in your sleeve. Let better people's business alone, I say, and wait awhile.”

Mullins, looking as if, despite previous arrangements, he considered himself called on, in consequence of a lucky accident, to settle matters his own way, slowly resumed:

“Then I 'll tell you how it 'll be. Let the Sassenach kneel down in his straw, an' do you kneel at his side, plase your reverence, an' give him a better preparation nor his mother, poor lady, ever thought he 'd get. Just say six Patterin'-Aavees, an' let no one be talking. Sure we 'll give him a little time to think of it.”

“Murderous dog!” exclaimed Howard, with the tremulous energy of a despairing man; “recollect what you are about to do. If I fall in this manner there 's not a pit or nook of your barren hills shall serve to screen you from the consequences! Nor is there a man who now hears me, yet refuses to interfere, but shall become an accessory, equally guilty and punishable with yourself, if indeed you dare proceed to an extremity!”

“Don't be talkin',” said Mullins, “bud kneel down.”

“I 'll give you my curse on my two bended knees if you touch a hair of his head!” Tack'em cried, with as much energy as his muddled brain would allow. “And then see

¹ *Thonomon duoul*, thy soul to the devil.

how you 'll look, going about on a short leg, and your elbow scratching your ear, and your shins making war on each other, while all the world is at peace."

"An' don't *you* be talkin', ayther," resumed Mullins, who seemed pertinacious in his objection to the prolonged sound of the human voice; "bud kneel by his side an' hear what he has to tell you first. An' then say your Patterin'-Aavees."

Evidently in fear for himself Tack'em at last obeyed. The other men, with the old hag and the girl, gathered round, and Howard also mechanically knelt. He was barely conscious, and no more, of the plunging gallop in which he hastened into eternity. He grew, despite of all his resolutions to die bravely, pale as a sheet; cold perspiration rushed down his face; his jaw dropped, and his eyes fixed. Strange notions of strange sounds filled his ears and brain. The roaring of the turf fire, predominantly heard in the dead silence, he confusedly construed into the break of angry waters about his head; and the muttering voice of Tack'em as he rehearsed his prayers echoed like the growl of advancing thunder. The last prayer was said—Mullins was extending his arm—when a stone descended from the aperture under which he stood, and at the same time Flinn's well-known voice exclaimed from the roof: "Take that, an' bloody end to you, for a meddling, murderin' rap!" Mullins fell senseless.

"Bounce up, à-vich; you 're safe!" said Tack'em, while, kneeling himself, he clasped his hands, and continued, as if finishing a private prayer that had previously engaged him—"in secula seculorum—Amen!—Jump, I say—jump!—*O festus dies hominis!—vix sum apud me!—jump!*" but Howard did not rise till after he had returned ardent thanks for his deliverance; and he was still on his knees when Flinn rushed down the ladder, crying out: "Thunder-un-ouns!—it's the greatest shame ever came on the counthry!—a burnin' shame! Och! captain, à-vourneen,¹ are you safe an' sound every inch o' you? And they were goin' to trate you in that manner? Are you in a whole skin?" he continued, raising Howard and taking his hand.

"Quite safe, thank you, only a little frightened," said Howard, with a reassured though faint smile.

¹ *À-vourneen*, my beloved.

SOGGARTH AROON.¹

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon!

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you,
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin door,
 And, on the earthen floor,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
 And when my heart was dim
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

¹*Soggarth aroon*, "Priest, dear."

Och, you and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
 And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for Old Ireland's sake
 We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

AILEEN.

'T is not for love of gold I go,
 'T is not for love of fame;
 Though fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
 Aileen;
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
 Aileen;
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go: for this
 I lose thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young faithful smile,
 Aileen;
 Of thy young faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave and try a fate,
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Aileen;
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh, when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care,
 Oh, when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
 Aileen;
 I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me then,
 And a hand will welcome me,
 Aileen;
 A hand will welcome me.

HE SAID THAT HE WAS NOT OUR BROTHER.

[This ferocious attack was provoked by some utterances of the Duke of Wellington about Ireland.]

He said that he was not our brother—
 The mongrel! he said what we knew.
 No, Eire! our dear Island-mother,
 He ne'er had his black blood from you!
 And what though the milk of your bosom
 Gave vigor and health to his veins?
 He was but a foul foreign blossom,
 Blown hither to poison our plains!

He said that the sword had enslaved us—
 That still at its point we must kneel.
 The liar!—though often it braved us,
 We crossed it with hardier steel!
 This witness his Richard—our vassal!
 His Essex—whose plumes we trod down!
 His Willy—whose peerless sword-tassel
 We tarnished at Limerick town!

No! falsehood and feud were our evils,
 While force not a fetter could twine.
 Come Northmen—come Normans—come Devils!
 We give them our *Sparth*¹ to the chine!
 And if once again he would try us,
 To the music of trumpet and drum,
 And no traitor among us or nigh us—
 Let him come, the Brigand! let him come!

¹ *Sparth*, battle-axe.

MICHAEL BANIM.

(1796—1876.)

MICHAEL BANIM was born in Kilkenny in August, 1796, and for many years of his boyhood he attended school in his native town. This school the eccentric proprietor dignified with the name of "The English Academy," and a true and amusing picture of the school and its master is drawn in the pages of 'Father Connell.' At the age of sixteen he decided on the bar as a profession. After studying law for two years, a reverse of fortune overtook his father and undermined his health. Michael Banim at once gave up his cherished plans for a professional career, applied his whole energy and perseverance to the business, and at length had the satisfaction of unraveling the complication and replacing his parents in comfort. This done, he used his leisure hours for reading and study, and spent his spare time in rambles through the beautiful scenery of County Kilkenny. In these journeys he won the confidence of the peasantry, and gained that deep insight into their daily lives which he afterwards reproduced in his lifelike character sketches.

His brother John's arrival on a visit in 1822, after the success of his drama 'Damon and Pythias' gave a new direction to Michael's ideas. In one of their rambles John detailed his plan for writing a series of national tales, in which he would strive to represent the Irish people truly to the English public. Michael approved of the idea, and incidentally related some circumstances which he considered would serve as the foundation of an interesting novel. John, struck with the story and the clear manner of its narration, at once advised Michael to write it himself. After some hesitation the elder brother consented, and the result was one of the most popular among the first series of 'The O'Hara Tales'—'Crohoore of the Bill Hook.' This was written, as were his succeeding productions, in the hours which he could spare from business. To assist John with his work 'The Boyne Water,' Michael traveled in the south of Ireland and supplied him with a description of the siege of Limerick and the route taken by Sarsfield to intercept the enemy's supplies. An adventure befell him during this tour, which he also placed at the disposal of his brother, and it forms the introduction to John Banim's novel 'The Nowlans.'

In 1826 Michael visited his brother in London, and there made the acquaintance of Gerald Griffin, John Sterling, and other celebrities. In the following year the struggle for Catholic Emancipation was in progress, and, putting himself under the leadership of O'Connell, he devoted his energies to the cause. In 1828 'The Croppy' appeared. He had been engaged on this work at intervals during the previous two years. Although not so full of striking situations nor so sensational as 'Crohoore,' the characters were more carefully drawn and the composition was more easy and natural. For some time now he was entirely prostrated with severe illness, and almost five

years elapsed before the appearance of the next tale, 'The Ghost Hunter and his Family.' This was considered by the critics quite equal to the best of 'The O'Hara Tales,' and presents a striking picture of Irish virtue. 'The Mayor of Windgap' appeared in 1834, followed by 'The Bit o' Writin',' 'The Hare, the Hound, and the Witch,' and other tales.

About 1840 Michael married Miss Catherine O'Dwyer. At this time his means were ample. But he had been married scarcely a year when the merchant in whose care his property had been placed failed, and Michael Banim found himself almost a ruined man; his health suffered severely, and for two years his life was despaired of. On his partial recovery he wrote one of his best novels—'Father Connell.' In this work the author sketches to the life the good priest whom he had known and loved in his childhood, and we find the piety, simplicity, and peculiarities of Father O'Connell reproduced in 'Father Connell.'

The publisher to whom this novel was intrusted failed after a portion of it was in type. The failure resulted from no fault of his own, and in time he was able to resume his business. This, however, delayed the appearance of the work, and so discouraged the author that it was many years before he resumed his pen. 'Clough Fion' at length appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1852, and, as its plot turned on a popular grievance, the country evictions, it was well received. 'The Town of the Cascades,' published in 1864, was his last literary work. Its purpose was to paint the awful effects of the vice of intemperance.

In 1873 he was forced by the state of his health to resign his situation of postmaster, which he had held for many years, and to retire with his family to Booterstown, a prettily situated coast town in the county of Dublin. He expired Aug. 30, 1874, leaving a widow and two daughters. The Premier, Mr. Disraeli, interested on her behalf by Dr. R. Madden and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, granted Mrs. Banim a pension from the civil list.

There was a marked contrast between the work of the brothers Banim. That of John had a strong and versatile character, and was often gloomy and tragic in style; while that of Michael displayed far more humor, a much more sunshiny temperament, and a greater tendency to depict the brighter side of life.

THE ENGLISH ACADEMY.

From 'Father Connell, a Tale.'

Jammed in between two more modern houses with shop windows, there was in the "main street" a curious old structure, or rather a succession of very curious old structures, situated to the rear of this introductory one. It had a high parapeted front, over which arose a gable, very

sharp-angled at top, and surmounted by a tall roundish stone chimney.

A semicircular archway, gained by a few steps, ran through it from the street, and led into a small quadrangle, one side of which was formed by its own back, and the other three sides by similar old buildings; that side to your left being partially dilapidated. A second semicircular archway passed under the pile confronting you, as you entered the inclosure from the street, and gave egress into a second, but larger quadrangle. Of this, the far or top side was composed of one range of an older edifice still; that behind you of the rear of the house that fronted you, in the lesser quadrangle; that to your right, of other ancient buildings entirely ruinous; and that to your left, partly of a dead wall, partly of a shed, before which was a bench of mason-work, and partly of a little nook, containing some evergreens, and remarkable for affording place to a queer sentry-box kind of structure, built of solid stone.

And now there was yet a third archway before you, but much narrower than the others, and very much darker, boring its way under the lower part of the structure facing you. In traversing it, your eye caught, to your right hand, doorways imperfectly filled up by old oak doors, half hanging off their old-time hinges, and leading into large, unoccupied, coal-black chambers; and when you emerged from it, the cheery daylight was again around you, in a third enclosed space, of which the most remarkable feature was a long flight of wide stone steps, terminating in a sharply arched door, which led into an elevated garden.

Why dwell on the features of the odd old place? Has no one guessed? Here, Father Connell put his adopted son to school. Here was the scene of years of that boy's pains and pleasures, sports and tasks, tears and laughter—likings and dislikings—friendships—nay, of a stronger and a higher passion, which though conceived in mere boyhood, passed into his youthful prime, and afterwards swayed and shaped the fate, not only of himself, but alas! of his aged protector. . . .

In the middle of the inner quadrangle, there used to be a roundish space, quite smooth, and well sanded over, while the rest of the yard around it was roughly paved—and could human foresight have contrived anything more

appropriate for the marble ring, and the pegtop ring? In "hide and seek," where could the appointed seeker find such a retreat as the old stone sentry-box—the boys called it an old confessional—in which to turn away his head and eyes, until the other urchins should have concealed themselves among some of the fantastic recesses around them? And where could leap-frog be played so well as under the old archways?—and if a sudden shower came on, how conveniently they afforded shelter from it! To such of the boys as had courage for the undertaking, what places above ground, ay, or underground, so fit for enacting "the ghost," as were the pandemonium retreats of the black chambers of the third archway? Was there ever so luxurious a seat for a tired boy to cast himself upon, fanning his scarleted face with his hat, as that offered to him by the bench in the larger quadrangle, canopied overhead by its two umbrageous sycamores, one at its either end? Or, if a poor boy happened to play too much, and too long, and were summoned up to his task, without having conned a single word of it, what crumbling old walls under the sun could compare with those at the opposite side of the square, for supplying in perfection a weed called—locally at least—"Peniterry," to which the suddenly terrified idler might run in his need, grasping it hard and threateningly, and repeating the following "words of power":

"Peniterry, peniterry, that grows by the wall,
Save me from a whipping, or I pull you roots and all" ?

And there was a third sycamore, in a corner belonging to a thrush, who from year to year built her nest, and brought forth her young in it, and she was the best-fed thrush in the world. Her nest lay almost on a level with one of the schoolroom windows—you could nearly touch her, by stretching out your arm from it—and outside this window projected a broken slate, constantly kept filled with various kinds of provisions, for her and her family. Her husband seemed to grow lazy under these circumstances. He would scarce ever leave home in quest of food, and, indeed, do little else than perch upon the very topmost bough over her head, and whistle to her all day long. As for herself, she seemed, out of her trustiness in her little purveyors, to

live in a delightful state of happy quietude. Not a bit startled was she, or even put out, by all their whoopings and uproar in the yard below. Nay, she seemed to take a matronly interest in their studies too; for the boys of the head class, during school-hours, could plainly see her sitting on her eggs, while they sat to their books or slates, and they would fancy that her little, round, diamonded eye used to be watching them.

Well. The old house confronting you, as you entered the first quadrangle from the street, and the rear of which looked into the second quadrangle, was the old school-house. Passing its sharply arched doorway of stone, you entered a hall, floored with old black oak, and ascended a spiral staircase of black oak, coiling round an upright of black oak, and stepped into the schoolroom, floored with black oak, and divided by a thick partition of black oak from the master's bedchamber; in fact, all the partitions, all the doors, all the stairs, all the ceiling-beams—and ponderous things they were—downstairs, and upstairs, through the interior of the crude old edifice, were all, all old black oak, old black oak, nearly as hard as flint, and seemingly rough from the hatchet, too; and the same was the case in the interiors of the other inhabitable portions of the concatenation of ancient buildings.

Through the partition separating his bedchamber from the schoolroom the head of the seminary had bored a good many holes, nearly an inch in diameter, some straightforward, some slantingly, to enable himself to peer into every corner of the study, before entering it each morning; and this is to be kept in mind. At either end of the long apartment was a large square window, framed with stone, and, indeed, stone also in its principal divisions. Overhead ran the enormous beams of old oak, and in the spaces between them were monotonous flights, all in a row, and equally distant from each other, of monotonous angels, in stucco—the usual children's heads, with goose wings shooting from under their ears; and sometimes one or two of these angels became fallen angels, flapping down on clipped wings either upon the middle of the floor, or else upon the boys' heads, as they sat to their desks, and confusing them, and their books, and slates with fragments of stucco and mortar, rotten laths, and rusty nails.

In a kind of recess, on the side of the schoolroom opposite to the boys' double desks, was an old table, flanked by a form, to which, at certain hours of the day, sat some half-dozen young girls, from six to ten years, who came up from the quaint old parlor below, under the care of the master's daughter, who therein superintended their education in inferior matters, to be occasionally delivered into his hands for more excelling instruction.

The principal of this celebrated seminary wrote himself down in full, and in a precise, round hand, James Charles Buchmahon; and his establishment as "the English Academy";—principal we have called him—despotic monarch, we should have called him; for he never had had more than one assistant, and the head of that one he broke before they had been many weeks together.

And never were absolute monarchy, and deep searching scrutiny, more distinctly stamped and carved on any countenance, than upon that of James Charles Buchmahon, master of the English Academy. And that countenance was long and of a soiled sallow color; and the puckering of his brows and eyelids awful; and the unblinking steadiness of his bluish gray eyes insufferable; and the cold-blooded resoluteness of his marbly lips unrelaxable. At the time we speak of him, James Charles Buchmahon might have been between fifty and sixty, but he wore well. He was tall, with a good figure and remarkably well-turned limbs, "and he had the gift to know it," for in order not to hide a point of the beauty of those limbs from the world, he always arrayed them in very tight-fitting pantaloons, which reached down to his ankles. His coat and waistcoat were invariably black. A very small white muslin cravat, and a frill sticking out quite straight from his breast, occupied the space from his chin to his waist. And James Charles Buchmahon's hat was of cream-color beaver, high crowned, and broad brimmed: and he even carried either a formidable walking-stick of stout oak, or else a substitute for it made of five or six peeled switches, cunningly twisted together, and at one end loaded with lead. . . .

Sometimes even the redoubtable James Charles Buchmahon, master of the English Academy, used to indulge in a social glass after dinner—nay, after supper, too, with a

few select friends; and the following day was sure to remain longer than was his wont, in his bedchamber. By some means or other, the young gentlemen of his seminary were scarcely ever ignorant of the recurrences of such evenings; and consequently, for an hour or so, upon the mornings that succeeded them, the schoolroom of the English Academy used to be very unusually relaxed in discipline. It was, indeed, rather a venturesome thing, even with the temptation mentioned, to utter a loud breath, or for a moment vacate a seat, when, as will be remembered, the young students were divided from the awful bedroom by an oak plank, solely; to say nothing of the spy-holes which James Charles Buchmahon had bored through the old partition.

It is evident, however, to the meanest capacity—and even George Booth quite understood the matter—that if the spy-holes were good for the master's *espionnage* upon the boys, they were just as good for the *espionnage* of the boys upon the master—and, indeed, they were as often used one way as the other. Almost every morning in the year, reconnoitering parties were appointed from the first and second classes, who, with the help of those spy-holes, and their own eyes, telegraphed through the school the most minute proceeding of James Charles, from the instant he gave the first stir in his bed, until he laid his hand on the door-handle, to pass out to begin his duties for the day; and it need not be added, that upon the especial occasions of stolen enjoyment alluded to, our young acquaintances were most particularly watchful. It is, then, one of these half-holiday mornings before breakfast. The school abounds with fun and gambol, Neddy Fennell being one of the greatest, if not the very greatest truant among all his compeers. James Charles has been sleeping later than ever was known before; and his subjects, believing that he must have been very drunk indeed the previous night, happily conjecture that he may not waken time enough for the morning lessons—nay, nor for the afternoon lessons—nay, that under Providence he may never waken at all.

But a change soon occurred in Neddy Fennell's sportive idling.

Mention has been made of some very dirty fellows in

the English Academy. They were in their own way jocose fellows, too, particularly upon this memorable morning. They had prepared a little blank paper book, and written upon each of its pages words that betokened, they said, a future fortune of some kind or other, to any or everybody who, by insinuating a pin between two of its leaves, should cause the mystic volume to unfold. The device was not a very original one in the school; and when practiced by boys of anything like neatness of mind, produced much harmless fun. But in their hands the simple plaything, from the nature of the matter they had scribbled through it, degenerated, of course, merely into a vehicle of nastiness.

Neddy Fennell passed them after they had just offended — ay, and abashed to the very crown of his head, Tommy Palmer, by inducing him to read his future destiny; our little friend could also see that James Graham's eyes were fixed on the dirty fellows with deep indignation. They enjoyed, however, the success of their joint invention in fits of smothered laughter; and he overheard them arrange to have "rare sport" among the girls at the other side of the room, so soon as they should come up from the parlor to receive their morning lessons at the hands of James Charles Buchmahon. He started, reddened, and said, "I'll try my fortune too."

They held the book of prophecy to him. He divided its leaves in the usual manner, and read something very like what he had expected. He turned over some more of its leaves, and became satisfied of the nature of all its contents. Just then, the young girls entered the schoolroom, chaperoned by their mistress as far as the door. Neddy glanced towards one of the little troop, and his blood boiled.

"You shall never take this fortune-book to the other side of the room, you blackguards," said Neddy.

"An' who 'll hinder us?" asked they.

"I'll hinder you," he replied, and he put the book into one of the side pockets of his jacket.

There was a remonstrance, and then a pulling and dragging scuffle, and at last a boxing-match; the two dirty fellows, now even more cowardly than they were dirty, falling together upon one little boy, much their inferior in years, height, weight, and strength, while he, nothing daunted, jumped about them, rolling his little fists round

each other, making a good hit whenever he could, and taking all their heavy punishment like a Trojan. But he could not fail having the worst of it. His lips and nose were bruised, and spouted with blood; his left eye became unwillingly half shut up, and he staggered often, and was clean knocked down at last.

A little scream came from the girls' table, and at the same moment one of the dirty fellows said, "The master is coming out."

"Wait till I see," said Neddy, "and if he is not, I'll come back to you."

He ran round the long desk, and was just applying his eye—his only available one—to one of the spy-holes, when, ye gods!—another eye, a well-known, large, gray, bluish eye, a cold, shiny, white and blue delft eye, was in the act of doing the same thing at the other side of the auger-hole.

Neddy's first impulse was, of course, to start back in terror; but the next instant, he stuck his own eye as closely as ever he could, into the opening, shrewdly judging that such a proceeding was the only one which could hinder his opponent from noting and ascertaining his personal identity. And now it became a real trial of skill and endurance between the two eyes; but, oh! the horrors of the ordeal that Neddy had to endure! Sometimes, the large grayish blue eye would withdraw itself about the fourth part of an inch, from its own side of the partition, as if to admit light enough into the orifice, to enable it to mark the rival orb, and connect it with its owner; and then, the cold, freezy scintillations which shot from it curdled his very blood! Sometimes it would adhere as closely to its end of the hole, as did Neddy's at the other end; and then all was darkness to Neddy's vision—but he thought the fringes of the two eyelids touched! and his trembling limbs scarce supported him. He winked, and blinked, and so did the antagonist organ, and then he became assured that the opposing eyelashes absolutely intertangled, and felt as if his own optic was to be drawn out of his head. Mental delusion almost possessed him. The cold, grayish blue eye seemed to become self-irradiated, and to swell into the compass of a shining crown-piece, while it darted into his rays of excruciating light.

Still, however, he courageously held on, until at last, James Charles Buchmahon gave up the contest, and withdrew towards his bedroom door; upon which Neddy hastened to his place at his desk, but not before he had ascertained by a glance across the room, that the dirty fellows, having filched the fortune-book from his pocket during his late trepidation, were in the act of introducing it to the notice of the little dames, who sat to the old table in the recess. In fact, the alarm that had been given by one of the dirty fellows, that "the master was coming," was but a ruse to send Neddy to the spy-hole, in order to enable himself the more easily to recover his precious property; and this was now evident, from the two friends being seen, without the least apprehension of the approach of that said master, endeavoring, in high glee, to impart a portion of their own nastiness to the pure little hearts and minds before them. Neddy had scarcely resumed his seat when James Charles entered the schoolroom, and Neddy's eyes, or rather eye, fastened on his book. Almost at the same moment, the little voice—Neddy knew it well—which had before uttered a little scream, broke into a sudden fit of crying. Neddy again glanced at the girls' table. The child who was crying had just flung into the middle of the room the atrocious fortune-book; and he was about to vault across the desk a second time, to possess himself of the evidence of blackguardism, when James Charles Buchmahon saved him the trouble, by picking it up himself.

The two detected dirty fellows were slinking to their places. "Have the goodness to stand where ye are, gentlemen," entreated James Charles Buchmahon. They stood stock still before him. He sat down to his desk, put on his spectacles, and deliberately began to read the fortune-book.

In a few seconds he suddenly stopped reading, drew his chair smartly back from his desk, raised his hands and eyes, and then screwed the latter into those of the base culprits; he resumed his studies, again pushed back from the desk, again made a silent appeal upwards, and again as silently told the two dirty fellows what he thought of their playful device, and of themselves, and what they had to expect for their cleverness. Having quite finished the rare volume, he stood up, and beckoned them towards him.

They came. He held it open in his hand, before their eyes, pointed to it, and uttered the one word, "Read." He then pointed to the girls' table, tapped the now closed book with his forefinger; slowly opened his desk, slowly deposited therein the "sybilline leaves," and uttered another monosyllable—"Kneel."

The despairing blackguards knelt.

"No!" interrupted James Charles Buchmahon, with great and severe dignity, stepping back from them—"I was wrong; do not kneel; go on all-fours; prop yourselves on your knees and hands together, and remain in that position; I will explain why to you, anon."

Again they obeyed him, their dirty faces growing pallid as death, and their dirty hearts quailing with an undefinable fear and horror at this unprecedented proceeding.

James Charles Buchmahon again returned to the desk, now standing upright before it, however. Very slowly and solemnly he next drew out his pocket-handkerchief, used it—and what a quavering, trumpet sound there then was!—folded and rolled it up into a round hardish lump, held it in both hands tightly, bent his head over it, and began rubbing across it, from side to side, the base of his very broad-backed and hooked nose. Great awe fell upon his subjects, big and little. The process described—which they used to call "sharpening his beak"—was one which, by experience, they well knew betokened the approach of some terrific catastrophe; while they were also very well aware that, during the sharpening of the beak, the two bluish gray eyes were scowling round, from one to another of them—as before remarked, under their proper brows, and over their proper spectacles.

The beak was sharpened. The pocket-handkerchief was unfolded from its sphere-like form, shaken, and put up. James Charles Buchmahon then produced before himself a horn snuff-box, of his own manufacture; tapped it often; gravely took off its lid; dipped deep his finger and thumb into its pungent contents; put on its lid; returned it into his waistcoat-pocket, sniffed up, in a long, long-drawn sniff, about half of the huge pinch he had abstracted from it, and then he uttered three words more.

"Master Edmund Fennell!"

The individual so summoned left his seat, and stood before the throne.

James Charles applied his spectacles close to Neddy's face, deliberately and diligently scanning it, now upwards and downwards, now from side to side. With much suavity he then took him by the shoulder, and induced him to turn round and round, that he might critically inspect the evidences left upon his dress of his fall on the very dusty, old oak floor.

This investigation ended, a piercing "Whew!"—which continued while his breath lasted, followed it; the "whew" was, by the way, usual on such occasions as the present, and it used to traverse the boys' heads, as if a long needle had been thrust into one ear, and out through the other. And then, after finishing the pinch of snuff, he politely addressed Neddy.

"Why, sir, you are quite a buffer—a perfect Mendoza. I had no conception whatsoever, sir, that my seminary had the honor of containing such an eminent pugilist. But, sir, any young gentleman, who aspires to become a bully, under this roof, must begin by fighting with me, and more than that—he must become my conqueror, before I can permit the English Academy to be turned into a bear-garden. But we shall speak of this, sir, when I shall have discharged a more pressing duty. In the meantime, Master Edmund Fennell, have the kindness to kneel down—a little apart, however, from those two prone animals," pointing to the two dirty fellows, who of course still continued on their hands and knees.

Neddy could have said something in his own defense, but he was either too proud or too much put out to do so; or perhaps he wisely reserved himself for the re-investigation of his case, which seemed to have been promised; so he knelt down.

A new fit of crying and sobbing was heard from the old table in the recess, and a beautiful little girl, her cheeks streaming tears, ran forward to the judgment-seat.

And—"Sir, sir," she exclaimed, clasping her little hands, "do not punish Ned Fennell—he doesn't deserve it!—he is a good little boy, and often comes to see my father, with old priest Connell—and my father says he is a good boy—and so does priest Connell;—and least of all does he

deserve your anger, for what has happened this morning! I saw and heard it all, sir—and I can make you sure that he has done nothing wrong,—no—but done everything that was right, sir. Oh! good Mr. James Charles Buchmahon, do not take him into your room and hurt him!”

Neddy had not shed a tear before this moment; after an upward glance at his little advocate, he now cried heartily—but they were happy tears he shed. James Charles Buchmahon stood motionless—his large, cold eyes became half-covered by their upper lids. He smiled, in something like the kindness of human nature, and the boys thought, as well as they could judge through his spectacles, that a softening moisture came over them. At all events, he quietly sat down, took the little girl by the hand, drew her to his knee, and began to question her in a low voice.

She informed him that Neddy's scuffle, in the first instance, with the two dirty fellows, arose out of his endeavoring to hinder them from approaching the girls' table with their atrocious book of fortunes. She repeated the words that passed between Neddy and them; and how Neddy put the book into the pocket of his jacket, and then how they fell upon him, while he would not give up his prize, but defended himself as well as he was able. James Charles listened attentively, and questioned the child over again, and very minutely. When she had said all she could say, he bent his lips to her ear and whispered a few words. The little thing clapped her hands, dashed aside with them the tears and the golden hair at once, which were both blinding her, and her lovely little face was one glowing smile, as she whispered in her turn—“Oh! thank you, sir.” But James Charles Buchmahon, becoming somewhat scandalized at so unaffected a show of feeling and of nature, raised his forefinger and said, in almost one of his freezing tones—“Now go back to your seat, Miss M'Neary.”

Little Helen, after making her little salaam, obeyed; but not before her smiling eyes and those of Neddy Fennell, now also smiling, had contrived to meet.

A death-like silence ensued—

“It was as if the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end!”

And during the "awful pause" James Charles Buchmahon, half inclining himself backwards, and holding his head perfectly erect, while his hands hung clenched by his sides, frowned downwards upon the two dirty fellows, in, as it were, speechless abhorrence and indignation.

At length he broke the pause by uttering, in tones that seemed to come from the depths of his laboring bosom:—

"Quadrupeds! become, for a moment, bipeds—imitate humanity by standing upright."

With the facility of dancing bears the quadrupeds did as they were bid.

"Quadrupeds! how many senses are there?"

"Five, sir!" they bawled out in a breath.

"You, quadruped, to my right hand, name those five senses."

"Feeling, hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, sir."

All this seemed very wide of the mark, and puzzled the dirty fellows, and the whole school besides, exceedingly.

"So far, so good. Well, then, none of my five senses ever yet perceived, so as to cause my reflective powers to apprehend, and thereby my understanding to arrive at the conclusion that the English Academy was founded and instituted by me, for the training up of any of the inferior animals—or any of the brute creation, in fact. I could not have possibly imagined that, at this time of my life, I was to degenerate into an instructor of beast brutes—ay, of the foulest among the foul brutes—of foul, snorting swine. But you have undeceived me. And allow me to ask you, how has it come to pass that you have been enabled to stand upright in your sty, and present yourself, upon two feet, at the threshold of the English Academy? By what 'mighty magic' has been wrought the presumptuous deception?"

The quadrupeds did not venture to answer the question.

"I say to you both that, in daring to stand erect on your hinder legs, you have attained the very climax of audacity. But—" here James Charles slowly took out of his desk the cat-o'-nine-tails—"but I will assert over you the outraged dignity of human nature. Great as may have been the spell which enabled you, for a season, to look like human beings, I can overmaster that spell by a higher one, and force you to resume your pristine positions

on the earth. Down, therefore! Down again on all-fours—I command your retransformation!” he waved the cat slowly around his head; “abandon the bearing of humanity and once more move along with prone visages and snouts, delving into your native mire and filth.”

The swine, as James Charles now called them, evidently did not comprehend this long harangue, and only glared at him with pallid visages.

“Did you not hear me, unclean brutes?”

“Yes, sir,” they gasped.

“Obey, then!”—a hissing of whipcord came round their ears and then its crash descended on their bare heads. They shouted, clapped their hands to their smarting craniums, and jumped aside. The cat next applied her claws to the backs of those hands; and there was a still louder yell, and a wider jump aside.

“We don’t know what you want us to do, sir!” they screamed out.

But James Charles Buchmahon soon made them know; and again they were on their hands and knees.

“Grunt now, ye swine—manifest your nature a little further. Grunt!” he again elevated the cat.

They earnestly assured him they could not grunt.

“Can’t? I will soon show all the young gentlemen here that I have not mistaken your nature or qualities—come, grunt, I say!” and the cat was scratching wherever she could insert a claw.

“Ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh—oh-ah!” they at last grunted and shouted together.

“Did I not judge aright, gentlemen of the English Academy—hark, how plainly they can speak their original language—walk forward, now, swine—but still, still on your four legs—do you hear? and grunt as ye go, that all human beings may avoid you.”

Round and round the schoolroom he made them crawl, while, perforce, they still imitated the discordant sounds of the animals they personified. In vain did they attempt to escape under desks or forms. With a smart cane, which he had now substituted for the cat, their merciless driver soon hunted them out again to the middle of the floor; and if they ceased their motion, for one instant, or refused to grunt, down came the cane on them.

At last, growing tired of his occupation, James Charles halted, and allowed them to do the same.

"So far, swine," he said, "you have been only enforced to resume your proper natures, and display your proper attributes. Real punishment for your crimes you have not yet received. Punishment first, for your unnameable crimes at yonder table, and all your proceedings connected therewith; punishment, secondly, for your cowardly swinish crime of attacking together one little boy; one little human creature, certainly inferior to you in mere brute strength—and rending and disfiguring the comely human features that Providence had blessed him with. I am still your debtor, I admit. But please God, I shall not long be so."

Only waiting to imbibe a fresh pinch of snuff, as a kind of piquant stimulus to his already perfect good will for the task before him, James Charles then belabored the two dirty rascals, from the nape of the neck to the termination of the back-bone—allowing them, at last, to go halting and roaring to their places, only because his arm was no longer able to hit them hard enough.

Again returning to his desk, he again called out, "Master Edmund Fennell—" speaking still very loudly, though the boy was within a very few inches of him. Neddy arose willingly enough.

"I, the more readily, and the more easily, have been induced to remit the punishment due to your offense, sir, of repelling even by one single ungentlemanlike blow, the attack made, no matter how brutally, upon you, because your late re-entrance into the English Academy, after a long absence from it, since your good father's death—" Neddy burst out crying—"may have caused you to forget that I require from the youth of my establishment, not the turbulence of prize-fighters, but the habits of young gentlemen. Sir, there shall be no boxing-matches in the English Academy. If there be cause of quarrel, it must be immediately referred to me, and justice shall be dealt to both parties. Go now, Master Edmund Fennell, and return your respectful thanks to Miss Helen M'Neary, to whose generous interference you stand chiefly indebted on this important occasion; go, sir—if indeed the young lady

can bear to regard, even for an instant, the present very ungentlemanlike state of your features."

Neddy was instantly hastening, as fast as he could walk, his arms wide open, to obey this reasonable and pleasant request.

"Stop, sir," roared James Charles Buchmahon. This unexpected countermand sounded like a gun-shot in Neddy's ears, and he certainly did stop.

"Pray, sir, in what seminary did you acquire that uncouth and bruin-like method of paying your respects to a young lady? Retire some distance back, and make an obeisance to Miss M'Neary; thus, sir; look at me, sir, if you please."

Ned looked accordingly, and beheld James Charles Buchmahon advance his finger and thumb to the brim of his cream-colored beaver, keeping his elbow turned out, and his arm well rounded as he did so; and then he beheld him solemnly raise the beaver from his bald, gray head, sway it downward gradually and gracefully, and bend his body, until his head came on a line with his hips; and James Charles, during all this process, smiled and simpered his very best, and at last said in a fascinating tone—"Miss Helen M'Neary, I return you my most sincere and respectful acknowledgments."—"Now, sir!" And James Charles again stood very straight, and holding his head very high, proud of the perfection of his politeness, while his eye took a short circuit round the schoolroom to notice the universal admiration which his dignified gracefulness must have called forth. Neddy Fennell contrived to turn his face from the observation of his preceptor, while he performed the task prescribed to him; and then gave—repeating every syllable he had heard—so correct an imitation, in tone, manner, and action of James Charles Buchmahon, that the row of young ladies before him, and all the boys around him, were nearly suffocated with the attempt they made to suppress their laughter.

"That will do, sir: you may now retire to your place," added James Charles.

LYNCH LAW ON VINEGAR HILL.

From 'The Croppy.'

After the great mass of the insurgents abandoned their position on Vinegar Hill to advance upon Wexford (which, as we have seen, was yielded to them without a struggle) a considerable number, attached to their cause, still remained on the rocky eminence, ostensibly as a garrison to guard the conquered town below, but really to shun the chance of open fighting, or else to gratify a malignant nature. We might indeed say that all who acted upon either of the motives mentioned were influenced by both. For it is generally true that the bravest man is the least cruel, the coward most so. That he who hesitates not to expose himself in a fair field, will yet hesitate to take life treacherously, coolly, or at a disproportioned advantage over his opponent. While the boastful craven, who shrinks from following in his footsteps, glories to show a common zeal in the same cause by imbruing his hands in the blood of the already conquered, of the weak, or of the defenseless.

Apart from the new recruits that continued to come in to the popular place of rendezvous, the majority of the executioners and butchers of Vinegar Hill were, according to the accounts of living chroniclers on both sides of the question, individuals of this last kind. Amongst them, indeed, were some who, if peculiar outrages had not temporarily roused their revenge to a maddening thirst for blood, would never have brutalized themselves and shamed the nature they bore by participation in such deeds as were done upon the breezy summit of that fatal hill. But these were outnumbered by their brethren of a different character; men, demons rather, to be found in all communities, whose natural disposition was murderous, and who, but for the coward fear of retributive justice, would spill blood upon the very hearthstone of household peace. Alas for our boasted nature when such beings share it!

At the head of the main force all the principal or more respectable leaders had necessarily taken their departure from "the camp." The so-called leaders who remained in nominal command over the skulking mob we have de-

scribed were themselves scarce raised above the scum and dregs who, for a recognized similarity of character rather than for any merit, chose them as their "capt'ns." And by these men were conducted or despatched, during the previous night and day, different bands in different directions, to seize on provisions, to drive in cattle and sheep, and to lead captive to the rendezvous all whom they might deem enemies to the cause of what was now pompously styled—poor, brave little Peter Rooney's heart jumping at the sound—"The Wexford Army of Liberty."

Accordingly sheep, cows, oxen, and Orangemen, or supposed Orangemen, had, previous to Sir William Judkin's approach to the hill, been abundantly provided for the satiety of the only two cravings felt by their ferocious captors. Such of the former as could not immediately be devoured were suffered to ramble among the rocks and patches of parched grass on the side of the eminence until hunger again called for a meal; such of the latter as, from whim or fatigue, were not summarily despatched, were thrust into a prison—a singular one—until revenge or murder again roared for its victims.

On the summit of the height stood a roofless, round building, originally intended for a windmill but never perfected, because, perhaps, in the middle of the projector's work it became tardily evident to him that the river at his feet supplied a better impetus for grinding corn than was to be gained from the fitful breeze after mounting up the side of the steep hill. In Ireland such buildings rarely occur, inasmuch as in almost every district the river or the rill invites the erection of the more diligent water-wheel. Indeed we have heard that the half-finished pile in question was the first thought of an English settler, accustomed to such structures in his own country, and subsequently abandoned for the reasons already mentioned.

But at the time of our story this roofless round tower, about seven paces in diameter and perhaps twenty-five feet in height, was appropriated to a use very different from that for which it had been planned. It served, in fact, as a temporary prison for the unfortunate persons captured by the marauding garrison of Vinegar Hill. Many were the victims thrust through its narrow doorway to meet a horrid death on the pikes of the savages abroad.

Never before or since, in Ireland, did the summer sun dart fiercer rays than, as if in sympathy with the passions and acts it witnessed, during the hot struggle of civil war in the year 1798. As Sir William Judkin spurred his jaded smoking horse towards the eminence beast and rider were faint with heat and toil.

His horse, although stretching every muscle at the goad of his bloody spur, could but creep with distended nostril and bursting eye against the steep and rock-encumbered acclivity. Impatient of the animal's tardy progress, Sir William sprang, with an imprecation, from his back, and pushed upward; drenched indeed in perspiration at every step, yet with a constancy and a nerve scarce to be accounted for, unless that his heated brain gave him such stimulus as imparts incredible strength to the maniac. He gained a view of the old windmill tower. Upon its top was hoisted a rude flag of sun-faded green, on which, in clumsy white letters, had been inscribed "Liberty or Death." Had the breeze been brisk enough to float the banner to its full extent such were the words that would have met the eye. But the summer breeze had fled the summit of Vinegar Hill, leaving that baleful flag to droop over the scene beneath it, until within its heavy folds the word "Liberty" became hidden, and "Death" alone was visible.

His banner it might indeed well appear to be—drooping, in appropriate listlessness, as it flaunted the name of the destroyer above the havoc he had made. For, just below the base of the tower the rocks and the burned grass were reddened, and lifeless bodies, frightfully gashed, lay here and there, some fully to be seen, others partly concealed by the stunted furze and shrubs.

Sir William still toiled upward. In different places along the hill-side, and even at some distance beyond its foot, were groups of men, women, and children,—some reposing after fatigue, others seated round blazing fires of wood and furze. The slaughtered carcasses of sheep and cows often lay in close neighborhood with the mortal remains of their enemies. And the houseless Croppy, when necessitated by hunger, hacked a piece from the plundered animal he had killed, held it on his pike-head before the blaze, and when thus inartificially cooked, either stretched his rude spit, still holding the morsel on its point, to some

member of his family, or voraciously devoured it himself. Even here, amongst these houseless and friendless people—none, we would add, of the ferocious garrison of the wind-mill prison, but rather some poor wanderers from a burned cabin, recently come in—even amongst these, surrounded by sights of horror, and stifling their hunger in this almost savage manner, national characteristics were not beaten down. The laugh was frequent as the cook made some droll remark upon the novelty of his occupation or the excellence of the fare, the words deriving half their import from his tone and manner as he perhaps said—“ Well! it’s nate mate, considerin’ Orange sheep; ”—or “ By gonnies! Orange is the Croppy’s friend, an’ who ’ll deny it? ”—holding the broiled flesh high on his pike:—“ Sure it’s no other than a friend ’ud feed fat sheep for a body;—open your mouths an’ shet your eyes. Now boys an’ girls—the biggest mouth ’ill have this undher the teeth, I’m thinkin’.” And they gaped and laughed loud, as, with a grave face, the examiner went round to decide on the comparative width of each yawning cavern.

There were carousing groups too, sending illicit whisky or other more legal liquor from hand to hand; and the beverage did not fail of its enlivening effect. And leaders appeared, with green ribbons or perhaps a military sash around their persons, or epaulettes on their shoulders, torn from officers they had slain. These were busy inspecting different bands of insurgents as they practiced their pike exercise, now driving forward the weapon at a given object, now darting it over their shoulders as if to meet a foe from behind, now adroitly grasping it at either end with both hands, and bringing into play the elastic staff, as with great dexterity they whirled it round their persons to keep off an attack in front. Through all arose loud vociferations, each directing the other, according as he arrived, or fancied he had arrived, at greater proficiency than his neighbor.

Sir William’s attention was at length riveted upon the particular throng who, variously occupied, surrounded the narrow entrance to the old tower. With furious action and accents the clamorous crowd here hustled together, and a first glance told that their present occupation brought into energy all the ferociousness of their nature.

Some of them who were on horseback waved their arms, and endeavored to raise their voices over the din of those around, who, however, vociferated too ardently to listen to their words. While all looked on at the slaughter committed by a line of pikemen drawn up before the tower, whose weapons were but freed from one victim to be plunged into another, it was not merely a shout of triumph but the more deadly yell of gluttoned vengeance or malignity, which, drowning the cry of agony that preceded it, burst with little intermission from all.

Two sentinels armed with muskets guarded the low and narrow entrances to the temporary prison, and grimly did they scowl on the crowded captives pent up within its walls. Another man, gaunt and robust in stature, having a horseman's sword buckled awkwardly at his hip, a green ribbon tied round his foxy felt hat, the crimson sash of a slain militia officer knotted round his loins, two large pistols thrust into it, and a formidable pike in his hand, rushed from time to time into the tower, dragged forth some poor victim, and put him to a short examination. Then, unless something were urged in favor of the destined sufferer sufficient to snatch him from the frightful fate numbers had already met, he flung him to his executioners. And this man, so furious, so savage, and so remorseless, was Shawn-a-Gow.

Armed also with a musket, and stationed between the line of pikemen and the door of the tower in order that he might be the first agent of vengeance, stood the ill-favored scoundrel we have mentioned in a former chapter—the murderous Murtoch Kane, late a “stable-boy” at the inn of Enniscorthy. As he leveled at his victim, proud of the privilege of anticipating his brother-executioners, the ruffian's brow ever curled into the murderer's scowl.

The hasty interrogatories proposed to each cringing captive by Shawn-a-Gow midway between the tower and the pikemen had exclusive reference to the religious creed of the party. The acknowledgment of Protestantism, deemed synonymous with Orangeism, at once proclaimed, or rather was assumed as proclaiming, a deadly enemy, meriting instant vengeance. Yet in this the rabble insurgents of Vinegar Hill acted with a curious inconsistency. Many Protestants held command in the main force of which they called

themselves adherents; nay, the individual selected by unanimous choice as "commander-in-chief" was of the established religion of the state. But why pause to point out any departure from principle in the persons of such men as are before us? Were their deeds to be justly visited on the more courageous as well as more numerous bodies of the insurgents, we might indeed occupy ourselves with the question.

Panting and nearly fainting, Sir William Judkin gained the tower, and ere he could address a question to those around, stood still to recover his breath. Two prisoners were dragged forth by the relentless Shawn-a-Gow.

"Are you a Christian?" he demanded, glaring into the face of one trembling wretch as he grasped him by the collar.

"I am, Jack Delouchery," he was answered.

"Are you a right Christian?"

"I am a Protestant."

"Ay—the Orange."

"No, not an Orangeman."

"Now, hould silence, you dog! every mother's son o' ye is Orange to the backbone. Is there any one here to say a word for this Orangeman?"

There was an instant's silence, during which the pale terror-stricken man gazed beseechingly upon every dark and ominous face around him. But the cry "Pay him his reckonin'" soon sealed the victim's doom. With a fierce bellow, the words, "Ay, we'll weed the land o' ye—we'll have only one way; we'll do to every murtherer o' ye what ye'd do to us!"—was the furious sentence of the smith as he pitched him forward. Murtoch Kane shot, and a dozen pikes did the rest.

The smith seized the second man. One of the lookers-on started forward, claimed him as a friend, and told some true or feigned story of his interference previous to the insurrection between Orange outrage and its victims. He was flung to his patron by Shawn-a-Gow with the carelessness of one who presided over life and death; the same savage action tossing the all but dead man into life which had hurled the previous sufferer into eternity.

Sir William Judkin, as the smith again strode to the door of the prison, came forward, with the question ready

to burst from his chapped and parched lips, when the man whose name he would have mentioned, already in the gripe of Shawn, was dragged forth into view.

The baronet stepped back, his manner changed from its fiery impetuosity. He now felt no impulse to bound upon a prey escaping from his hands. In the Gow's iron grasp, and in the midst of a concourse of sworn enemies, the devoted Talbot stood closely secured. Either to indulge the new sensation of revenge at last gratified, or compose himself to a purpose that required system in its execution, Sir William stood motionless, darting from beneath his black brows arrowy glances upon his rival, his breathing, which recently had been the pant of anxiety, altered into the long-drawn respiration of resolve.

Captain Talbot appeared despoiled of his military jacket, his helmet, his sash, and all the other tempting appendages of warlike uniform, which long ago had been distributed amongst the rabble commanders of "the camp." No man can naturally meet death with a smile: it is affectation even in the hero that assumes it; it is bravado on other lips to hide a quailing heart. And Captain Talbot, whatever might have been the strength and the secrets of his heart, as he instinctively shrank from the rude arm of Shawn-a-Gow, was pale and trembling, and his glance was that of dread.

Hopeless of mercy, he spoke no word, used no remonstrance; it was unavailing. Before him bristled the red pikes of his ruthless executioners; behind him stood Murtoch Kane, cocking his musket. The grasp that dragged him along told at once the determination and the strength of the infuriated giant.

"There's a dozen o' ye, I'm sure!" sneered Shawn: "I'll stand out to spake for Sir Thomas Hartley's hangman." The tone of bitter, savage mockery in which he spoke grated at Talbot's ear, as, first grinning into his prisoner's face, he glanced in fierce triumph over the crowd.

"A good pitch to him, Capt'n Delouchery," cried one of the executioners; "don't keep us waitin'; we're dhry and hungry for him." A general murmur of execration followed, and an impatient shout at the delay of vengeance.

"My undeserved death will be avenged, murderers as

you are," cried the pallid Captain Talbot, in accents distinct through desperation.

Shawn-a-Gow held him at arm's-length, and with an expression of mixed ferocity and amazement again stared into his face.

"An' you're callin' us murtherers, are you?" he said, after a moment's pause—"Boys, bould Croppy boys, d' ye hear him? Tell me, ar'n't you the man that stood by the gallows' foot, wid the candle in your hand, waitin' till the last gasp was sent out o' the lips o' him who often opened his door to you, and often sat atin' and dhrinkin' wid you, under his own roof? Ar'n't you, Talbot, that man?"

No answer came from the accused.

"You don't say No to me. Ay! becace you can't! Yet you call murtherers on us. Are you here, Pat Murphy?" he roared.

"I'm here," replied the man who had before raised the first cry for instant vengeance.

"Do you know anything good this caller of names done to you?"

"It was him an' his yeomen hung the only born brother o' me."

"D' ye hear that, *you* murtherer? D' ye hear that, an' have you the bouldness in you to spake to us?—I'll tell you, you Orange *skibbeah!* we'll keep you up for the last. Ay, by the sowl o' my son! we'll keep you for the very last, till you're half dead wid the fear, an' till we'll have time to pay you in the way I'd glory to see, or—Come here, Murphy! Come out here—stand close—you ought to be first. Take your time wid him! Keep him feeling it as long as a poor Croppy 'ud feel the rope, when they let him down only to pull him up again.

The man stepped forward as he was ordered. Shawn-a-Gow swung the struggling Captain Talbot around. With his instinctive avoidance of a terrible death the prisoner grasped with the disengaged hand the brawny arm that held him, and, being a young man of strength, clung to it in desperation—in desperation without hope. But although he was young and strong and desperate, he opposed the sinew of a Hercules. The smith, with his single arm, dashed him backwards and forwards, until maddened by Talbot's continued clinging and his agile recovery of his

legs, at every toss Shawn's mouth foamed. He seized in his hitherto inactive hand the grasping arms of the struggler, and tore them from their hold. "Now, Murphy!" he bellowed, as Murphy couched his pike, and pushed down his hat and knit his brows to darkness. Shawn-a-Gow's right side was turned to the executioner, his black distorted face to the weapon upon which he should cast his victim; he stood firmly on his divided legs, in the attitude that enabled him to exert all his strength in the toss he contemplated;—when Sir William Judkin, hitherto held back by a wish perhaps to allow all vicissitudes of suffering to visit his detested rival, sternly stepped between the writhing man and his fate.

"Stop, Delouchery!" he said, in a deep impressive voice. Before the smith could express his astonishment or rage at the interruption,—“Stop,” he said again, in higher accents; “this villain”—scowling as he used the term of contempt—“this villain must be given into my hands—I must kill him!”—he hissed in a whisper close at Shawn's ear—“I must kill him myself!”

“Why so?” growled the smith.

“He is the murderer of my father-in-law, Sir Thomas Hartley.”

“People here has just as good a right to him,” answered Shawn-a-Gow surlily, much vexed at the interruption he had experienced, and scarce able to stay his hand from its impulse. “Here's Pat Murphy. He hung the only born brother of him: Murphy must have a pike through Talbot. I had one through Whaley!”

“And he shall. But, Delouchery, listen farther. Talbot has forced off my wife—has her concealed from me—Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter. After murdering the father he would destroy the child—and that child my wife. Before he dies I must force him to confess where she is to be found. And then, Murphy and I for it between us.”

“I'll soon force out of him, for you, where the wife is.”

“No, Delouchery, he will tell nothing here.”

“An' where will you bring him to make him tell?”

“Only to yonder field at the bottom of the hill.”

The smith paused, and seemed resolving the proposition in all its points. He cast his eyes around. “Molloney,

come here—Farrell, come here,” he said. Two men advanced from the interior of the prison.

“Where’s the rope that tied the Orangemen that come into the camp from Bunclody?”

“It’s to the good for another job, capt’n.”

Without further explanation he forced Captain Talbot backward into the prison, reappeared with him, his hands tied behind his back, and gave the end of the rope into Sir William Judkin’s hand. Then he called Murphy aside, and, in a whisper of few words, directed him to accompany “Curnel Judkin,” and give him a helping hand, or watch him close, as the case might seem to demand. Then turning to the baronet, “There he’s for you now: have a care an’ do the business well,” he said.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known; perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm to exhibit them in a favorable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed (then came England’s munificent donation—God prosper her for it!) wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a

bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him): “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into the corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under “the sickness.” He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out-of-doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expres-

sion of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbors who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michaul Carroll, “a body could spake forn’ent him, and not spake for nothin’, for all that he’s an Englishman; and I don’t like the thoughts o’ goin’ up to the house to the steward’s face; it wouldn’t turn kind to a body. May be he’d soon come home to us, the masther himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul’s hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on a small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the “hard” steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well known “stannin,” and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man’s heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. “Bud, *musha*,¹ what’s the harm o’ that?” he said to himself, “only here’s the ould father, an’ *her* pet boy, the *weenock*,² without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*,³ if they can’t have the pyatees, they must have better food,

¹ *Musha*, expression of surprise. ² *Weenock*, a weakling.

³ *Asthore*, my treasure.

that's all; ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands, at his side, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—" an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself, and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night he said to the old man, across the room, "Don't be a crying to-night, father, you and the child there; but sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'." "The good break'ast, *ma bouchal*?¹ a then, an' where'll id come from?" "A body promised it to me, father." "*Avich!* Michaul, an' sure it's fun you're makin' of us, now, at any rate; but the good-night, *a chorra*,² an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax His blessin', too, mornin' an' evening', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your *weenock*, now fast asleep at my side; and it's my word to you now, *ma bouchal*, an' you won't forget id; an' there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel in glory by the hand, Michaul, *a vourneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had laid down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him

¹ *Ma bouchal*, my boy. ² *A chorra*, my friend.

utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had indeed walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name? "the name that a rogue or a bowld woman never bore," continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, increased by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself, stole out cautiously, peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans' field.

The sight sickened the father; the blood on his son's hands and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow:

“And what *hollg*¹ is on you, *ma bouchal*?” “Going for the good break’ast I promised you, father dear.” “An’ who ’s the good Christhin ’ll give id to us, Michaul?” “Oh, you ’ll know that soon, father; now, a good-bye”—he hurried to the door. “A good-bye, then, Michaul; bud tell me, what ’s that on your hand?” “No—nothin’,” stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself; “nothin’ is on it; what could there be?” (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person, and the father’s question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw). “Well, *avich*, an’ sure I didn’t say anything was on it wrong, or anything to make you look so quare, an’ spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin’; only I ’ll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd’n likin’ to us, to send us the good break’ast? an’ answer me sthraight, Michaul, what is id to be that you call it so *good*?” “The good mate, father”—he was again passing the threshold. “Stop!” cried his father, “stop, an’ turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate? What ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an’ again, who is to give id to you?” “Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——” “A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!” added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; “a body that thieved id, an’ no other body. Don’t think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure, but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbors, in my own mind, an’ know that none of ’em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break’ast in an honest way. An’ I don’t say outright that you had the same thought wid me when you consented to take it from a thief; I don’t mean to say that you ’d go to turn a thief’s recaiver at this hour o’ your life, an’ afther growin’ up from a boy to a man without bringin’ a spot o’ shame on yourself, or on your *weenock*, or on one of us. No, I won’t say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an’ your mind was darkened, for a start; an’ the thought o’ gettin’ comfort for the ould father, an’ for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin’ well afore you, or widout lookin’ up to your good God.” “Father, father, let me alone! don’t spake them words

¹ *What hollg is on you?* What are you about?

to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face. "Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't; nothing to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean it—only this, *a vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich, ma chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessing on our faist." "Well, thin, I won't either, father—I won't; an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you to beg, or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste brute, for our break'ast." "My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you; sorrow a shame is in that—no, but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christhins together; only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing." "What, father?" Michaul began to suspect. "Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma bouchal*, I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry, an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quittin' the place widout hidin' every scrap of anything that could tell on us." "Tell on us! what can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?" "Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—" "But what, father?" "Have you left nothin' in the way out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. "Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your own self has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it." "Ay, to-day mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so—" "*Curp an duoul!*"¹ imprecated Michaul, "this is too bad at any rate; no, I didn't—last night—let me alone, I bid you, father." "Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door, and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a

¹ *Curp an duoul*, Body to the devil.

start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice: "Hushth, now, father, it's time." "No, Michaul, I will not hushth, an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn." "Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture. "Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence. "Arrah, hushth, old man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded. "I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly, "ay, and at your work in id too." "What's that you're sayin, ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice. "Enough to hang his son!" whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans' land steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave his wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably: "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said: "I ax pardon o' you, *avich*; won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot

him, a vourneen." "No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but everything to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'—" The many strong and bitter feelings, which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the roadside after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge in it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself, as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; then, when the little child had been disposed of in a neighboring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'T is a s'trange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's, "it's a very s'trange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward: "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two

sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "Not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately: "Call Peery Carroll." "Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him, by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailer and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed upon his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not

tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start"; and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said: "My Judge in heaven above, 't is you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day—amen"; and then, repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers)—"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?" "Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind; every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living creatur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God; an' sure the people are afther telling you, by this time, how it come about that night; an' you, my lord—an' ye, gintlemen—an' all good Christians that hear me; here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 't was for the *weenock* and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place, an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, an' another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our break'ast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it." "It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?" "*Musha*—the

Lord pity him and me—I did, sir.” “Doing what?” “The sheep between his hands,” answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly. “I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up, take the crier’s rod, and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head.” “*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don’t ax me to do that!” pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping. “Och, don’t, my lord, don’t, and may your own judgment be favorable the last day.” “I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod,” answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears, and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. “Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a chorra ma chree!*” exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son, “is id your father they make to do it, *ma bouchal?*” “My father does what is right,” answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and, when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. “We rest here, my lord,” said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

“Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe that the old man’s conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man’s son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words.

But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

JANE BARLOW.

(1857 —)

JANE BARLOW was born in Clontarf, County Dublin, about 1857. She is a daughter of the Rev. J. W. Barlow, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and is a scholar and great reader. She has spent most of her life at Raheny in the same county, and has published, in verse, 'Bogland Studies,' 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' a metrical version of the 'Batrachomyomachia,' 'The End of Elfin-Town,' besides scattered poems. Her prose works include 'Irish Idylls,' 'Kerrigan's Quality,' 'Strangers at Lisconnel,' a second series of 'Irish Idylls,' 'Maureen's Fairing' and 'Mrs. Martin's Company,' both in 'The Iris Library,' 'A Creel of Irish Stories,' and 'From the East Unto the West.'

"Miss Jane Barlow's admirable sketches of peasant-life in Ireland have," says Mr. George A. Greene in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "in a few years gained for her a well-deserved reputation among the Irish writers in prose of the present generation; it may be doubted, indeed, whether any one has to the same extent sounded the depths of Irish character in the country districts and touched so many chords of sympathy, humor, and pathos. Of her work in verse, a portion, and that perhaps the most significant, falls into the same category. 'Bogland Studies' (among which 'Terence Macran' may be included) are indeed, save for the metrical form, just another volume of the 'Irish Idylls' which have charmed and delighted so many readers. It is not merely the peasant dialect that is faithfully and picturesquely reproduced, but the working of the rural mind and the emotions of the heart, fully and sympathetically understood; so much so that in the eight studies thus classed together it has become inevitable that in each case the narrator should be the peasant himself or herself. It is because the author has so completely succeeded in identifying herself with her characters that the language employed by them as means of expression is so veritably and vividly Irish, natural, and not put on. Thus the flashes of wit, the neat turns of phrase, the quick and apt similes, the quaint and picturesque form and color of language, strike the reader not only as characteristic, unmistakable Irish sayings, exactly such as are to be caught flying in every village, but they arise naturally out of the thought."

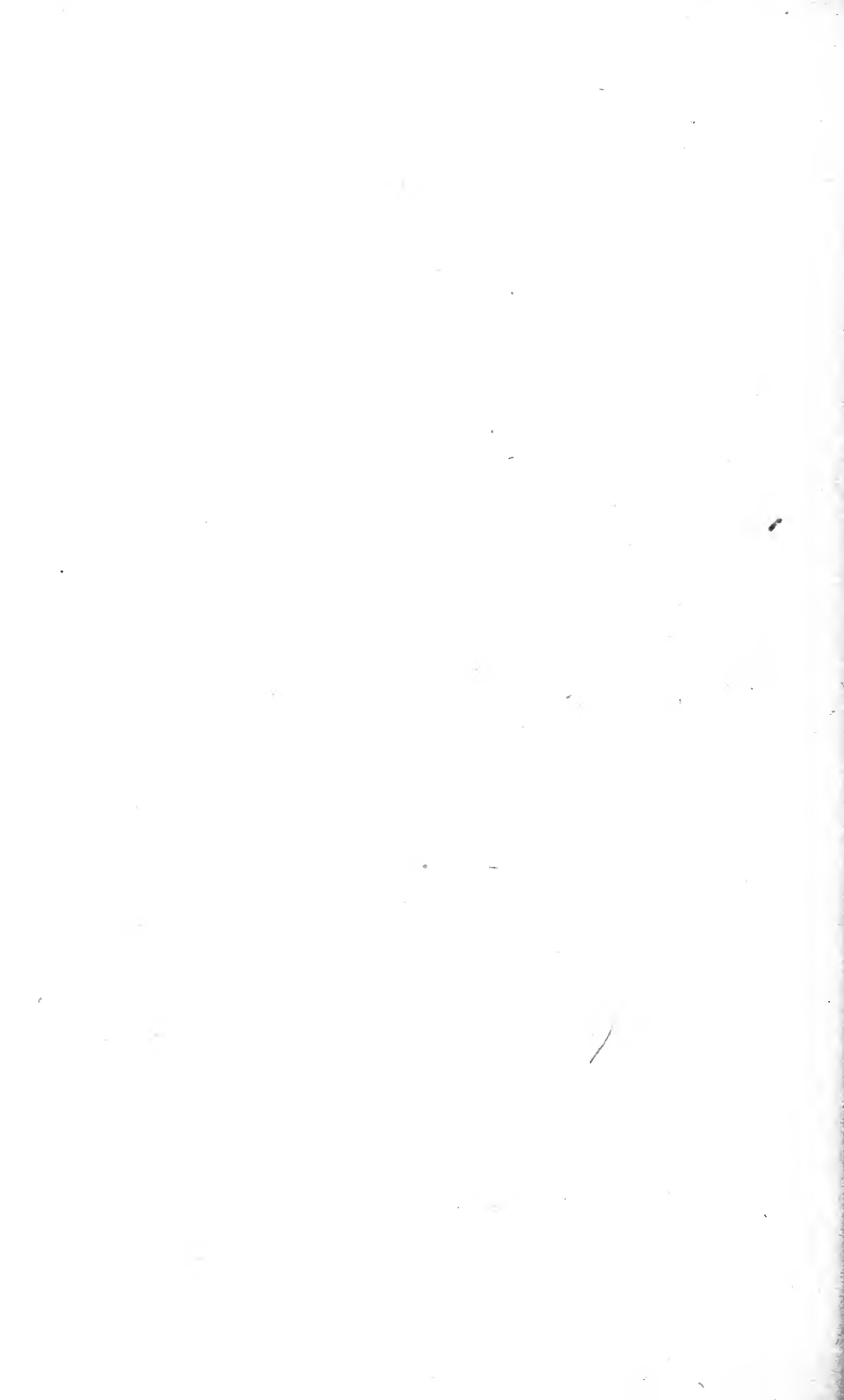
AN EVICTION.¹

From 'Herself,' in 'Irish Idylls.'

When John died, the land-agent wrote to his employer at the Carlton that the widow's ever paying up appeared

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to be an utterly hopeless matter—which was quite true. Her neighbors were indeed ready to lend her, as far as possible, a helping hand, but it could not extend itself to the payment of her rent, and to grub that out of her screed of stony ground was a task beyond her powers. The land-agent also wrote that the poor woman, who seemed to be an uncivilized, feeble-minded sort of creature, would be much better in the Union, and that as she must at any rate be got rid of, he had taken immediate steps for serving her with the necessary notices. The woman's own view of the case was in sum: "Sure, what would become of the childer if she would be put out of it?" an argument the futility of which it would have been hard to make her understand.

She was put out of it, however, one blustery autumn day, when the sub-sheriff's party and the police had caused an unwonted stir and bustle all the morning on the Duff-clane road, along which so many feet seldom pass in a twelvemonth. The district was reported disturbed, and therefore a squadron of dragoons had been brought from the nearest garrison, a tedious way off, to protect and overawe. Their scarlet tunics and brass helmets enlivened the outward aspect of the proceedings vastly, making such a gorgeous pageant as our black bogland has perhaps never witnessed before or since. Not a gossoon but worshiped the stately horses as they passed, and thought their plumed and burnished riders almost as supernaturally superb. But it must be owned that the latter were for the most part in very human bad tempers. In fact when they ascertained the nature and scope of the duty on which they had come so far, some of them said a choleric word with such emphasis that their superiors were obliged to choose between deafness and mutiny, or at least insubordination, and discreetly preferred the lesser evil.

When the invading force entered Lisconnel, which it did among afternoon beams, just begun to mellow and slant dazzlingly, it found an ally in old Mrs. Kilfoyle, inasmuch as she enticed Mrs. O'Driscoll to pay her a visit at the critical moment of its arrival. The old woman had recognized the widow O'Driscoll's fate as one of those things with which there is no contending, and had said to herself and her daughter-in-law: "Where's the use of havin' them risin' a row there wid draggin' her out, the crathur,

God pity her, that 'll niver quit, for sartin, of her own free will? I 'll just step over to her and ax her to come give me a hand wid mendin' the bottom that 's fallin' out of th' ould turf-creel. She did always be great at them jobs, and always ready to do a body a good turn, I 'll say that for her."

"'Deed yis," said Mrs. Brian.

So it came about that at the time when the forcible entrance of her cabin was being effected, Mrs. O'Driscoll was out of sight in the Kilfoyles' dark little room, where the two Mrs. Kilfoyles detained her as long as they could. But in the end they were not able to prevent the evicted tenant from joining the group of angry and scared and wobegone faces, gathered as near the doomed dwelling as the authorities would permit, and from saying, "Wirra, wirra," in a half-bewildered horror, as she saw each one more of her few goods and chattels added to the little heap of chaos into which her domestic world had changed fast by her door. It was decreed that her cabin should be not only unroofed but demolished, because, as an old bailiff dolefully remarked, "There niver was any tellin' where you 'd have those boyos. As like as not they 'd land the thatch on to it agin, the first minnit your back was turned, as aisy as you 'd clap your ould caubeen on your head, and there 'd be the whole botheration over agin as fresh as a daisy." Therefore when the ancient, smoke-steeped, weather-worn covering had been plucked from off the skeleton rafters, and lay strewn around in flocks and wisps like the wreck of an ogre's brown wig, the picks and crowbars came into play, for it was before the days of battering-ram or maiden. The mud walls were solid and thick, yet had to yield, and presently a broad bit of the back wall fell outward all of a piece, as no other sort of masonry falls, with a dull, heavy thud like a dead body. The lime-washed inner surface, thus turned up skywards, gleamed sharply, despite all its smoke-grime, against the drab clay, and though the interior had been very thoroughly dismantled, a few small pictures were still visible, nailed on the white. As the cordon of police and other officials fell back a pace or so to avoid the toppling wall, the Widow M'Gurk seized the opportunity to make a sally and capture one of these derelict ornaments. It was a Holy Family, a crudely colored print, all

crimson and blue, with a deep gilt border, such as you might purchase for a half-penny any day.

"Ay, sure it's great men you are intirely to be evictin' the likes of them," she cried shrilly, waving her loot aloft, as she was hustled back to a respectful distance, and Lisconnel responded with a low and sullen murmur.

But Mrs. O'Driscoll's attention was very opportunely taken up by the restoration of this piece of property. "Och, woman alive," she said, "and it was Himself brought me that one—give it to me into me hand. Sure I remimber the day yit, as if the sun hadn't gone down on it. Th' ould higgler Finny had come up wid his basket, and while some of the rest did be about gittin' a few trifles, I was in an oncommon admiration of this; howsome'er I hadn't a pinny to me name to be spindin' on anythin' in the world, so I let him go. But sure Himself met him below on the road, and happint to have a ha-pinny about him, and so he brought it home to me. I mind I run out and borried a tack from poor Mick Ryan to put it up wid. Ah dear, look at the tear it's got at the top comin' off."

This damage seemed for the time being to concern her more than any of her other troubles, and she allowed herself to be drawn away on the pretext of depositing the picture safely in the Kilfoyles' cabin, where she remained until the invaders had departed from Lisconnel. Everybody else watched them trooping off over the bogland, with brass and scarlet flashing and glowing splendidly in windy gleams of the sunset. They had gone a long way before the purple-shadowed gloaming had swallowed up the last far-espied glitter.

With the Kilfoyles she found a lodging for some time, but she ended her days at the Widow M'Gurk's, where there was no less hospitality and more spare room. She was persuaded to make the move chiefly by the consideration that she would there be nearer the crest of the hill. For the dominant dread which now brooded over her life—we so seldom fall too low for special fear—was the home-coming of the childer: "And they to be steppin' along, the crathurs, expectin' no harm, and then when they're up the hill, and in sight of our bit of a house, all of a suddint to see there was no thrace of it on'y a disolit roon. They might better keep the breadth of the ocean-say between

them and that." She seemed to be continually living through in imagination this terrible moment, and grew more and more eager to avert it. "If I could get e'er a chanst to see them comin' the road," she said, "and give them warnin' afore they'd crossed the knockawn,¹ 't wouldn't come so crool hard on them." And with that end in view, she spent many an hour of the bleak winter days which followed her eviction in looking out from the unsheltered hillside towards Duffclane.

It was vain now for any neighbor to profess a firm belief that they would never return, just as confidently as he or she had formerly been used to predict their appearance one of these days. Mrs. O'Driscoll listened meekly while it was pointed out to her how probably they had settled themselves down over there for good and all, and got married maybe; or who could tell that one of them mightn't have been took bad, and have gone beyond this world altogether the same as his poor father? But then she went and looked out again. The young Doynes and Sheridans, who at that time were quite small children, remember how she would stop them when she met them, and bid them be sure, if ever by any chance they saw Rose or one of the lads coming along, to mind and tell them that their father was gone, and she was put out of it, but that Mrs. M'Gurk was givin' her shelter, and no fear they wouldn't find her; and to bid them make haste, all the haste they could.

It must have been when she was on the watch one perishing March day that she caught the cold which carried her off with very little resistance on her part. She was herself too weak, and still too much taken up with the childer's affairs, to fret about the fact that the expenses of her "buryin'" would certainly be defrayed by the House, but it distressed Lisconnel seriously, and would never have been permitted to occur, could the requisite sum have been by any means amassed. The circumstance added some gloom to the sorrowful mood in which her neighbors saw another procession pass over the hill on a still wet-morning, when the rain rustled all along the road, and the gray mist curtains were closely drawn.

None of the childer have come back again, and it may now be hoped that they never will.

¹ *Knockawn*, a hillock.

THE MURPHYS' SUPPER.

From 'The Whitehall Review.'

The cockle-pickers who carry on their business along the stretches of muddy sea-shore between Dublin and Howth are not a particularly attractive class of people. The traveler on the road which leads to and from the scene of their labors is likely to have an opportunity for observing their outward peculiarities, as he will probably meet or pass whole batches of them shuffling along barefooted, with a gait that always seems to be on the point of breaking into a slow jog-trot, and bending forward under the weight of their damp heavy baskets. They are not a handsome race, shaggy beetling brows, small twinkling, peering eyes, harsh black locks, and a prognathic contour of visage being common features among them. Nor is their costume calculated to set them off. Unpicturesque squalor is the main characteristic of their garments, which are in texture and tint curiously subdued to what their wearers work in. Their multitudinous tatters flap with a sort of unnatural stiffness on the breeze, as if starched with a compound of the wet sand and mud which their color so closely matches, while here and there the peculiar iridescent greenish shade of stuff that has once been black gives a suggestion of the slimy weed-scum which in some places films over that oozy shore.

If you had happened to meet Joe Murphy among a gang of cockle-pickers, the chances are that you would have considered him to be the most ill-looking of the set by reason of the stolidly sullen expression which pervaded his coarse ugly visage. And, as a matter of fact, he was a cross-grained and—rather an exceptional circumstance among his class—a very stupid, slow-minded man. This last quality was to a certain extent the cause of the first, his moroseness being continually aggravated by a dim consciousness that he was somehow more likely to be taken in, and less able to effectively reciprocate, than were the majority of his acquaintances. But it may be inferred that bad temper ran in his branch of the Murphy family, inasmuch as his sister Bidy, who had her full share of mother-wit, was even crosser than he. Indeed, she had been a sort

of daily terror to the cockle-picking fraternity and sisterhood, until, within the last six months or so, a bad cold had terminated in a decline, the rapid progress of which prevented her from any longer taking part in their pilgrimages. The disappearance from among them of her peevish face and shrewish tongue was a real relief to her former associates, though, in view of the melancholy cause of her absence, they damped down their rejoicing decorously with many a seemly and not insincerely uttered "Poor cratur!" and "The saints pity her!" Joe Murphy was very far from sharing in their gladness; and this was not because the burden of Biddy's maintenance now fell upon him, but because for thirty-five out of the forty years of his life he had cared more about her than about anything else in the world.

Joe had more capacity for affection than a casual observer would have surmised. It is true that he was at this time, owing to the matured inertness and rigidity of his dull faculties, almost incapable of forming any new attachment; but to those which circumstances had thrown in his way during the more receptive period of youth he had always been blindly and unswervingly faithful. Originally one of a large family, among whom he had occupied the position of general laughing-stock and scapegoat, he had attached himself adhesively to every member of the circle, but especially to little Biddy, the youngest child, perhaps because for the first two or three years of her life she had been unable to gibe at, snub, and browbeat him, as her elders did—a course of procedure which she, however, took the earliest opportunity of adopting. And now death and dispersion had left her, in the shape of an ill-favored middle-aged woman, his whole accessible relative, and the object of whatever solicitude he had to spare from his own immediate concerns—an amount which, all things considered, was quite up to the average. Naturally, therefore, the idea of losing this unique treasure was intolerable to him. During the time when she was away at the hospital, and so ill that he was forced to contemplate the possibility of her never coming out alive, he was like one distracted; and when she at last returned to him, apparently not much the worse, "only a thrifle wake," he made haste to thrust the miserable fear into the remotest background

of his thoughts. In the first joy of his relief from immediate apprehension, he brought Biddy's basket out of the corner, and spliced one of the ropes which was in a doubtful condition, thinking the while that in another day or two she would be able to "thramp around" as usual, and resolving that he would in future always give her a long lift with her load on the road home.

But when the weeks went by, and Biddy still seemed to be incapable of doing anything except crawl about and cough, his fears began to creep back to him again, much as he had often seen the cold sluggish tide stealing in over the weedy shingle; and at length his uneasiness rose to such a height that it drove him to seek an interview with the doctor who had attended her in the hospital. But from this interview, which he encompassed at the cost of great trouble, and vast exertion of his tardily moving intellect, he derived little information, and less comfort. The doctor, tired and hurried after a long day's work, was neither able nor willing to bestow much time upon the uncouth-looking individual who so inopportunistically wanted to know "what way Biddy Murphy was," and so large a portion of the few minutes which he could spare was taken up in identifying this particular Biddy, that he had only time for a curt intimation that he "saw no prospect of her ultimate recovery"—a verdict which was about as intelligible to Joe as it would be to some of us if delivered rapidly in Greek. After much painful pondering, however, he interpreted it to mean that "The doctor didn't think she'd be anythin' betther yit awhile"—a cheerless reflection, which was rendered still gloomier by his vague misgiving that the words might bear an even more unfavorable construction.

Such being the state of his feelings, he was caused infinite miserable irritation by the frankness with which, quite conformably to the code of manners recognized in their grade of society, his companions discussed Biddy's future prospect, more especially since they took, as is their wont, the most desponding view of her condition. He could by no means endure to hear their outspoken prognostications and corroborative instances, and the impatience which he manifested when addressed upon the subject was regarded as indicating a highly reprehensible want of

proper feeling. Thus, when one morning he was accosted by Judy Flynn with, "Well, Joe, and how 's the sisther to-day?" and Maggie Byrne added, "Och sure, she 'll not be a throuble to ye much longer, the cratur'," he roughly requested them to "hould their fool's gab," appending various epithets which it is not necessary to reproduce. Whereupon Maggie expressed her opinion that he was "a big brute," and "as bitther as sut"; while Judy that evening saved a piece of salt herring for Biddy from her own not too plentiful supper, on the grounds of her being afflicted with such an "onnatural baste" of a brother. But all that day Joe carried about with him a haunting dread which lay like a cold hand upon his heart.

As for Biddy, her pronounced invalidism did not make much difference in the sum total of her felicity or infelicity, she having been so long accustomed to feel weak and ill that the cessation of her wearisome working-days fully counterbalanced any increase of physical suffering for the present entailed by the progress of her disease, while, being aware that the neighbors always talked about wakes and "buryings" upon the slightest symptom of indisposition, she was shrewd enough to pay little heed to their predictions of her approaching demise. She generally had nearly enough to eat, and a scrap of fire in the grate when the weather was very cold, for Joe's income was decidedly above the average in his trade, as he seemed to have an instinct—perhaps inherited, since his father had picked cockles before him—which guided him unerringly to prolific mud-patches, and he now sometimes brought home Biddy's basket half full in addition to his own. Yet, notwithstanding her comparatively affluent circumstances, Biddy was not unmolested by visitants from that tribe of unsatisfied desires which thrust themselves, by hook or by crook, into almost every lot, under widely varying shapes indeed, but always preserving the tribal characteristic of keeping in sight and out of reach.

There is a kind of round, flat flour cake, often to be seen in bakers' windows of the humbler sort, with smooth upper and under crusts, between which the softer dough, richly yellowed with abundant soda and strongly flavored butterine, seems to bulge out in its exuberance, like the pulp of an over-ripened fruit. These cakes are about five inches

in diameter and one inch in thickness, and they cost three-halfpence apiece, so that they are rather an expensive form of bakement. Yet it happened that during a short period of Biddy's childhood they had been a luxury which she enjoyed with comparative frequency, the family being acquainted with a baker in a small way, who was accustomed to pay for pints of cockles in kind, often with an unsaleable stale cake of the above description, to a share of which Biddy, in her capacity of youngest, and rather spoiled, child, generally attained; (Joe never did). It was now many a year since a violent difference of opinion about a bad fourpenny bit had terminated all amicable relations between Peter O'Rourke and the Murphy family; but Biddy retained a fond recollection of those no longer forthcoming dainties, and with her failing health there had grown upon her an ever stronger craving to taste of them again. This craving had of late been augmented by the circumstances that a good-natured ne'er-do-weel neighbor had one evening shared such a cake with her, and since then she had often talked of the "iligant tay" she had had on that occasion, confidently avowing her belief, that if she could always get the like she would soon be "as sthrong as iver she was in her born days."

Joe Murphy listened silently to these remarks, which Biddy made out of sheer querulousness, having no ulterior motive or expectation, and the longer he listened the more intensely he wished that he could get his sister what she wanted. But the thing seemed to be altogether impossible. Three-halfpence was more than he could afford—that is to say, more than he had—to spend on one of Biddy's meals, exclusive of the indispensable cup of tay, and he knew besides that a single cake would not satisfy her, as her appetite was very inconveniently large. How were the necessary pennies to be acquired? The plan of foregoing his own supper would not answer. This he knew by experience, for when one morning during her stay in hospital he had gone without his breakfast to buy her some oranges, he had felt so "rael quare" all the day that his cockle-picking had fared but badly, and he had brought home his basket only half-filled. So the oranges could not be bought after all, and Biddy had said that she supposed he had gone off on the spree and spent his money drinking

because her back was turned. Joe was not a man of much resource, and several weeks went by before his brain excogitated another expedient.

These cockle-pickers are in the habit of patronizing the railway line between Dublin and Howth, some of the intermediate stations on which are situated within a convenient distance of their fishing-grounds. The most fashionable thing to do is to walk out from Dublin a distance of six or seven miles, paddle in the mud until interrupted by darkness or the returning tide, and then convey your heavy basket to Ballyhoy station, a mile or two nearer town. There the rugged band may often be seen crouching beside their baskets on the little platform, apparently well content, after their day's wading, with a seat upon firm, and comparatively dry, ground. Their third-class tickets cost them "thruppence," a large percentage on the day's gains; and though a cockle-picker does occasionally expend five pence on a return ticket, and travel luxuriously both ways, such instances of extravagance are extremely rare. Now it suddenly occurred to Joe that if he were to walk home instead of going by train he would straightway find himself in possession of the threepence requisite for the purchase of those coveted cakes. "Bedad, now, it's a quare *sthookawn*¹ I am not ha' thought of it before," he said to himself, as he lay huddled upon his straw bed—for the idea had come to him in the night—"but thramp it I will a' Monday as sure as I'm a sinner." And for once in his life he reflected with regret that, the morrow being Sunday, he could not immediately carry out his plan. There was nothing intrinsically attractive, certainly, in the prospect of an additional five miles' trudge, heavily laden; but his one-idead mind was bent rather on picturing Bidy's delight at the unexpected treat, than on the lengthening vistas of the bleak Dublin road; and he went to sleep with an impression that a piece of good luck had befallen him.

The Monday following this happy inspiration of Joe's was a most dreary November morning. All day a frosty sea-fog drifted about the coast, blotting out the delicate blue sweep of the Dublin mountains, and blurring even the bolder purple of Howth's less distant slopes. Chilly, drenching showers plashed by in swift succession, and when, warned by the early darkness, Joe and his compan-

¹ *Sthookawn*, a stocky-built fellow.

ions turned their faces towards the shingly lane which led up from the beach, they were scarcely less damp and cold, and probably far more painfully alive to their condition, than their undemonstrative stock-in-trade. It must be confessed that Joe had by this time begun to take a somewhat faint-hearted view of his homeward journey. He could not refrain from wistfully contrasting the ten minutes' smooth, effortless transit in the lighted weather-proof railway-carriage with the long hour and more of toilsome plodding through darkness, cold, and wet which his new resolve now destined for him. Still, that resolve continued to hold good. Before the brilliant anticipation of how Biddy would smack her lips over her supper that night—for I must admit the alienating fact that she was prone to this inarticulate mode of expressing her satisfaction with her bill of fare—all his forecastings of personal discomfort melted into insignificance, as thin clouds melt in their passage across the crystal disk of the full moon. Nor was that brightness extinguished, albeit somewhat dimmed, by the denser texture of the most serious foreboding which he entertained in connection with his impending lonely tramp. This was the reflection that he would have to traverse a certain tree-shadowed bit of road a mile beyond Ballyhoy, which is commonly reported to be "walked" after nightfall by a headless ghost, and is consequently in evil repute among less abnormally constituted foot-passengers. Joe was a firm believer in this gruesome specter, legends of which he had heard from his earliest days; and now, as he made his way towards the station amid the deepening dusk, he felt keenly that the presence of a human fellow-traveler would immensely diminish the terrors of his approach to its ill-omened haunts. With a fond hope, therefore, of securing such a companion, he took occasion to remark several times in a loud tone of voice, meant for the information of the company at large, "I'm not for the thrain to-night—I'm goin' to thramp it." But Joe's temper and conversational powers were not of a quality calculated to make the charms of his society an incentive to disagreeable exertion, and nobody showed any disposition to imitate his frugal example. So he tried the effect of a more particular announcement, and said to his nearest neighbor, "Look-a, Dan, I'm going to thramp it

to-night." But Dan only grunted in reply, and Joe perceived that he must make up his mind to a solitary journey.

It was not without considerable heart-sinking that he saw his comrades turn up the hill to the station, remarking among themselves, "what an ould naygur Joe Murphy was, and he wid a couple o' quarts more cockles in his basket than any of thim had"; while he went on to face the certain ills of piercing northwester and the possible perils of a spectral encounter. These last, however, remained purely imaginary, and he experienced nothing worse than bodily discomfort. The bitter blasts hurtled to meet him with many a staggering rebuff; the intermittent rain came down in drenching dashes, so that as he drew near his goal the yellow glare of the lamps was reflected in swimming flags and dancing puddles; but chilled and dripping though he was, he felt himself to be a proud and happy man as he entered the dirty little baker's shop which he had seen with his mind's eye all the afternoon. His own keen hunger made the smell of the newly baked bread seem very delicious, and as he carefully stowed away two delicately browned, plumply swelling cakes in a corner of his now emptied basket—for he had paid a preliminary visit to a fishmonger—he grinned in a diabolically hideous, satyr-like fashion over the thought of Biddy's delighted surprise.

He then betook himself farther down the lane to a still humbler establishment, where he and others of his trade were in the habit of procuring the materials for their evening meal. Here he was pleased to find that Mrs. Kelly, the proprietrix, had reserved for him what is known as a "scrap supper," this being considered an especially profitable investment of twopence for any one who does not object to a slightly heterogeneous combination of ingredients. To-night the big tin bowl, the use of which was included in the bargain, contained one layer of cold pease-pudding, and another of cabbage, which, as Mrs. Kelly was careful to point out, had enjoyed the privilege of being boiled in company with a piece of bacon; also some odds and ends of sausage and sheep's liver, and half a fried herring, the whole compound being moistened with a greasy broth of undefined antecedents. This, in Joe's opinion, would furnish a positively luxurious repast; and he started, well content with his purchases, to thread the labyrinth of

slums and alleys which lay between him and the back kitchen where he resided. He had spent his last penny—Saturday's "rint" and Sunday's idleness having, as usual, left the arrears to be paid off out of Monday's earnings; but that circumstance did not diminish his satisfaction, a consciousness of cash in hand being by no means essential to his peace of mind.

He was coming very near his journey's end, when the onset of a peculiarly vehement shower made him uneasy about the safety of his precious cakes. So he paused where the lights of a small public-house flared out a bright circle on the surrounding darkness, and determined that he would transfer the parcel to his pocket—a most disastrous measure of precaution, as the event proved. For while he was in the very act of hoisting down his basket from his shoulder, a man came reeling out of the tavern and staggered heavily against him, with the result that his basket, being just then poised in a state of unstable equilibrium, swung suddenly sideways with a violent jerk, strewing all its contents upon the sloppy ground. The bowl fell, clanging stridently upon the pavement, whence it rebounded into a deep pool of slush which stretched beside the curbstone, and there it lay bottom upward, half-submerged. The cakes slipped out of their loose paper wrap, one of them following the bowl into those murky depths, which swallowed it whole with a single "plop," whilst the other went skipping playfully for some distance over the filthy flags, until its career was checked by its collision with an obtruding lamp-post. Never was a stroke of calamity more swiftly dealt. Before Joe well knew what had befallen him, all his cherished hopes had gone, like the wretched Ophelia, to a muddy death.

It would be quite impossible to record in these pages the utterances to which Joe Murphy gave vent as the full realization of the catastrophe burst upon him. But the worst of it was that neither he nor the tipsy author of the mischief seemed disposed to stop short at mere language, however strong; and a lively little scuffle was beginning, amid a ring of pleasurable excited onlookers, when the unwelcome arrival of a tall, soldier-like policeman caused a disappointing suspension of hostilities. And now for a few moments it appeared not improbable that Joe's misfor-

tunes might culminate in a night passed at the nearest lockup. This danger, however, soon blew over. The obvious intoxication of Joe's antagonist rendered him *à priori* an object of suspicion, and Constable 27C was, moreover, sufficiently familiar with the ways and means of those whom he met on that beat to understand how serious a loss, and what ample grounds of provocation, might be represented by that inverted bowl and its ruined contents. So he presently marched off briskly with his erratically moving charge, the crowd melted away as rapidly as it had gathered, and Joe was left to his own forlorn devices.

It was a miserable scene. The lurid gas gleams shone, through the thick slanting raindrops, on tall black walls of ruinous, sinister-looking houses, on the miry straits which they bounded, and on—most piteous spectacle of all—the ragged wretch who was half crying over his beggarly loss, as he groped about the streaming pavement, seeking whether any remnant of his goods might perchance have remained uninjured. His own supper was past praying for—engulfed irretrievably in the semi-liquid slush, never again to emerge as food for man or beast. But this afflicted him far less than the thought of the disappointment in store for Biddy, she who was to have fared so sumptuously, and who must now go to bed hungrier than usual, having supped on a mere crust of dry bread. With a faint flutter of hope he picked up the cake which had rolled along the footpath, and anxiously examined into its condition. It had evidently been trodden upon, and was grievously mud-begrimed, but he imagined that the moisture might possibly not have soaked far into its interior, and with clumsy, cold-benumbed fingers he began to peel off the outer crust, only to find that little, if any, of the dough was in such a state as to be edible by even a most unfastidious feeder. And in grim despair he tossed it with the empty bowl into his basket, and went ruefully on his way; for there was nothing to be gained by longer lingering, and he was already much later than his wont.

But how different a home-coming it was from that to which he had been looking forward all day! Nothing but misery could now await him. He knew well how it would be—how Biddy would storm and scold at him as long as she had any breath left, and then would cough and cough till

it seemed as if her gaunt frame must be shaken to pieces. And then the sound of that cough always went to his heart with a sickening pang. This dreary foreknowledge did not quicken his steps, and when he had descended into the long underground passage, almost as filthy as the street, which contained the door of his apartment, he walked slower and slower, screwing up courage to appear with his unwelcome tidings. The next moment he heard Biddy's thin cracked voice call sharply: "Joe, Joe; is it comin' in to-night you'd be at all, at all, and it goin' on for eight o'clock?" and he felt that he must delay no longer. But when he opened the door, it was upon a sight which made him stand still and gape.

He had expected to find nothing more brilliant than the darkness visible, created by a farthing dip. Yet here was the room all in a glow of light, proceeding, for the most part, from a great turf fire which burned ruddily on the hearth, whilst the atmosphere was pervaded by the unctuous odors of some most savory cooking. The rickety deal table, drawn up in front of the fire, was covered with eatables—a big loaf, a wedge of cheese, a goodly lump of bacon, a dish of fried potatoes, and, putting the last touch to his incredulous bewilderment, what seemed to him to be dozens of cakes, the exact counterparts of those which had been causing him so much perturbation. And there was Biddy sitting comfortably near the warm blaze on their one decrepit chair, and munching busily—indeed, her mouth was so full that she could say nothing intelligible for quite half a minute after his entrance.

If Joe had ever heard of the millennium, he would now certainly have thought that he had walked straight into it. But he never had heard of it, nor did he find his faculties at all equal to the task of accounting for the phenomenon. The heart of the mystery, however, was not far to seek or difficult to pluck out. Pat Murphy, a long-absent member of the family, concerning whose whereabouts and walk in life his brother and sister had dwelt in an ignorance which for certain reasons tended towards the belief that he was sojourning in one of her Majesty's prisons, had suddenly returned from a spell of seafaring, and to-night's extraordinary outbreak of profusion was due to his open-handed prodigality of recently acquired pay.

“Well, Joe, and how’s yourself?” he said, now in high good-humor, glancing round at his stupefied brother, but still stooping over the steaming pan in which he was carrying on some culinary operations. “Take a dhrop of porther to put a bit of warmth in ye. These sawsengers ’ll be done iligant in a couple of minyits.”

And here it will be well for us to take our leave of Joe Murphy. We might follow the course of his fortunes for many a long day before we should light on so auspicious a moment. Let us hasten away while the savor of Pat’s “sawsengers” still hangs about the warm room and before the last turf-sod has smoldered from throbbing scarlet embers to ghostly film-white ashes.

MISTHER DENIS’S RETURN.

From ‘Th’ Ould Master.’

An’ the thought of us each was the boat; och, however’d she stand it at all,
 If she’d started an hour or two back, an’ been caught in the thick o’ that squall?
 Sure, it’s lost she was, barrin’ by luck it so chanced she’d run under the lee
 O’ Point Bertragh or Irish Louane; an’ ’t was liker the cra-thurs ud be
 Crossin’ yonder the open, wid never a shelter, but waves far an’ wide
 Rowlin’ one on the other till ye’d seem at the feet of a mad mountain-side.
 An’ the best we could hope was they’d seen that the weather’d be turnin’ out quare,
 An’ might, happen, ha’ settled they wouldn’t come over, but bide where they were.
 Yet, begorrah! ’t would be the quare weather entirely, as some of us said,
 That ’ud put Misther Denis off aught that he’d fairly tuk into his head.
 Thin Tim Duigan sez: “Arrah, lads, whist! afther sailin’ thro’ oceans o’ say
 Don’t tell *me* he’s naught better to do than get dhrowned in our dhrop of a bay.”

An' the words were scarce out of his mouth, whin hard by,
thro' a dhrift o' the haze,
The ould boat we beheld sthrivin' on in the storm—och, the
yell we did raise!
An' it's little we yelled for, bedad! for the next instant there
under our eyes,
Not a couple o' perch from the pier-end, th' ould baste she
must take an' capsize.

Och! small blame to thim all if we 'd never seen sight of a one
o' thim more,
Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell, like the butt-
ends o' beams on a door;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the dhrift flyin'
over thim thick,
'S if the Divil had melted down Hell, an' was stirrin' it up wid
a stick.
But it happint the wave that they met wid was flounderin'
sthraight to the strand,
An' just swep' thim up nate on its way, till it set thim down
safe where the sand
Isn't wet twice a twelvemonth, no hurt on thim all, on'y dhrip-
pin' an' dazed.
And one come to his feet nigh me door, where that mornin' me
heifer had grazed,
An' bedad! 't was himself, Mister Denis, stood blinkin' and
shakin' the wet
From his hair; "Hullo, Connor!" sez he, "is it you, man?"
He 'd never forget
One he 'd known. But I 'd hardly got hould of his hand, an'
was wishin' him joy,
Whin, worse luck, he looked round an' he spied Widdy Sulli-
van's imp of a boy
That a wave had tuk off of his feet, an' was floatin' away from
the beach,
An' he screechin' an' sthretchin' his arms to be saved, but no
help was in reach.
An' as soon as the young master he seen it, he caught his hand
out o' me own:
"Now, stand clear, man," sez he; "would ye have me be lavin'
the lad there to dhrown?"
An' wid that he throd knee-deep in foam-swirls. Ochone! but
he gev us the slip,
Runnin' sheer down the black throat o' Death, an' he just
afther 'scapin' its grip;

For the wild says come flappin' an' boomin' an' smotherin' o'er
 him, an' back
 In the lap o' their ragin' they swep' him as light as a wisp o'
 brown wrack.
 An' they poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers, an' clatterin'
 the shingle like chains;
 Ne'er the live sowl they'd let from their hould till they'd
 choked him or bet out his brains,
 Sure an' certin. And in swung a wave wid its welthers o'
 wather that lept
 Wid the roar of a lion as it come, an' hissed low like a snake
 as it crept
 To its edge, where it tossed thim, the both o' them. Och! an'
 the little spalpeen
 Misther Denis had gript be the collar, he jumped up the first
 thing we seen,
 While young master lay still—not a stir—he was stunned, wid
 a crack on the head—
 Just a flutter o' life at his heart—but it's kilt he was, kilt on
 us dead.

THE FLITTING OF THE FAIRIES.

From the 'End of Elfintown.'

.
 Then Oberon spake the word of might
 That set the enchanted cars in sight;
 But love I lack, to tell aright
 Where these had waited hidden.
 Perchance the clear airs round us rolled
 In secret cells did them enfold,
 Like evening dew that none behold
 Till to the sward 't is slidden.

And who can say what wizardise
 Had fashioned them in marvelous wise,
 And given them power to stoop and rise
 More high than thought hath traveled?
 Somewhat of cloud their frames consist,
 But more of meteor's luminous mist,
 All girt with strands of seven-hued twist
 From rainbow's verge unraveled.

'T is said, and I believe it well,
 That whoso mounts their magic selle,
 Goes, if he list, invisible
 Beneath the broadest noonlight;
 That virtue comes of Faery-fern,
 Lone-lived where hill-slopes starward turn
 Thro' frore night hours that bid it burn
 Flame-fronded in the moonlight;

For this holds true—too true, alas!
 The sky that eve was clear as glass,
 Yet no man saw the Faeries pass
 Where azure pathways glisten;
 And true it is—too true, ay me—
 That nevermore on lawn or lea
 Shall mortal man a Faery see,
 Though long he look and listen.

Only the twilit woods among
 A wild-winged breeze hath sometimes flung
 Dim echoes borne from strains soft-sung
 Beyond sky-reaches hollow;
 Still further, fainter up the height,
 Receding past the deep-zoned night—
 Far chant of Fays who lead that flight,
 Faint call of Fays who follow:

(*Fays following.*) Red-rose mists o'erdrift
 Moth-moon's glimmering white,
 Lit by sheen-silled west
 Barred with fiery bar;
 Fleeting, following swift,
 Whither across the night
 Seek we bourne of rest?

(*Fays leading.*) Afar.

(*Fays following.*) Vailing crest on crest
 Down the shadowy height,
 Earth with shores and seas
 Dropt, a dwindling gleam.
 Dusk, and bowery nest,
 Dawn, and dells dew-bright,
 What shall bide of these?

(*Fays leading.*) A dream.

(*Fays following.*) Fled, ah! fled, our sight.
Yea, but thrills of fire
Throbb'd adown yon deep,
Faint and very far
Who shall rede aright?
Say, what wafts us nigher,
Beckoning up the steep?

(*Fays leading.*) A star.

(*Fays following.*) List, a star! a star!
Oh, our goal of light!
Yet the winged shades sweep,
Yet the void looms vast.
Wearry our wild dreams are:
When shall cease our flight
Soft on shores of sleep?

(*Fays leading.*) At last.

EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

(1785—1820.)

EATON STANNARD BARRETT was born in Cork in 1785, and was graduated A.B. in Trinity College, Dublin. Here his attractive manners and genial disposition won him the friendship and esteem of his fellow-students. In 1805 he entered as a law student in the Middle Temple, London. He however ultimately forsook law for literature. His first satirical poem, which ridiculed the ministry in power in 1807, gave it the name of 'The Ministry of All the Talents,' by which it is known in history. Its success encouraged him to persevere, and in 1808 he brought out a satirical newspaper, entitled *The Comet*. His 'Woman,' with other poems and humorous effusions, followed; all attracted considerable attention, and proved the talent and culture of the author. The satire of 'All the Talents,' which delighted the town in its day, now misses fire with all but the close student of history; for others the point of the allusions is lost.

A book which in some ways reminds one of Bret Harte's famous 'Sensation Novels Condensed' still lives: 'The Heroine, or Adventures of Cherubina,' burlesquing the novels in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It doubtless did much to kill the type of fiction, full of unreality and affectation, which did so much harm in those days. He wrote other burlesque novels, plays, and poems, and could write well on serious topics. His last work was a comedy entitled 'My Wife! What Wife?' which appeared in 1815. He died March 20, 1820.

MODERN MEDIÆVALISM.

CHAPTER I.

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,"
—*Shakespeare*.

"Blow, breeze, blow."
—*Moore*.

It was on a nocturnal night in autumnal October; the wet rain fell in liquid quantities, and the thunder rolled in an awful and Ossianly manner. The lowly but peaceful inhabitants of a small but decent cottage were just sitting down to their homely but wholesome supper, when a loud knocking at the door alarmed them. Bertram armed himself with a ladle. "Lack-a-daisy!" cried old Margueri-

tone, and little Billy seized the favorable moment to fill his mouth with meat. Innocent fraud! happy childhood!

“The father’s luster and the mother’s bloom.”

Bertram then opened the door, when, lo! pale, breathless, dripping, and with a look that would have shocked the Royal Humane Society, a beautiful female tottered into the room. “Lack-a-daisy! ma’am,” said Margueritone, “are you wet?” “Wet?” exclaimed the fair unknown, wringing a rivulet of rain from the corner of her robe; “O ye gods, wet!” Margueritone felt the justice, the gentleness of the reproof, and turned the subject, by recommending a glass of spirits.

“Spirit of my sainted sire.”

The stranger sipped, shook her head, and fainted. Her hair was long and dark, and the bed was ready; so since she seems in distress, we will leave her there awhile, lest we should betray an ignorance of the world in appearing not to know the proper time for deserting people.

On the rocky summit of a beetling precipice, whose base was lashed by the angry Atlantic, stood a moated and turreted structure called Il Castello di Grimothico. As the northern tower had remained uninhabited since the death of its late lord, Henriques de Violenci, lights and figures were, *par consequence*, observed in it at midnight. Besides, the black eyebrows of the present baron had a habit of meeting for several years, and *quelque fois*, he paced the picture-gallery with a hurried step. These circumstances combined, there could be no doubt of his having committed murder. . . .

CHAPTER II.

“Oh!”
—Milton.
“Ah!”
—Pope.

One evening, the Baroness de Violenci, having sprained her leg in the composition of an ecstatic ode, resolved not to go to Lady Penthesilea Rouge’s rout. While she was sitting alone at a plate of prawns, the footman entered

with a basket, which had just been left for her. "Lay it down, John," said she, touching his forehead with her fork. The gay-hearted young fellow did as he was desired and capered out of the room. Judge of her astonishment when she found, on opening it, a little cherub of a baby sleeping within. An oaken cross, with "Hysterica" inscribed in chalk, was appended at its neck, and a mark, like a bruised gooseberry, added interest to its elbow. As she and her lord had never had children, she determined, *sur le champ*, on adopting the pretty Hysterica. Fifteen years did this worthy woman dedicate to the progress of her little charge; and in that time taught her every mortal accomplishment. Her sigh, particularly, was esteemed the softest in Europe.

But the stroke of death is inevitable; come it must at last, and neither virtue nor wisdom can avoid it. In a word, the good old Baroness died, and our heroine fell senseless on her body.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

But it is now time to describe our heroine. As Milton tells us that Eve was "more lovely than Pandora" (an imaginary lady who never existed but in the brains of poets), so do we declare, and are ready to stake our lives, that our heroine excelled in her form the Timinitilidi, whom no man ever saw; and in her voice, the music of the spheres, which no man ever heard. Perhaps her face was not perfect; but it was more—it was interesting—it was oval. Her eyes were of the real, original old blue; and her lashes of the best silk. You forgot the thickness of her lips in the casket of pearls which they enshrined; and the roses of York and Lancaster were united in her cheek. A nose of the Grecian order surmounted the whole. Such was Hysterica.

But, alas! misfortunes are often gregarious, like sheep. For one night, when our heroine had repaired to the chapel, intending to drop her customary tear on the tomb of her sainted benefactress, she heard on a sudden,

"Oh, horrid horrible, and horridest horror!"

the distant organ peal a solemn voluntary. While she was preparing, in much terror and astonishment, to accompany

it with her voice, four men in masks rushed from among some tombs and bore her to a carriage, which instantly drove off with the whole party. In vain she sought to soften them by swoons, tears, and a simple little ballad; they sat counting murders and not minding her. As the blinds of the carriage were closed the whole way, we waive a description of the country which they traversed. Besides, the prospect within the carriage will occupy the reader enough; for in one of the villains *Hysterica* discovered—*Count Stilletto!* She fainted. On the second day the carriage stopped at an old castle, and she was conveyed into a tapestried apartment—in which rusty daggers, mouldering bones, and ragged palls lay scattered in all the profusion of feudal plenty—where the delicate creature fell ill of an inverted eyelash, caused by continual weeping. . . .

CHAPTER III.

“Sure such a day as this was never seen!”
—*Thomas Thumb.*

“The day, th’ important day!”
—*Addison.*

“O giorno felice!”
—*Italian.*

The morning of the happy day destined to unite our lovers was ushered into the world with a blue sky, and the ringing of bells. Maidens, united in bonds of amity and artificial roses, come dancing to the pipe and tabor; while groups of children and chickens add hilarity to the union of congenial minds. On the left of the village are some plantations of tufted turnips; on the right a dilapidated dog-kennel

“With venerable grandeur marks the scene,”

while everywhere the delighted eye catches monstrous mountains and minute daisies. In a word,

“All nature wears one universal grin.”

The procession now set forward to the church. The bride was habited in white drapery. Ten signs of the Zodiac, worked in spangles, sparkled round its edge, but

Virgo was omitted at her desire, and the bridegroom proposed to dispense with Capricorn. Sweet delicacy! She held a pot of myrtle in her hand, and wore on her head a small lighted torch, emblematical of Hymen. . . . The marriage ceremony passed off with great spirit, and the fond bridegroom, as he pressed her to his heart, felt how pure, how delicious are the joys of virtue.

MONTMORENCI AND CHERUBINA.

From 'The Heroine.'

This morning, soon after breakfast, I heard a gentle knocking at my door, and, to my great astonishment, a figure, cased in shining armor, entered. Oh! ye conscious blushes; it was my Montmorenci! A plume of white feathers nodded on his helmet and neither spear nor shield were wanting. "I come," cried he, bending on one knee, and pressing my hand to his lips, "I come in the ancient armor of my family to perform my promise of recounting to you the melancholy memoirs of my life." "My lord," said I, "rise and be seated. Cherubina knows how to appreciate the honor that Montmorenci confers." He bowed; and having laid by his spear, shield, and helmet he placed himself beside me on the sofa, and began his heart-rending history.

"All was dark. The hurricane howled, the hail rattled, and the thunder rolled. Nature was convulsed, and the traveler inconvenienced. In the province of Languedoc stood the Gothic castle of Montmorenci. Before it ran the Garonne, and behind it rose the Pyrenees, whose summits, exhibiting awful forms, seen and lost again, as the partial vapors rolled along, were sometimes barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy fir, that swept downward to their base. 'My lads, are your carbines charged, and your daggers sharpened?' whispered Rinaldo, with his plume of black feathers, to the banditti, in their long cloaks. 'If they an't,' said Bernardo, 'by St. Jago, we might load our carbines with the hail, and sharpen our daggers against

this confounded north-wind.' 'The wind is east-south-east,' said Ugo. At this moment the bell of Montmorenci Castle tolled one. The sound vibrated through the long corridors, the spiral staircases, the suites of tapestried apartments, and the ears of the personage who has the honor to address you. Much alarmed, I started from my couch, which was of exquisite workmanship; the coverlet of flowered gold, and the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies by Michael Angelo. But conceive my horror when I beheld my chamber filled with banditti! Snatching my falchion, I flew to the armory for my coat of mail; the bravos rushed after me, but I fought and dressed and dressed and fought, till I had perfectly completed my unpleasing toilet. I then stood alone, firm, dignified, collected, and only fifteen years of age.

“ ‘Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords—’

To describe the horror of the contest that followed were beyond the pen of an Anacreon. In short, I fought till my silver skin was laced with my golden blood; while the bullets flew round me, thick as hail,

“ ‘And whistled as they went for want of thought.’

At length I murdered my way down to my little skiff, embarked in it, and arrived at this island. As I first touched foot on its chalky beach, 'Hail! happy land,' cried I, 'hail, thrice hail!' 'There is no hail here, sir,' said a child running by. . . . Nine days and nights I wandered through the country, the rivulet my beverage, and the berry my repast; the turf my couch, and the sky my canopy." "Ah!" interrupted I, "how much you must have missed the canopy of white velvet painted over with jonquils and butterflies!" "Extremely," said he, "for during sixteen long years I had not a roof over my head—I was an itinerant beggar! One summer's day, the cattle lay panting under the broad umbrage, the sun had burst into an immoderate fit of splendor, and the struggling brook chided the matted grass for obstructing it. I sat under a hedge, and began eating wild strawberries; when lo! a form, flexile as the flame ascending from a censer, and

undulating with the sighs of a dying vestal, flitted inaudibly by me, nor crushed the daisies as it trod. What a divinity! she was fresh as the Anadyomene of Apelles, and beautiful as the Gnidus of Praxiteles, or the Helen of Zeuxis. Her eyes dipt in heaven's own hue—"Sir," said I, "you need not mind her eyes; I dare say they were blue enough. But pray, who was this immortal doll of yours?" "Who?" cried he, "why, who but—shall I speak it? who but—the LADY CHERUBINA DE WILLOUGHBY!!!" "I!" "You!" "Ah! Montmorenci!" "Ah! Cherubina! I followed you with cautious steps," continued he, "till I traced you into your—you had a garden, had you not?" "Yes." "Into your garden. I thought ten thousand flowerets would have leapt from their beds to offer you a nosegay. But the age of gallantry is past, that of merchants, placemen, and fortune-hunters has succeeded, and the glory of Cupid is extinguished for ever! . . . But wherefore," cried he, starting from his seat, "wherefore talk of the past? Oh! let me tell you of the present and of the future. Oh! let me tell you how dearly, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!" "Love me!" cried I, giving such a start as the nature of the case required. "My Lord, this is so—really now, so—" "Pardon this abrupt avowal of my unhappy passion," said he, flinging himself at my feet; "fain would I have let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek; but, oh! who could resist the maddening sight of so much beauty?" I remained silent, and, with the elegant embarrassment of modesty, cast my blue eyes to the ground. I never looked so lovely. . . . "I declare," said I, "I would say anything on earth to relieve you—only tell me what." "Angel of light!" exclaimed he, springing upon his feet, and beaming on me a smile that might liquefy marble. "Have I then hope? Dare I say it? Dare I pronounce the divine words, 'she loves me?'" "I am thine and thou art mine," murmured I, while the room swam before me.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

(1760—1834.)

JONAH BARRINGTON was born in 1760, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1788 was called to the bar; two years later he was returned as member for Tuam. He opposed Grattan and Curran, and was made a King's Counsel and rewarded by the Government in 1793 by a sinecure office in the Custom House, worth £1,000 (\$5,000) a year.

In 1798 he lost his seat, but in the next year was returned for Banagher. He voted against the Union, and yet with strange inconsistency he acted as Government procurer for bribing at least one member to vote in favor of the Union. In 1803 he stood for the city of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, but was defeated, although he had the support of Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, and Plunket. Later he was made judge in the Admiralty Court, and knighted. In 1809 he published, in five parts, the first volume of the 'Historic Memoirs of Ireland.'

After this he lived in France for some time, compelled thereto both by political and by financial considerations of a not altogether creditable kind. The manner of his going is thus described by W. J. Fitzpatrick, in 'The Sham Squire': "He had pledged his family plate for a considerable sum to Mr. John Stevenson, pawnbroker and member of the Common Council. 'My dear fellow,' said the knight condescendingly, as he dropped in one day to that person's private closet, 'I'm in a d—l of a hobble. I asked, quite impromptu, the Lord-Lieutenant, Chancellor, and judges to dine with me, forgetting how awkwardly I was situated, and, by Jove! they've written to say they'll come. Of course I could not entertain them without the plate. I shall require it for that evening only, but it must be on one condition, that you come yourself to the dinner and represent the Corporation. Bring the plate with you, and take it back at night.' The pawnbroker was dazzled; although not usually given to nepotism, he willingly embraced the proposal. During dinner and after it he (Sir Jonah) plied his *uncle* with wine. The pawnbroker had a bad head for potation, though a good one for valuation. He fell asleep and under the table almost simultaneously, and when he awoke to a full consciousness Sir Jonah, accompanied by the plate, was on his way to Boulogne, never again to visit his native land."

In 1827 he published two volumes of 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.' In 1830, by an address from both Houses of Parliament, he was removed from the bench, in consequence of misappropriation of public money. In 1833 appeared the third volume of 'Personal Sketches,' and in the same year the completion of his 'Historic Memoirs.' This book was subsequently reproduced in a cheaper form as 'The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.' His works are chiefly valuable for their vivid pictures of the social and political conditions of his time—but they are not always to be relied upon as to matters of fact. He died in 1834.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY
ELOQUENCE.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

The preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan (now no more), who pronounced the most impressive orations I ever heard from the members of my profession at any era. It is true he spoke for *effect*, and therefore directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment. He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity, but afterwards conformed to the Protestant church, and was received *ad eundem*. His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice, and he was promoted by Lord Westmoreland to a living; afterward became a dean, and would, most probably, have been a bishop; but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented, that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed (unjustly) to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsion. His manner of preaching was of the French school: he was vehement for a while, and then, becoming (or affecting to become) exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face: a dead silence ensued—he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence—another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivaled his talent, and at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a "celestial exhaustion," as I heard a lady call it, not un-

frequently terminated his discourse—in general, abruptly. If the subject was charity, every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the church of Saint Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200 (\$1,000) was raised by the Dean to £1,100 (\$5,500). I knew a gentleman myself, who threw both his purse and watch into the plate!

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar, and Sheridan in the senate, were the three most effective orators I ever recollect, in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr. Hely, of Tooke's Court. While residing in Dublin, I met him at a variety of places, and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it; nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety, ignorance nor information; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre* was the most prominent of his superficial qualities; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling, the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man, if he could not be termed a very amiable one; and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt myself more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin, the Huguenot, who preached at The Hague (grandfather to the late Attorney-General of Ireland). It may be so; and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers,

if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan. It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hastings' trial; at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. Many great men have their individual points of superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded. Curran could have done both, Grattan neither: but, in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, while young, far exceeded either of them.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew him intimately. He was my senior, and my superior. While he was in high repute, I was at laborious duties; while he was eclipsing everybody in fame in one country, I was laboring hard to gain any in another. He professed whiggism: I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their definition thereof.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

Among those Parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the House, were certain baronets of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite for both solids and fluids—much wit, more humor, and indefatigable cheerfulness—might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who (except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post) was generally in his senses, formed, during these intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin County, afforded a whimsical variety of the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writ-

ing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood, by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service!—and the dross (as he termed it) having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodians, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the special guardianship of the attorneys. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the present Cæsar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail: but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography, and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the imperial Parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet; his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche (of whom we shall speak hereafter) generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, while Sir Frederick's, on the other hand, possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense!

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good tempered, and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland): whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him while he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring that "the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord-Lieutenant's favor," John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail." "And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amid peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear, for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason. His seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the Treasury-bench, next to a gangway; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper to him, and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst!—which, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use *that* at all, and *the other* as little as possible!

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbor of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and (in common with many remote farmers of that period) had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease—his only property. He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, while he could get anything out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet; his star, which he frequently wore on

rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before; and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton, "who that man was with a silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"May be, please your honor, he could do my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial 's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That 's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what 's those words on his *sign*?" (alluding to the motto on the star).

"Oh," answered the other, "they are Latin, '*Tria juncta in uno.*'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond," said Sir John.

"Then I can match him!" exclaimed Hughes.

"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and on hearing the above language (taking for granted that it resulted from his own application), he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss, but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that 's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive Christians, you usurer! you Jew, you!"

Nobody could be more amused at this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told everybody he knew of "Hamilton's trick upon *the countryman*."

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people, never patronized it in any other individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story, one day, in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word*: Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed, "you say you don't believe my word?"

"I can't believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*! I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humor. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling* a lie, and Sir Richard for *not believing* it—to the payment of two bottles of hock, each.

Whoever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The Duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss (as probably most kings, princes, and viceroys occasionally are) for something to say to every person he was bound in etiquette to notice, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop; the timely rain," observed the Duke, "will bring everything above ground."

"God forbid, your Excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His Excellency stared, while Sir John continued, sighing heavily, as he spoke; "Yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, among the usual loyal toasts "The wooden walls of England" being given, Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling up a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquis of Waterford and several country-gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said: "My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland—the colonels of militia!'"

So broad but so good-humored a *jeu-d'esprit* excited great merriment; the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularity, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquis of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint, nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was," said the Marquis, "he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities; and, having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honor and etiquette—of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death, with the utmost satisfaction to himself, as well as to every one in

connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a "*bas bleu*," prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read Gibbon's 'Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

The baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measure of Government, immediately rose, and in a very few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and *still more* honorable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*; for what has *posterity* done for *us*?"

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter, which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He

therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the House that "by *posterity*, he did not at all mean *our ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately after them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by Government to fight as hard as possible for the Union; so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen," said Sir Boyle, "may tither, and tither, and tither, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honorable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the House for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop, nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, while he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "there, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallician villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, sir, the murderous *Marshallaw-men* (Mar-seillais) would break in, cut us to mince-meat and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the *habeas corpus* suspension bill in Ireland: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a

part, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve the *remainder!*"

This baronet having been one of the Irish Parliamentary curiosities before the Union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar, nonsensical expression: but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*,¹ and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord-Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament, including the late Marquis of Ormonde. The Marquis was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal: and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche labored hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology; it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wits' end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the House in good humor, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could *mean to give offense*."

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army. "The best way," said Sir Boyle, "to *avoid danger* is to *meet it plumb*."

¹ *Oxymorons*, sharp antitheses.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

From 'Personal Sketches of His Own Times.'

The numerous and remarkable instances, which came within my own observation, of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times, would fill volumes. A few only will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to show the nature of that reciprocal good-will, which on many occasions was singularly useful to both; and, in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family, I neither mean to play the vain egotist nor to determine generals by particulars, since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

I remember that a very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops before they shedded. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by any possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in due time. One morning, when he rose, he could not believe his sight:—he looked—rubbed his eyes—called the servants, and asked them if they saw anything odd in the field: they certainly did—for, on our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labor during the day, had come down upon the great field, and had reaped and stacked it before dawn! None of them would even tell him who had a hand in it. Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place; and no tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed, for rent. Their gratitude for this knew no bounds; and the only individuals who ever annoyed them were the parsons by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money; and though hard cash was scant with both landlord and tenant, and no small banknotes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was

experienced by the peasantry from the want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work; no banks, no machinery;—although the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland, in former times, occurred in my family and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr. French, of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament. He was an excellent swordsman; and, as was often the case in that country, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbors and their adherents together by the ears; my grandfather had conceived a contempt for, and antipathy to, a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who, having an independent mind, entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud—steady and sensible; but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities, and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

On some occasion or other, Mr. Dennis had outdone his usual outdoings, and chagrined the squire and his lady most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's and my grandmother launched out in her abuse of Dennis, concluding her exordium by an hyperbole of hatred expressed, but not at all meant, in these words: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! that might quiet him."

It passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler Ned Regan (who had drunk enough) came in:—joy was in his eye; and, whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents; when lo! a considerable

portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table! The horror and surprise of the company may be conceived; upon which old Ned exclaimed: "Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off, so I told old Gahagan (the game-keeper) and he took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears, and there they are; and I hope you are plazed, my lady!"

The scene may be imagined—but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never reappeared in the country till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants, in those days, to their masters. The order of things is now reversed; and the change of times cannot be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have to rob (and, if convenient, murder) the families from whom they derive their daily bread. Where the remote error lies, I know not; but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems to be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the same feeling as that illustrated by the two former anecdotes—namely, the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families—occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election in the year 1790, for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to Parliament during nearly two hundred years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time: six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally in mass. The books were

repacked, and the poll declared—the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town—when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colors flying and pipers playing. Their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, etc., the chief captain came up to me. “Counselor, dear!” said he, “we’re all come from Donane to help your honor against the villains that oppose you: we’re the boys that can *tittivate!*—Barrington for ever! hurra!” Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added: “Counselor, jewel! which of the villains shall *we settle first?*”

To quiet him, I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

“Why, then, counselor,” said he, “we’ll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!”

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humor of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and “*to stay asy*” (their own language); and in a little time I made them as tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o’clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to anybody or anything.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all whom they thought would protect or procure them justice.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

From ‘Personal Sketches of His Own Times.’

It may be objected that anecdotes of dueling have more than their due proportion of space in these sketches, and

that no writer should publish feats of that nature (if feats they can be called), especially when performed by persons holding grave offices or by public functionaries. These are very plausible, rational observations, and are now anticipated for the purpose of being answered.

It might be considered a sufficient excuse, that these stories refer to events long past; that they are amusing, and the more so as being matter of fact (neither romance nor exaggeration), and so various that no two of them are at all similar. But a much better reason can be given; namely, that there is no other species of detail or anecdote which so clearly brings in illustration before a reader's eye the character, genius, and the manners of a country as that which exemplifies the distinguishing propensities of its population for successive ages. Much knowledge will necessarily be gained by possessing such a series of anecdotes, and then going on to trace the decline of such propensities to the progress of civilization in that class of society where they had been prevalent.

As to the objection founded on the rank or profession of the parties concerned, it is only necessary to subjoin the following *short* abstract from a long list of official duelists who have figured in my time, and some of them before my eyes. The number of grave personages who appear to have adopted the national taste (though in most instances it was undoubtedly before their elevation to the bench that they signalized themselves in single combat), removes from me all imputations of pitching upon and exposing any unusual frailty; and I think I may challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant *judicial* and *official* antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited even in the following list.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran.

The Chief Justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawly (a Privy Councilor), Lord Llandaff, and two others.

The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barret, and three others.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honorable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honorable Henry Grattan, a Privy Councilor, and another.

A Baron of the Exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

The Chief Justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

The Judge of the Prerogative Court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground. N. B. The latter case is a curious one.

The chief counsel to the Revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counselor O'Mahon, Counselor Campbell, and others; all hits.

The Master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary, etc.

The Provost of the University of Dublin, the Right Honorable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery (they went to the plains of Minden to fight), and some others.

The Chief Justice C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

The Right Honorable George Ogle, a Privy Councilor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a papist. They fired eight shots and no hit; but the second broke his own arm.

Thomas Wallace, K. C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

Counselor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain; fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

The collector of the customs of Dublin, the Honorable Francis Hitchinson, fought the Right Honorable Lord Mountmorris.

The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations.

However, it must be owned that there were occasionally very peaceful and forgiving instances among the barristers. I saw a very brave king's counsel, Mr. Curran, horse-whipped most severely in the public street, by a very savage nobleman, Lord Clanmorris; and another barrister was said to have had his eye saluted by a moist messenger

from a gentleman's lip (Mr. May's) in the body of the House of Commons. Yet both those little *incivilities* were arranged very amicably, in a private manner, and without the aid of any deadly weapon whatsoever, I suppose for variety's sake. But the people of Dublin used to observe, that a judgment came upon Counselor O'Callaghan for having kept Mr. Curran quiet in the horsewhipping affair, inasmuch as his own brains were literally scattered about the ground by an attorney very soon after he had turned pacificator.

In my time, the number of killed and wounded among the bar was very considerable. The other learned professions suffered much less.

It is, in fact, incredible what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen (though in general excellent-tempered fellows) formerly had for fighting each other and immediately making friends again. A duel was indeed considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent.

One of the most humane men existing, an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, but who (as the expression then was) had frequently played both "hilt to hilt" and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavoring to keep a little son of his quiet, who was crying for something: "Come, now, do be a good boy! Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning!" "Yes! yes! we'll shoot them all in the morning!" responded the child, drying his little eyes and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humorist and *gourmand*, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying: "Come, now, be a good boy—don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow! Now won't you be good?" "Oh! yes, yes," said the child sobbing; "father, is the *lamb* ready?"

Within my recollection, this national propensity for fighting and slaughtering was nearly universal, originating in the spirit and habits of former times. When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of

feats and exercises, they naturally conceived that manslaughter, in an *honest* way (that is, not knowing *which* would be slaughtered), was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments; and this idea gave rise to an assiduous cultivation of the arts of combat, and dictated the wisest laws for carrying them into execution with regularity and honor.

About the year 1777, the fire-eaters were in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. The first two questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady-wife, were: "What family is he of?" "Did he ever blaze?"

Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the dueling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword: Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol: Mayo not amiss at either: Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime.

When I was at the university, Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Reddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, Amby Fitzgerald, and a few others were supposed to understand the points of honor better than any men in Ireland, and were constantly referred to.

In the north, the Fallows and the Fentons were the first hands at it; and most counties could have then boasted their regular *point-of-honor men*. The present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was supposed to have understood the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland.

In truth, these oracles were in general gentlemen of good connections and most respectable families, otherwise nobody would fight or consult them.

Every family then had a case of hereditary pistols, which descended as an heirloom, together with a long, silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated *pelters*, were brass (I believe my second brother has them still). The barrels were very long, and *point-blankers*. They were included in the armory of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth (the stocks, locks, and hair-triggers were, however, mod-

ern), and had descended from father to son from that period; one of them was named "Sweet Lips," the other "The Darling." The family rapier was called "Skiver the Pullet" by my grand-uncle, Captain Wheeler Barrington, who had fought with it repeatedly, and run through different parts of their persons several Scots officers, who had challenged him all at once for some national reflection. It was a very long, narrow-bladed, straight cut-and-thrust, as sharp as a razor, with a silver hilt and a guard of buff leather inside it. I kept this rapier as a curiosity for some time; but it was stolen during my absence at Temple.

I knew Jemmy Keogh extremely well. He was considered in the main a peacemaker, for he did not like to see anybody fight but himself; and it was universally admitted that he never killed any man who did not well deserve it. He was a plausible, although black-looking fellow, with remarkably thick, long eyebrows, closing with a tuft over his nose. He unfortunately killed a cripple in the Phoenix Park, which accident did him great mischief. He was a land-agent to Bourke of Glinsk, to whom he always officiated as second.

At length, so many quarrels arose without sufficiently dignified provocation, and so many things were considered quarrels of course, which were not quarrels at all, that the principal fire-eaters of the south saw clearly disrepute was likely to be thrown on both the science and its professors, and thought it full time to interfere and arrange matters upon a proper, steady, rational, and moderate footing; and to regulate the time, place, and other circumstances of dueling, so as to govern all Ireland on one principle—thus establishing a uniform, national code of the *lex pugnandi*; proving, as Hugo Grotius did, that it was for the benefit of all belligerents to adopt the same code and regulations.

In furtherance of this object, a branch society had been formed in Dublin, termed the "Knights of Tara," which met once a month at the theater, Chapel Street, gave premiums for fencing, and proceeded in the most laudably systematic manner. The amount of admission money was laid out on silver cups, and given to the best fencers as prizes, at quarterly exhibitions of pupils and amateurs.

Fencing with the small-sword is certainly a most beautiful and noble exercise; its acquirement confers a fine, bold, and manly carriage, a dignified mien, a firm step, and graceful motion. But, alas! its practicers are now supplanted by contemptible groups of smirking quadrillers with unweaponed belts, stuffed breasts, and strangled loins!—a set of squeaking dandies, whose sex may be readily mistaken, or, I should say, is of no consequence.

The theater of the Knights of Tara, on these occasions, was always overflowing. The combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribands, each wearing the favorite color of his fair one; bunches of ribands also dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles to prevent noise in their lunges. No masks or visors were used as in these more timorous times; on the contrary, every feature was uncovered, and its inflections all visible. The ladies appeared in full morning dresses, each handing his foil to her champion for the day, and their presence animated the singular exhibition. From the stage-boxes the prizes were likewise handed to the conquerors by the fair ones, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile then more valued than a hundred victories! The tips of the foils were blackened, and therefore instantly betrayed the hits on the cambric jacket, and proclaimed without doubt the successful combatant. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit, and good temper.

The Knights of Tara also held a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honor referred to them: to reconcile differences, if possible; if not, to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. Doubtful points were solved generally on the peaceable side, provided women were not insulted or defamed; but when that was the case, the knights were obdurate and blood must be seen. They were constituted by ballot, something in the manner of the Jockey Club, but without the possibility of being dishonorable, or the opportunity of cheating each other.

This most agreeable and useful association did not last above two or three years. I cannot tell why it broke up: I rather think, however, the original fire-eaters thought it frivolous, or did not like their own ascendancy to be rivaled. It was said that they threatened direct hostil-

ities against the knights; and I am the more disposed to believe this, because, soon after, a comprehensive code of the laws and points of honor was issued by the southern fire-eaters, with directions that it should be strictly observed by gentlemen throughout the kingdom, and kept in their pistol-cases, that ignorance might never be pleaded. This code was not circulated in print, but very numerous written copies were sent to the different county clubs, etc.

My father got one for his sons, and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of dueling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway "the thirty-six commandments."

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

(1817-1889.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY was born in Cork in 1817. He wrote much for *The Nation*, chiefly in verse over the signatures of "B.," "B. J.," "Beta," and "Brutus." He won the prize of £100 (\$500) offered by the Repeal Association in 1843 for the best essay on Repeal. The 'Kishoge Papers' appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* anonymously and were republished in one volume under the pseudonym of "Bouillon de Garçon."

He was editor of the *Cork Southern Reporter* for some years from 1848 and published also the following books: 'A Waterloo Commemoration,' 'Lays of the War,' 'Six Songs of Beranger,' 'Heinrich and Lenore.' He also edited the 'Songs of Ireland,' and wrote some other works, chiefly legal. He recanted his early opinions toward the end of his life and became a police magistrate in Dublin. He died Jan. 23, 1889.

THE SWORD.

What rights the brave?
The sword!
What frees the slave?
The sword!
What cleaves in twain
The despot's chain,
And makes his gyves and dungeons vain?
The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever!
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright for ever!

What checks the knave?
The sword!
What smites to save?
The sword!
What wrecks the wrong
Unpunished long,
At last, upon the guilty strong?
The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

What shelters Right?

The sword!

What makes it might?

The sword!

What strikes the crown

Of tyrants down,

And answers with its flash their frown?

The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, etc.

Still be thou true,

Good sword!

We'll die or do,

Good sword!

Leap forth to light

If tyrants smite,

And trust our arms to wield thee right,

Good sword!

CHORUS.

Yes! cease thy proud task never

While rests a link to sever!

Guard of the free,

We'll cherish thee,

And keep thee bright for ever!

THE MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

They knelt around the cross divine,

The matron and the maid;

They bowed before redemption's sign,

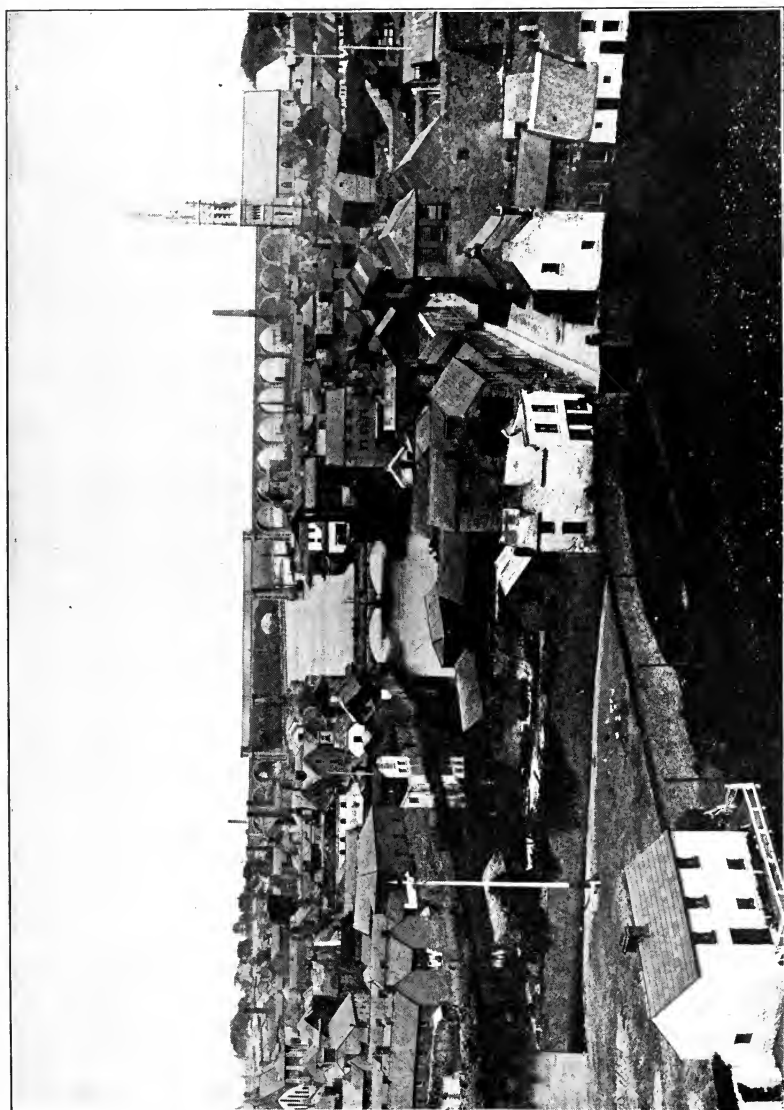
And fervently they prayed—

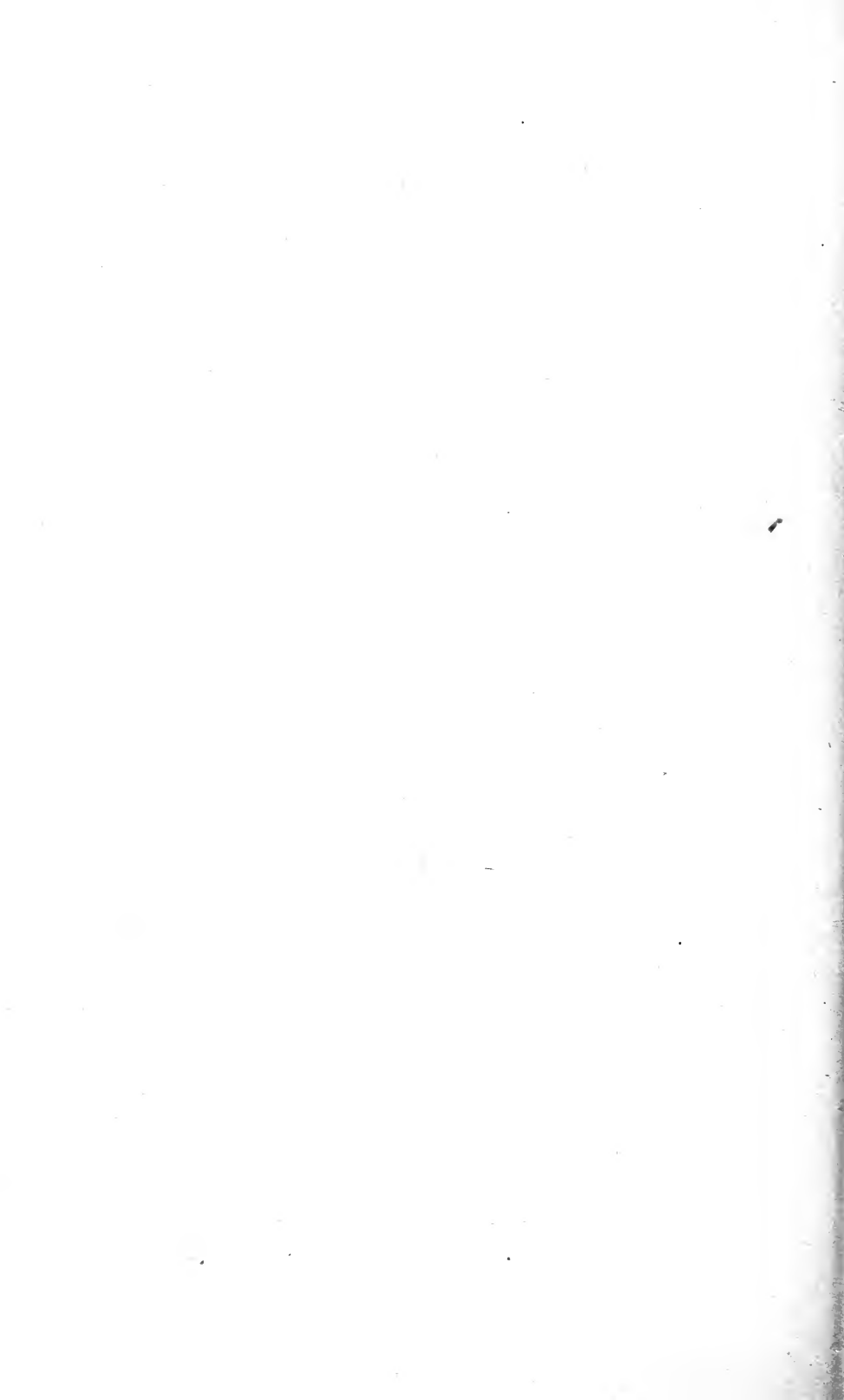
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,

Whose crime was this alone—

Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons

Had battled for their own.





Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corpses strewed the plain
 Where Valor slept with Right.
 And now that man of demon guilt
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt
 Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there—the young, the old,
 The maiden, and the wife;
 Their guardians brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy—God on high!
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in women's blood;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do!
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it too!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MR. EDITOR,

My mother being a Blackpool woman, I wish to give you the first news of what happened between Louis Philippe and her Grayshus Majesty. I was behind a curtain listenin' to the dialogue on Friday evening.

“ My dear Vic, ses he,
 I'm mighty sick, ses he,
 For I've cut my stick, ses he,
 Tarnation quick, ses he,
 From the devil's breeze, ses he,
 At the Tooleyrees, ses he;
 For the blackguards made, ses he,
 A barricade, ses he.

They're up to the trade, ses he,
 And I was afraid, ses he,
 And greatly in dread, ses he,
 I'd lose my head, ses he;
 And if I lost that, ses he,
 I'd have no place for my hat, ses he.

"Stop awhile, ses she;
 Take off your tile, ses she.
 You're come a peg down, ses she,
 By the loss of your crown, ses she.

"Mille pardon, ses he,
 For keepin' it on, ses he;
 But my head isn't right, ses he,
 Since I took to flight, ses he;
 For the way was long, ses he,
 And I'm not over sthrong, ses he.

"Indeed, my ould buck, ses she,
 You look mighty shuck, ses she.

"You may say I am, ses he;
 I'm not worth a damn, ses he,
 Till I get a dhram, ses he,
 And a cut of mate, ses he;
 For I'm dead bate, ses he.
 I'm as cowl'd as ice, ses he.

"Never say it twjice, ses she;
 I'll get you a slice, ses she,
 Of something nice, ses she;
 And we'll make up a bed, ses she,
 In the room overhead, ses she.

"I like a mathrass, ses he,
 Or a pallyass, ses he;
 But in my present pass, ses he,
 Anything of the kind, ses he,
 I shouldn't much mind, ses he."

Here a grand waither dhressed all in goold brought in the ateables. Her Majesty helped Looey to some cowld ham, which he tucked in as if he hadn't tasted a bit since he left the Tooleyrees. By degrees he lost his appetite and found his tongue; but he didn't like talking while the waither was there, so he touched her Majesty, and ses he in an undertone—

“ Bid that flunkey go, ses he,
And I'll let you know, ses he,
About my overthrow, ses he.”

So the Queen made a sign with her hand, and the flunkey tuck himself off with a very bad grace, as if he'd have liked to be listening. When the door was shut Looey went on—

“ 'T was that Guizot, ses he—
That chap you knew, ses he,
When we were at Eu, ses he,
At our interview, ses he.

“ Is that thrue? ses she.
I thought he and you, ses she,
Were always as thick, ses she,
As—

“ Don't say pickpockets, Vic, ses he.
Indeed, we wor friends, ses he,
And had the same ends, ses he,
Always in view, ses he;
But we little knew, ses he,
That a Paris mob, ses he,
Would spoil our job, ses he.
They're the divil's lads, ses he—
What you call Rads, ses he;
But your Rads sing small, ses he,
Before powdher and ball, ses he,
While mine don't care a jot, ses he,
For round or grape shot, ses he.
Well, those chaps of mine, ses he.
They wanted to dine, ses he,

And to raise up a storm, ses he,
 About getting reform, ses he;
 Which isn't the thing, ses he,
 For a citizen king, ses he,
 Or a well-ordered state, ses he,
 To tolerate, ses he.
 So says I to Guizot, ses he,
 We must sthrike a blow, ses he.
 Ses Guizot, You're right, ses he,
 For they'll never fight, ses he;
 They're sure to be kilt, ses he,
 By them forts you built, ses he,
 And the throops is throe, ses he,
 And they'll stand to you, ses he.
 Then ses I to Guizot, ses he,
 Proclaim the banquo, ses he,
 And let them chaps know, ses he,
 That Reform's no go, ses he.
 But bad luck to our haste, ses he,
 For stoppin' the faste, ses he,
 For the people riz, ses he.
 And that's how it is, ses he,
 That you find me here, ses he,
 At this time of year, ses he,
 Hard up for a bed, ses he,
 To rest my head, ses he.

"Did you save your tin? ses she.

"Did I? (with a grin), ses he.
 Faix, it's I that did, ses he,
 For I had it hid, ses he,
 Lest a storm should burst, ses he,
 To be fit for the worst, ses he."

Here Looney stopped, and little Lord Johnny, who had been peepin' in at the door, walked into the room, just as the Queen, who had caught sight of him, put up her finger for him to come in. Looney rose up to meet him.

"Are you there, ses he,
 My little Premier? ses he.
 Gad! you're lookin' ill, ses he.

“Troth, I am, King Phil, ses he.
Would you cash a bill, ses he,
For a couple of mille? ses he.
I’ve no tin in the till, ses he.

“Good night, ses Phil, ses he.
I’ve a cowld in my head, ses he,
And I’ll go to bed, ses he.”

And he walked out of the room in a great hurry, leaving Lord Johnny in a great foosther, and indeed her Majesty didn’t look over well pleased; but there the matter ended.

P.S.—You’ll hear that Looey wasn’t in London at all, but you may thrust to the thruth of the above.

Yours to command,

THE BOY JONES.

This appeared in the *Cork Southern Reporter*. There was a boy Jones, who had been found concealed in Buckingham Palace, not with criminal intent but from curiosity. When Louis Philippe fled from France in 1848 nothing was heard of him for some days. While all the world was wondering, Barry wrote this squib.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY.

(1849 —)

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY, D.D., Catholic priest, theologian, and novelist, was born April 21, 1849. He received his education at Oscott College near Birmingham and in the English College at Rome. He is a B.D. and D.D. of the Gregorian University, Rome; was seventh in honors at his matriculation at London University, and is a scholar of the English College de Urbe. He was ordained in St. John Lateran, Rome; studied under Cardinals Franzelin and Tarquini and the famous Perrone.

He was present during the Vatican Council and taking of Rome, in 1870. He was Vice-President and professor of philosophy at Birmingham Theological College, 1873-77; professor of divinity at Oscott College, 1877-80; on mission in Wolverhampton in 1882, and was appointed to Dorchester, 1883. He delivered addresses in America in 1893, and lectured at the Royal Institution and in many parts of England. In 1897 he gave a centenary address on Burke, in London and Dublin.

He has published more than seventy essays in periodicals: 'The New Antigone,' 1887; 'The Place of Dreams,' 1894; 'The Two Standards,' 1898; 'Arden Massiter,' 1900; 'The Wizard's Knot,' 1901—romantic novels; 'The Papal Monarchy,' 1902. He is an accomplished linguist, being acquainted with the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin languages and literatures.

A MEETING OF ANARCHISTS.

From 'The New Antigone.'

It was the large, bare committee-room, which we remember, in the decayed house at Denzil Lane, where Hippolyta and Ivor held their first conversation. The passage was not lighted, and Ivor, leading Rupert in the dark, had to knock twice ere he gained admission. A species of warder, wearing a red sash across his breast, stood inside, jealously guarding the entrance. On opening he recognized the engraver, drew back, and seemed uncertain whether he should be allowed to pass. But at the sight of Rupert closely following on the heels of his friend the warder put out his hand, laying it rather heavily on the artist's shoulder, and said in a quick, rough undertone, "What do you want here?" Rupert stood perfectly still. Ivor, just looking at the doorkeeper, said two or three words and held out

a scrap of paper. The effect was instantaneous. The grim warder drew aside; Rupert passed in; and the two friends, making their way up the room, seated themselves, by Ivor's choice, where they could see all that was going forward and keep an eye on the door.

Rupert, somewhat roused from his lethargy, looked round and thought he had never been in such a place before. The scene resembled a night-school rather than a Socialist meeting. The great windows at either end were closed with wooden shutters and iron bars; three jets of gas hanging from the plastered ceiling threw a crude light on the benches occupied by some thirty or forty men, who seemed, by their dress and general appearance, to belong to the steadier sort of mechanics. There was a tribune, or master's pulpit, at the upper end away from the door, which was at present empty. Near it was the table, covered with green baize, at which Hippolyta had seated herself while Ivor uttered his thoughts to her the first morning they met. But Rupert did not know that Hippolyta had ever been in the room. He felt almost as much surprise here as at the Duke of Adullam's. He had expected a larger meeting, and not this kind of people. In his mind there went with Socialism something squalid, frowsy, unkempt, and forlorn. But these men seemed to be in receipt of wages enabling them to dress decently; they had an educated look; and many of them were turning over the journals or reading written documents. Among them were evidently a certain number of foreigners. They all looked up on the entrance of Ivor Mardol. Seeing Rupert, they looked inquiringly at one another; and a second officer, in red sash like the doorkeeper, came up and asked him who he was. Rupert pointed to Ivor; again the scrap of paper was shown, again the magic working followed. The men bent over their journals and documents. There was apparently no business going on, or it had not begun.

In the midst of the silence a slight young man went from his place at the side of the hall into the pulpit, carrying with him a bundle of papers. The rest laid down what they were reading, and threw themselves into listening attitudes. The secretary, if such he was, began to run over what seemed an interminable list of meetings, resolutions, and subscriptions—a recital which, tedious though it

proved to Rupert, had clearly a deep interest for the assembly, Ivor himself appearing to follow it point by point. More than once the reader was interrupted, now by low earnest murmurs of approbation, and now by marks of the reverse. A bystander would have said that in this committee of anarchists the old sections of the Revolution had renewed themselves. But the artist, weary of these monotonous proceedings, and attending but little to the hum of conversation, which by degrees grew louder, could hardly have told when the secretary ended, or what shape of man took his place in the pulpit. He did not suppose Colonel Valence would haunt assemblies of this species; and Ivor's friend apparently was yet to arrive.

From such stupor, consequent partly on the illness he was feeling, Rupert awakened at the sound of Ivor's voice. He opened his eyes and looked about. His friend had arisen in his place, and the speaker in the pulpit had come to a pause. The rest were dead silent.

"Ay," said Ivor, with a fine ring of scorn in his accents, "things are going the way I foretold. But they shall not without one more protest from me. After that, you may do with me as you like. I suppose there must be martyrs of the new Gospel as there were of the old. You," he continued, facing the man in the pulpit, "are preaching assassination. You tell us it is an article in the creed of anarchy. And I tell you, here, not for the first time, that it is no article in the creed of humanity."

"Sit down, can't you?" shouted one of the men across the room; "your turn 'll come by and by. Why can't you let the man speak?"

"By all means," said Ivor. "It is out of order, I suppose, to protest that our society is not a company of assassins." And he sat down, flushed and excited. Rupert pressed his hand.

The other took up his interrupted speech; and the artist for the first time heard a sermon, in well-chosen language and with apposite illustrations, on the text of dynamite. A stern gospel, which the fanatic standing before them clearly believed in. He was a thoughtful, mild-looking man, young, well educated, and fluent in address, a foreigner, or of foreign descent. He was much applauded, though not by all; and he knew when to leave off. The im-

pression made was deep and solemn, like that which a High Calvinist might have produced in his epoch by proclaiming that hardly any one present would be saved, and by adding that the more of them were lost the greater would be God's glory. As soon as he turned to come down from the pulpit, Ivor stood up again. Voices cried, "To the front, to the front"; but he did not stir. The noise died away. Looking very steadily at the brethren who crowded nearer to him, he said, "I doubt that I belong to you, and I will not go into your tribune."

There was a strong murmur of disapproval, which seemed to loosen his tongue.

"How should I belong to you," he cried, "when you will take warning neither by the Revolution nor by the Governments, when you are mad enough to dream of creating a new world by the methods which have ruined the old? You disown your greatest teachers. You—I say you—are restoring absolute government, the Council of Ten, the Inquisition, and the Committee of Public Safety. You, as much as any king, or priest, or aristocrat, stand in the way of progress."

There was a great outcry. "Proof, proof," exclaimed some; "renegade," "reactionary," "traitor," came hurled from the lips of others, while Ivor stood unmoved amid the commotion he had excited. He smiled disdainfully, and lifted his hand to command silence, but for a time it seemed as if the meeting would break up in confusion. There were two or three, however, bent on restoring order and hearing what he had to say. The tumult grew less, and Ivor, as soon as he could make himself audible, exclaimed, "Do you want proof? It is waiting for you. I will prove myself no renegade by showing who is. I say that this lodge was founded on our faith in humanity. Its creed, when I joined it, condemned regicide, assassination, and private war. It would have condemned dynamite, had that hellish weapon been invented. I say again that I am a son of the Revolution, which has made freedom possible and will make it a universal fact, if we and the like of us do not throw it back a thousand years. What are my proofs? you ask. They are illustrious and decisive parallels; they are the principles on which alone a scientific and progressive reconstruction of society can be attempted. Do you

believe that Voltaire or Goethe would have countenanced regicide while the printing-press remained? Would Rousseau have taught Émile the Gospel of dynamite? Is Victor Hugo a mere and sheer anarchist?"

"Bah," said a thickset, deep-toned German, interrupting him. "Why quote men of letters?"

"Because they are the priests and prophets without whom no revolution could have existed," returned Ivor; "because they see the scope, and measure the path, of our endeavoring; because it is by their methods, and not by yours, that we shall win."

"Slow methods," retorted another, "while the people are starving."

"Dynamite will not help them to live," said Ivor. "You may blow up Winter Palaces and kill Emperors with it. You will not gain the intelligent, or the men of science, or the good anywhere, by the sound of its explosion."

"We want a mental and spiritual democracy as well as the rest," interrupted a third; "we care not a jot for aristocracies of intelligence or benevolence. That is why we call ourselves Sparta."

"I know," said Ivor, his face kindling; "but your new Sparta is worse than the old. *You* aim at a democracy! Yes, at one which seen from behind is despotism. You will not tolerate differences of opinion; they must be abolished with the dagger. That is your Inquisition. You make a slave of every man that joins you, and punish his so-called infractions of the rule with death. That is your Council of Ten. You decree the destruction of the innocent, the blowing-up of cities, the plunder of the poor by your howling rabble. That is Saint Bartholomew and the Committee of Public Safety. Oh, my friends, you need not lose patience," he went on, as the interruptions began again. "When I have spoken to the end there will be time enough to kill me. But this, in the face of your threatenings, I repeat, that you have forgotten the very purpose of the Revolution."

"Have we?" was the cry. "Let us hear it, then."

"Read it in Victor Hugo," he replied, "if nowhere else. The Revolution means liberty and light. It means equality in the best things, the only things worth having—love and justice and truth. It means reason, not dynamite. Ah,

my brothers," said Ivor, his voice softening, "how comes it that we have lost faith in the heart, the mind, the brain of Humanity? Why must we turn, like wild beasts, to our fangs and our claws, to the poison of the rattlesnake and the teeth of the tiger?"

"Why?" exclaimed one who had not yet spoken; "because we are fighting with tigers and rattlesnakes. How else are we to conquer?"

"Your conception of humanity, then," said Ivor, "does not include the governing classes. Have all revolutionists been ignorant? have all sprung from the people? You invert the pyramid; but your anarchy is only aristocracy turned upside down. You want the guillotine, the infernal machine, the flask of nitroglycerin as the Governments want their hangman and their headsman. Oh, worthy successor of Robespierre, I congratulate you."

"Robespierre was the greatest and holiest of revolutionists, always excepting Marat," answered the other sullenly.

Ivor was not to be daunted. He went on with his theme. "How did Robespierre differ from Torquemada?" he inquired. "Their views of the next world might not be the same, but they were pretty much of a mind in dealing with this. If the Jesuits were regicides on principle, were the Jacobins any better? A fine revolution," he exclaimed, "when you change the men, but carry out the measures more obstinately than before; when you snatch the people from the lion's mouth to fling them to jackals and hyenas! You tell me that force alone will conquer force. It was not by force that Christianity won its way to Empire. When it took up the sword it struck, indeed, a deadly blow, but into its own heart. Are we going to repeat the mistake, and abolish the principles of '89 by the guillotine of '93? Conquer force by force? Not in this battle, be you sure of that. It is a battle against darkness, and only light will scatter it. Therefore I conclude," he said, raising his voice and speaking with impassioned earnestness, "that the resolution which would commit our lodge to a policy of dynamite is nothing short of apostasy from the principles on which it was founded; and I, for one, will dare or endure the utmost rather than assent to it."

"What will you put in its stead?" The question rang

out clear through the room, drawing every eye towards the speaker, who had come in while Ivor was replying to the interruptions of his opponents. He was a tall man, wrapped in a cloak with which until now he had covered his face where he sat by the door. At the sound of his voice Ivor gave a start. Rupert, looking that way, saw the man rise from his seat and press towards the tribune. He let his cloak fall, and from that moment the artist's eyes were riveted on his pale and haughty countenance. Again, as at the beginning of Ivor's speech, there was complete silence, and the men present looked at one another in expectation of something unusual. Ivor, standing up while the stranger passed, made no attempt to resume. The stillness became intense.

"You are debating a question to-night," said the stranger, as he looked at them from the tribune he had mounted, "on which the future of the world hangs. Let me help you to solve it. All the lodges in Europe have been debating it too, since a certain afternoon when the telegraph brought news from Petersburg. The French Revolution has become cosmopolitan; the nations are on the march, and they must have their '93. Anarchy first, then order. When France challenged the kings to battle, it flung them the head of a king. We have done more; we are going to pull down the Europe of the kings, with all its wealth, feudalism, ranks, and classes, till we have swept the place clean. And," he paused, "our gage of battle is the shattered body of the Tsar."

There could be no mistaking how the applause went now. It was violent and vociferous. The stranger hardly seemed to notice it. When silence was restored he went on in a musing voice, low but exceedingly distinct, as if speaking to himself. "When I was a boy I too had my dreams," he said, and he glanced towards Ivor. "I believed in Goethe and Voltaire, in Victor Hugo and the sentimentalists. I thought the struggle was for light. I see it is for bread. Look out in the streets to-night and consider the faces that pass. Beyond these walls," his voice sank lower, but it was wonderfully clear throughout, "lies the anarchy of London. Rags, hunger, nakedness, tears, filth, incest, squalor, decay, disease, the human lazarus-house, the black death eating its victims piecemeal,—that is three-fourths

of the London lying at these doors. Whose care is it? Nay, who cares for it? The piles of the royal palace are laid deep in a lake of blood. And you will leave it standing? You talk of light; you prefer sentiment to dynamite and assassination! What a meek Christian you are!"

"No," returned Ivor, with heightened color in his face, "I am neither meek nor a Christian. The lake of blood is a terror to me as to you. That is not the question. You know me too well to imagine it," he said almost fiercely. "The question is whether a second anarchy will cure a first. I say no. I prefer sentiment to assassination? Very well, why should I not? But I prefer reason and right even to sentiment. I appeal to what is deepest in the heart of man."

The stranger laughed unpleasantly and resumed, as though dismissing the argument. "I have seen battles," he said, "in which there were heroism, and madness, and the rush of armies together, and the thunder of cannon, and wild, raging cries in the artillery gloom, enough to intoxicate a man with the bloody splendors of war. But I never beheld anything more heroic or glorious"—he smiled, his voice fell, and he gave a long, peculiar glance down the hall—"than the overture to our great enterprise. It cost many days to think it out; it was accomplished in a moment." Then, in the strange, musing tone of one that has a vision before him, "I saw him stagger, lean his arm against the parapet, and fall, shattered as with a thunderbolt. It was not the death of a man; it was the annihilation of a tyranny!"

"And the springing up of a fresh tyranny from his blood," cried Ivor, unable, amid the cheering of the others, to contain himself.

"Ah, it was a fine sight," continued the speaker, as though he had not been interrupted, "and new in its kind. The great White Tsar has often been murdered—by his wife, his son, his brother; Nicholas committed suicide, and so did Alexander the First. But never until now have the people done justice on their executioner."

Then in the same quiet voice, where passion was so concentrated that it gave only a dull red intensity of expression, but none of those lyric cries that lift up the soul, he recited, without naming person or place, the tragedy of

which he had been a witness and one of the prime movers. No sound of protest came while he was speaking. The audience hung spellbound on his words; and the somber, sanguinary picture unrolled itself in all its dreadfulness before their vision. Like a tragic messenger, he told the tale graphically, yet as though he had no part in it; but the conviction, unanimous in that meeting, of the share he had taken added a covert fear, a wonder not unmixed with something almost loathsome, as the man stood there, his hands clean, but the scent of blood clinging to his raiment. Ivor listened, his head bowed down, motionless. Rupert never once turned his eyes from the stranger, who moved along the lines of the story swiftly, quietly, painting with lurid tints, and not pausing till he had shown the mangled remains of the victim wrapped in his bloody shroud.

"That was not all the blood spilt in the tragedy," he concluded. "We, too, lost our soldiers, but they were willing to die. And now that you have seen the deed through my eyes, judge whether it was rightly done."

"Stay," said Ivor, rising again, and in his agitation leaning heavily upon Rupert's shoulder, "before you judge let me ask on what principles your verdict is to be founded. Will you take those of the Revolution, or return to those of Absolutism?"

"The Revolution, the Revolution," cried many voices.

"One of them," returned the young man, "is fraternity. Where did his murderers show pity to the Tsar? Another is humanity, to employ the arms of reason to enlighten blindness, not strike it with the sword. Must war be perpetual, or where is retaliation to cease? I have always thought that pardon, light, and love were the watchwords of our cause; and I looked forward to the day when men should live in peace with one another. To be a man, I understood, was to bear a charmed life, on which no other man should lay a daring hand. Murder, I was told, is sacrilege. Am I now to unlearn all these truths, and join the crusade of dynamite-throwers instead of the crusade of reason? That is the counter-revolution indeed. I, for one, will have nothing to do with it. Take my vote, which condemns anarchy, whether in the heights or in the depths, and let me go."

ROBERT BELL.

(1800—1867.)

ROBERT BELL was born at Cork in 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he originated the Dublin Historical Society. He settled in London in 1828, and soon became editor of *The Atlas*, then one of the largest London weeklies, which he long conducted with success. He contributed 'The History of Russia' and 'The Lives of English Poets' to Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia.' He assisted Bulwer and Dr. Lardner in establishing *The Monthly Chronicle* and became its editor.

He wrote 'The Life of Canning,' 'Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland,' three plays, and two novels; but his best work, an annotated edition of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, he left incomplete. Later in life he edited *The Home News*. He became interested also in spiritualism, and contributed papers on 'Table-rapping' to the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was a prominent member of 'The Literary Fund.'

GLOUCESTER LODGE.

From 'The Life of Canning.'

Ranelagh was in its meridian glory about the middle of the eighteenth century. The crowds of people it drew westward, streaming along the roads on horseback and afoot, suggested to some enterprising spectator the manifest want of a place of half-way entertainment that might tempt the tired pleasure-hunter to rest a while on his way home, or, perhaps, entice him from the prosecution of his remoter expedition on his way out. The spot was well chosen for the execution of this sinister design. It lay between Brompton and Kensington, just far enough from town to make it a pleasant resting-point for the pedestrian, and near enough to Ranelagh to make it a formidable rival. Sometimes of a summer's evening there might be heard the voices of brass instruments, coming singing in the wind over the heads of the gay groups that were flaunting on the highroad, or through the fields on their excursion to Ranelagh; and sometimes, decoyed by the sound, they would follow it, thinking they had mistaken the path, and never discover their mistake until they found themselves in the bosky recesses of Florida Gardens.

Florida Gardens, laid out in the manner of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and the Mulberry Garden of old, flourished about sixty years ago: after that time, the place fell into waste and neglect, although the site was agreeable and even picturesque in its arrangements.

It was bought by the Duchess of Gloucester, who built a handsome residence upon it, which, being in the Italian style, was at first called Villa Maria, but subsequently, in consequence of the duchess making the house her constant resort in the summer months, became generally known by the name of Gloucester Lodge. Her Royal Highness died here in 1807, and Mr. Canning purchased her interest in the estate from her daughter, the Princess Sophia.

It was in this charming retreat, profoundly still,

“With overarching elms,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood—”

that Mr. Canning, during the long interval which now elapsed before he returned to office, passed the greater part of his leisure. We avail ourselves of this interval of repose to group together, with a disregard for chronological unity, which we hope the reader will not be disinclined to tolerate, a few waifs and strays of personal and domestic interest, otherwise inadmissible to an audience without risk of intrusion. There are parentheses of ideal fancy and memory-gossip in every man's life—wet days when he turns over old letters at the fireside—or indolent sunny days, when he can do nothing but bask in the golden mists and run the round of his youth over again in his imagination. Such lazy hours may be fairly represented by a few indulgent pages of disjointed memorabilia.

The grounds of Gloucester Lodge were shut in by trees. All was seclusion the moment the gates closed. “The drawing-room,” says Mr. Rush, “opened on a portico from which you walked out upon one of those smoothly shaven lawns which Johnson, speaking of Pope's poetry, likens to velvet.” Here Mr. Canning received the most distinguished persons of his time, Gloucester Lodge acquiring, under the influence of his accomplished taste, the highest celebrity for its intellectual reunions. His own feelings always led him to prefer home parties, and, as has already been noticed, he rarely went abroad, except among close friends

or on occasions of ceremony. His private life was not merely blameless, but quite admirable; he was idolized by his family; and yet, says a noble contemporary, such was the ignorance or malevolence of the paragraph writers, that he was described as a "diner-out."

The wit which sparkled at these entertainments was of the highest order: but there was something even better than wit—a spirit of enjoyment, gay, genial, and playful. Mr. Rush gives us an amusing account of a scene which took place at a dinner at Gloucester Lodge, immediately after the breaking up of Parliament. Several members of the diplomatic corps were present. Canning, Huskisson, and Robinson were like birds let out of a cage. There was a great deal of sprightly small-talk, and, after sitting a long time at table, Canning proposed that they should play at "Twenty Questions." They had never heard of this game, which consisted in putting twenty questions to find out the object of your thoughts, something to be selected within certain prescribed limits. It was arranged that Mr. Canning, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was to ask the questions, and Mr. Rush, assisted by Lord Grenville, was to give the answers—the representatives of, probably, nearly all the monarchs of Europe, and the principal ministers of England, watching the result in absolute suspense. The secret was hunted through a variety of dexterous shifts and evasions, until Canning had at last exhausted his twenty questions. "He sat silent for a minute or two," says Mr. Rush; "then, rolling his rich eye about, and with his countenance a little anxious, and, in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord High Steward!'" and it was even so. A burst of approbation followed his success, and the diplomatic people pleasantly observed that they must not let him ask them too many questions at the Foreign Office, else he might find out every secret they had!

But Mr. Canning was not always in such glorious moods after dinner. His animal spirits sometimes sank under the weight of his public responsibilities.

Rush was dining with him one day, when he held the seals of the Foreign Office, and the conversation happening to turn upon Swift, he desired Mr. Planta to take down 'Gulliver's Travels' and read the account of the storm on

the passage to Brobdingnag, so remarkable for its nautical accuracy. It describes the sailors, when "the sea broke strange and dangerous, hauling off the lanyard of the whipstaff, and *helping the man at the helm.*" Canning sat silent for a few moments, and then, in a revery, repeated several times, "And helped the man at the helm—and helped the man at the helm!"

On another occasion, Mr. Rush takes us after dinner into the drawing-room, where some of the company found pastime in turning over the leaves of caricatures bound in large volumes. They went back to the French Revolutionary period. Kings, princes, cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, everybody figured in them. It was a kind of history of England, in caricature, for five-and-twenty years. Need I add that our accomplished host was on many a page? He stood by. Now and then he threw in a word, giving new point to the scenes. Mr. Rush does not appear to have been aware that these volumes of caricatures contained the works of the famous Gilray, an artist of coarse mind, but of rapid invention, great humor, and original genius. Gilray helped very materially to sustain Mr. Canning's popularity, if he did not actually extend and improve it. Mr. Canning frequently gave him valuable suggestions, which he worked out with unflinching tact and whimsicality, making it a point of honor, as well as of gratitude and admiration, to give Mr. Canning in return, on all occasions, an advantageous position in his designs. The importance of having the great caricaturist of the day on his side is nearly as great to a public man, especially to one assailed by envy and detraction, as that ascribed by Swift to ballads of a nation. Gilray always turned the laugh against Mr. Canning's opponents, and never forgot to display his friend and patron in an attitude that carried off the applause of the spectators. In one of his sketches he represents Mr. Canning aloft in the chariot of Anti-Jacobinism, radiant with glory, driving the *sans culotte* mob before him; nor did Mr. Canning, on the other hand, omit any opportunity of drawing Gilray into favorable notice. In the satire upon Addington, called 'The Grand Consulation,' Gilray's caricature of "Dramatic Royalty, or, the Patriotic Courage of Sherry Andrew," is particularly alluded to in the following verse:

“ And instead of the jack-pudding bluster of Sherry,
 And his ‘ dagger of lath ’ and his speeches so merry!
 Let us bring to the field—every foe to appal—
 Aldini’s galvanic *deceptions*, and all
 The *sleight-of-hand tricks* of Conjuror Val.”

Canning’s passion^t for literature entered into all his pursuits. It colored his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics, and we find them together of an evening, after a dinner at Pitt’s, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. Fox had a similar love of classical literature, but his wider sympathies embraced a class of works in which Pitt never appears to have exhibited any interest. Fox was a devourer of novels, and into this region Mr. Canning entered with gusto. In English writings, his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and vindicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue.

He had a high zest for the early vigorous models in all styles, and held in less estimation the more ornate and refined. Writing to Scott about the ‘ Lady of the Lake,’ he says that, on a repeated perusal, he is more and more delighted with it; but that he wishes he could induce him to try the effect of a “ more full and sweeping style ”—to present himself “ in a Drydenic habit.” His admiration of Dryden, whom he pronounced to be “ the perfection of harmony ”; and his preference of that poet of gigantic mould over the melodists of the French school, may be suggested as an evidence of the soundness and strength of his judgment.

Yet it is remarkable that, with this broad sense of great faculties in others, he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest turns of expression. He would correct his speeches, and amend their verbal graces, till he nearly polished out the original spirit. He was not singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly wrought passages in the speech on Hastings’ im-

peachment were written beforehand and committed to memory; and the differences were so marked that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Mr. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive that the printers found it easier to recompose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This difficulty of choice in diction sometimes springs from *l'embarras des richesses*, but oftener from poverty of resources, and generally indicates a class of intellect which is more occupied with costume than ideas. But there are three instances which set all popular notions on this question of verbal fastidiousness by the ears; for certainly Burke, Canning, and Sheridan were men of capacious talents, and two of them, at least, present extraordinary examples of imagination and practical judgment, running together neck and neck in the race of life to the very goal.

Mr. Canning's opinions on the subject of public speaking afford a useful commentary upon his practice. He used to say that speaking in the House of Commons must take *conversation* for its basis; that a studious treatment of topics was out of place. The House of Commons is a working body, jealous and suspicious of embellishments in debate, which, if used at all, ought to be spontaneous and unpremeditated. Method is indispensable. Topics ought to be clearly distributed and arranged; but this arrangement should be felt in the effect, and not betrayed in the manner. But above all things, first and last, he maintained that reasoning was the one essential element. Oratory in the House of Lords was totally different; it was addressed to a different atmosphere—a different class of intellects—more elevated, more conventional. It was necessary to be more ambitious and elaborate, although some of the chief speakers had been formed in the Commons. He thought the average speaking in the Peers better than that in the lower house, one reason for which was, perhaps, that the [upper] house was less miscellaneous, and better stocked with thoroughly educated men.

His own speeches can never be cited in illustration of the system he recommended for the popular branch of the legislature. Yet, although his eloquence was elevated

far above the average imagination and acquirements of his audience, it never perplexed their understandings. The argument was always clear; he kept that to the level of their practical intelligence, and all the rest only went to raise their enthusiasm or to provoke their passions. Wilberforce, who was at least unprejudiced, says that Canning "never drew you to him in spite of yourself," as Pitt and Fox used to do, yet that he was a more finished orator than either. As far as this goes, it is quite just. Canning had less earnestness than Pitt or Fox; there was less *abandon* in his speeches, less real emotion; but he was a greater master of his art, and commanded remoter and more various resources. His wit transcended all comparison with any orator of his time. His humor was irresistible. Wilberforce went home crying with laughter after his account of Lord Nugent's journey to lend *the succor of his person* (Lord Nugent being, as everybody knows, not a very light weight) to constitutional Spain. The light-horseman's uniform—the heavy Falmouth coach—threw the House into convulsions, just as if it had been an assembly of pantomimic imps lighted up with laughing-gas. The passage will stand by itself, without introduction, as a capital specimen of the best-humored political raillery. There is not a particle of ill-nature in it; and it had no other effect on Lord Nugent (whose own nature was incapable of a small resentment) than that of increasing his high opinion of Mr. Canning's great powers. Lord Nugent was long afterward one of Mr. Canning's warmest supporters.

"It was about the middle of last July that the heavy Falmouth coach—[loud and long-continued laughter]—that the heavy Falmouth coach—[laughter]—was observed traveling to its destination through the roads of Cornwall with more than its usual gravity. [Very loud laughter.] There were, according to the best advices, two inside passengers—[laughter]—one a lady of no considerable dimensions—[laughter]—and a gentleman, who, as it has been since ascertained, was conveying the succor of his person to Spain. [Cheers and laughter.] I am informed, and, having no reason to doubt my informant, I firmly believe it, that in the van belonging to the coach—(gentlemen must know the nature and uses of that auxiliary to the

regular stage-coaches)—was a box, more bulky than ordinary, and of most portentous contents. It was observed that after their arrival this box and the passenger before mentioned became inseparable. The box was known to have contained the uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry—[much laughter]—and it was said of the helmet, which was beyond the usual size, that it exceeded all other helmets spoken of in history, not excepting the celebrated helmet in the ‘Castle of Otranto.’ [Cheers and laughter.] The idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea and besieged by land, with a uniform of a light-cavalry officer, was new, to say the least of it. About this time the force offered by the hon. gentleman, which had never existed but on paper, was in all probability expected—I will not stay to determine whether it was to have consisted of 10,000 or 5,000 men. No doubt, upon the arrival of the general and his uniform, the Cortes must have rubbed their hands with satisfaction, and concluded that, now the promised force was come, they would have little more to fear—[laughter]. It did come, as much of it as ever would be seen by the Cortes or the King; but it came in that sense and no other which was described by a witty nobleman, George, Duke of Buckingham, whom the noble lord opposite (Lord Nugent) reckoned among his lineal ancestors. In the play of the ‘Rehearsal’ there was a scene occupied with the designs of two usurpers, to whom one of their party entering, says,

“ ‘Sirs,
The army at the door, but in disguise,
Entreats a word of both your majesties.’

[Very loud and continuous laughter.] Such must have been the effect of the arrival of the noble lord.

“How he was received, or what effect he operated on the counsels and affairs of the Cortes by his arrival, I do not know. Things were at that juncture moving too rapidly to their final issue. How far the noble lord conduced to the termination *by plumping his weight into the sinking scale of the Cortes*, is too nice a question for me just now to settle.” [Loud cheers and laughter.]

BISHOP BERKELEY.

(1684—1753.)

THE famous metaphysician—"the man who," to quote Professor Huxley, "stands out as one of the noblest and purest figures of his time; from whom the jealousy of Pope did not withhold a single one of all 'the virtues under heaven'; nor the cynicism of Swift the dignity of 'one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and virtue'; the man whom the pious Atterbury could compare to nothing less than an angel; whose personal influence and eloquence filled the Scriblerus Club and the House of Commons with enthusiasm for the evangelization of the North American Indians; and led even Sir Robert Walpole to assent to the appropriation of public money to a scheme which was neither business nor bribery"—George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, was born March 12, 1684, at Desert Castle, Kilterin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, where he obtained the rudiments of his education. At fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1707 he was chosen a fellow of the University. In that year appeared his first work, in which he attempted to demonstrate arithmetic without the help of either Euclid or algebra.

His 'Essay towards a New Theory of Vision' (1707) placed him among the philosophers, but it was 'The Principles of Human Knowledge,' which appeared in 1709, that compelled the world to recognize that a bright particular star had arisen. In 1713 he went to London, and published an explanation and illustration of his theory under the title of 'Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous,' which brought him to the notice of Steele and Swift. Huxley says of them that "they rank among the most exquisite examples of English style as well as among the subtlest of metaphysical writings." Both the original work and its defence were written in opposition to skepticism and atheism, yet Hume says of them that they "form the best lessons of skepticism which are to be found among ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted."

Berkeley soon became well known, not only to Steele and Swift, but to Pope and others of the same company. By Swift he was introduced to the Earl of Peterborough, with whom he went into Italy as secretary and chaplain when that nobleman became ambassador to Sicily and the Italian states. In 1714 he returned to England in company with Lord Peterborough, and, seeing no prospect of preferment, went with the son of the Bishop of Clogher on a tour through Europe, traveling for over four years and arriving again in London, in the midst of the miseries caused by the South Sea Scheme. Turning his mind to a study of the events immediately before him, he wrote and published in the same year 'An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.' About this time he received an unexpected increase of fortune by the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, to whom he had been introduced by Swift. In May, 1724, he was appointed to the deanery of Derry, worth £1,100 (\$5,500) per annum.

His 'Proposal for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity,' issued in 1725, led to his coming in September, 1728, a month after his marriage with the daughter of John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, to Rhode Island. After residing at Newport for a couple of years he saw that his scheme had failed, and he returned again to Ireland.

In 1732 appeared one of the most masterly of Berkeley's works, 'The Minute Philosopher.' In 1733, he was made Bishop of Cloyne, and in the same year he deeded his Rhode Island property to Yale College.

In 1735 appeared his discourse called 'The Analyst,' addressed as to an infidel mathematician, and his defense of it under the title of 'A Defense of Freethinking in Mathematics.' In the same year also appeared 'The Querist,' and in 1744 the celebrated and curious work, 'Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Enquiries and Reflections concerning the Virtues of Tar Water.' Finding great benefit himself from the use of tar water in an attack of nervous colic, he desired to benefit others by the publication of its virtues, and he declared that the work cost him more time and pains than any other he had ever been engaged in.

With his wife and family he now moved to Oxford, drawn thither by the facilities it possessed for study. Before leaving Cloyne he provided that out of the £1,000 (\$5,000), which was all his see produced him, £200 (\$1,000) per annum should during his life be distributed among the poor householders of Cloyne, Youghal, and Aghadoe. His last work as an author was the collection and publication of his briefer writings in one volume. On Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, while listening to a sermon his wife was reading, he was seized with palsy of the heart and expired almost instantly, thus closing a beautiful and ingenious life devoted to the exposition of his views of the necessary dependence of material nature upon Omnipresent Intelligence, in the course of which he discovered, as Huxley says, "the great truth that the honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to 'materialism,' inevitably carries us beyond it."

TRUE PLEASURES.

From No. 49 of 'The Guardian.'

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures laboring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribbon that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous.

Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive a great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life overlook the real enjoyment of it.

A GLIMPSE OF HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE NEAR NEWPORT.

From 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.'

After dinner we took our walk to Crito's, which lay through half a dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane-trees, that are very common in this part of the country. We walked under the delicious shade of these trees for about an hour before we came to Crito's house, which stands in the middle of a small park, beautiful with two fine groves of oak and walnut, and a winding stream of sweet and clear water. We met a servant at the door with a small basket of fruit which he was carrying into a grove, where he said his master was with the two strangers. We found them all three sitting under a shade. And, after the usual forms at first meeting, Euphranor and I sat down by them. Our conversation began upon the beauty of this rural scene, the fine season of the year, and some late improvements which had been made in the adjacent country by new methods of agriculture. Whence Alciphron took occasion to observe that the most valuable improvements came latest. I should have small temptation, said he, to live where men have neither polished manners, nor improved minds, though the face of the country were ever so well improved. But I have long observed that there is a gradual progress in human affairs. The first care of

mankind is to supply the cravings of nature; in the next place they study the conveniences and comforts of life. But the subduing prejudices and acquiring true knowledge, that Herculean labor, is the last, being what demands the most perfect abilities, and to which all other advantages are preparative. Right, said Euphranon, Alciphron hath touched our true defect. It was always my opinion that, as soon as we had provided subsistence for the body, our next care should be to improve the mind. But the desire of wealth steps between and engrosseth men's thoughts.

THE VIEW FROM HONEYMAN'S HILL.

From 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher.'

We amused ourselves next day, every one to his fancy, till nine of the clock, when word was brought that the tea-table was set in the library: which is a gallery on the ground floor, with an arched door at one end, opening into a walk of limes; where, as soon as we had drank tea, we were tempted by fine weather to take a walk, which led us to a small mount, of easy ascent, on the top whereof we found a seat under a spreading tree. Here we had a prospect, on one hand, of a narrow bay, or creek, of the sea, inclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farmhouses. At the end of the bay was a small town, placed upon the slope of a hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing-boats and lighters, gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other hand, we looked down on green pastures, flocks, and herds, basking beneath in sunshine, while we, in our superior situation, enjoyed the freshness of air and shade. Here we felt that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire; and proposed no small pleasure in resuming and continuing our conference, without interruption, till dinner: but we had hardly seated ourselves, and looked about us, when we saw a fox run by the foot of our mount into an adjacent thicket. A few minutes after, we heard a con-

fused noise of the opening of hounds, the winding of horns, and the roaring of country squires. While our attention was suspended by this event, a servant came running out of breath, and told Crito that his neighbor, Ctesippus, a squire of note, was fallen from his horse attempting to leap over a hedge, and brought into the hall, where he lay for dead.

Upon which we all rose and walked hastily to the house, where we found Ctesippus just come to himself, in the midst of half a dozen sunburnt squires, in frocks and short wigs, and jockey-boots. Being asked how he did, he answered, it was only a broken rib. With some difficulty Crito persuaded him to lie on a bed till the surgeon came. These fox-hunters, having been up early at their sport, were eager for dinner, which was accordingly hastened. They passed the afternoon in a loud rustic mirth, gave proof of their religion and loyalty by the healths they drank, talked of hounds and horses, and elections, and country affairs, till the surgeon, who had been employed about Ctesippus, desired he might be put into Crito's coach and sent home, having refused to stay all night. Our guests being gone, we reposed ourselves after the fatigue of this tumultuous visit, and next morning assembled again at the seat of the mount.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE QUERIST.'

'The Querist' was originally published in three parts and anonymously. It was the first of Bishop Berkeley's series of tracts on the social and economic condition of Ireland. There were originally over eight hundred queries propounded, all equally pregnant. The following selection, with the original numbering retained, will give a good idea of their trend and suggestiveness. They contain perhaps more hints, than original, still unapplied in legislation and political economy than are to be found in any equal space elsewhere.

'The Querist' was the cause of organized endeavor on an extensive scale of patriotic Irish gentlemen to promote the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of their country.

We have, as a matter of curiosity, reproduced the peculiar capitalization, the italics, and the spelling of the period, which in this case seem to emphasize the points 'The Querist' wishes to make.

4. Whether the four Elements and Man's labour therein, be not the true Source of Wealth?

6. Whether any other Means, equally conducing to excite and circulate the Industry of Mankind, may not be as useful as Money?

13. Whether it may not concern the Wisdom of the Legislature to interpose in the making of Fashions; and not leave an Affair of so great Influence to the Management of Women and Fops, Taylors and Vintners?

15. Whether a general good Taste in a People does not greatly conduce to their thriving? And whether an uneducated Gentry be not the greatest of national Evils?

16. Whether Customs and Fashions do not supply the Place of Reason, in the Vulgar of all Ranks? Whether, therefore, it doth not very much import that they should be wisely framed?

19. Whether the Bulk of our *Irish* Natives are not kept from thriving, by that Cynical Content in Dirt and Beggary, which they possess to a Degree beyond any other People in Christendom?

20. Whether the creating of Wants be not the likeliest Way to produce Industry in a People? And whether, if our Peasants were accustomed to eat Beef and wear Shoes, they would not be more industrious?

38. Whether it were not wrong to suppose Land itself to be Wealth? And whether the Industry of the People is not first to be considered, as that which constitutes Wealth, which makes even Land and Silver to be Wealth, neither of which would have any Value, but as Means and Motives to Industry?

39. Whether in the Wastes of *America* a Man might not possess twenty miles square of Land, and yet want his Dinner, or a Coat to his Back?

80. How far it may be in our own Power to better our Affairs, without interfering with our Neighbours?

84. How long it will be before my Countrymen find out, that it is worth while to spend a Penny, in order to get a Groat?

98. Whether large Farms under few Hands, or small ones under many, are likely to be made most of? And whether Flax and Tillage does not naturally multiply Hands, and divide Land into small Holdings and well-improved?

100. Whether it would not be more reasonable to mend

our State than to complain of it; and how far this may be in our own Power?

104. Whether those who drink foreign Liquors, and deck themselves and their Families with foreign Ornaments, are not so far forth to be reckoned Absenters?

111. Whether the women may not sew, spin, weave, and embroider sufficiently for the embellishment of their Persons, even enough to raise Envy in each other, without being beholden to foreign Countries?

114. Whether a Nation within itself might not have real Wealth, sufficient to give its Inhabitants Power and Distinction, without the Help of Gold and Silver?

134. Whether, if there was a Wall of Brass, a Thousand Cubits high, round this Kingdom, our Natives might not nevertheless live cleanly and comfortably, till the Land and reap the Fruits of it?

135. What should hinder us from exerting ourselves, using our hands and Brains, doing something or other, Man, Woman and Child, like the other Inhabitants of God's Earth?

182. Whether our Peers and Gentlemen are born Legislators? Or whether that Faculty be acquired by Study and Reflection?

184. Whether every Enemy to Learning be not a *Goth*? And whether every such *Goth* among us be not an Enemy to the Country?

188. Whether if we had two colleges, there might not spring an useful Emulation between them? And whether it might not be contrived, so to divide the Fellows, Scholars, and Revenues between both, as that no Member should be a Loser thereby?

200. Whether we may not with better Grace sit down and complain, when we have done all that lies in our Power to help ourselves?

201. Whether the Gentleman of Estate hath a right to be idle; and whether he ought not to be the great Promoter and Director of Industry, among his Tenants and Neighbours?

283. Whether a discovery of the richest Gold Mine, that ever was, in the heart of this Kingdom, would be a real Advantage to us?

286. Whether every Man who had Money enough, would

not be a gentleman? And whether a Nation of Gentlemen would not be a wretched Nation?

370. Whether it would be a great Hardship, if every Parish were obliged to find Work for their Poor?

383. Whether the Public hath not a Right to employ those who cannot, or will not, find Employment for themselves?

384. Whether all sturdy Beggars should not be seized and made Slaves to the Public, for a certain Term of Years?

406. Whether Fools do not make Fashions, and wise Men follow them?

410. Whether Money circulated on the Landlord's own Lands, and among his own Tenants, doth not return into his own Pocket?

447. Where there can be a worse Sign than that People should quit their Country for a Livelihood? Though Men often leave their Country for Health, or Pleasure, or Riches, yet to leave it merely for a Livelihood? Whether this be not exceeding bad, and sheweth some peculiar mismanagement?

562. Whether there can be a greater Mistake in Politics, than to measure the Wealth of the Nation by its Gold and Silver?

586. Whether the divided Force of Men acting singly, would not be a Rope of Sand?

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems undone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

(1735?—1800?)

THE accounts of the life of Isaac Bickerstaff, the well-known playwright, are somewhat vague. He was born in Dublin in 1735 (some say 1732), and the date of his death is as uncertain (some say 1800 and others 1812). In 1746 he became page to Lord Chesterfield when that nobleman was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and later on in life he was an officer of the marines. From this post he was dismissed for some dishonorable action; he left his country and died abroad.

He was the author of some twenty-two comedies, farces, operas, etc., many of them highly successful. His three old-fashioned English comic operas, 'Love in a Village,' 'The Maid of the Mill,' and 'Lionel and Clarissa,' are declared by a clever yet sober critic to be "of the first class, which will continue to be popular as long as the language in which they are written lasts." 'Love in a Village,' which appeared in 1762, and was played frequently during its first season, still enjoys a high reputation and is a stock piece on the English stage, although it is said to be at best only a clever compilation of scenes and incidents from a number of other plays.

Three of Bickerstaff's farces, 'The Padlock,' 'The Sultan,' and 'The Spoiled Child,' held the stage for a long time. Bickerstaff once attempted oratorio; his 'Judith' was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed first at the Lock Hospital Chapel in February, 1764, and afterward at the church of Stratford-on-Avon on the occasion of Garrick's "Jubilee in honor of the memory of Shakspeare," in 1769. In 1765 'The Maid of the Mill' was produced at Covent Garden, and ran the unusual period of thirty-five nights. It is chiefly founded on Richardson's novel 'Pamela.' 'The Plain Dealer' and 'The Hypocrite,' both alterations of other plays, the latter of Colley Cibber's 'Nonjuror,' are well known and still keep the stage. One of Bickerstaff's best comedies, 'Tis Well it's no Worse,' is founded on a Spanish original. Indeed, of all his works, only 'Lionel and Clarissa' can be said to be thoroughly and completely original.

This real name should not be confounded with the *pseudonym* used by Swift in his 'Predictions' ridiculing Partridge, the almanac maker; nor with the assumed name under which Steele later edited the 'Tatler'—the same in both cases.

MR. MAWWORM.

From 'The Hypocrite.'

OLD LADY LAMBERT *and* DR. CANTWELL *in conference.*

Enter MAWWORM.

Old Lady Lambert. How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Mawworm. Thank your ladyship's axing, I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, doctor, and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her sarvice to you, and thanks you for the eighteenpence.

Dr. Cantwell. Hush! friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady Lambert. Give her this. (*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*)

Dr Cantwell. I'll take care it shall be given to her. (*Takes the purse.*)

Old Lady Lambert. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Mawworm. I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm breaking my heart; I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady Lambert. Why, if you think it's a sin, indeed; pray, what's your business?

Mawworm. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady Lambert. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Mawworm. I wants to go a-preaching.

Old Lady Lambert. Do you?

Mawworm. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady Lambert. Ay!

Mawworm. I have made several sermons already. I does them extrumperry, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says as how my head's turned.

Old Lady Lambert. Ay, devils indeed; but don't you mind them.

Mawworm. No, I don't; I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbors, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady Lambert. Did you ever preach in public?

Mawworm. I got up on Kennington Common the last review day; but the boys threw brickbracks at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount, your ladyship, ever since.

Old Lady Lambert. Do you hear this, Doctor? throw

brickbats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! Can these things be stood by?

Mawworm. I told them so; says I, I does nothing clan-decently; I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

Old Lady Lambert. And it had no effect?

Mawworm. No more than if I spoke to so many post-esses; but if he advises me to go a-preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excessance farther into the country.

Old Lady Lambert. An excursion you would say.

Mawworm. I am but a sheep, but my bleating shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lambert. He wants method, Doctor.

Dr. Cantwell. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Mawworm. He's a saint.

Dr. Cantwell. Oh!

Old Lady Lambert. Oh!

Mawworm. If ever there was a saint, he's one. Till I went after him I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a-roving after fantastical delights; I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it. I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady Lambert. What a blessed reformation!

Mawworm. I believe, Doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the Reforming Society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter Platter in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trapball in St. George's Fields; I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady Lambert. But how do you mind your business?

Mawworm. We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady Lambert. And how do you live?

Mawworm. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of everything; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman. We have had a child too.

Old Lady Lambert. Merciful!

Mawworm. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbors reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then: but, as I says, if such was the case, would she ever have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door? I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. Cantwell. I believe 't is near dinner-time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

Mawworm. Oh! I am troublesome; nay, I only come to you, Doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell: Doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lambert. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and pray, my service to your spouse.

Mawworm. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. (*Exit.*)

SONG.

From 'Love in a Village.'

There was a jolly miller once,
 Lived on the River Dee;
 He worked and sang, from morn to night;
 No lark so blithe as he.
 And this the burden of his song,
 Forever used to be,—
 "I care for nobody, not I,
 If no one cares for me."

TWO SONGS.

From 'Thomas and Sally, or the Sailor's Return.'

I.

My time how happy once and gay!
 Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be;
 But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun;
 Though all their arts are lost on me;
 For I can never love but one,
 And he, alas! has gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
 To dances on the neighb'ring lea:
 But how can I in pleasure share,
 While my true love is out at sea?

The flowers droop till light's return,
 The pigeon mourns its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love comes back from sea.

II.

How happy is the sailor's life,
 From coast to coast to roam;
 In every port he finds a wife,
 In every land a home.
 He loves to range, he's nowhere strange;
 He ne'er will turn his back
 To friend or foe; no, masters, no;
 My life for honest Jack.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,
 And to the sword appeal;
 We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
 With whom they have to deal.

We know no craft but 'fore and aft,
 Lay on our strokes amain;
 Then, if they 're stout, for t'other bout,
 We drub 'em o'er again.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
 Our hearts are never dull;
 The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
 To-morrow shall be full;
 For if so be, we want, d' ye see?
 A pluck of this here stuff,
 In Indi—a, and Americ—a,
 We 're sure to find enough.

Then bless the king, and bless the state,
 And bless our captains all;
 And ne'er may chance unfortunate
 The British fleet befall.
 But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails,
 And ever may she ride,
 Of sea and shore, till time 's no more,
 The terror and the pride.

WHAT ARE OUTWARD FORMS?

What are outward forms and shows,
 To an honest heart compared?
 Oft the rustic, wanting those,
 Has the nobler portion shared.

Oft we see the homely flower,
 Bearing, at the hedge's side,
 Virtues of more sovereign power
 Than the garden's gayest pride.

HOPE.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapor, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

IRISH LITERATURE.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossesst,
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

(1840 —)

MRS. BLAKE (née McGrath) was born in 1840 in County Waterford, Ireland, and came to this country when six years old. She was educated at Mr. Emerson's private school in Boston, and attended the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. In 1865 she married Dr. John G. Blake of Boston, Mass., and has since resided in that city and its environs.

She is a constant contributor to *The Roman Catholic* and other magazines, and, while her life has been full of literary activity, she has found time to supervise the rearing and education of five sons, all Harvard men, and one daughter, who has inherited in great measure her mother's literary gifts.

Among her books may be mentioned 'On the Wing,' 'Mexico Picturesque and Political,' 'A Summer Holiday in Europe,' 'Verses Along the Way,' 'Merry Months All,' 'Youth in Twelve Centuries,' and 'In the Harbor of Hope.'

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR.

All ye who love the springtime—and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!—
Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
Till ye look upon old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

For where in all the earth is there any joy like this,
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into bliss,
While the thrushes in the bush strain their small brown
mottled throats,
Making all the air rejoice with their clear and mellow notes;

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden sunset glow
Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest below;
And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves of the
boreen,
And all the world rejoices in the wearing o' the green!

For 'tis green, green, green, where the ruined towers are
gray,
And it's green, green, green, all the happy night and day;
Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy on the wall,
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow gorse is
set

A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and wet;
Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to glow,
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

And it's there the earth is merry, like a young thing newly
made

Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the glade,
Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds piled,
Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a child.

But the green, green, green, O 't is that is blithe and fair!
In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the air,
Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag and glen,
Thrusting forty banners high where another land has ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy grief,
And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from the cold,
And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds and gold.

So ye who love the springtime,—and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!—
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

THE FIRST STEPS.

To-night as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the blaze of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first steps alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,

To watch him with silent rapture,
 To cheer him with happy noise,—
 My one little fair-faced daughter
 And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
 That fain would bid him rest
 Close to the love and the longing,
 Near to the mother's breast,—
 Wild with daring and laughter,
 Looking askance at me,
 He stumbled across through the shadows
 To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
 Stepping so brave and bright
 With flutter of lace and ribbon
 Out of my arms to-night,
 Helped in thy pretty ambition
 With tenderness blessed to see,
 Sheltered, upheld, and protected—
 How will the last steps be?

See, we are all beside you,
 Urging and beckoning on,
 Watching lest aught betide you
 Till the safe, near goal is won,
 Guiding the faltering footsteps
 That tremble and fear to fall—
 How will it be, my darling,
 With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
 Knowing that One more fond
 Than all our tenderest loving
 Will guide the weak feet beyond!
 And knowing beside, my dearest,
 That whenever the summons, 't will be
 But a stumbling step through the shadow
 Then rest—at the Father's knee!

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(1789—1849.)

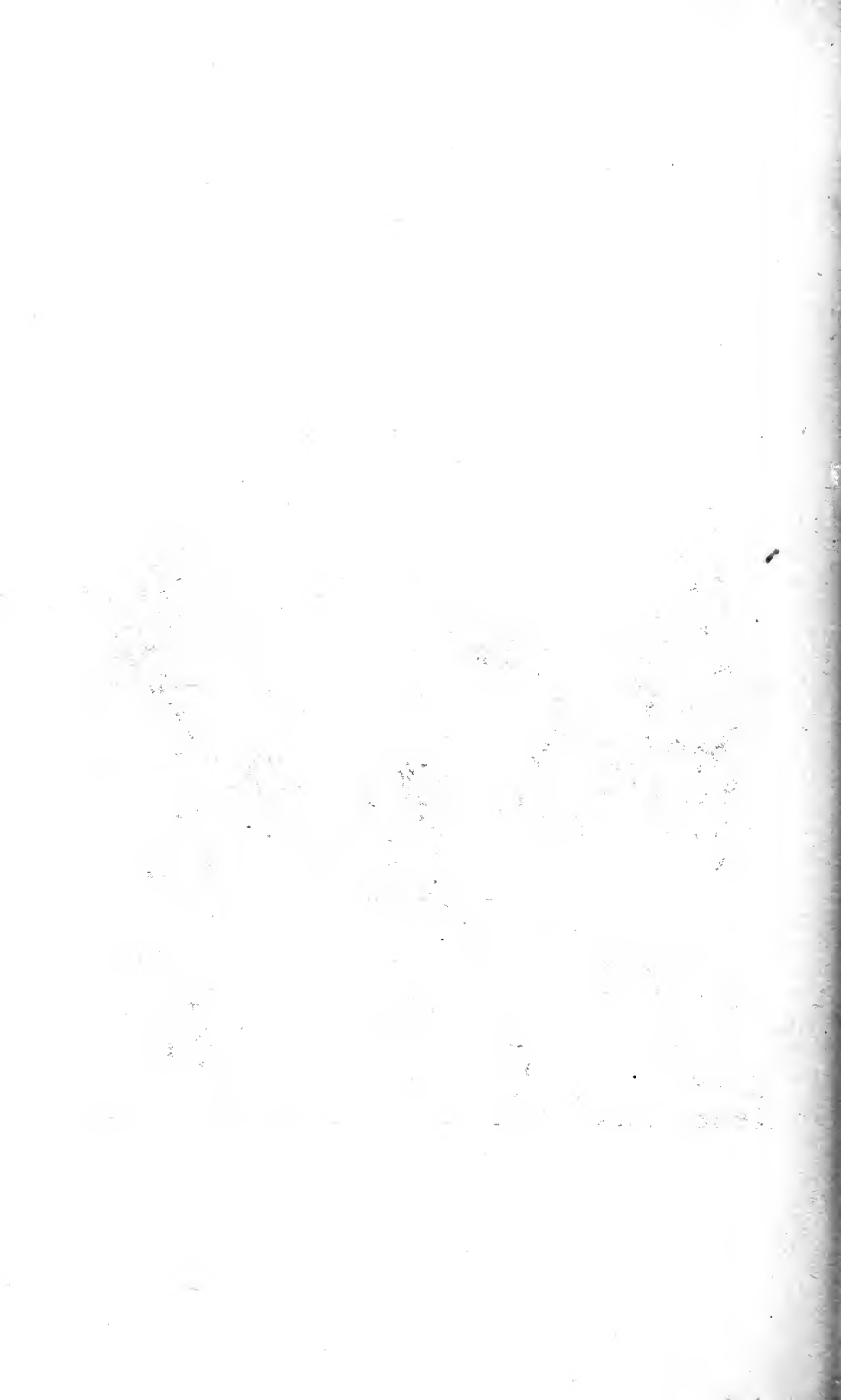
THE Countess of Blessington, famous for her beauty and her grand receptions as well as for her contributions to light literature, was born in Knockbrit, County Tipperary, Sept. 1, 1789. She was a daughter of Edmund Power. On the mother's side she was descended from an ancient Irish family. When scarcely fifteen she married Captain Farmer of the 47th Regiment. The marriage proved unfortunate, and she lived with him only three months. In 1817 he was killed in a drunken brawl in the Fleet Prison. The next year she became the wife of Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington, and they lived in Europe for several years, moving in a brilliant circle of rank, fashion, and genius. The result of her residence on the Continent is her two delightful works, 'The Idler in Italy' and 'The Idler in France.'

The Earl died in 1829, and she returned to London and settled at Gore House, Kensington, devoting herself to literature. For fourteen years her house was the resort of the most distinguished men of wit and genius of every country and opinion, where all classes of intellect and art were represented, and where everything was welcome but exclusive or illiberal prejudice. Some of the most genial and delightful associations of the time belong to that house. Lord Byron was a friend and admirer of Lady Blessington and her frequent visitor. In 1832 her 'Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron' was published. 'The Repealers' next appeared, followed by 'The Victims of Society,' 'The Two Friends,' 'Meredith,' and 'The Governess.' Then came 'The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.' The last two are said to be the best of Lady Blessington's works. 'Country Quarters,' 'Marmaduke Herbert,' and 'The Confessions of an Elderly Lady' followed. The last was intended as a companion to 'The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman,' and in 1853 they were issued in one volume as 'Confessions of an Elderly Lady and Gentleman.' 'The Idler in Italy' and 'The Idler in France,' published from 1839-41, were well received and universally praised by the critics. In the latter Lady Blessington introduces to her readers the leading representatives of art, literature, politics, and society, whom she had received as friends or had casually met. The anecdotes with which the work abounds are told with a charming frankness and piquancy.

She afterward wrote 'Desultory Thoughts and Reflections,' a collection of terse and well-digested aphorisms of great moral value; 'The Belle of the Season,' 'Tour through the Netherlands to Paris,' 'Strathren,' 'Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre,' 'The Lottery of Life,' and other tales.

She also edited *The Keepsake* and *The Book of Beauty* for several years, and contributed articles and sketches to the periodicals of the day. Count d'Orsay, the sculptor, who had married her step-





daughter, the only child of the Earl of Blessington, was separated from his wife, and took up his abode with Lady Blessington in Paris. She spent all her money and became bankrupt. After dining with the Duchess of Grammont, she was seized with apoplexy, of which she died next morning, June 4, 1849. Her remains were laid in a mausoleum designed by the Count d'Orsay, near the village of Cham-boury.

Mr. N. P. Willis, in his 'Pencilings by the Way,' thus describes the personal appearance of Lady Blessington: "She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded into a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might be looked for in vain, and her complexion (an unusually fair skin with very dark hair and eyebrows) is of even girlish delicacy and freshness. . . . Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fullness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good humor." "In her lifetime," says Mr. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), "she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship: and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits, and painters of her own country found an un-failing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, help, and sympathy, and useful counsel, and she died lamented by many friends."

Her 'Life and Correspondence' was written and edited by Richard Robert Madden, who tells in most interesting style of the friendship of Byron and Lady Blessington, and draws a mournful picture of 'The Break-up of Gore House,' in the spring of 1849, when its treasures were brought to the hammer by her creditors.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

Monday.—Awoke with a headache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud, when you are half-dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what

have I done this day? Oh! I remember everything went wrong, as it always does when I have a headache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair; and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap: mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill. Heigh-ho! when will that be? Tormented by duns, jewelers, mercers, milliners: I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapored after a Sunday-evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *déagrémens* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor Square in no very good humor for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mère fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-by, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick-room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother; I really think she helps to make her hippish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's to-night. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him?

I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tête-à-tête*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstan-

ley, purposely to pique me—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from madame the governess, saying that the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and luster to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-colored satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the ante-room, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent. Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's and Mrs. Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tornure will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams:—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night:—must call there, if I can:—wrote madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of 'Amelia Mansfield': very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing. I did not get out until past five: too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the Park and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking-dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture:—had not nerves sufficient to see the children—they make such a noise and spoil one's clothes. Went to the opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a

good effect. Belmont came to my box and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round-room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick-bed of my mother instead of being at the opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because, if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on:—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things:—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure:—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession:—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations:—felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *dénouement*; for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms.

I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before"; and I think it was in the same book that I read that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Bel-

mont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it!—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too:—how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him:—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it!—I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so-and-so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Flounce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks.—I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures: I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-by, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write

impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favorite and favored temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into anything like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand and pressed it very much.

I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. *Apropos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into! I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again: it must have been Flounce. I have often observed her curiosity—and now I am completely in her power. What shall I do? After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamed of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures:—awoke terrified:—I feel nervous and wretched:—Flounce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me? Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's and give it back to him. I really felt quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of and obedient to madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to madame and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at

least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid:—mamma is worse, and really I am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers: I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what. . . .

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it. Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief! she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed! distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections.

My sister says that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of

those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you will I retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and endeavor to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

FOUND OUT.

From 'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.'

I had been to Rundle and Bridges' one day selecting jewels, and had far exceeded the sum I intended to expend there; incited to this extravagance, I frankly own, much more by the broad hints of the aunt, and implied rather than expressed desires of her niece, than by any spontaneous generosity. Lured by the beauty of the trinkets, and their "appropriateness to each other," as the bowing shopman observed, I was rash enough to conclude my purchases by a necklace of rubies, set in diamonds, requiring earrings, brooches, head ornaments, and bracelets, *en suite*.

Thus instead of the few hundreds I had intended to disburse I found, on a hasty and reluctant retrospect of my expenditure, that I must have dissipated some thousands; and I consequently returned from Ludgate Hill feeling that species of self-dissatisfaction and ill-humor which a man who is not quite a fool never fails to experience when he has consciously committed a folly. In this state of mind I entered my club to dine; when, not wishing to encounter any of my acquaintances, I ensconced myself in a corner of the large room, and had an Indian screen of vast dimensions so placed that I was isolated from the general mass, and could not be seen by any new-comers.

While I was discussing my solitary repast I heard voices familiar to my ear command dinner to be brought to them at the table next to mine, and only divided from me by the screen. When I recognized the tones of Lord Henry and Sir John, for whose vicinity at that period I felt no

peculiar desire, I congratulated myself on the precaution which had induced me to use this barrier.

"When did you come to town?" asked Lord Henry.

"I only arrived an hour ago," was the reply.

"I came late last night, and am on my way to Avonmore's."

"Have you heard that our pretty friend, Arabella Wilton, is going to be married? and to Lyster too?"

"*Est-il possible?*"

"Yes, positively to Lyster, whom we have heard her abuse and ridicule a thousand times."

I felt my ears begin to tingle, and verified the truth of the old proverb, "Listeners never hear good of themselves."

"By-the-by, *you* were a little smitten there, and at one time I began to think you had serious intentions, as they call it—eh! Sir John?"

"Why, so Arabella took it into her wise head to fancy too; but I was not quite so young as all that. No, no, Arabella is a devilish nice girl to flirt with, but the last, the very last, I would think of as a wife."

"Now, there I differ from you; for she is precisely the sort of person I should think of *as a wife*."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do; but then it must be as the wife of another; and, when she is so, I intend to be—one of her most assiduous admirers."

I felt my blood boil with indignation, and was on the point of discovering my proximity to the speakers when Sir John resumed.

"What a flat Lyster must be to be gulled into marrying her! I never thought they could have succeeded in deceiving him to such an extent, though I saw they were playing us off against the poor devil."

"Oh! by Jove, so did I too, and if our *supposed* matrimonial projects led to this *real* one I don't regret it for poor Arabella's sake, for she was most impatient to change her name."

"Only think of the aunt's sending me Lyster's letter of proposal."

"Capital, capital, the plot thickens; for she also sent it to me."

“ You don’t say so? ”

“ I swear she did; and what is more, I can give you chapter and verse, for Lyster was so matter-of-fact in detailing his readiness to make liberal settlements, and liberal they certainly were, that I remember nearly the words of his letter to *Madame la tante*.”

“ And what reason did the old she fox assign for consulting you on the subject? ”

“ The old one, to be sure, of considering me as a friend to the family.”

“ Exactly the same reason she gave for consulting me.”

“ She stated to me that Arabella had a positive dislike to Mr. Lyster, and she feared (mark the cunning of the old woman) that this dislike to so unexceptionable a *parti* originated in her having a preference elsewhere; and, therefore, *she* had determined to ask my opinion whether she ought to influence her niece to accept Lyster.”

“ In short, a roundabout way of soliciting you to propose for Arabella yourself. The exact sense of her letter to me.”

“ I dare be sworn they were fac-similes. *Madame la tante* added that her niece was by no means committed with Mr. Lyster, for that she had been so guarded when he asked her (on observing her coldness) if his proposal was disagreeable to her, as merely to repeat, with a shudder, the word he had uttered—disagreeable.”

Well did I recollect this circumstance, trifling as it was; and overpowering were the sensations of anger and mortified vanity that oppressed me on recalling it to memory!

“ Well,” resumed Lord Henry, “ so you wrote, as did I, to advise by all means that Mr. Lyster should be accepted? ”

“ Yes, precisely; for I thought it the most prudent advice from ‘ a friend of the family ’—ha! ha! ha!—for the soul of me I can’t help laughing! ”

“ Ha! ha! ha! nor I neither. *Both* of us consulted, and from the same motive.”

“ It’s capital, and worthy of the old lady, who has as much cunning, and as little heart, as any dowager in the purlieus of St. James’s.”

"I'll lay an even wager that we twain were not the only single men consulted on the occasion."

"For my part I should not wonder if the letters had been circular: ha! ha!"

"And how simple Lyster must be; for while the aunt was sending round his proposal to all the admirers of her niece, *he* must have been impatiently waiting for her answer."

"Luckless devil! how I pity him!" (Oh, how I writhed!) "He has been atrociously taken in: yet I am glad that poor Arabella has at last secured a good establishment; for, I confess, I have a *faiblesse* for her. Indeed, to say the truth, I should have been ungrateful if I had not; for I believe—in fact I have reason to know—that the preference to which the old aunt alluded had more truth in it than *she* imagined."

"So *I* suspect, too; for, without vanity, I may own that I believe the poor girl had a *penchant* for your humble servant."

"For you?"

"Yes, for me. Is there anything so *very* extraordinary in her liking me that you look so surprised and incredulous?"

"Why, yes, there is something devilishly extraordinary; for if I might credit Arabella's *own* assertion, her *penchant* was quite in a different quarter."

"You don't mean to say it was for *you*?"

"And what if I did? Is there anything more astonishing in her feeling a preference for *me* than for *you*?"

"*I* merely suppose that she could not have a *penchant* for us both at the same time, and I have had reason, and very satisfactory reason too, to be satisfied that she liked me."

"And *I* can swear that I have heard her ridicule you in your absence until I have been compelled to take your part; though she often made me laugh, the dear creature did it so cleverly. Ha! ha! ha! the recollection makes me laugh even now."

"And *I* have heard her attack you with such acrimony that even an enemy must have allowed that her portrait of you was caricatured; and yet there was so much droll-

ery in her manner of showing you up that it was impossible to resist laughing. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Lord Henry, I beg to inform you that I allow no man to laugh at my expense."

"Permit me to tell you, Sir John, that I ask no man's permission to laugh when I am so disposed."

"Am I to consider that you mean to be personal?"

"You are perfectly at liberty to consider what you please."

"My friend shall call on you to-morrow morning to name a place for our meeting."

"I shall be quite ready to receive him."

And *exit* Lord Henry, followed in a few minutes by Sir John.

"And so," thought I, "here are two vain fools about to try to blow each other's brains out for a heartless coquette, and a third, perhaps the greatest fool of the three, was on the point of making her his wife. What an escape have I had! No, no, never will I marry her. She may bring an action against me for breach of promise—and she and her aunt are quite capable of such a proceeding—but be united to her I never will. Ridicule and abuse *me*, indeed! Oh, the hypocrite! And to think of all the tender speeches and loving insinuations she has lavished on me; the delicate flattery and implied deference to my opinions! Oh, woman, woman! all that has ever been said, written, or imagined against you is not half severe enough. You are all alike, worthless and designing." . . .

I set out at an unusually early hour for Richmond, determined to come to an explanation with both aunt and niece; and, shall I own it, anticipating with a childish pleasure their rage and disappointment at my breaking off the marriage. On arriving at the villa I was informed that Mrs. Spencer had not yet left her chamber, and that Miss Wilton was in the garden. To the garden then I hied me, anxious to overwhelm her with the sarcastic reproaches I had conned over in my mind.

While advancing along a gravel walk, divided by a hedge from a sequestered lane, I heard the neighing and tramping of a horse; and on looking over the hedge discovered the lean steed on which I had so frequently encountered the good-looking Unknown on the road to Richmond. The

poor animal was voraciously devouring the leaves of the hedge, his bridle being fastened to the stem of an old tree. A vague notion that the owner, who could not be far off, was now holding a parley with my deceitful mistress instantly occurred to me, and seemed to account for his frequent visits to Richmond. I moved on with stealthy steps towards a small pavilion at the far end of the garden, where I correctly concluded Arabella to be, and whence I soon heard the sound of voices, as I concealed myself beneath the spreading branches of a large laurestinus close to the window. I will not attempt to defend my listening, because I admit the action to be on all occasions indefensible, but the impulse to it was irresistible.

"Is it not enough," exclaimed Arabella, "that I am compelled to marry a man who is hateful to me, while my whole soul is devoted to you, but that you thus torment me with your ill-founded jealousy?"

"How can I refrain from being jealous," was the rejoinder, "when I know that you will soon be another's? Oh, Arabella! if I were indeed convinced that you hated him I would be less wretched."

"How amiable and unselfish!" thought I. "He wishes the woman he professes to love to be that most miserable of human beings, the wife of a man who is hateful to her, that *he*, forsooth, may be less unhappy; and he has the unblushing effrontery to avow the detestable sentiment."

"How can you doubt my hating him?" asked my siren, in a wheedling tone. "Can you *look* at *him* and then regard *yourself* in a mirror without being convinced that no one who has eyes to see or a heart to feel could ever behold the one without disgust, or the other without admiration?"

"Oh, the cockatrice!" thought I; "and *this* after all the flatteries she poured into my too credulous ear."

Listeners, beware, for ye are doomed never to hear good of yourselves. So certain is the crime of listening to carry its own punishment that there is no positive prohibition against it: we are commanded not to commit other sins, but this one draws down its own correction, and woe be to him that infringes it!

The speech of Arabella, which, I acknowledge, enraged me exceedingly, had a most soothing effect on my rival,

for I heard sundry kisses bestowed, as I hope, for propriety's sake, on the hand of the fair flatterer.

"Yes," resumed she, "Lyster is a perfect fright, and so *gauche*, that positively he can neither sit, stand, nor walk like anybody else."

Oh! the traitress! how often had she commended my air *dégagé*, and the manly grace, as she styled it, of my movements. After this who ought ever to believe in the honied adulation of a woman?

"Now I must disagree with you, Arabella," replied my rival (and I felt a sudden liking to him as I listened): "Lyster is a devilish good-looking fellow" (I thought as much); "one whom any woman whose affections were not previously engaged might fancy."

"Let us not talk or think of him, I entreat you," said Arabella; "it is quite punishment enough for me to be obliged to *see* and *hear him* half the day without your occupying the short time we are together in a conversation respecting a person so wholly uninteresting. Have I not refused Lord Henry and Sir John to please you? yet you will not be content, do what I will."

"Oh, Arabella! how can you expect me to be otherwise than discontented, than wretched, when I reflect that your destiny depends not on me, and that another will be the master of your fate? *He* may be harsh, unkind, and *I*, who love, who adore you, cannot shield you from many hours of recrimination when he discovers, and discover he must, that in wedding him you gave not your heart with your hand."

"Oh! leave all that to me to manage," said the crafty creature. "*He* is so vain and so *bête* that it requires no artifice on my part to make him believe that I married him from motives of pure preference. He is persuaded of it: for what will not vanity like his believe?"

"By flattery; yes, by deception and flattery—I see it all, Arabella—you have acquired an empire over Lyster by that well-known road to a man's heart, the making him believe that you love him. Had you loved *me* you would not, you could not, have been guilty of this deception; and in thus deceiving him you have" (and the poor young man's voice trembled with emotion) "wounded me to the soul."

"You really are the most wrong-headed person in the world," said his deceitful companion. "Here am I, ready to sacrifice myself to a rich marriage to save *you*, Edward, from a poor one, for to marry a portionless girl like me would be your ruin, and I love you too well, ungrateful as you are, to bring this misery upon you. When you come as a visitor to my house, and see me in the possession of comforts and luxuries *you* could not give me, you will rejoice in the prudence, ay, and generosity too, that gave me courage to save you from a poor and wretched home, for wretched all poverty-stricken homes must be."

"And could you think my affection so light, Arabella," replied her lover, impatiently, "as to believe that I could go to *his* house and see *him* in possession of the only woman I ever loved? No! I am neither heartless nor *philosophical* enough to bear this. Such a position would drive me mad."

"Then what am I to think, what am I to make of you?"

"Not a villain! a mean, base villain, who betrays hospitality, and consents that the woman he loves shall pursue a conduct at once the most vile, deceitful, and dishonorable!" and he positively wept. His passionate grief seemed to touch even the marble heart of his callous mistress, for she gently asked him why he had ever appeared to agree to her wedding another.

"Can you ask me?" replied he. "I knew you to be fond of luxury and display, which, alas! my limited fortune could never bestow. I feared, trembled at the idea of beholding you pining for the enjoyments *I* could not afford; and it seemed to me less wretched to know you in the full possession of them with another than lamenting their privation with me. It was for *you*, Arabella, conscious as you are how fondly, how madly I dote on you, to offer to share my poverty, and not for me to compel you to it. Had you really loved me, this course you would have pursued."

"But, I tell you, I do love you; and will prove my truth by following your wishes, if you will but express them," said Arabella, melted by his grief and tenderness.

"If you really *do* love me, why will not a modest competence content you? I would have you break off this hateful marriage and accept love in a cottage with me. My

grandmother would soon forgive our stolen union, for she likes me so well that she would quickly learn to like *her* who made my happiness. But, alas! even she, good and indulgent as she is, has often told me that *you* were as little disposed to marry a poor man as your aunt could be to give you to such a husband."

"It was very uncivil of your grandmother to say so, and still more so of you to repeat it. But, bless me" (touching a repeater I had given her a few days before), "how late it is! Lyster will be here almost immediately, and if he should find you—"

"Your marriage with him would be broken off. Yes, I will leave you, Arabella; and meet this unhappy man whose wealth has won you from me. Oh! how I have loathed his face of contentment as I have passed him on the road and thought that *he* was privileged to approach you, while *I* must seek you by stealth, and leave you to make room for him. I can bear this no longer, Arabella; you see me now for the last time, unless you accept me for your husband."

And, so saying, he rushed from her presence, mounted his lean steed, and was heard galloping along with a speed that indicated the troubled state of his mind.

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Arabella; "heigh-ho, I wish he were rich, for I *do* like him better than I ever liked any one else. And *he*, too, is the only one of all my admirers who loves me for myself; the *rest* but love me for my flattery. Lord Henry, Sir John, ay, even this dolt who is about to wed me, all have been fascinated, not by my beauty (and for this I loathed them), but by my flattery. By *this* I have charmed, by *this* I have won a husband. Poor Edward, it was not so with him; but love in a cottage—I hate cottages—and then (in a few years) to see it filled with a set of little troublesome brats, and hear them screaming for bread and butter! No, no, these hands" (looking at them) "were never formed to cut bread and butter like Werther's Charlotte, or to make pinafores, like good Mrs. Herbert, the wife of the half-pay captain, in the little cottage down the lane."

"And yet they might be worse employed, fair lady," exclaimed I, vaulting into the room.

Arabella uttered a faint shriek, turned to a deathlike

paleness, and then became suffused with the crimson blushes of shame.

"I have witnessed your stolen interview with my favored rival; rival no longer, for here I resign all pretensions to your hand."

She attempted to utter some defense, but I was not in a humor to listen to what lengths her duplicity and desire for a rich husband might lead her; so, *sans cérémonie*, I interrupted her by saying that what I had witnessed and heard had produced no change in my previously formed resolution of breaking off the marriage. She sank into a chair; and even I pitied her confusion and chagrin, until I recollected her comments on my "*gaucherie*," and the polite epithet of "a perfect fright," with which she had only a few minutes before honored me. I can *now* smile at the mortification my vanity *then* suffered; but, at the time, it was no laughing matter with me.

I left Arabella to her meditations, which, I dare be sworn, were none of the most agreeable; and returned to the house to seek an interview with her aunt. That sapient lady met me, as was her wont, with smiles on her lips, and soft words falling from them.

"Look here, *dear* Mr. Lyster," said she, holding out an *écrin* towards me, "did you ever see anything so beautiful as these rubies set in diamonds? Are they not the very things for our beloved Arabella? How well they would show in her dark hair; and how perfectly they would suit the rich, warm tint of her cheeks and lips. None but brilliant brunettes should ever wear rubies. Are you not of my opinion? and do you not think that this *parure* seems made for our sweet Arabella?"

I mastered myself sufficiently to assent with calmness to her observations, when she immediately resumed:—"Oh, I *knew* you would agree with me, our tastes are so exactly alike. I was sure, my *dear* Mr. Lyster, you would at once select this in preference to emeralds or sapphires, which suit *fade*, blonde beauties better; but for our sparkling Arabella, rubies and diamonds are the thing. Yet, how grave you look;—bless me! what *is* the matter? Perhaps, after all, *you do not* like rubies and diamonds; and in that case, though (*entre nous*) I *know* that our darling Arabella dotes on them, I am sure she would prefer having

only the ornaments which *you* like, for she is the most tractable creature in the world, as you must have observed. So, confess the truth, you do *not* admire this *parure*?"

"Why, the truth is," said I, taking a spiteful pleasure in raising her expectations, that her disappointment might be the greater, "I yesterday bought at Rundle and Bridges' a *parure* of rubies and diamonds more than twice the size of the one before me, and set in the best taste"—alluding to the very purchase for which I had been blaming myself when I overheard the dialogue between Lord Henry and Sir John.

"Oh! you dear, kind, generous creature, how good of you! How delighted our sweet Arabella will be! Have you brought it with you? I am positively dying with impatience to see it."

"Then I fear, madam," replied I, with sternness, "that your curiosity will never be gratified."

"Why, what a strange humor *you* are in, my dear Mr. Lyster—nephew, I was going to call you; but I sha'n't give you that affectionate appellation while you are so odd and so cross. And why am I not to see them, pray? Surely you do not intend to prevent my associating with my sweet child when she becomes your wife? No, you never could be so cruel." And the old hypocrite laid her hand on my arm in her most fawning manner.

"I have no intention, madam, of separating two persons who seem so peculiarly formed for each other."

"Good creature! How kind of you, dear Mr. Lyster; how happy you have made me; I felt so wretched at the thoughts of our sweet Arabella's being taken from me, for I have ever looked on her as if she were my own child. How considerate of you not to separate us. I am sure *she* will be delighted; and *I* shall be the happiest person in the world to give up the cares and trouble of an establishment of my own, which, at my advanced age, and deprived of Arabella, would be insupportable. Believe me, most cheerfully, nay, gladly, shall I avail myself of your kind offer, and fix myself with you and my affectionate child."

The old lady was so delighted at the thought of this plan, that she made more than one attempt to embrace her dear nephew, as she now called me, and it was some min-

utes before I could silence her joyful loquacity; during which time, I will candidly own, I had a malicious pleasure in anticipating the bitter disappointment that awaited her. When, at length, she had exhausted her ejaculations of delight, I thus sternly addressed her:—

“When I declared my intention, madam, of not separating you and your niece, I did not mean to ask *you* to become a member of my family. I simply meant to state that I did not intend depriving you of the advantage of *her* society, as I have determined on not marrying her.”

“Good heavens! what do I hear?” exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. “What *do* you, what *can* you mean, Mr. Lyster? It is cruel thus to try my feelings; you have quite shocked me; I—I—am far from well.”

And her changeful hue denoted the truth of the assertion.

“Let it suffice to say, madam, that I last evening heard Lord Henry and Sir John declare the extraordinary confidence you had reposed in them; that you had not only sent to each my letter of proposal to your niece, but betrayed to them her more than indifference towards me, and the very words in which she expressed herself when I made her the offer of my hand.”

“How base, how unworthy of Lord Henry and Sir John!” said Mrs. Spencer, forgetting all her usual craft in the surprise and irritation caused by this information. “Never was there such shameful conduct.”

“You are right, madam,” replied I, “the conduct practiced on this occasion has been indeed shameful; luckily for *me* the discovery of it has not been too late.”

“If you are so dishonorable as not to fulfill your engagement,” said the old lady, her cheeks glowing with anger and her eyes flashing fury, “be assured that I will instruct my lawyer to commence proceedings against you for a breach of promise of marriage; for I have no notion of letting my injured niece sit quietly down a victim to such monstrous conduct.”

“I leave you, madam,” replied I, “to pursue whatever plan you deem most fitting to redress *her* grievances, and blazon forth to the world your own *delicate* part in the Comedy of Errors; the *dénouement* of which is not precisely what you could have wished. However, as comedies

should always end in a marriage, let me advise you to seek a substitute for your humble servant."

Then, bowing low to my intended aunt, I left her presence for ever: and returned to London with a sense of redeemed freedom that gave a lightness to my spirits, to which they had been a stranger ever since the ill-omened hour of my proposal to Arabella.

Of all the presents that had found their way to the villa, and they were not, "like angel visits, few and far between," but many and costly, not one, except my portrait, was ever returned. I retained that of Arabella; not out of love, heaven knows, but because I wished to preserve a memento of the folly of being caught by mere beauty; and as it had cost me a considerable sum, I thought myself privileged to keep it as a specimen of *art*.

Lord Henry and Sir John fought a duel the day after their altercation at the club, in which the first was mortally wounded, and the latter was consequently compelled to fly to the Continent.

In a week from the period of my last interview with Arabella and her aunt the newspapers were filled with accounts of the elopement of the beautiful and fashionable Miss Wilton with Lieutenant Rodney of the Guards. It was stated that the young lady had been on the eve of marriage with the rich Mr. L. of L. Park, but that Cupid had triumphed over Plutus, and the disinterested beauty had preferred love in a cottage with Lieutenant Rodney, to sharing the immense wealth of her rejected suitor, who was said to wear the willow with all due sorrow.

THE PRINCESS TALLEYRAND AS A CRITIC.

From 'The Idler in France.'

Met the Princess de Talleyrand last night at Madame C——'s. I felt curious to see this lady, of whom I had heard such various reports; and, as usual, found her very different to the descriptions I had received.

She comes *en princesse*, attended by two *dames de compagnie*, and a gentleman who acted as *chambellan*.

Though her *embonpoint* has not only destroyed her shape but has also deteriorated her face, the small features of which seem imbued in a mask much too fleshy for their proportions, it is easy to see that in her youth she must have been handsome. Her complexion is fair; her hair, judging from the eyebrows and eyelashes, must have been very light; her eyes are blue; her nose *retroussé*; her mouth small, with full lips; and the expression of her countenance is agreeable, though not intellectual.

In her demeanor there is an evident assumption of dignity, which, falling short of the aim, gives an ungraceful stiffness to her appearance. Her dress was rich but suited to her age, which I should pronounce to be about sixty. Her manner has the formality peculiar to those conscious of occupying a higher station than their birth or education entitles them to hold; and this consciousness gives an air of constraint and reserve that curiously contrasts with the natural good-humor and *naïveté* that are frequently perceptible in her.

If ignorant—as is asserted—there is no symptom of it in her language. To be sure, she says little; but that little is expressed with propriety: and if reserved, she is scrupulously polite. Her *dames de compagnie* and *chambellan* treat her with profound respect, and she acknowledges their attentions with civility. To sum up all, the impression made upon me by the Princess Talleyrand was, that she differed in no way from any other princess I had ever met, except by a greater degree of reserve and formality than were in general evinced by them.

I could not help smiling inwardly when looking at her, as I remembered Baron Denon's amusing story of the mistake she once made. When the baron's work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hôtel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the prince wished the princess to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately at the same time also commanded that a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe' should be sent

to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hôtel. The Baron Denon's work, through mistake, was given to mademoiselle, and 'Robinson Crusoe' was delivered to the princess, who rapidly looked through its pages.

The seat of honor at table being assigned to the baron, the princess, mindful of her husband's wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased and told her how much he felt honored; but judge of his astonishment, and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the princess exclaimed, "Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poor man Friday, about whom I feel such an interest!"

Denon used to recount this anecdote with great spirit, confessing at the same time that his *amour propre* as an author had been for a moment flattered by the commendation, even of a person universally known to be incompetent to pronounce on the merit of his book. The Emperor Napoleon heard this story, and made Baron Denon repeat it to him, laughing immoderately all the time, and frequently after he would, when he saw Denon, inquire "how was poor Friday?"

MRS. BLUNDELL (M. E. FRANCIS).

MRS. BLUNDELL, who has rapidly achieved fame as a novelist, was born at Killiney Park, Dublin. She is the daughter of Mr. Sweetman of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, and was educated there and in Belgium. In 1879 she married the late Francis Blundell of Crosby, near Liverpool. This home of her married life is the background of many of her stories.

Among her books are : 'Whither ?' (1892) ; 'In a North Country Village' (1893) ; 'The Story of Dan' (1894) ; 'Town Mice in the Country' (1894) ; 'A Daughter of the Soil' (1895) ; 'Frieze and Fustian' (1896) ; 'Among Untrodden Ways' (1896) ; 'Maimie o' the Corner' (1897) ; 'Miss Erin' (1898) ; 'The Duenna of a Genius' (1898) ; 'Pastorals of Dorset' ; 'Fiander's Widow' ; 'Here, There, and Over the Sea' ; and 'The Manor Farm.'

IN ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

It was intensely, suffocatingly hot, though the windows on either side of the long room were wide open; the patients lay languidly watching the flies on the ceiling, the sunshine streaming over the ocher-tinted wall, the flickering light of the little lamp which burned night and day beneath the large colored statue of St. Patrick in the center of the ward. It was too hot even to talk. Granny M'Gee—who, though not exactly ill, was old and delicate enough to be permitted to remain permanently in the Union Infirmary instead of being relegated to the workhouse proper—dozed in her wicker chair with her empty pipe between her wrinkled fingers. Once, as she loved to relate, she had burnt her lovely fringe with that same pipe—"bad luck to it!" but she invariably hastened to add that her heart 'ud be broke out an' out if it wasn't for the taste o' baccy. Her neighbor opposite was equally fond of snuff, and was usually to be heard lamenting how she had rared a fine fam'ly o' boys an' girls and how notwithstanding she had ne'er a wan to buy her a ha'porth in her ould age.

Now, however, for a wonder she was silent, and even the woman nearest the door found it too hot to brandish her distorted wrists according to her custom when she wished to excite compassion or to plead for alms. There would be no visitors this morning; not the most compassionate of "the ladies," who came to read and otherwise cheer the

poor sufferers of St. Patrick's ward, would venture there on such a day.

The buzzing of the flies aforesaid, the occasional moans of the more feeble patients, the hurried breathing of a poor girl in the last stage of consumption were the only sounds to be heard, except for the quiet footsteps and gentle voice of Sister Louise. There was something refreshing in the very sight of this tall slight figure, in its blue-gray habit and dazzling white "cornette," from beneath which the dark eyes looked forth with sweet and almost childish directness. Sister Louise was not indeed much more than a child in years, and there were still certain inflections in her voice, an elasticity in her movements, a something about her very hands, with their little pink palms and dimpled knuckles, that betrayed the fact. But those babyish hands had done good service since Sister Louise had left the novitiate in the Rue du Bac two years before; that young voice had a marvelous power of its own, and could exhort and reprove as well as soothe and console; and when the blue-robed figure was seen fitting up and down the ward smiles appeared on wan and sorrowful faces, and querulous murmurs were hushed. Even to-day the patients nodded to her languidly as she passed, observing with transitory cheerfulness that they were kilt with the hate or that it was terrible weather entirely. One crone roused herself sufficiently to remark that it was a fine thing for the country, glory be to God! which patriotic sentiment won a smile from Sister Louise, but failed to awaken much enthusiasm in any one else.

The Sister of Charity paused before a bed in which a little, very thin old woman was coiled up with eyes half closed. Mrs. Brady was the latest arrival at St. Patrick's ward, having indeed only "come in" on the preceding day; and Sister Louise thought she would very likely need a little cheering.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Brady?" she asked, bending over her.

"Why then indeed, ma'am—is it ma'am or mother I ought to call ye?"

"'Sister'—we are all Sisters here, though some of the people call Sister Superior 'Reverend Mother.'"

"Ah, that indeed?" said Mrs. Brady, raising herself a

little in the bed, and speaking with great dignity. "Ye see yous are not the sort o' nuns I 'm used to, so you 'll excuse me if I don't altogether spake the way I ought. Our nuns down in the Queen's County has black veils, ye know, ma'am—Sisther, I mane—an' not that kind of a white bonnet that you have on your head."

"Well, do you know our patients here get quite fond of our white wings, as they call them?" returned Sister Louise smiling. "But you haven't told me how you are, yet. Better I hope, and pretty comfortable."

A tear suddenly rolled down Mrs. Brady's cheek, but she preserved her lofty manner.

"Ah, yes, thank ye, Sisther, as comfortable as I could expect in a place like this. Of course I niver thought it's here I'd be, but it's on'y for a short time, thanks be to God! My little boy 'll be comin' home from America soon to take me out of it."

"Why, that's good news!" cried the Sister cheerfully. "We must make you quite well and strong—that is, as strong as we can"—with a compassionate glance, "by the time he comes. When do you expect him?"

"Any day now, ma'am—Sisther, I mane—ay, indeed, I may say any day an' every day, an' I 'm afeard his heart 'll be broke findin' me in this place. But no matther!"

Here she shook her head darkly, as though she could say much on that subject, but refrained out of consideration for Sister Louise.

"Well, we must do all we can for you meanwhile," said the latter gently. "Have you made acquaintance with your neighbors yet? Poor Mrs. M'Evoy here is worse off than you, for she can't lift her head just now. Tell Mrs. Brady how it was you hurt your back, Mrs. M'Evoy."

"Bedad, Sisther, ye know yerself it was into the canal I fell wid a can o' milk," said the old woman addressed, squinting fearfully in her efforts to catch a glimpse of the new patient. "The Bishop says the last time he come round, 'I s'pose,' he says, 'ye were goin' to put wather in the milk.' 'No,' says I, 'there was wather enough in it before.'"

Here Mrs. M'Evoy leered gleefully up at the Sister, and one or two feeble chuckles were heard from the neighboring beds; but Mrs. Brady assumed an attitude which

can only be described as one implying a mental drawing away of skirts, and preserved an impenetrable gravity. Evidently she had never associated with "the like" of Mrs. M'Evoy in the circles in which she had hitherto moved.

"And there's Kate Mahony on the other side," pursued Sister Louise, without appearing to notice Mrs. Brady's demeanor. "She has been lying here for seventeen years, haven't you Kate?"

"Ay, Sистер," said Kate, a thin-faced, sweet-looking woman of about forty, looking up brightly.

"Poor Kate!" said the Sister, in a caressing tone. "You must get Kate to tell you her story some time, Mrs. Brady. She had seen better days, like you."

"Oh, that indeed?" said Mrs. Brady, distantly but politely, and with a dawning interest. "I s'pose you are from the country then, like meself."

"Ah, no, ma'am," returned Kate. "I may say I was never three miles away from town. I went into service when I was on'y a slip of a little girl, an' lived with the wan lady till the rheumatic fever took me, an' made me what I am now. You're not from this town, I s'pose, ma'am."

"Indeed, I'd be long sorry to come from such a dirty place—beggin' your pardon for sayin' it. No, indeed, I am from the Queen's County, near Mar'boro'. We had the loveliest little farm there ye could see, me an' me poor husband, the Lord ha' mercy on his soul! Ay, indeed, it's little we ever thought—but no matter! Glory be to goodness! my little boy 'll be comin' back from America soon to take me out o' this."

"Sure it's well for ye," said Kate, "that has a fine son o' your own to work for ye. Look at me without a crature in the wide world belongin' to me! An' how long is your son in America, ma'am?"

"Goin' on two year, now," said Mrs. Brady, with a sigh.

"He 'll be apt to be writin' to ye often, I s'pose, ma'am."

"Why then, indeed, not so often. The poor fellow he was niver much of a hand at the pen. He's movin' about ye see, gettin' work here an' there."

Sister Louise had moved on, seeing that the pair were likely to make friends; and before ten minutes had elapsed each was in possession of the other's history. Kate's, indeed, was simple enough; her seventeen years in the in-

firmly being preceded by a quiet life in a very uninteresting neighborhood; but she "came of decent people," being connected with "the rale ould O'Rorkes," and her father had been "in business"—two circumstances which impressed Mrs. Brady very much, and caused her to unbend towards "Miss Mahony," as she now respectfully called her new acquaintance. The latter was loud in expressions of admiration and sympathy as Mrs. Brady described the splendors of the past; the servant-man and her servant-maid who, according to her, once formed portion of her establishment; the four beautiful milch cows which her husband kept, besides sheep, and a horse and car, and "bastes" innumerable; the three little b'yes they buried, and then Barney—Barney, the jewel, who was now in America.

"The finest little fella ye'd see between this an' County Cork! Over six fut, he is, an' wid a pair o' shoulders on him that ye'd think 'ud hardly get in through that door beyant."

"Lonneys!"¹ said Kate admiringly.

"Ay, indeed, an' ye ought to see the beautiful black curly head of him, an' eyes like sloes, an' cheeks—why I declare"—half raising herself and speaking with great animation, "he's the very moral o' St. Pathrick over there! God forgive me for sayin' such a thing, but raly if I was to drop down dead this minute I couldn't but think it! Now I assure ye, Miss Mahony, he's the very image of that blessed statye, 'pon me word!"

Miss Mahony looked appreciatively at the representation of the patron of Ireland, which was remarkable no less for vigor of outline and coloring than for conveying an impression of exceeding cheerfulness, as both the saint himself and the serpent which was wriggling from beneath his feet were smiling in the most affable manner.

"Mustn't he be the fine boy!" she ejaculated, after a pause. "I'd love to see him—but I'll niver get a chanst o' that, I s'pose. Will he be comin' here to see ye, ma'am?"

"He'll be comin' to take me out of it," returned the mother. "He doesn't raly know I'm in it at all. I'll tell ye now the way it is. When the poor father died—the

¹ *Lonneys*, an expression of surprise.

light o' heaven to him—an' bad times come, and we had to give up our own beautiful little place, Barney brought me to town an' put me with Mrs. Byrne, a very nice respectable woman that was married to a second cousin o' my poor husband's, an' I was to stop with her till he came back from America with his fortune made.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Brady, drawing in her breath with a sucking sound, which denoted that she had come to an interesting part of her narrative, "well, he kep' sendin' me money, ye know, a pound or maybe thirty shillin' at a time—whenever he could, the poor boy, an' I was able to work the sewin' machine a little, an' so we made out between us till I took this terrible bad turn. Well, of course troubles niver comes single, an' the last letther I got from my poor little fella had only fifteen shillin' in it, an' he towld me he had the bad luck altogether, but says he, 'My dear mother, ye must on'y howld out the best way ye can. There's no work to be got in this place at all, (New York I think it was). 'But I am goin' out West,' says he, 'to a place where I'm towld there's fortunes made in no time, so I'll be over wid ye soon,' he says, 'wid a power o' money an' I'm sure Mary Byrne'll be a good friend to ye till then. The worst of it is,' he says, 'it's a terrible wild outlandish place, and I can't be promisin' ye many letthers, for God knows if there'll be a post-office in it at all,' says he, 'but I'll be thinkin' of ye often, an' ye must keep up your heart,' he says.

"Well," sucking up her breath again, "poor Mrs. Byrne done all she could for me, but of course when it got to be weeks an' months that I was on my back not able to do a hand's turn for meself, an' no money comin' an' no sign o' Barney, what could she do, poor cratur? One day Dochter Isaacs says to her, 'Mrs. Byrne,' says he, 'why don't ye send poor Mrs. Brady to the Infirmary?' 'What Infirmary, sir?' says she. 'The Union Infirmary,' says he; 'it's the on'y place she's fit for except the Incurables in Dublin,' says he, 'an' I'm afraid there's no chance for her there.' 'Oh, dochter, don't mention it!' says poor Mrs. Byrne—she was telling me about it aftherwards. 'Is it the Union? I wouldn't name it,' she says, 'to a decent respectable woman like Mrs. Brady. She's a cousin by marriage o' me own,' says she. 'I wouldn't *name* it to her,

I assure ye.' 'Just as you please,' says Docther Isaacs. 'It 'ud be the truest kindness you could do her all the same, for she 'd get better care and nourishment than you could give her.' Well, poor Mrs. Byrne kep' turnin' it over in her mind, but she raly couldn't bring herself to mention it nor wouldn't, on'y she was druv to it at the end, the crature, with me bein' ill so long, an' the rent comin' so heavy on her an' all. So we settled it between the two of us wan day, an' she passed me her word to bring me Barney's letter—if e'er a wan comes—the very minute she gets it, an' if he comes himself she says she won't let on where I am, all at wanst, but she 'll tell him gradual. Sometimes I do be very unaisy in me mind, Miss Mahony, I assure ye, wondherin' what he 'll say when he hears. I 'm afear'd he 'll be ready to kill me for bringin' such a disgrace on him."

"Sure, what could ye do?" said Kate, a little tartly, for naturally enough, as "an inmate" of many years' standing, she did not quite like her new friend's insistence on this point. "Troth, it's aisy talkin', but it's not so aisy to starve. An' afther all, there's many a one that's worse off nor us here, I can tell ye, especially since the Sisthers come, God bless them, with their holy ways. How'd ye like to be beyant at — Union, where the nurses gobbles up all the nourishment that's ordhered for the poor misfortunate cratures that's in it, an' leaves thim sthretched from mornin' till night without doin' a hand's turn for them? Ay, an' 'ud go near to kill them if they dar'd let on to the docther. Sure, don't I know well how it was before the Sisthers was here—we have different times now, I can tell ye. Why, that very statye o' St. Pathrick that ye were talkin' of a while ago, wasn't it them brought it? An' there 's St. Joseph over in the ward fornenst this, an' St. Elizabeth an' the Holy Mother above. See that now. Isn't it a comfort to be lookin' at them holy things, and to see the blessed Sisthers come walkin' in in the mornin' wid a heavenly smile for every one an' their holy eyes lookin' into every hole an' corner an' spyin' out what's wrong?"

"Ay, indeed," assented Mrs. Brady, a little faintly, though, for however grateful she might be, and comforta-

ble in the main, there was a bitterness in the thought of her "come-down" that nothing could alleviate.

She and her neighbor were excellent friends all the same, and she soon shared Kate's enthusiasm for "the Sisthers," finding comfort moreover in the discovery that Sister Louise understood and sympathized with her feelings, and was willing to receive endless confidences on the subject of the "little boy," and to discuss the probability of his speedy advent with almost as much eagerness as herself.

But all too soon it became evident that unless Barney made great haste another than he would take Mrs. Brady "out of" the workhouse. Grim death was approaching with rapid strides, and one day the priest found her so weak that he told her he would come on the morrow to hear her confession and to give her the last Sacraments.

Not one word did the old woman utter in reply. She lay there with her eyes closed and her poor old face puckered up, unheeding all Kate Mahony's attempts at consolation. These, though well meant, were slightly inconsistent, as she now assured her friend that indeed it was well for her, and asked who wouldn't be glad to be out o' that; and in the next moment informed her that maybe when she was anointed she might find herself cured an' out, as many a wan had before her, an' wasn't it well known that them that the priest laid his holy hands on, as likely as not took a good turn immaydiate.

Later on Sister Louise bent over Mrs. Brady with gentle reassuring words.

"God knows best, you know," she said, at the end of her little homily; "you will say, 'His will be done,' won't you?"

"Sure, Sisther, how can I?" whispered Mrs. Brady, opening her troubled eyes, her face almost awful to look on in its gray pallor. "How can I say, 'His will be done,' if I'm to die in the workhouse? An' me poor little boy comin' as fast as he can across the say to take me out of it, an' me breakin' my heart prayin' that I might live to see the day! An' when he comes back he'll find the parish has me buried. Ah, Sisther, how am I to resign meself at all? In the name o' God how *am* I to resign meself?"

The tears began to trickle down her face, and Sister

Louise cried a little too for sympathy, and stroked Mrs. Brady's hand, and coaxed and cajoled and soothed and preached to the very best of her ability; and at the end left her patient quiet but apparently unconvinced.

It was with some trepidation that she approached her on the morrow. Mrs. Brady's attitude was so unusual that she felt anxious and alarmed. As a rule the Irish poor die calmly and peacefully, happy in their faith and resignation; but this poor woman stood on the brink of eternity with a heart full of bitterness, and a rebellious will.

Mrs. Brady's first words, however, reassured her.

"Sisther, I'm willin' now to say, 'His will be done.'"

"Thank God for that!" cried Sister Louise fervently.

"Ay. Well, wait till I tell ye. In the night, when I was lying awake, I took to lookin' at St. Pathrick beyant, wid the little lamp flickerin' an' flickerin' an' shinin' on his face, an' I thought o' Barney, an' that I'd niver see him agin, an' I burst out cryin'. 'Oh, St. Pathrick!' says I, 'how 'll I ever be able to make up my mind to it at all?' An' St. Pathrick looked back at me rale wicked. An' 'oh,' says I, again, 'God forgive me, but sure how can I help it?' An' there was St. Pathrick still wid the cross look on him p'intin' to the shamrock in his hand, as much as to say, 'there is but the wan God in three divine Persons, an' Him ye must obey.' So then I took to batin' me breast an' sayin', 'the will o' God be done!' an' if ye 'll believe me, Sisther, the next time I took heart to look at St. Pathrick there he was smilin' for all the world the moral o' poor Barney. So,' says I, 'after that!' Well, Sisther, the will o' God be done! He knows best, Sisther alanna, doesn't He? But," with a weak sob, "my poor little boy's heart 'ill be broke out an' out when he finds I'm afther dyin' in the workhouse!"

"We must pray for him," said the Sister softly; "you must pray for him and offer up the sacrifice that God asks of you, for him. Try not to fret so much. Barney would not like you to fret. He would grieve terribly if he saw you like this."

"Sure he would," said Mrs. Brady, sobbing again.

"Of course he would. But if he heard you were brave

and cheerful over it all, it would not be half so bad for him."

Mrs. Brady lay very quiet after this, and seemed to reflect.

When the priest came presently to administer the Sacraments of the dying to her, she roused herself and received them with much devotion; and presently beckoned Sister Louise to approach.

"Sisther, when Barney comes axin' for me, will ye give him me bades an' the little medal that 's round me neck, an' tell him I left him me blessin'—will ye, dear?"

"Indeed I will."

"God bless ye. An' tell him," speaking with animation and in rather louder tones, "tell him I didn't fret at all, an' died quite contint an' happy an'—an' thankful to be in this blessed place where I got every comfort. Will ye tell him that, Sisther alanna?"

The Sister bowed her head: this time she could not speak.

It was nearly two months afterwards that Sister Louise was summoned to the parlor to see "Mr. Brady," who had recently arrived from America, and to whom his cousin, Mrs. Byrne, had broken the news of his mother's death.

Sister Louise smiled and sighed as she looked at this big, strapping, prosperous-looking young fellow, and remembered his mother's description of him. The black eyes and curly hair and rosy cheeks were all there, certainly, but otherwise the likeness to "St. Patrick" was not so very marked.

"Mr. Brady wants to hear all about his mother, Sister," said the Sister Superior. "This is Sister Louise, Mr. Brady, who attended your poor mother to the last."

Mr. Brady, who seemed a taciturn youth, rolled his black eyes towards the new-comer and waited for her to proceed.

Very simply did Sister Louise tell her little story, dwelling on such of his mother's sayings, during her last illness, as she thought might interest and comfort him.

"There are her beads, and the little medal, which she always wore. She left them to you with her blessing."

Barney thrust out one large brown hand and took the

little packet, swallowing down what appeared to be a very large lump in his throat.

"She told me," pursued the Sister in rather tremulous tones, "to tell you that she did not fret at all at the last, and died content and happy. She did, indeed, and she told me to say that she was thankful to be here——"

But Barney interrupted her with a sudden incredulous gesture, and a big sob. "Ah, whisht, Sisther!" he said.

FATHER LALOR IS PROMOTED.

From 'Miss Erin.'

Father Lalor was, as has been said, much distressed at Erin's present attitude. However little he might approve of Mr. Fitzgerald's system of education, there was no doubt that such an education was better than none; and to run wild as she was now doing was, for a girl of her disposition, pernicious in the extreme. But he was getting very old now, and full of infirmities; and when he found his remonstrances and prayers of no avail, he gave up attempting to shake her resolution. In fact, he acknowledged himself wholly unable to cope with her. He did not understand this tenderly loved little friend of his. Her enthusiasm startled him, her determination distressed him, her passionate nature and impatience of control filled him with fears for her future. He was the only friend she had now, and he was failing fast.

"Child, child, what will become of you when I am gone?" he groaned once, half to himself, after listening, with anxious, puzzled face, to one of her tirades.

And then Erin ceased declaiming, and burst into tears.

He often sighed heavily as he looked at her, and when she asked him the reason, would reply, sighing again:

"Old age, my dear, old age."

One Ash Wednesday morning, after Father Lalor had distributed as usual the blessed ashes to an innumerable congregation—for Ash Wednesday and Palm Sunday are great days in Ireland, days on which every man, woman,

and child in the parish rallies round the priest—when he had imprinted a dusky cross on the forehead of the last infant of tender years who approached the altar rails, he straightened himself, and stood for a moment looking over his spectacles at the crowded church, and then raised his hand in blessing; a blessing which was not demanded by the rubrics, but which was prompted by the fulness of his heart.

“Moll,” he said afterwards, when he was seated in his parlor waiting for his breakfast and his housekeeper came trotting in, her forehead still smeared with traces of the recent ceremony, and her cap very much awry—“Moll, do ye know I have a kind of a feeling that this is the last time I ’ll be giving ashes in Glenmor chapel.”

“Ah, what nonsense, your reverence,” cried Moll, setting down the teapot with a bang. “Glory to goodness, did ever any one hear the like o’ that? an’ you well an’ hearty, thank God. No, but it ’s fifty times more you ’ll be givin’ ashes in Glenmor chapel. I declare, if it warn’t yourself was afther sayin’ it, I ’d be threatenin’ to tell the priest on ye.”

“Well, well, Moll; you know it is well to remember one’s last end. *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverum reverteris.* I’ve said that often enough to day, and it ’s a good thing to be thinking of. Sure, I’m going on eighty, Moll; do you know that? Nearly fifty-six years priest. Isn’t it time for me to be taking a rest? Ay, ay; I ’d be glad enough to go, only for one thing. But the Lord knows best. We’re all in his hands. Moll, is that what ye call tea, woman dear?”

“God bless us, I forgot to put the water in! Sure, ye have me moithered altogether, talkin’ that way,” wept Miss Riddick, wiping her eyes and retiring with the teapot.

Father Lalor laughed and became once more his cheerful self, and Moll forgot his presentiment until Mid-lent Sunday, when it was painfully recalled to her memory. Father Lalor had a particularly slow and distinct utterance in saying Mass, every word being audible. What, then, was Moll’s surprise and terror when she discovered that on Sunday, and “Lætare” Sunday to boot, clad more-over in white vestments, Father Lalor was saying Mass for the dead!

She could not wait until he came home for breakfast, but went into the sacristy at the conclusion of the service.

She found him standing, still in chasuble and biretta, in the middle of the room, with a curious half-smile on his face.

"Ye're not feelin' quite yerself this mornin', are ye, sir?" she asked him, tremblingly.

"Moll," said Father Lalor, "it's a queer thing: there's—there's lead in my shoes."

"God bless us, yer reverence, how'd lead get into them? Didn't I clean them myself last night, and fetch them up to ye this mornin'?"

"It's there, though," repeated the priest, in a tone of conviction. "I feel it so cold and so heavy, Moll. See—I can hardly lift my foot."

He made an attempt to do so, but fell suddenly prone on his face, stiff and speechless: a leaden hand had indeed gripped him—he had a paralytic stroke.

For many days after he lay motionless and unconscious, but at last revived in some degree, though it was plain he would never leave his bed again.

Often, even before his power of speech returned, his eyes would rest anxiously on Erin, who sat by his bedside with a pale face and woful eyes. She could scarcely be persuaded to eat or sleep; and even when forced to leave the sick-room, would take up her position outside the door, where she would crouch for hours weeping, or praying desperately.

One evening she chanced to be alone with him, Mrs. Riley, who was in attendance, having left the room for a moment; and suddenly he spoke in the feeble stammering tones with which they had become familiar.

"Erin, my pet—I'm going from ye—ye know that?"

"Oh, no, no, father! I can't let you go. God will make you get better, I am praying so hard. You are the only friend I have in the world. God will not take you away from me."

"Faith, my dear," he said, with something of his old quaint manner, "I don't see why we should expect the Almighty to perform a miracle for the like of us. And it would be a miracle, Erin—nothing less, if I am to recover. No, no; the Lord has called me, and I'll have to go, child."

He 's askin' us to make the sacrifice each in our own way—you in the beginning of your life, and I at the end of mine. It's the last He 'll require of me; and as for you, my pet, you 're in his hands—I leave you in His hands. He made you, and He 'll protect you. Come here, child—close—and kneel down."

Erin obeyed, sobbing, and the old man, feebly lifting his hand, marked the sign of the cross on her forehead.

"May the God of the fatherless be with you!" he said. "I surrender you to Him. May He watch over you in all your ways!"

After this last great effort he ceased to take any interest in earthly things, and concerned himself wholly with his own spiritual affairs.

"When the end is near," he said once, with his quiet smile, "it's just the same for priest or layman. There's only yourself and God. No matter how many souls you may have had to look after in your lifetime, at the last you must just concern yourself with your own."

One day he asked suddenly, "Do you hear the bell, Erin?"

"What bell, dear father? I don't hear anything."

"I thought," he said, knitting his brows, as though making an effort to concentrate his attention—"I thought I heard a bell tolling. They 'll all be praying for me, won't they? All my faithful people. . . . Come to his assistance, all ye saints of God; meet him, all ye angels of God; receive his soul and present it now before its Lord."

Erin leaned forward, startled; the old man's fixed, unrecognizing gaze betokened that his mind was wandering. He continued to recite slowly and impressively the prayers for the dying, that he had said so often by so many poor beds—his voice weak, but infinitely solemn.

"May Jesus Christ receive thee, and the angels conduct thee to thy place of rest. May the angels of God receive his soul, and present it now before its Lord. . . . Lord have mercy on him, Christ have mercy on him, Lord have mercy on him. Our Father. . . ."

The greater part of this prayer being said "in secret," his voice dropped suddenly; but he seemed to lose the train of thought, and presently fell into a doze. His mind, however, appeared to run perpetually in this groove, and in

his fancy he frequently said Mass for the dead, and repeated the last blessing and the litany for the departing soul. During his transient moments of consciousness, he was still busy with his preparations for this great "fitting."

He did not appear afraid, only solemn, and deeply in earnest. One day he said with pathetic simplicity:

"I think, you know—I think I have always done my best. I always tried to do my best—and God knows that. He will remember that when I go to my account. Fifty-six years—fifty-six years! Think of all the souls I have had the charge of in fifty-six years. And I must render an account of all; an account of all . . . but I think I have always done my best."

"I fancy," said Mrs. Riley, that same evening—"I fancy, Moll, that I can see a change. He's got the look, ye know——"

"Ay, an' the color's altered," said Moll.

Both women had been weeping, and even now restrained their tears with difficulty. There was a kind of desperate resignation in their look and manner as became those who were bracing themselves up to bear a great blow. Erin looked from one to the other, turning sick and cold; she had never been so near death before, and the awfulness of it overwhelmed her. This inevitable, terrible, unspeakable mystery, which was about to be brought close to her, by which her friend and father would be snatched away from her, even while she clung to him—eternity itself, as it were, entering the homely chamber to engulf him under her very eyes—for a moment the terror of it outweighed her anguish.

She crept out of the parlor, where this colloquy had taken place, and went upstairs to the familiar room, standing trembling, with her hand on the handle of the door, her heart beating violently. But presently she conquered herself and entered, all her fear vanishing at the first sight of the dearly loved face. It had changed since she saw it last, but for the better, she thought; a certain settled majesty of line and expression had taken possession of it—it had even lost the drawn look which it had worn for so many days. But the white hair lay damp and heavy on Father Lalor's brow, and he breathed with difficulty.

He smiled at her as she approached, and then his thoughts floated away from her again to the empire of that vast world which he was so soon to enter. His lips moved, and the child bent over him to listen.

"To Thee, O Lord, the angels cry aloud" . . . he murmured, over and over again.

"Ah," said Mrs. Riley, who had followed Erin into the room, "he's been saying it ever since morning. You know what it is, dear? . . . It's from the *Te Deum*."

Moll entered presently, with the priest who had attended Father Lalor during his illness. The old man had squared his accounts with his Master long before, and now merely greeted his young companion-in-arms with the same comfortable smile which he had bestowed on Erin, and betook himself again to the great half-open gate through which he had already caught the echo of angels' voices. It was his last sign of recognition; already he had wandered beyond their reach, though they clasped his hand and listened to his voice. Erin's young and passionately human heart rebelled; he was there still, and she was dearest of all to him. Would he not look at her once, only once more, return a single pressure of her hand? She thrust her poor, little, eager, quivering face forward as he turned his head, and cried aloud:

"Oh, father, father, dear father, speak to your little Erin! Only one word—one word. Look at me, just look at me, to show you hear me."

But Father Lalor heard no more; his eyes were fixed on things that she could not see; he had gone too far on his great journey to pause or to look back.

Erin sank down on her knees again, and for some time there was no sound in the room but that of the patient's labored breathing and the low tones of the young priest. Then there came a silence, a long silence, broken at last by the voice of the old man.

"Mother!"

He had raised his head for a moment, with an expression of astonishment and unutterable joy—and then it fell back.

He was gone. A great awe fell upon them all. For a moment no one stirred or wept. At last—

"Our mother came to fetch him," said Mrs. Riley, tremulously.

"Oh, no, ma'am, sure it was the Holy Virgin herself he saw," added Moll, stooping to kiss the inert hand.

Whether it was indeed the mother of his youth, upon whom the white-haired priest called with his last breath, or that other Mother, whom for all time all nations shall call blessed, certain it is that he died with that hallowed word upon his lips. It was a meet end to his most simple and innocent life—as a little child he entered the kingdom of Heaven.

MATTHIAS M'DONNELL BODKIN.

(1850 —)

MATTHIAS M'DONNELL BODKIN, K.C., of the Irish bar, is one of the modern school of Irish novelists, whose works are permeated not alone with the characteristic humor of the people, but with that strangely blended note of sadness which underlies so much of it.

He was born on the 8th of October, 1850. His father was Dr. Thomas Bodkin of County Galway. He was educated at the Tullabeg Jesuit College and at the Catholic University. He gained the double gold medal of the law students' debating society. He married in 1885, and shortly afterward was elected Member of Parliament for North Roscommon, but was unseated in 1890.

Among his books may be mentioned 'Shillalegh and Shamrock,' 'Poteen Punch' (a series of stories which have appeared in various Christmas numbers of *The United Irishman*), 'Pat o' Nine Tails,' 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' 'White Magic,' 'Stolen Life,' 'The Rebels,' 'Paul Beck,' 'Dora Myrl,' etc.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S ADVENTURE.

From 'Poteen Punch.'

"Half-past one," said his Excellency, turning to his *aide-de-camp*, who sat beside him in the comfortable landau. "Still a full hour and a half from lunch; perhaps I should say, an empty hour and a-half. I am beginning to understand what they tell me about 'the pinch of hunger in Connemara.' There is famine in the air. I am not surprised that the people are troubled with a superabundance of appetite."

"Your Excellency will find there is also a superabundance of food," rejoined the private secretary, a pale-faced abortion with a *pince-nez* and an incipient mustache. "You will get a luncheon at Maam Hotel you could not get in London.¹ To talk of starvation in a country where there are such grouse on the mountains and such trout in the lakes always appeared to me the very height of absurdity," and he smiled a complacent little smile of superior wisdom.

¹ The incident herein narrated regarding Lord Carlisle is absolutely authentic, and occurred about 1866.

His Excellency also smiled—a gastronomic smile, in which pleasant memories and anticipations were curiously mingled. He leaned back on the cushions and gazed with courteous patronage—courteous still, though slightly bored—at the solemn procession of mountains, as the carriage bowled swiftly along the level road that wound among the hills.

It was a glorious spring day. High over head were the great, clear curves of the mountains against the blue sky, and here and there bright little lakes glittered in the sunshine like flashing jewels set in the bosom of the hills.

His Excellency had fallen into a dreamy reverie, in which no doubt, were pleasant visions of broiled trout of a golden brown, and tender grouse and champagne, with the cream on its surface and the bubbles rising through the liquid amber. No word more was spoken until the carriage swept suddenly round the shoulder of a mountain, and came upon the pleasant inn of Maam, with the tall hill towering up into the sunshine at the back, and in front the broad flash of a crystal lake.

Neither to lake nor mountain were the eyes or thoughts of his Excellency turned at the moment. He missed the flutter of excitement which the Viceregal arrival had hitherto provoked at the pleasant hotel in the heart of lonely Connemara. For a moment the dreadful thought flashed across his mind that the special courier dispatched to announce his arrival had miscarried, but he promptly dismissed the fear as absurd. The carriage swept over the bridge in front of the hotel, and drew up with a flourish on the smooth gravel sweep before the door. Still the place seemed as silent and as solitary as the front of the bare mountain opposite. The footman leaped down at once, and played the kettle-drum on the knocker with such vigor that the echo might be heard rolling and vibrating through the hills as if a hundred hungry giants had come home together to dinner and forgotten their latch-keys. Not a sound answered from within. A second time the knocker was plied more vigorously than the first, and as the echoes died away in the dead silence that followed there was heard within the house a smothered, mysterious tittering, that seemed to pervade the entire building. The footman raised the knocker for the third time as if to batter

in the door, and at the same moment he almost fell forward on his face; the door opened suddenly, and the host appeared, blocking the entrance with his sturdy form. Instantly every window in front was peopled with grinning faces, as if some huge practical joke was in progress.

"His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant," gasped the gorgeous flunkey as soon as he recovered a little from his amazement.

"Move on, my good man, there is nothing for you here," retorted the innkeeper, with an impudent grin, as if addressing an importunate beggar. The joke was emphasized by a roar of laughter from the windows.

Lord Carlisle was speechless for a moment at the grotesque absurdity of the whole proceeding, too surprised at first to feel indignant. He thought, so far as he had power to think at all, that the host had gone mad, and, on the principle of "birds of a feather flock together," had filled his place with lunatics. But the situation was a desperate one. Here was a hungry—a very hungry—Viceroy in the heart of a desolate region with a dozen Connemara miles (the longest miles in the world) between him and the nearest food and shelter.

Something must be done. He stepped past the petrified footman and confronted the host, who did not budge an inch.

"My good fellow," said he with his blandest smile, "you surely received the announcement of my arrival?"

"Ay," retorted the host, "and got my orders how to welcome you."

"Remember," said Lord Carlisle, with tremendous dignity, "I am the representative of your Sovereign."

"And I," rejoined the other, "am a tenant of Lord Leitrim."

Then, for the first time, a vague suspicion of the nature of the proceedings dawned on his Excellency. He recognized the terrible revenge of the rack-renting nobleman, but he tried to put a brave face on his fear.

"Would you insult the representative of the Queen?" he demanded.

"The landlord," replied the innkeeper, insolently, "is king and queen in Ireland, and all the royal family besides; no one knows that better than yourself. It is he that has

filled the hotel with his friends, and arranged a welcome for your Excellency."

"What kind of welcome has he arranged for me?" asked the Viceroy, hastily betrayed into the question.

"That," retorted the host, suddenly slamming the door of the inn within an inch of the Viceregal nose.

It was a pleasant position, truly—standing beside his own footman on the wrong side of the hotel door, with the whole front of the house alive with faces laughing at his discomfiture. He turned a foolish face on his private secretary and *aide-de-camp*, who turned still more foolish faces upon him. A storm of laughter broke out from the hotel, so loud and long, that it set all the giants into a roar of laughter amongst the echoing mountains.

To get clean out of the place was clearly the first thing to be done. His Excellency could never tell how he got back into his carriage or outside the inhospitable gates, with roars of laughter all the time ringing in his ears. The coachman drove on instinctively a couple of hundred yards from the place, then pulled his horses on their haunches in the middle of the road, and stood stock-still awaiting instructions. The prospect was not a pleasant one. The midday splendor of the spring day was over. A chill breeze came blowing up from the west with a damp rawness in it that told of coming rain. Croagh Patrick clapped his gray nightcap firmly down on his high bald pate, which is the signal for putting out the light in those desolate regions. Sure enough, a heavy cloud at the moment came drifting across the sun, and the whole brightness and charm of the wild landscape vanished in a moment. The bleak moorland stretched away to the gray horizon, broken by broad patches of dull water, whose surface was already pockpitted by the raindrops, and the mountains frowned dismally, like sulky giants, in the gathering gloom. Behind them, the road wound, like a long white ribbon, back towards Galway, and turned out of sight round the corner of a mountain. In front it stretched on towards Cong, till the ribbon dwindled to a thread, and the eye lost it. The carriage stood stock-still on the road, waiting for orders, but no orders were given. So it might have waited for an hour if the horses' impatience, reacting on the coachman, had not tempted him to break silence.

"Where to now, your Excellency?" he inquired, dismally enough.

"To bl—zes!" answered his Excellency.

It was the first time the smooth, smiling lips of Lord Carlisle had shaped a profane syllable. Before decorum could stop the words they were out. But decorum resumed command the next instant.

"Ay, to blazes, to be sure," he continued, in quite an altered tone of voice, with a look of mild reproach at the tittering *aide-de-camp*. "But what blazes? that is the question. The blazing fire that this morning browned our toast in the best parlor of Mack's Hotel in Galway, or the blazes that are perhaps kindly cooking our dinners in Cong? Any blazes, or, at least, almost any blazes, were welcome on such an evening as this." He gazed as he spoke, with a half shudder, at the rain-blotted landscape, and smiled a sickly smile at his own sickly pleasantries.

"Cong is the nearest refuge—perhaps, I should rather say Galway is the farther of the two, your Excellency," interposed the private secretary.

"Then to Cong let it be," said Lord Carlisle, leaning back in his carriage, with a look of patient resignation.

I am not cruel enough to ask the gentle reader (how I love the good old-fashioned phrase!) to hang on behind the Viceregal coach for that dreary drive in the pelting rain for twelve Connemara miles, with weary horses, along the muddy, mountain roads. With that power which is given to me I will lift him up, snug and warm, and set him down under a porch, sheltered from rain and storm, in the little village of Cong, just as the Viceregal carriage comes floundering along through the pools of water that shine in the light of the flickering oil-lamps in the streets, and draws up in front of the principal, because only, hotel in the town.

Unlike the hotel from which they parted a good three hours ago, at Maam, the house is ablaze with light, and redolent with savory odors. Now and again, from inside, a burst of jolly laughter drowns the fretful whining of the wind.

The very look of the place seemed to bid a cordial welcome to the wet, weary, and hungry travelers. A smile began to dawn on the pale face of his Excellency, as eyes,

ears, and nostrils gave him promise of a pleasant fare and comfortable quarters. The flickering smile disappeared in black despair when the host, whom a thundering peal upon the knocker brought to the door, spoke almost the same words as the churl of Maam, "No room for you here."

But though the words were the same, the manner of speaking was very different, and there was a look of compassion for the belated company on the host's jolly face, as he stood in the passage through which bright light and genial warmth and pleasant odors streamed out on the damp darkness of the night.

"No room," he repeated, and prepared to shut the door.

Then Lord Carlisle's dignity yielded to his despair. "I am the Lord Lieutenant!" he cried from his carriage.

"I could not let you in if you were the King," retorted the other. "Not if you were the Pope of Rome, could you get in without leave."

"Who says a word against my good friend, his Holiness?" cried a rich jovial voice behind them, and the host drew aside respectfully, as a tall, burly figure, with a big face, as full of good humor as the sun is of light at mid-day, came striding down the passage and met the Viceroy face to face at the door.

"Big Joe!" cried Lord Carlisle in delighted amazement.

"Your Excellency," responded the other, with old-fashioned courtesy, "now and always at your service."

"Never needed it more, Joe," responded Lord Carlisle pitifully. "I'd give my Garter for a dinner and bed. I have been turned like a beggarman out of all the hotels in Connemara."

"I'm afraid you will find it hard to get in here," said Big Joe. "You see, you are not the kind of guest that was expected, and I don't think you would like the company any more than they'd like you."

"Any company is good enough for me," said the other entreatingly, "if Big Joe M'Donnell is amongst them. But a good dinner would make the worst company in the world pleasant to me now."

Big Joe was silent for a moment. "I'll tell you the whole truth," he said, "and nothing but the truth. We hold our Patrick's-day dinner here to-night. Every man is bound to tell a story or drink a quart of salt water; so

there will be a good many stories," he added, with humorous twinkles in his eyes, "and they might not all suit the ears of his Excellency."

"His Excellency's ears are neither as long nor as tender as a donkey's," was the curt reply, "and his Excellency's teeth are as hungry as a wolf's."

"Well, if you don't mind hearing they might mind telling," said Joe. "There is very little Castle company amongst us to-night, and some of the yarns spun might be twisted into a hemp cravat for the neck of the spinner."

Lord Carlisle drew himself up haughtily, with an indignant flush upon his handsome old face. "I have sat at your table," he said, "and you have sat at mine. I did not expect that insinuation from Joe M'Donnell. There is some honor yet left even amongst Irish Lord Lieutenants."

Joe clapped his great hand on his shoulder as he turned and faced him frankly. "Pardon," he said; "it was only a rough jest. I'll answer to my friends for your honor, and let him that questions it answer to me. But your story? They won't let you off the story or a quart of salt water."

"A dinner is cheaply bought by a story," said the courtly old nobleman, his good humor completely restored. "It is not often they hear the misadventures of a Viceroy from his own lips. I will tell them why Lord Leitrim slammed the door of the Maam hotel in my face; a story at present known but to one other person, besides myself, in the world."

"Bravo," said Joe. "One moment, and I will be with you again." He went up the stairs three steps at a time, and returned in a moment, more radiant than ever.

"They have voted you to the chair," he said, "and have made room for your aide and private sec."

"And Captain Phunkit, ex-Commissioner of Police?" said his Excellency; "the poor devil travels in my suite. Now, that his teeth are drawn, your friends can afford to forgive him."

"An ill-conditioned dog," said Joe, with a frown for a moment darkening his face like a cloud on the sun; but it lit up again in a moment. "Let him come in," he said; "if he were the devil himself it is no night to shut him out."

He'll hear some stories to-night that will make his punch disagree with him."

There was no time for introduction when his Excellency reached the large, warm, and comfortable room. The dinner was being served as he entered. He was seated at once in his great chair at the head of the table, with the genial heat of the roaring fire percolating through the screen at his back, and a plate of steaming hare soup in front of him, before he fully realized the pleasant change of situation. The guests will introduce themselves later on, just now they are too hungry for much ceremony.

I rejoiced just now that I was able to save my readers the weary drive in the rain from Maam to Cong; I regret I cannot invite them to share the dinner.

It was worth sharing. It was, above all things, a substantial repast—substantial and luxurious as well. At the head of the table, filling the room with incense, was a haunch of venison that might have extorted the praises of Abbot Boniface of 'The Monastery,' and flesh and fowl, roast and boiled, were set at close intervals round the board. The conversation and laughter mingled pleasantly with the feast.

“ Sounded there the noisy glee
Of a reveling company ;
Sprightly story, merry jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest ;
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork.”

Good humor and good fellowship had reached their climax when the cloth was removed, and the shining mahogany was spread with glasses that sparkled and steaming brass kettles that twinkled in the candle-light. Bowls of sugar were set round like a miniature rockery, and fragrant lemons were scattered amongst them. To crown all there were ranged at close intervals great square, cut-class bottles, filled with that most celestial of all fluids—Irish poteen—honestly made and matured, “ hid for a long time in the deep delved earth,” hiding its potency under a soft, sweet savor—mild as milk, and mellow as honey. Truly it was, in the words of the poet, “ a balmy liquor, crystalline of hue.” Soon a tender vapor filled the room

from the steaming tumblers—a magic haze mingling with which life's troubles seemed to vanish into thin vapor.

Heretofore the world (unlike the churlish Lord Leitrim) had opened her inn doors wide for his Excellency Lord Carlisle, and given him of her best. No pleasure had been denied him. The rarest wines that had ever held in their liquid gold or purple the imprisoned sunlight of the South had gratified his discriminating palate. He had drank (in moderation) from the intoxicating cup of power, drained deeply of the delicious draught of flattery, and sipped daintily of love. But he felt that life's highest pleasure had at length been reached when, amid appropriate surroundings, while the wind howled without, and the fire roared within, and bright lights and brighter faces shone around the festive board, he tasted for the first time in his existence that divine essence—*Poteen Punch*. He felt a genial glow suddenly prevading his body and mingling with the blood that coursed warmer and more lively through his veins. The elixir of life, he thought, had been discovered at last.

He tapped gently with his silver ladle on the shining mahogany, from whose polished surface another ladle rose to meet it. All eyes were instantly turned towards the head of the table.

"Gentlemen," said his Excellency, "I am about to redeem the pledge which has made me partaker of your festivity. Surely a light penalty for so great a pleasure. I will tell you the story of my coming here. The cause and motive of the delightful degradation to which I have been subjected by Lord Leitrim. I say delightful, advisedly.

"A couple of hours since this topic was the most hateful, this remembrance the most miserable in my life. The magic of your society has made it an abounding pleasure. Above all——" Here he paused, as if words failed him. He lifted his steaming tumbler to his lips, and tasted again the reviving nectar. "Surely," he murmured softly, as he set it upon the table, "the liquor is not earthly. I will tell you, gentlemen," he resumed, "if you will permit me, the happy chance, heretofore esteemed miserable, to which I am indebted for the pleasures of to-night. I will tell you what no mortal but he and I know at this moment, and what may puzzle future generations.

WHY LORD LEITRIM SLAMMED THE DOOR.

“Lord Leitrim and I were the best of friends when I first came to Ireland. We used to shoot a great deal together in Connemara. Leitrim had a considerable estate near Maam; and as he generally had some evictions in progress there, he managed to combine business with amusement. For me, I confess those were very happy days. I have ever loved,” said his lordship, lapsing unconsciously into the oratorical vein, “the contemplation of human virtue. The frugality and the industry of the peasantry, and, above all, their becoming reverence for those whom Providence had placed over them touched my heart. These men and their families were actually starving. They were clothed like scarecrows and lodged like pigs. Yet they crowded in to pay every farthing of their earning into the hands of the landlord or his agents. They stood with trembling knees and uncovered heads in his presence, and answered his taunt or curse with a blessing ‘on his Honor.’ So great and beneficial an effect has the distinction of station, which the unthinking would condemn, upon the harmony of the universe.

“The contemplation of such primitive virtue was to my sensitive soul more pleasurable than the slaughter of innocent birds. I therefore frequently remained at home, while Leitrim pursued his sport alone on the mountains. As Gaskin has said, in his admirable and immortal collection of my speeches, addresses, and poems, which I humbly assure you would well repay perusal, ‘I was always a patron of elegant literature.’

“So it chanced that I sat one autumn evening at the open window of the hotel, with a litter of manuscript around me, now smoothing sentences for an address to an agricultural meeting, now hunting up rhymes for an *extempore* poem. The scene was propitious to the muse. On the left lay a miniature lake, its smooth water turned to burnished gold by the slanting sunlight, with a miniature castle balanced on a miniature island in its center. Down to the lake came leaping a torrent with glimpses of the sunlight on its waves. Beyond, a perfect wilderness of hills stretched away in dim outlines to the distant horizon. But one great mountain rose dark and threaten-

ing in the near foreground, with an angry flush of purple heath upon its massive face. On this mountain I knew that Leitrim was at that moment engaged in grouse-shooting. Indoors or out there was no stir or sound of life. Dead silence in the room, dead silence outside. The dreary lifelessness of that vast landscape grew intolerably awful. I could not go on with my verses or my address. Taking up an excellent telescope, I began, from sheer loneliness, to search for Lord Leitrim and his dogs on the distant mountainside.

"It was a splendid glass. As I looked through it the great mountain moved in close to the window, and rocks and knolls, and sheep-tracks and little brawling streams, came out upon its smooth purple surface. A mountain sheep up on the giddy height munching the scanty pasture, under the shelter of a great gray rock, was quite company to me in the midst of the universal stillness and desolation. I left my sheep with reluctance and swept the vast mountainside with my glass in search of Lord Leitrim. At length I found him moving slowly down the shoulder of the hill, with his gun under his arm and the dogs ranging in wide circles in front. Almost an instant after he came within the focus I observed him lift his gun suddenly from under his arm, and move forward with quickened step in the direction of the dogs. They were on a dead set. As his lordship reached them they moved on with short convulsive starts, till a hare leaped out from cover about twenty yards in front. For an instant, as he leaped on a sharp knoll in front, his form was clearly outlined; in that instant the gun was steadily pointed and discharged. I could see the flash through my glass, though I heard no sound, and I could see the dead hare roll down the hill. One of the dogs, an old pointer, Carlow, lay quite still, with his big head on the ground, when the hare got up; the other, a beautiful young Irish setter, 'Bow-wow,' bounded a few paces in pursuit. He checked himself in an instant and stood at gaze, with head erect and stiffened limbs, and tail stretched out like an ostrich plume—a perfect model of canine beauty. I saw Lord Leitrim, as the hare fell, turn deliberately and shoot the dog with the left barrel. The poor brute dropped in his tracks.

"I watched him through the telescope, writhing in

agony, until his limbs stiffened in death, and then moved the glass on in pursuit of his lordship. I noticed that he was now walking faster than before, and I moved the glass on in front in search of the cause. A gleam of scarlet flashed into the field of the telescope, and his lordship was instantly forgotten in the graceful figure that I saw stepping lightly up the mountain along the narrow path that led from Maam to Lenane. I have traveled a good deal in my life, though circumstances have compelled me to lead a very sedentary life of late. I was always an appreciative admirer of the female form divine, and was always of opinion that the Irish peasant girl is the most graceful woman in the world. I could get little more than the outline of the face and figure through the glass, but I knew it was a figure of surpassing grace and a face of surpassing beauty.

“She was dressed in a scarlet petticoat, with a plaid shawlet folded across her bosom, her dark hair smoothly parted over her forehead. Her naked feet gleamed whitely through the dark heather, as she moved swiftly, with light elastic step, up the side of the mountain. In the pleasure with which I watched her, Lord Leitrim was, as I said, forgotten. I followed her movements with the glass, and was absolutely startled when Lord Leitrim stepped suddenly from the other side into the field of vision.

“He advanced towards her with the confident air of an old acquaintance. I could see that she was embarrassed and abashed. Then there seemed to be some conversation between them, for he pointed with his hand down towards a poverty-stricken village on his property on the skirt of the mountain, while the girl stood with drooped head, and I could swear she was blushing. Then with a quick, graceful little curtsey, she tried to slip past, but he caught her round the waist with arrogant gallantry, and strove roughly for a kiss. Even while the girl was struggling in his arms, and while I watched the struggle with intense interest, another figure sprang suddenly into the circle of mountain slope that was covered by my glass; the strong hand of a stalwart young peasant was laid upon Leitrim's shoulder, and he went reeling back three paces. He recovered himself in an instant, caught up his gun,

which he had rested upon a rock, and leveled it at his young assailant. But the young mountaineer was too quick for him. Springing lightly forward, with his left hand he flung up the gun almost, it seemed to me, as the flash and smoke issued from the barrel, while a strong straight blow from his right hand made his lordship measure his aristocratic length upon the heather. Then, with a gesture of terror, the young girl seized his arm and pulled him away, and both, moving swiftly round the shoulder of the hill, were lost to view. Lord Leitrim picked himself up slowly from the ground and gazed sullenly after the pair, as if meditating a pursuit; but he quickly abandoned the thought, if he entertained it, and, followed by the solitary pointer, moved steadily down the hill in the direction of the nearest police barrack. The pleasurable excitement of the little drama I had witnessed indisposed me to further literary labor for the day. The scene had been the more startling and vision-like, as I could only see, not hear, and the whole had rapidly passed in dumb show before my eyes like a drama of ghosts.

“So with a mild cigar for my companion, I set out for a solitary stroll round the borders of the lake. An hour afterwards I found Lord Leitrim awaiting my arrival at the hotel, and in a brief space of time we were sitting *tête-à-tête* discussing an excellent dinner, of which the trout from the lake and the grouse from the mountain formed delicious accessories. His lordship ate heartily and drank heavily, and was, for him, in exceptionally good spirits; but not one word passed his lips as to the scene I had so strangely witnessed. He left next morning early for Clifden, and I saw him no more during my visit. A few days afterwards I was enlightened by the waiter, a sleek, smooth-faced fellow, whom I had heard described by his fellow-servants as ‘*a sleveen*.’

“‘Quare goings on, your Excellency,’ he said, as he laid a delicately browned trout before me on the breakfast table. ‘Quare goings on entirely, be all accounts, on the mountain. The other morning, your Excellency will remember, whin his lordship was out on the mountain, didn’t young Mark Joyce think to take his life, the blackguard, and he a tenant of his own? Out he jumps from behind a rock, out forninst him, and catches the gun out of his hand.

His lordship staggered with the surprise, and troth that was the lucky stagger for him, for the whole contents of the gun went clean through the leaf of his hat, and it was the blessing of God it didn't blow the roof of the head off him. The Lord betune us and harm, young Joyce must have thought he was done for out and out, for he cuts away with himself across the mountain, and there wasn't his equal to run, to fight, or, for that matter, work either, in the whole countryside. But his lordship gets up off the ground, I thank you, and walks fair and easy down to the police barrack, and the peelers had me boyo nabbed before he knew where he was at cock-shout in the morning. I heerd tell his colleen took on in a terrible way, shouting and screaming that her boy was wronged and innocent; but her father bid her hould her whist, for his lordship is master over them all, and it would be a poor look-out facing the winter without a roof over their heads. Troth, they say that his lordship has a hankering after the girl this while back, and that 's how all the row ruz. But, be that as it may, they took young Joyce before the magistrate, and be all account it 's tried by the judge he 'll be at the next 'sises coming on in Galway.'

"This certainly seemed to me a somewhat distorted version of the scene I had witnessed on the mountain, but as the main incident was accurate—a peer had been violently assaulted by a peasant—I didn't feel called upon to interfere, but determined with myself that justice must take its course.

"A few days later," his Excellency continued, "I myself left for Dublin to make arrangements for an approaching levee. On the occasion of my departure I received an enthusiastic ovation from a vast crowd, in which the two waiters and the ostler of the hotel, to whom I gave a sovereign each, were included; and the fact was chronicled in the Dublin papers as 'an additional proof—if proof were wanted—of my benevolence and popularity.' In the self-same papers I found an account of the trial and committal of young Joyce before the magistrates for shooting at Lord Leitrim with murderous intent. His lordship's account was corroborated by his Scotch gamekeeper. There were no witnesses for the defense, and I could not sufficiently admire the discretion of the beautiful peasant girl in

whose interest and presence the assault had been committed, in refraining from obtruding herself.

“But the preparations for the approaching levee and drawing-room soon chased all thoughts of the incident from my memory. The drawing-room was on a scale of unusual magnificence. The *élite* of Dublin society, the most delicate and delicious toadies in the universe, crowded the reception-rooms. I derived special pleasure from the hope of meeting once again my old English friend, the rich, benevolent, and eccentric Dowager Countess of D——, who had written to me a few days previously for permission to present a beautiful young cousin and *protégée*—a permission which, I need hardly say, I most willingly accorded. We had been in Connemara together, but had not met, and her ladyship had only returned to Dublin with her companion a day or two before the drawing-room. The eventful evening came, an evening memorable to me. The reception-room with its rich silk paneling and artistic mouldings, was one great glow of color and of light.

“‘And women beautiful, in rich array,
In mist of muslin and in sheen of silk,
And blazing jewels, filled the spacious hall.’

“For myself, I took my stand, with Garter on knee and Star on breast, on the elevated dais in the throne-room, prepared for the kissing ordeal, which is alternately the privilege and penance of a Viceroy. I was exceptionally fortunate on that occasion. A long train of fresh young beauties filed past me, and I tasted the sweets of pouting lips and blushing cheeks—a privilege that many an ardent young lover would give five of the best years of his life to attain. But good luck won’t last for ever. Suddenly the doors opened on a gaunt and angular spinster of about forty, dressed in the very perfection of bad taste, ‘a discord in mauve and yellow.’ She bore rapidly down upon me with a mincing step and a self-complacent smile of pert inanity. False hair, and powder, and paint proclaimed themselves shamelessly under the merciless brilliancy of the tapers. With a girlish giggle of affected coyness she pressed her wrinkled old lips to mine, and for five

minutes afterwards I felt the distinct taste of carmine on my mouth.

"But oh! what a contrast was she that next glided slowly and gracefully up the brilliant avenue of light. The lissom figure was clad in pure white, and never did the white marble of Greece assume more graceful form. The fair young face, framed in smooth bands of jet black hair, seemed very pale. There was a deep melancholy in the large eyes of darkest blue, and the rich, red, rosebud mouth was depressed at the corners as with sad remembrances. Shall I own it? my heart began to thump and jump strangely as she entered the throne-room. I had that startling sensation that every one has experienced, that the whole scene had occurred in some former life in some other world. I trembled and blushed like a schoolboy in the ecstasy of first love as I pressed her rich ripe lips to mine. She took my kiss with a calm, unconscious indifference that was more chilling than absolute repugnance. The dark blue eyes just flashed one earnest look upon my face as she swept past with easy grace. I have little recollection of anything that occurred afterwards, until I found an opportunity of directing my chamberlain to discover for me the name of the beautiful stranger, and, if possible, secure her attendance at the next Viceregal entertainment. To my delight, he soon returned with the information that she had been presented by my old friend, the Countess of D——, and that her name was Miss Kathleen O'Meara.

"To the next ball they were bidden, and they came. I had no difficulty in obtaining an introduction from the Countess, who seemed strangely amused and pleased at my eagerness.

"'Let the all-accomplished Lord Carlisle beware,' she said. 'Miss O'Meara is a dangerous young rebel, and will, I fear, be merciless in the hour of victory.'

"But I was not to be warned, and our acquaintance, after a few meetings, ripened into intimacy. There was a strange mystery about the young girl which completed the fascination that her beauty had begun. A quick, lively humor flashed out occasionally through the habitual melancholy of her manner. She had read little, but that little she had read to good purpose. I never knew a truer appreciation than hers of the beauties of literature. I was

conscious of a deeper meaning in the most familiar lines of our greater poets, as they flowed in mellow music from her lips. She sang, too, in a low, rich contralto, disdaining all instrumental accompaniment. It is impossible to describe the unutterable sadness of her rendering of 'Savourneen Dheelish Eileen Oge,' her rich voice sinking to a pitiful moan at the close. Her manner towards myself as our acquaintance progressed was full of a subtle and changing fascination. Now she seemed most anxious to win my affection, watching my face and listening to my words with most flattering attention, eager to anticipate my slightest wishes. Then there would be a short spell of calm, listless indifference, as though her thoughts were far away.

"Now and again, though rarely, a gleam of humor would leap, laughing, into the dark blue eyes in the midst of one of my most elaborate compliments. We met repeatedly. Sometimes in the reception-rooms of the Viceregal Lodge, sometimes, though more rarely, at the Bilton Hotel, where the Countess had taken up her temporary residence. My old friend certainly acted the kindly matron to perfection, and seemed strangely amused to see the semi-Platonic affection I had always expressed for herself gradually merge into a warmer feeling for her young *protégée*. Somehow we lapsed into correspondence, I cannot remember how; Miss O'Meara's letters were of the briefest; but they provoked from me enthusiastic and eloquent rejoinders couched in that exquisite delicacy of style for which, as Mr. Gaskin truly remarks in his justly popular book, to which I have already referred, I was always famous.

"At length my ardor reached a climax, and in one fervent letter, addressed to 'My soul's idol, the most beautiful Miss O'Meara,' I laid my rank and station at her feet and implored her acceptance of my hand.

"Two formal lines informed me that Miss O'Meara would have the pleasure of giving me a personal reply if I honored her by calling next day at 'The Bilton.' It was with feelings of the wildest excitement that I kept this singular appointment. I, the Viceroy of Ireland, the all-admired and all-accomplished Carlisle, sat on the edge of a chair in the private sitting-room of 'The Bilton,' and fidgeted with my hat and cane and gloves like a bashful

schoolboy awaiting the coming of his charmer. My heart gave one great jump and then stood quite still as I heard a light quick step in the passage. The door opened, and, to my utter astonishment, there entered—my young maiden of the mountain!

“Yes, there she was, plaid shawl, red petticoat and all, as I had seen her on the brown mountainside, on that memorable evening in Maam. Yet not for one moment did I doubt that she was Miss Kathleen O'Meara as well. She paused for a moment at the door, then advanced lightly and noiselessly towards me, her white naked feet sinking softly in the thickness of the rich Turkey carpet. The real woman was before me at last, honest, earnest, determined, and ten times more beautiful than I had ever thought her before. In a passion of tears she threw herself at my feet.

“‘O! forgive me, my lord,’ she exclaimed; ‘forgive a poor girl who has dared to trifle with your greatness; but what will not a true girl do and dare for her lover’s sake? He was the truest-hearted and the bravest that ever woman loved, and *he must not* suffer lifelong imprisonment because he dared raise his hand to save the girl who was to be his wife from the insult of a titled villain. They swore foul falsehoods against him, my lord. Three days ago he was sentenced, but you can and will save him.’

“In the utter amazement of the moment I murmured out the stereotyped Viceregal reply to unpopular deputations, ‘There is a geat deal of force and justice in the arguments you have so ably and eloquently advanced, and I promise the matter shall have the most careful consideration on the earliest opportunity.’

“But she drowned the closing words with another burst of passionate entreaty. ‘You can save him, my lord,’ she said, ‘and you must—ay, *must*, or face the ridicule of the world as the rejected suitor of a peasant schoolmistress.’

“This was a view of the case that had not at first presented itself, but I saw at once the full force of the argument, especially as a gleam of malicious mockery played in the black blue eyes, behind the fast-falling tears, like sunshine through shower. I have always loved to be just and merciful, especially when no other alternative suggested itself, and in five minutes afterwards she obtained

a promise, signed and sealed, of a free pardon for Mark Joyce, and I received in return my own elegant epistles.

"I confess it was with something of a pang I noticed how carelessly the beautiful girl handed back the letters that had placed a Viceregal coronet and my all-accomplished self at her disposal, and with what happy eagerness she thrust in close to her heaving bosom the scrap of paper that promised a pardon to a penniless peasant. A moment more a faint tap was heard at the door, followed by an ostentatious cough, and the Countess came laughing into the room.

" 'I must interrupt the billing and cooing of the young lovers,' she said, mockingly. 'But,' she quickly added, 'I must not be too hard on an old friend. Forgive me, my lord, for having betrayed you into an act of clemency and justice; for having made you the instrument to defeat a cruel profligate, and to secure the happiness of two deserving lovers. From my soul I believe Joyce is as innocent as I am of the crime for which he has been condemned.'

" 'I *know* he is,' I unguardedly exclaimed, and in a moment more those two women had drawn from me a full account of the scene on the mountain, to the intense delight of Kathleen, whose own truth and whose lover's innocence were thus so strangely and completely vindicated to the Countess. I could not, however, but observe that I had myself sunk several degrees in the estimation of both the ladies, for not having previously acted on my personal knowledge of his innocence.

" Their explanation of the trap into which I had tumbled was very brief. Kathleen had seen the Countess at the Maam Hotel. Hearing she was a great English lady and a friend of mine, she told her story with tearful eloquence, and implored her help. The kind heart of the elder lady was deeply moved, and Kathleen's singular beauty and talent suggested the little plot of which I was the victim.

" The rest of the story is soon told. I pardoned Joyce on the ground of insanity, and the pardon was followed shortly after by his complete freedom. The benevolent Countess assisted the grateful couple to a comfortable home in the New World. A few years after she received a check for the full amount of her advances, which she

accepted with reluctance, and a brooch—a shamrock, exquisitely wrought in emeralds, which she loved to display upon her comely bosom.

“Lord Leitrim never forgave me for thus robbing him of the victim of his hate and the victim of his love. At last he had a diabolical revenge when he made the landlord, who was his tenant, shut me out this desolate evening from dinner and bed at Maam, and compelled me to drive, cold and hungry, twelve long Irish miles to Cong.

“But out of evil cometh good, and to Lord Leitrim’s inveterate malignity I am indebted for the pleasantest evening in my life. But for him I would be this moment sitting alone in solemn state at Maam looking out at a wet mountain.”

Subdued applause, mixed with laughter, greeted Lord Carlisle’s story, of which the fine-spun sentences were somewhat lost on the audience, but the humor of the situation was thoroughly appreciated.

DION BOUCICAULT.

(1822—1890.)

DION BOUCICAULT, a prolific and successful dramatist and playwright, as well as a noted actor, was born in Dublin, Dec. 26, 1822. He was brought up under the guardianship of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, and his real name was Dionysius Lardner Boucicault. His famous play of 'London Assurance' was brought out at Covent Garden in March, 1841. An immediate success, it has since remained a stock piece on the stage, and is perhaps the best of all his works.

For the rest of his life Mr. Boucicault was constantly before the public, either as author, actor, or theatrical manager, and frequently in the combined character of the three. He produced upward of fifty pieces. In most of these he was indebted to some other author for his story, but that does not take away from him the merit of having used his materials with great skill. Most of his works are a singular mixture of merits and defects. They display, unquestionably, wit, skill in describing character, and marvelous ingenuity in stage effects. On the other hand, the writer depended for a great part of his success on the aid of the stage carpenter, and his plays, when they come to be read, appear very poor in comparison with the impression they produce on the stage.

Among his chief pieces may be mentioned 'London Assurance,' 'The Colleen Bawn,' 'The Octoroon,' 'Old Heads and Young Hearts,' 'Janet Pride,' 'The Corsican Brothers,' 'Louis XI.,' 'The Shaughraun,' 'The Jilt,' 'The Streets of London,' 'The Flying Scud,' 'After Dark.' He also dramatized Irving's 'Rip Van Winkle,' and Joseph Jefferson enlarged this version for his own use. In 1876 Mr. Boucicault settled in New York, occasionally visiting England, where he brought out several pieces, some of which appeared on the London stage. He died in New York in 1890.

LADY GAY SPANKER.

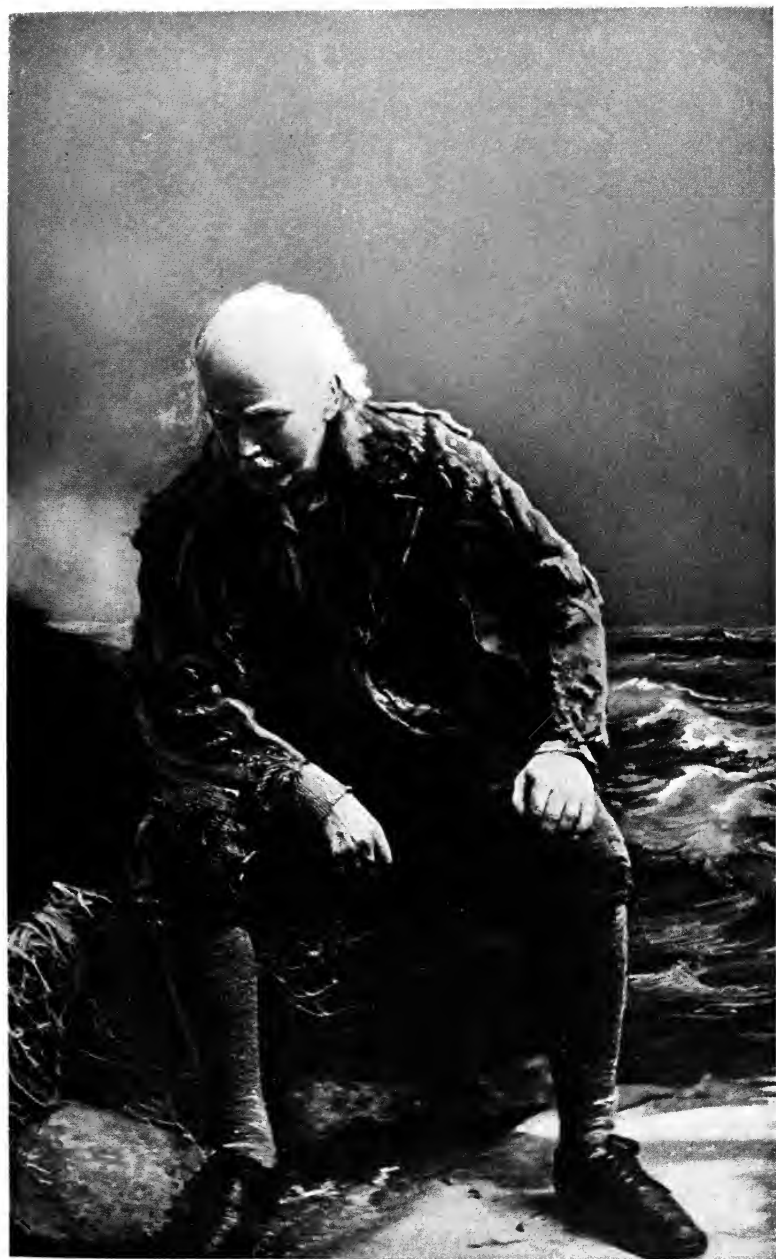
From 'London Assurance.'

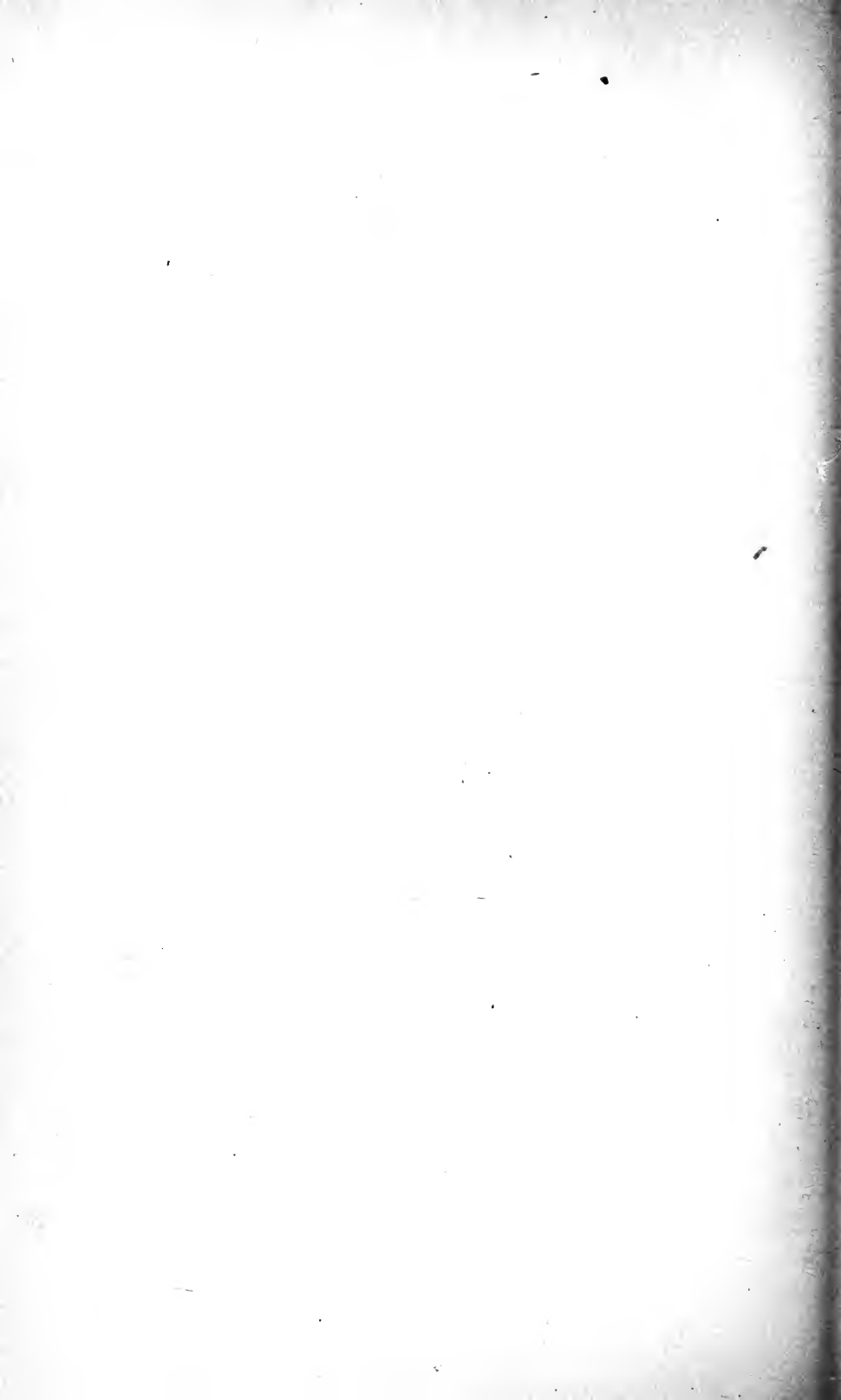
ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A morning-room in Oak Hall, French windows opening to the lawn. MAX and SIR HARCOURT seated on one side, DAZZLE on the other; GRACE and YOUNG COURTLY playing chess at back. All dressed for dinner.

Enter LADY GAY, L., *fully equipped in riding habit, &c.*

Lady Gay. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I





have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? (*Kisses her.*) There, don't fidget, Max. And there—(*kisses him*) there's one for you.

Sir Harcourt. Ahem!

Lady Gay. Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max. Permit me to introduce—Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) A devilish fine woman!

Dazzle. (*Aside to Sir H.*) She's a devilish fine woman.

Lady Gay. You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

Sir Harcourt. Oh, no! (*Aside.*) I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir Harcourt. Does your Ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! I say, Governor, does my Ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir Harcourt. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once! Only once?

Sir Harcourt. Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir Harcourt. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. (*All laugh.*) His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay. Ha! ha! ha!

Dazzle. How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir Harcourt. Sir, I never looked absurd in my life.

Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir Harcourt. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young Courtly. (*Aside.*) My dad will be caught by this she Bucephalus-tamer.

Max. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone: the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's Colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the Colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away, he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. Do you hunt?

Dazzle. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. (*To Sir Harcourt.*) You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir Harcourt. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir Harcourt. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause:—these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir Harcourt. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep? In fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir Harcourt. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music,—match it where you can.

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Dazzle. (*Aside to Sir Harcourt.*) Ah, would you—

Lady Gay. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing,—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!

Sir Harcourt. (*Aside.*) I wish I were the mouth!

Max. Why, we will regenerate you, Baronet! But Gay, where is your husband?—Where is Adolphus!

Lady Gay. Bless me, where is my Dolly?

Sir Harcourt. You are married, then?

Lady Gay. I have a husband somewhere, though I can't find him just now. Dolly, dear! (*Aside to Max.*) Governor, at home I always whistle when I want him.

Enter SPANKER, L.

Spanker. Here I am,—did you call me, Gay?

Sir Harcourt. (*Eyeing him.*) Is that your husband?

Lady Gay. (*Aside.*) Yes, bless his stupid face, that's my Dolly.

Max. Permit me to introduce you to Sir Harcourt Courtly.

Spanker. How d' ye do? I—ah!—um!

(*Appears frightened.*)

Lady Gay. Delighted to have the honor of making the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly celebrated in the world of fashion.

Spanker. Oh, yes, delighted, I'm sure—quite—very, so delighted—delighted!

(*Gets quite confused, draws on his glove, and tears it.*)

Lady Gay. Where have you been, Dolly?

Spanker. Oh, ah, I was just outside.

Max. Why did you not come in?

Spanker. I'm sure I didn't—I don't exactly know, but I thought as—perhaps—I can't remember.

Dazzle. Shall we have the pleasure of your company to dinner?

Spanker. I always dine—usually—that is, unless Gay remains—

Lady Gay. Stay to dinner, of course; we came on purpose to stop three or four days with you.

Grace. Will you excuse my absence, Gay?

Max. What! what! Where are you going? What takes you away!

Grace. We must postpone the dinner till Gay is dressed.

Max. Oh, never mind—stay where you are.

Grace. No, I must go.

Max. I say you sha'n't! I will be king in my own house.

Grace. Do, my dear uncle;—you shall be king, and I'll be your prime minister,—that is, I'll rule, and you shall have the honor of taking the consequences. (*Exit, L.*)

Lady Gay. Well said, Grace; have your own way; it is the only thing we women ought to be allowed.

Max. Come, Gay, dress for dinner.

Sir Harcourt. Permit me, Lady Gay Spanker.

Lady Gay. With pleasure,—what do you want?

Sir Harcourt. To escort you.

Lady Gay. Oh, never mind, I can escort myself, thank you, and Dolly too;—come, dear! (Exit, R.)

SONG.

[The following is supposed to be sung by a young woman, an exile, whose baby had died in her old home.]

I'm very happy where I am,
Far across the say—
I'm very happy far from home,
In North Amerikay.

It's lonely in the night when Pat
Is sleeping by my side.
I lie awake, and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried.

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear it spake—
Oh! nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall;
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all;

It rises like my heart just now,
It makes a dawny hill;
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

Oh! little Voice, ye call me back
To my far, far counthrie,
And nobody can hear ye spake—
Oh! nobody but me.

THOMAS BOYD.

(1867—)

THOMAS BOYD was born about 1867 in County Louth. He is a poet of much power and promise, as well as an active journalist. His poem 'To the Leanán Sidhe' is eminently Celtic in character. He has been an occasional contributor to *United Ireland* and other papers.

TO THE LEANÁN SIDHE.¹

Where is thy lovely perilous abode?
In what strange phantom-land
Glimmer the fairy turrets whereto rode
The ill-starred poet band?

Say, in the Isle of Youth hast thou thy home,
The sweetest singer there,
Stealing on wingèd steed across the foam
Through the moonlit air?

Or, where the mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine,
And sunbeams strike thro' shadow, dost thou breathe
The word that makes him thine?

Or by the gloomy peaks of Erigal,
Haunted by storm and cloud,
Wing past, and to thy lover there let fall
His singing-robe and shroud?

Or is thy palace entered thro' some cliff
When radiant tides are full,
And round thy lover's wandering, starlit skiff,
Coil in luxurious lull?

And would he, entering on the brimming flood,
See caverns vast in height,
And diamond columns, crowned with leaf and bud,
Glow in long lanes of light,

And there, the pearl of that great glittering shell
Trembling, behold thee lone,
Now weaving in slow dance an awful spell,
Now still upon thy throne?

Leanán Sidhe (Lenawn Shee), 'The Fairy Bride.'

Thy beauty! ah, the eyes that pierce him thro'
Then melt as in a dream;
The voice that sings the mysteries of the blue
And all that Be and Seem!

Thy lovely motions answering to the rhyme
That ancient Nature sings,
That keeps the stars in cadence for all time,
And echoes thro' all things!

Whether he sees thee thus, or in his dreams,
Thy light makes all lights dim;
An aching solitude from henceforth seems
The world of men to him.

Thy luring song, above the sensuous roar,
He follows with delight,
Shutting behind him Life's last gloomy door,
And fares into the Night.

JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK.

(1707—1762.)

JOHN BOYLE, Earl of Cork and Orrery, was the only son of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and was born Jan 2, 1707. At the age of twenty-one he married Lady Harriet Hamilton, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney.

In 1732 Boyle took his seat in the House of Peers, where he distinguished himself by his opposition to Walpole.

In 1738 he went to live in a house in Duke Street, Westminster, and in June of the same year he married Margaret Hamilton, an Irish lady, "in whom the loss of his former countess was repaired." In 1739 he produced his edition of Roger Boyle's dramatic works in two volumes, 8vo, and in 1742 his 'State Letters.' In 1746 he went to reside with his father-in-law at Caledon in Ireland, and there passed four happy years. In 1751 appeared his translation of Pliny's 'Letters,' with observations on each Letter and an essay on Pliny's life. This ran through several editions in a few years. Its success, no doubt, caused him to hurry the preparation of his 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift,' which was also very successful, though not his best work from a literary point of view. In December, 1753, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Cork.

In addition to the works already mentioned Boyle wrote 'Letters from Italy,' which were published in 1774, and 'Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth,' 1759. He also contributed several papers to *The World* and *The Connoisseur*. His translation of Pliny is not without merit, and his history of Tuscany, had he lived to finish it as begun, would have given him legitimate claim to a fair position among successful historians. His contributions to *The World* and *The Connoisseur* are read by those who still cling to that class of literature, and some of them are not without humor of a kind which no doubt was approved of in their time.

SWIFT AS A PAMPHLETEER.

From 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift.'

In the year 1720, he began to reassume, in some degree, the character of a political writer. A small pamphlet in defense of the Irish manufacturers, was, I believe, his first essay (in Ireland) in that kind of writing: and it was to that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favor. His sayings of wit and humor had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-en-

gaged all readers in his favor. They were adapted to the understanding; and pleased the imagination of the vulgar: and he was now looked upon in a new light, and distinguished by the title of "The Dean."

The flux and reflux of popular love and hatred was equally violent. They are often owing to the accidents, but sometimes to the return of reason, which, unassisted by education, may not be able to guide the lower class of people into the right track at the beginning, but will be sufficient to keep them in it, when experience has pointed out the road. The pamphlet, proposing the universal use of Irish manufactures within the kingdom, had captivated all hearts. Some little pieces of poetry to the same purpose were no less acceptable and engaging. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true interest of Ireland was no longer doubted. His patriotism was as manifest as his wit. He was looked upon with pleasure and respect, as he passed through the streets: and he had attained so high a degree of popularity, as to become the arbitrator in the disputes of property among his neighbors: nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or to murmur at his decrees.

But the popular affection, which the Dean had hitherto acquired, may be said not to have been universal, till the publication of the 'Drapier's Letters,' which made all ranks and all professions unanimous in his applause. The occasion of those letters was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and to so great a degree that for some time past the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of supposititious value. Such a method was very disadvantageous to the lower parts of traffic, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the state. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to William Wood, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in England for the use of Ireland, to the value of a certain sum specified. These halfpence and farthings were to be received by those persons who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought to be of such dangerous consequence to the public, and of such exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the Dean, under the character of M. B. Drapier, wrote a letter to the

people, warning them not to accept Wood's halfpence and farthings as current coin. This first letter was succeeded by several others to the same purpose, all which are inserted in his works.

At the sound of the Drapier's trumpet, a spirit arose among the people, that, in the Eastern phrase, was like unto a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person of rank, party, and denomination, was convinced that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The Papist, the Fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banner of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause. Much heat, and many fiery speeches against the administration, were the consequence of this union: nor had the flames been allayed, notwithstanding threats and proclamations, had not the coin been totally suppressed, and had not Wood withdrawn his patent.

This is the most succinct account that can be given of an affair which alarmed the whole Irish nation to a degree that in a less loyal kingdom must have fomented a rebellion: but the steadfast loyalty of the Irish and their true devotion to the present royal family is immovable: and, although this unfortunate nation may not hitherto have found many distinguishing marks of favor and indulgence from the throne, yet it is to be hoped in time they may meet with their reward.

The name of Augustus was not bestowed upon Octavius Cæsar with more universal approbation, than the name of The Drapier was bestowed upon The Dean. He had no sooner assumed his new cognomen, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health, or, in plain English, bumpers, were poured forth to the Drapier as large and as frequent, as to the glorious and immortal memory of King William the Third. His effigies were painted in every street in Dublin. Acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps wherever he passed. He was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular: but he was more immediately looked upon as the legislator of the Weavers, who frequently came in a body, consisting of fifty or sixty

chieftains of their trade, to receive his advice, in settling the rates of their manufactures and the wages of their journeymen. He received their addresses with less majesty than sternness; and ranging his subjects in a circle round his parlor, spoke as copiously and with as little difficulty and hesitation, to the several points in which they supplicated his assistance, as if trade had been the only study and employment of his life. When elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they had consulted his sentiments and inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal cheerfulness and submission. In this state of power, and popular love and admiration, he remained till he lost his senses: a loss which he seemed to foresee, and prophetically lamented to many of his friends.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

(1853 —)

WILLIAM BOYLE, one of the brightest and raciest of modern Irish authors, was born in 1853 at Dromiskin, County Louth. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, and entered the Inland Revenue branch of the Civil Service soon after 1870. He has been brought much into contact with the peasantry of his own country, and that he knows them in many aspects the 'Kish of Brogues' abundantly testifies. He has written stories and verses for the magazines and newspapers.

THE COW CHARMER.

From 'A Kish of Brogues.'

"Och! she's bravely, Mickel—bravely, if the Lord spares her," Larry Hanlon answered to his friend, Michael Duffy, as the latter volunteered assistance to drive the new purchase up the lane home from the fair of Crossmaglen.

"Troth, she is!—a fine figure of a cow all out; an' as you say, sure, if she's lucky, Larry, it's everythin'."

"That's it, avick!" Larry continued, in the mildly deprecatory tone of a man who considered he had got a safe bargain. "She'll give us a dhrop o' milk, plaze God, till our own comes roun', an' thin, maybe, we could put a bit o' beef on her bones and send her across to England."

"She's a mountainy," Michael critically observed, turning his head on one side the better to observe the animal. "She'll be hard to fatten."

"Well, she is—she is," Larry acquiesced slowly; "but she's big, Mickel."

This assertion Michael saw no reason to dispute, and—to change the subject from the personal characteristics of the cow, which he rather feared to discuss in the presence of Mrs. Hanlon, the purchaser's wife, who was approaching them from her own door—he asked his friend where he meant to put the animal.

"By gob! I never thought where I'd put her at all, at all. There's not a taste o' room in the cowshed wid the rest o' the cattle, an' I can't keep her out these frosty nights

that 's comin' on. But here 's Biddy, an' I 'll back her for some scheme or another."

Biddy was Larry's better half; indeed, she might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called his three-quarters. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, of a remarkably yellow complexion, and addicted to much declamation. Still, as her husband used to say—and who had a better right to know?—her bark was worse than her bite. This was fortunate, for her bark was very bad indeed. She had, however, one chink in her armor—an aversion to going to either fair or market; and Hanlon took advantage of this little weakness to hold his own pretty well on the question of sales and purchases. I dare say the Duke of Wellington had some particle of cowardice somewhere in him, which some of his subordinates discovered to their own advantage. Larry's wife was the iron warrior of her domestic circle.

Still, Mrs. Hanlon reserved to herself the right of criticising any purchased article or animal, although she rarely cavilled at the price. It was, therefore, not without a little trepidation that Larry waited for his wife's opinion on the cow. His friend stood by in silence. Michael was a very good man, but he was one of that numerous class—to which the present writer confesses he himself belongs—who are bravest at a reasonable distance from the scene of action. Michael praised the cow immoderately coming up the lane, but he was no such fool as to unmask his forces to the sweeping artillery of Mrs. Biddy, till he knew in what direction these same guns were pointed.

"She 's a good figure of a cow," Mrs. Hanlon murmured, walking all round the animal; "an' quiet, too," she added, scratching her between the horns.

"Wasn't thim my very words?" Michael gleefully appealed to Hanlon. "'That 's just Biddy's cut of a cow,' says I—'a fine figure, wid plenty o' bone an' horn, an' no nonsense about her.' Didn't I?"

"'Deed ye did that," Larry responded. "But where 'll we put her, Biddy?" he went on. "The other cattle id make s'trange wid her, even if there was room among thim."

"Agh!" Biddy answered in disgust, throwing out one

arm like a railway signal. "Min have no more heads on thim nor a bunch o' sally wattles! Come along! We'll put her in the castle, to be sure."

"The Lord betune us an' harm, Biddy, no!" Larry exclaimed, in utter astonishment, forgetting that his wife's decrees were more immutable than the proverbial legislation of the Medes and the Persians.

"Why not?" Biddy demanded, stopping short; and the cow—which seemed to have taken naturally to her mistress from a general sense of boniness—or, as Michael Duffy called it, "figures," common between them—stopped also. "I axed ye, Larry Hanlon, why not?"

Larry, whose mental barometer always ran down to "stormy" when his wife called him by his full name, stammered out:

"Why—I thought—maybe—Biddy, dear—that it widn't be just right. Maybe the 'good people'—God save us—widn't like it. Sure, ye know the castle's on their walk, an' that they built it thimselves, all in one night, an' we never put any livin' thing into it afore, barrin' turf."

In truth, this was an objection so serious that had it only first entered into Biddy's own mind she would no more have thought of putting the cow into the castle than she would of putting her in her own "bedroom parlor." But the good woman was committed to the measure, and, right or wrong, she had a soul beyond surrender. She was also skillful in defense.

"An' that's all my thanks!" she grumbled, in a strangely mingled tone of pathos and complaint; "after me turnin' every sod of turf out of id wid my own two blessed hands, like a black slave"—she should have said a yellow one—"you come home an' tell me when you 're full of whisky"—he was quite sober—"about fairies, and castles, an' the Lord knows what, as if"—and here she gathered strength to crush him—"as if I didn't know myself ten times more about sich things than you or one belongin' to you, an' the charm in my own family, that my cousin, Jemmy Mulroy, promises to lave me on his dyin' day, glory be to God!"

The good lady walked off, leaving her husband utterly routed—the cow, with that unfailling instinct which tells the lower animals their real master, following behind her.

Castleshanaghas, or, as it was more popularly called, Fairy Castle, was a small ivy-covered ruin, standing on the verge of Hanlon's farmyard. Two of its sides had disappeared half-way down, but at the angle of the remaining sides there stood a substantial round turret of considerable height, with a circular apartment, of about ten feet in diameter, at the top, to be reached by a stone staircase winding in the interior from the base. The first floor, which was the only one remaining, was composed of a solid arch of masonry, so that the basement, in which Mrs. Hanlon had decided to locate the new cow, and from which the staircase wound, was an arched compartment of the entire length and breadth of the tower.

The ruin, largely overrun by ivy, in which countless sparrows had taken up their abode, might have been picturesque but for the somewhat shabby farmyard surroundings with which Time, that old satirist, had mocked it. Learned antiquarians who had seen it said that the men who had built it had copied from the Spaniards. This decision seemed profane and wicked to the local faith, which held that the structure was erected in a single night by fairies wherein to celebrate the nuptial festivities of their youthful king and queen.

The antiquarian idea was therefore rejected by the neighborhood with all the scorn which such an unromantic story of the castle's origin deserved. "As if a pair o' bald-headed ould blades, wid their books an' maps an' goggles, could tell more about it in a quarther of an hour nor decent, sensible Christians, wid charms in their families, who wor lookin' at it all their lives, an' could see the very road the fairies thraveled every blessed day they riz!" By which description there is ample reason to suppose that Mrs. Hanlon meant herself.

It was not without grave misgivings that she led the way to the fairy castle. But what would you have a woman do? Her character for consistency—or, what was much the same, for obstinacy—was at stake; and, as she flung out all the turf in the touching manner she had described, in order to make room for the cow, in the cow should go. Besides, the desecration of the fairy boudoir, if there were a desecration in the transaction, was clearly at her husband's door, not at hers, for he was the first to drag fairies

into the matter. Clearly Mrs. Hanlon was in the right anyhow.

Into the castle, therefore, the cow was inducted. She was littered, fed, watered, and milked—and a good yield of milk she gave, too, it was remarked. Then some hay was left her for consumption during the night, and, to make all safe, a chain and padlock was fastened on the outside of the door—the only modern portion of the structure—and carefully locked by Biddy's own hand.

Mrs. Hanlon was not a person disposed to let her bone go with the dog, or her cow with the fairies, without a struggle; so, after she had put all the children to bed, and before she herself retired, she stole out and listened cautiously at the castle door. The cow was all right, and could be distinctly heard grinding away at her hay. The good woman made a sacred sign at the door and withdrew.

But the new inhabitant, being a cow of a capacious stomach—several capacious stomachs, I believe I should say—and of an energetic turn of mind on the question of supplies, no sooner had she devoured all the hay which had been set before her than she began to explore the premises for more. With this laudable intention she traversed round and round her domain, and when she stopped, rather disgusted with her fruitless efforts, she found her nose at the bottom of the spiral staircase, up which she scented the fresh night air. She had been bred upon the mountains, and was accustomed from her infancy to poke her nose and force her body into all sorts of rocky nooks and crevices in search of food.

There was no telling what undiscovered treasure lay above these steps. What loads of hay, what acres of scented meadow, what pits of succulent and luscious turnips might not lie beyond her and above her! One trifling effort and the blissful Eldorado she had often dimly dreamt of on her sunny mountainsides in happy calthood might be her own. Talk not of Jack and his Beanstalk as peculiar only to the human tribe. Nature prompting for supplies is the real parent of romance. The cow began to ascend. No doubt, when she got some way up, "hopes and fears that kindle hope" must have crossed and re-crossed the tablets of her brain. But there was no retreat.

She could not descend backwards, and she could not turn around. There was clearly nothing for it but to push on.

The time and toil it must have cost this Christopher Columbus of the cowshed to reach the New World she was searching for, human ingenuity can never reckon. The Turret Chamber, somehow, and in some time before morning, she, however, reached, where, probably exhausted with her ascent, she lay down to rest. The descent the poor beast was never destined to accomplish.

Mrs. Hanlon, who was about betimes in the morning, hastened to inspect the new purchase. She unlocked the castle door and walked in, at first step incredulous of the evidence of her eyesight, and then in blank amazement. She rushed back wildly to the dwelling-house, and, in an agitated voice, accosted her husband, who was dressing:

“Come out o’ that, I say! But it’s you that’s long in decoratin’ yourself! An’ sure, the bed might be stole from anondher us afore you’d miss it if ye hadn’t me to look after ye. Here’s a nice affair! The new cow stole out o’ the stable from us, an’ you takin’ it as quiet as if nothin’ happened. D’ye hear me, I say? The new cow’s stole out o’ the stable!”

“Is id out o’ the castle, Biddy?” Larry inquired from the bedroom.

“Ay, out o’ the castle, if ye like that betther, though it’s all the one to me it seems whin she is gone, castle or no castle,” Biddy retorted.

“Are ye sure ye looked all roun’ inside, Biddy?” the husband interrogated, still unseen.

“Sure? Musha, that’s a nice thing to ax me, as if I was an omadhaun,¹ instead o’ yer own born wife on the flure wid ye. I tell ye she’s not in id. I took the key an’ opened the door myself.”

“An’ did they break the lock, or dhraw the staple, or what?” Larry inquired, making his appearance with only one stocking on.

“The not a break or breck was on it,” Biddy answered, as though the question was irrelevant. “What wid it be bruck for? Wasn’t it myself that locked it last night, an’ myself that opened it this morning? But the divil resave the cow (God pardon me!) was inside!”

¹ *Omadhaun*, a fool.

"Aw! Biddy, jewel, it's not good she was!" Hanlon cried, staggered at the suspicion which began to cross him.

"Sure we hadn't time to tell whether she was good, bad, or middlin'," Mrs. Hanlon answered, purposely misunderstanding him; "an' if she was the worst cow that ever gev the makin's of a churnin', you 're not goin' to let her wid the robbers that way—the vagabones!"

"Biddy, Biddy, mind what y' are sayin'!" Larry murmured mysteriously. "She wasn't good to meddle wid, I mane; an' it's the fairies has her this minute, or I 'm much mistaken. Don't you say the door was locked, a-hagur?"

The impossibility of abstracting the cow through the keyhole now presented itself to the excited housewife for the first time, and as locks were regarded with unbounded confidence in that primitive region—the idea of a duplicate key never once entered the imagination of the worthy couple.

Here was a new and far more serious view of things. Had she, the prudent, pious Mrs. Hanlon, who had a charm in her own family, been guilty of the iniquity of advising—nay, commanding—that an insult should be offered to the most vindictive portion of the invisible creation? For several moments she was stricken dumb. But Biddy Hanlon was not the woman to remain long undecided.

"Look about ye, Larry," she said, still taking the initiative; "maybe they left her down at O'Flynn's fort, the way they did Jenny Gallagher's baby, the great God presarve us!" and the good dame reverently raised her hands and eyes and performed a devout curtsy.

"Oh! throth I 'll look all round the whole place afore I rise any rout at all about her," Larry remarked, with a slight savor of the matter-of-fact about him. "Maybe she got out some way."

They searched the farmyard and buildings, up and down and in and out; they searched the fields, the fairy fort, highways and byways all the country around, and all without success, because they never thought of searching at the top of the castle.

Then they sent for Jemmy Mulroy, the cow-charmer.

Jemmy could charm back the milk to a cow that had lost it. Where was the wonder, then, if he could charm back a cow to her byre? And if he sometimes failed to restore

the missing commodity to its rightful owner, he never failed to tell him who it was that had it, which was the next best thing and a comfort in itself, as the crime was certain to be laid upon the shoulders of some one with whom the loser was only on indifferent terms. So that if Jemmy could not quite recover the cow for his cousins, there was no doubt, judging by analogy, that he could tell them where on earth she was gone to. As each successive natural effort to trace the missing animal began and ended in failure, the Hanlons' faith in the strength of Jemmy's magic increased.

The first and most essential requisite for a successful issue of the necromancer's undertaking was a bottle of whisky. Precluded by the stern discipline of his avocation from demanding it, the operator usually resorted to the diplomatic intervention of a pocket corkscrew, which he produced in the presence of the uninitiated employer of his potent charms with the suggestive side observation: "You'll be wanted bineby whin the bottle comes." This never failed to illuminate the dullest intellect, and was, besides, productive of a vague feeling of the presence of mysterious and unlimited mechanical appliances, such articles of personal adornment as corkscrews being rarely seen in those days.

Jemmy soon responded to the summons. He was a little, round-shouldered, old man, dressed in corduroy breeches, blue stockings, and faded red waistcoat, and a light-gray frieze coat of the swallow-tail denomination. His hat was just beginning to show signs of settling down in life, and, to finish all, he carried one of the crookedest walking-sticks that ever made a tortuous passage from a man's hand to the earth.

On the present occasion Jemmy's corkscrew, having only the ordinary duties of its kind to accomplish, was closed with great solemnity and restored to its resting-place. Jemmy then filled a glass of whisky for himself, and drank it off without further ceremony. After this he filled and handed a glass each to Larry and his wife, ungallantly leaving the lady for last. Then he lightly put back the cork, and placed the bottle on the hob beside the fire for his own exclusive sustainment during the performance of his mystic operations.

Although Mrs. Hanlon was not sufficiently inured to ardent spirits to dispose of her portion without the invocation of a few tears, she struggled bravely with the task, lest any womanly reluctance on her part to comply with her cousin's ritual might hinder the efficacy of his charms. After this preliminary it was necessary to visit the scene of the abduction, where Jemmy wisely shook his head and held his tongue. On returning to the kitchen he ordered three bottles to be filled with salt and water, and ranged beside the other bottle already on the hob. The children were turned out of the house, and Biddy and Larry also withdrew, leaving the charmer alone.

In about half an hour the good housewife, whose impatient curiosity had grown the better of her superstition, stole softly back, and peeped through the kitchen window. She could just see the skirts of Jemmy's coat round the edge of a short wall which screened the fireplace from the open door. He was holding a low conversation with the bottles, and she withdrew in awe. But the window had a marvelous attraction. Surely there could be no great harm in a respectful peep by one who might herself some day be initiated into the complete performance. Mrs. Hanlon again reached the window. This time Jemmy spoke an intelligible tongue. His words were addressed to the house dog, which had remained indoors, and gave him some annoyance by crawling underneath his legs, and to the cat, whose luxurious instincts lured her to the pillowing roundness of the necromancer's shoulders, where pussy had established herself with such a general sense of comfort that she could only adequately express her feelings by softly bursting into song. Mrs. Hanlon, whose commendable desire to behold as much as possible had impelled her to squeeze her countenance into one corner of the window, saw, and amazement filled her. Still, she failed to discover any connection between this animal intrusiveness and the words which followed:

"Yez are over me an' yez are ondher me an' yez are all roun' me!" Jemmy helplessly exclaimed. "But sorra bit I'd mind yez, only I can't stand flays!"

Mrs. Hanlon's nose was becoming flat and bloodless, and her breath had dimmed the glass out of all transparency, but if Peeping Tom himself, and the whole half-dozen

wives of Blue Beard were tugging with a warning at her elbow, the good lady would not have found it in her to desert her post of observation.

"He is fightin' thim! He is fightin' thim!" she thought. "Law! how I'd like to see thim!"

At that moment the cow upon the top of the castle lifted up her voice and bawled.

"By the powers o' war!" she exclaimed, "they 're in the air over us, an' the cow in the middle o' thim! No wondher Jemmy said they wor over him an' on dher him an' all round him!"

"Moo-oo-oo!" bellowed the cow, hungry, upon her lofty eminence.

"Where, in the name o' gracious, is she? Is it up the chimbley, Biddy, dear?" Larry asked, rushing up with the children all after him.

"Whist, I tell ye!" Biddy answered. "She 's among the fairies, an' Jemmy 's on their thrack, *magha bragh!*"¹

"The Lord presarve us all this blessed day!" Larry devoutly ejaculated. "Jemmy is the hayro o' the world!"

Again the cow's plaintive low burst above them, and one of the quick-eyed urchins discerned *drimmin's*² face and horns protruding through the turret battlements.

"Look, Daddy, look!" the child cried; "she 's above on the top o' the castle!"

"Musha, more power to yer elbow, Jemmy, jewel! but it 's yerself that done it about right this time, anyway!" Larry roared out, losing all self-control as he danced about in delight and wonder on beholding his lost animal's ruby visage high up among the ivy.

"What 's this noise for?" Jemmy Mulroy asked indignantly, coming to the door.

"The cow! the cow! ye brought her back to us!" Larry made answer. "She 's down as far as the top o' the castle! Give thim *launah wallah*,³ my *bouchal*,⁴ now you 're at it, an' ye 'll have her on the ground in less than no time!"

Jemmy, whose belief in his own success in the present instance was of the vaguest, and whose sight did not en-

¹ *Magha bragh*, out they went.

² *Drimmin*, cow.

³ *Launah wallah*, the full of it.

⁴ *Bouchal*, boy.

able him to perceive the visible portion of the beast upon the turret, said, with an eye to ultimate failure:

"Yiz spoilt the charm on me! I just had her by the horn the very time yiz bawled out an' stopped me."

Mrs. Hanlon, who had remained silent since she left the window, wrapped in admiration as she was, here turned a look upon her husband which had made him wish not that he had not been born, but that he had been born dumb.

"No, Jemmy, no!" he answered eagerly. "Sure ye have her anyway; and if ye can't finish the job all out, maybe we can manage to get her down ourselves."

"Let me see the crather anyway," Jemmy said, curious to solve the riddle of the cow's peculiar eminence.

Together they all entered the enchanted castle and ascended to the turret-chamber. On the steps unmistakable traces of the cow's progress that way remained visible to all. Not, however, to Mrs. Hanlon.

"Begorra! it's climbed up the steps she did!" Larry exclaimed, brightening.

His wife again turned upon him the look already mentioned, and the little flickering light upon his countenance was made ghastly in its glare.

"If she got up thim steps be herself, Larry Hanlon, why doesn't she get down thim be herself?"

To this poser Larry helplessly replied that maybe she wasn't able.

"Thin, thank God, good man, that ye have thim belonging to your wife that's able," she retorted.

Jemmy wisely held his peace. Such materialistic suggestions were beneath his notice. Silently he ascended to the cow's apartment, silently he looked all round it, and silently he descended to the earth—Mrs. Hanlon and her husband respectfully following his footsteps. Thus they returned to the dwelling-house, where the charmer took up his whisky-bottle, filled for himself, and partook thereof. Then he took the three other bottles containing the salt and water severally, laid them on the kitchen table, and broke silence.

"To-night," he said, "when the clock strikes twelve, tie a knot on the cow's tail and give her one of these. The second one ye'll have to give her when the cock crows once in the mornin', and the third ye must take and bury in the

garden to-morrow. On the third day from now, if yez haven't got her on the groun', yez may make up yer minds to fatten her where she is, for if the fairies milks her three times more she'll never ate green grass on this earth. What's done can't be ondone, an' I won't blame any one; but if yez hadn't intrupted me at the minute yez did, it's not where she is the cow id be now."

With which grave reproof of curiosity and levity Jemmy sorrowfully filled out the last drop of whisky in the bottle, drank it, took the fee which Mrs. Hanlon had silently laid upon the table, and departed.

The charmer's instructions were carefully complied with as far as was possible, Larry and his friend Duffy braving all the fairy terrors of the castle and remaining up all night for the purpose. Just on the stroke of twelve, the knot was gravely tied upon the cow's tail, and the first bottle poured down her throat, not without protest on behalf of the recipient. Anxiously, with strained ears and backs creeping with affright, the two friends waited for the cock-crow. The caution Biddy gave them not to sleep was superfluous. Their nerves were too much tried for slumber. Once or twice Larry started up, thinking he had heard the signal he was waiting for. It was only a trick of his imagination. Then he would sit down again and listen to the blood coursing through his ears—which he doubted not was the echo of the fairies' feet—and to the cow contentedly grinding her hay. Duffy seemed less communicative than the cow.

At last, clear, long, and shrill, "the harbinger of early morn" gave them warning. The two men started to their feet, Larry holding the bottle in his hand. But before they had time to lay a hand upon the patient's or rather victim's horn, the cock crew a second time, and to this they attributed the subsequent failure. Down the cow's throat, however, the fluid was destined to go, the friends cunningly pledging themselves to keep the mishap from Mrs. Hanlon, which they did for three months at least. They felt that having a second time missed success by a hair's-breadth, even Jemmy Mulroy was now powerless to charm the cow to earth, "charmed he never so wisely." So they took his hint and fattened her where she was.

It was a tragic termination to an aspiring and eventful

career. A temporary roof of sticks and straw was laid across the turret battlement. A temporary manger was erected underneath. Then up the weary steps went day by day supplies of hay, and straw, and oilcake, and cabbage, and turnips, and water, and bucketfuls of white mealy drink, hot and steaming, of all which the unsuspecting prisoner freely, and even ravenously partook, and from which she apparently derived large internal comfort. But her high mountain birth and breeding precluded her from much obesity, and it was supposed that the fairies must continue milking her; for, though she devoured twice the quantity of food of any stalled ox in the barony, the resultant accumulation of beef was no more than half. Michael Duffy said it was the keen air so far up that did it. One day the usual supply of edibles did not go up the winding staircase. The butcher man went instead, followed by an attendant, bearing the peculiar arms of his craft.

I will draw a veil over what ensued.

Whether it is that fairy money, or money derived from sources over which fairies may have had control, has a way of multiplying of its own, Jemmy Mulroy could no doubt tell, but I cannot. Anyhow, it was lucky money that Larry received from the butcher for this cow. Not liking to buy anything with it, lest there might be further trouble, Larry put the price of the cow in bank. It was the first money he had ever put away in such a manner, but once the custom was begun he rapidly developed a taste for calling at the bank, till at last he became a well-known figure at its broad counter on a fair or market day.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon are now people of importance. They ride their own jaunting-car, and have a son a student in Maynooth. But with all Biddy's worldly success, she suffered a keen disappointment when, after the death of Jemmy Mulroy, she discovered that he had left his charm to a more distant relative, who happened to possess the advantage of knowing Irish, in which language alone it could be transmitted. Nevertheless, her pride is consoled by proclaiming, whenever an opportunity arises, that there is still a charm in her family, and the young fellows round about, when they look into her daughter's bright eyes, and remember the fortune waiting for her in the bank, never think for a moment of disputing the assertion.

PHILANDERING.

Maureen, *acushla*, ah! why such a frown on you!
 Sure, 't is your own purty smiles should be there,
 Under those ringlets that make such a crown on you,
 As the sweet angels themselves seem to wear,
 When from the picthers in church they look down on you,
 Kneeling in prayer.

Troth, no, you needn't, there isn't a drop on me,
 Barrin' one half-one to keep out the cowl'd;
 And, Maureen, if you'll throw a smile on the top o' me,
 Half-one was never so sweet, I'll make bowld.
 But, if you like, dear, at once put a stop on me
 Life with a scowl'd.

Red-haired Kate Ryan?—Don't mention her name to me!
 I've a taste, Maureen darlin', whatever I do.
 But I kissed her?—Ah, now, would you even that same to
 me?—
 Ye saw me! Well, well, if ye did, sure it's true,
 But I don't want herself or her cows, and small blame to me
 When I know you.

There now, *aroon*, put an ind to this strife o' me
 Poor frightened heart, my own Maureen, my duck;
 Troth, till the day comes when you'll be made wife o' me,
 Night, noon, and mornin', my heart'll be bruck.
 Kiss me, *acushla!* My darlin'! The life o' me!
 One more for luck!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

(1828—1857.)

JOSEPH BRENNAN was born in Cork, Nov. 17, 1828. He became a journalist in 1847, and about the same time married a sister of John Savage. "Brenan," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "was one of the most powerful and eloquent of the younger writers in 1848." He contributed poems to *The Nation* and to *The Irishman*, of which latter he became editor.

He was supposed to have been concerned in an attack on the Cappoquin police barracks and in 1849 he fled to this country. In 1853 he partly lost his sight, and before he died was quite blind. He became editor of *The New Orleans Times* soon after he had settled in that city, and died there in 1857.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I 'm lonely without thee;
Day-time and night-time I 'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom—
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple—
O thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love,
Our hearts always answer in tune and in time, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing—
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing—
I would not die without you at my side, love—
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words that I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to the arms that alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

(1740—1793.)

CHARLOTTE BROOKE, the author of 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' was one of the twenty-two children of Henry Brooke, the author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' all of whom she survived. She was born in 1740, and was fond of books from a very early age. In the atmosphere of a home such as hers, there was ample opportunity of gratifying her taste for antiquarian lore, and often, while the rest of the family were in bed, she would steal downstairs to the study, there to lose herself in her beloved books.

She was led to the study of the Irish language, and in less than two years she found herself mistress of it. From reading Irish poetry and admiring its beauties, she proceeded to translate it into English, one of her earliest efforts being a song and monody by Carolan, which appeared in Walker's 'Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards.'

Encouraged by the admiration they called forth, and by the advice of friends, she set herself to collect and translate such works of Irish poets as she could procure and were found worthy of appearing in an English dress. Her 'Reliques of Irish Poetry,' which appeared in 1788, was the result. This work has had an important influence on the study of the then almost forgotten poets who had written in the Irish language.

Miss Brooke's other works were: 'Dialogue between a Lady and her Pupils'; 'The School for Christians,' 'Natural History, etc.,' 'Emma, or the Foundling of the Wood,' a novel, and 'Belisarius,' a tragedy.

Unfortunately, Charlotte Brooke was influenced by the taste of the time; she translated the vigorous and natural Irish idiom into formally elegant phraseology and gave it the form of classical odes, with strophe and antistrophe, and artificialities of that kind. She had, however, a fine spirit of appreciation, and brought to her work not only her own personal enthusiasm, but the knowledge and learning which she had gained from her father (*q.v.*).

ODE ON HIS SHIP.

From the Irish of Maurice Fitzgerald.

Bless my good ship, protecting power of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destined coast,
Breathe, benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
Spread their angelic shields!
Before us the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

Oh calm the voice of winter's storm!
 Rule the wrath of angry seas!
 The fury of the rending blast appease,
 Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
 Oh check the biting wind of spring,
 And, from before our course,
 Arrest the fury of its wing,
 And terrors of its force!
 So may we safely pass the dangerous cape,
 And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats
 Of Teamor's ancient fame!
 Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
 Adieu, ye sweet retreats,
 Where the famed hunters of your ancient vale,
 Who swelled the high heroic tale,
 Were wont of old to dwell!
 And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!
 While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
 Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now, my ship!—hoist now thy sails
 To catch the favoring gales.
 Oh Heaven! before thy awful throne I bend!
 Oh let thy power thy servant now protect!
 Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
 Our course through every peril to direct;
 To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
 Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain,
 Oh may thy power their wrath assuage!
 May smiling suns and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave.
 Majestic in its might,
 Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
 Erects its stately height!
 From her strong bottom, tall in air
 Her branching masts aspiring rise:
 Aloft their cords and curling heads they bear,
 And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
 While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
 And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of flight
 She goes—she cleaves the storm!

Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
 She sails, exulting in her might;
 On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
 And through the roar
 Of angry ocean, to the destined shore
 Her course triumphant guides;
 As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
 And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
 She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
 Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
 Her dangerous path she dares explore;
 Wrecks, storms, and calms alike she braves,
 And gains with scarce a breeze the wished-for shore.
 Or in the hour of war,
 Fierce on she bounds, in conscious might,
 To meet the promised fight!
 While, distant far,
 The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
 And view her course with emulous amaze,
 As, like some champion's son of fame,
 She rushes to the shock of arms,
 And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
 Impelled by rage, and fired with glory's flame!

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight
 Her monstrous bulk appears,
 While o'er the seas her towering height,
 And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
 Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame—
 The strife of swords, the deathless name—
 So does she seem, and such her rapid course!
 Such is the rending of her force;
 When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendors play,
 Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way,
 Like the red bolt of heaven she shoots along,
 Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! oh hear my prayer!
 Safe passage now bestow!
 Soft o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
 And prosperous breezes flow!
 O'er the rough rock and swelling wave,
 Do thou our progress guide!
 Do thou from angry ocean save,
 And o'er its rage preside!

Speed my good ship along the rolling sea,
O heaven! and smiling skies, and favoring gales decree!
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
Swift in her glittering flight and sounding course!
Stately moving on the main,
Forest of the azure plain!
Faithful to the confided trust,
To her promised glory just;
Deadly in the strife of war,
Rich in every gift of peace,
Swift from afar,
In peril's fearful hour,
Mighty in force and bounteous in her power
She comes, kind aid she lends,
She frees from supplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease!

Hear, blest Heaven! my ardent prayer!
My ship—my crew—oh take us to thy care!
O may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While, from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

HENRY BROOKE.

(1706—1783.)

HENRY BROOKE, dramatist, novelist, and essayist, a Goldsmith in versatility if not in genius, was born at Rantavan, County Cavan, in 1706. His education was obtained from Dr. Sheridan and at Trinity College. In his seventeenth year he entered at the Temple, and soon became acquainted with every one in London worth knowing. "Swift prophesied wonders of him," and "Pope affectionately loved him."

Returning to Ireland, he became guardian to his aunt's only child, Catherine Meares, a beautiful girl. In a short time love sprang up between them and they were secretly married while as yet the young lady was in her fourteenth year. The match was a happy one, and remained so to the end. In 1732, at the pressing solicitations of his friends, he went again to London, to continue his studies and enter regularly upon his profession. But poetry was as fatal to him there as love had been in Ireland. Law was neglected for the Muses, and in the same year appeared his first poem, 'Universal Beauty,' which Pope looked upon as a wonderful first production. Soon after he was obliged to return to Ireland, and there for some time he devoted himself to his profession as a chamber counsel.

In 1737 he went again to London, where he was received with enthusiasm by Pope, while Lord Lyttelton sought his acquaintance, and Mr. Pitt spoke of him and treated him with affectionate friendship. Before this he had published (in 1738) a graceful and spirited translation of the first three books of Tasso. 'Gustavus Vasa' gave offense to the authorities and its production was disallowed. This, however, only helped to add to his fame, for his friends rallied around him, the play was printed, and he sold 5,000 copies at 5s. (\$1.25) each, his pecuniary reward being more than it would probably have been had the authorities not interfered.

Soon after his return to Ireland he received the appointment of barrack-master from Lord Chesterfield, and while in this post resumed his pen to a certain extent. He wrote the 'Farmer's Letters,' something after the style of the 'Drapier Letters,' and in the same year (1745) his tragedy 'The Earl of Westmoreland' appeared. In 1747 four fables by him were printed in Moore's 'Fables for the Female Sex,' and in 1748 his dramatic opera 'Little John and the Giants' was performed in Dublin. In 1749 his tragedy 'The Earl of Essex' was performed at Dublin with great success, and also afterwards at Drury Lane. In 1766 he issued his first novel, 'The Fool of Quality,' a work of unequal merit, but marked by wonderful flashes of genius in the midst of much that is mystical. In 1772 his poem 'Redemption' appeared, and in 1774 his second novel, 'Juliet Greville.' In 1778 a great number of his works were published, most of which had evidently been written in the apparently blank years of his retirement. These were: 'The

Last Speech of John Good,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'The Impostor,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Montezuma,' 'The Vestal Virgin,' five tragedies; 'The Contending Brothers,' 'The Charitable Association,' 'The Female Officer,' 'The Marriage Contract,' four comedies; and 'Ruth,' an oratorio. Finally, in 1779, appeared the 'Fox Chase,' a poem. On Oct. 10, 1783, he passed away, leaving of a numerous family but two to mourn his loss.

Few of his other works are known to the majority of readers even by name, except 'Gustavus Vasa,' which still keeps the stage, and 'The Fool of Quality,' which was reissued under the editorship of, and with a biographical preface by, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and 'Juliet Greville.' Yet they are full of splendid passages, sufficient to start many a modern poet or writer on the road to fame. His plays, with scarce an exception, are marked by force and clearness. His poems are not so brilliant as those of Pope, nor so sweet in diction as those of Goldsmith, but they are full of solid beauties and just sentiment.

Brooke's poetical works were collected by his daughter Charlotte, who added some few things not mentioned here, and published them at Dublin in 1792 in one volume 8vo.

A GENTLEMAN.

There is no term in our language more common than that of "Gentleman"; and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine Gentleman," "a pretty Gentleman," "much of a Gentleman," "Gentlemanlike," "something of a Gentleman," "nothing of a Gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, tasseled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and a sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a Gentleman. A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by casually being conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman. In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a Gentleman. In taverns and some other places, he who is the most of a bully, is the most of—a Gentleman. With heralds, every

Esquire is, indisputably,—a Gentleman. And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of deceiving your wife, may, however, be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman. Plato, among the philosophers, was “the most of a man of fashion”; and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be—the most of a Gentleman. But seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, etc., the practitioners assumed the new title of Gentlemen, till such Gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky-way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their luster. Wherefore as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species—of Gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labor and utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative—of a Gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government,

their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges—of a Gentleman.

If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or anything common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere—of a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution: it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, etc., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance, and piety may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

It appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman is that of a person of fortune above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern Gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform. And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a Gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

GONE TO DEATH.

From 'The Earl of Essex.'

Queen. Is he then gone?—To death? Essex to death!
And by my order?—now perhaps—this moment!—
Haste, Nottingham, dispatch—

Nottingham. What would your majesty!

Queen. I know not what—I am in horrors, Nottingham.
In horrors worse than death!—Does he still live?
Run, bring me word—yet stay—can you not save him
Without my bidding? Read it in my heart—
In my distraction read—O, sure the hand
That saved him would be as a blest angel's
Pouring soft balm into my rankling breast—

Nottingham. If it shall please your majesty to give
Express commands, I shall obey them straight—
The world will think it strange.—But you are queen.

Queen. Hard-hearted Nottingham! to arm my pride,

Enter RUTLAND, wife of Essex.

My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here!
A sight to strike resentment dead, and rouse
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—
It is the wife of Essex!

Rise, Rutland, come to thy repentant mistress:
See, thy queen bends to take thee to her bosom
And foster thee for ever!—Rise.

Rutland. Which way?

Do you not see these circling steeps?—
Not all the fathom lines that have been loosed
To sound the bottom of the faithless main
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,
Help me to put these little bones together—
These are my messengers to yonder world,
To seek for some kind hand to drop me down
A little charity.

Queen. Heart-breaking sounds!

Rutland. These were an infant's bones—But hush—
don't tell—

Don't tell the queen—

An unborn infant's—may be, if 't is known,
They'll say I murdered it—Indeed I did not—
It was the axe—how strange soe'er 't is true!

Help me to put them right, and then they 'll fly—
For they are light, and not like mine, incumbered
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.

Queen. Alas! her reason is disturbed; her eyes
Are wild and absent—Do you know me, Rutland?
Do you not know your queen?

Rutland. O yes, the queen!—
They say you have the power of life and death—Poor
queen!

They flatter you.—You can take life away,
But can you give it back? No, no, poor queen!—
Look at these eyes—they are a widow's eyes—
Do you know that?—Perhaps, indeed, you 'll say,
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry:
That's not my fault; tears should come from the heart,
And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,
Cold as a stone.—But yet my brain is hot—
O fye upon this head, it is stark naught!
Beseech your majesty to cut it off,
The bloody axe is ready—say the word,
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)
And it is done—I humbly thank your highness.
You look a kind consent. I 'll but just in,
And say a prayer or two.

From my youth upwards I still said my prayers
Before I slept, and this is my last sleep.
Indeed 't is not through fear, nor to gain time—
Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely;
You shall be judge yourself.—We must make haste;
I pray, be ready.—If we lose no time
I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.

Queen. Follow her close, allure her to some chamber
Of privacy; there soothe her frenzy, but
Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may not
Require such aid myself! for sure I feel
A strange commotion here.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. May it please your majesty,
The Earl, as he addressed him to the block,
Requested but the time to write these lines;
And earnestly conjured me to deliver them
Into your royal hands.

Queen. Quick.—What is here!—Just heaven!
Fly, take this signet,

Stop execution—fly with eagle's wings—
What art thou? Of this world?

Nottingham. Ha! I'm discovered—
Then be it so.—Your majesty may spare—

Queen. Stop, stop her yell!—Hence to some dungeon,
hence—

Deep sunk from day! In horrid silence there
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings;
Awake remorse and desperate penitence,
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt
May hell be all thy refuge!

Enter CECIL, RALEIGH, &c.

Cecil. Gracious madam,
I grieve to say your order came too late;
We met the messenger on our return
From seeing the Earl fall.

Queen. O fatal sound—
Ye bloody pair! accursed be your ambition,
For it was cruel.—
O Rutland, sister, daughter, fair forlorn!
No more thy queen, or mistress, here I vow
To be for ever wedded to thy griefs—
A faithful partner, numbering sigh for sigh,
And tear for tear; till our sad pilgrimage
Shall bear us where our Essex now looks down
With pity on a toiling world, and sees
What trains of real wretchedness await
The dream of power and emptiness of state.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

(1832 —)

STOPFORD A. BROOKE, the famous preacher, poet, and interpreter of English literature, was born at Letterkenny, County Donegal, in 1832. He was educated at Kidderminster, Kingstown, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained in 1857, and was for some time chaplain to the British Embassy at Berlin. He held various preferments in the Church of England up to 1880, but he left it for the Unitarian body in that year. His books are numerous; among the more purely literary may be mentioned the 'Life of the Late Frederick D. Robertson,' 'Riquet of the Tuft,' 'Poems,' and the various studies of literature which have made him so widely known as a teacher of light and leading. His volumes of sermons enjoy a wide circulation. His 'Primer of English Literature' is the standard book on its subject. He has edited in conjunction with T. W. Rolleston, his son-in-law, 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, which may be taken as a final judgment of its subject. In 1899 he succeeded Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as President of the Irish Literary Society.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

From 'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson.'

So lived and so died, leaving behind him a great legacy of thought, a noble gentleman, a Christian minister. To the tenderness of a true woman he joined the strong will and the undaunted courage of a true man. With an intellect at home in all the intricacies of modern thought, he combined the simple spirit of a faithful follower of Christ. To daring speculation he united severe and practical labor among men. Living above the world, he did his work in the world. Ardently pursuing after liberty of thought, he never forgot the wise reticence of English conservatism. He preserved, amid a fashionable town, the old virtues of chivalry. In a very lonely and much-tried life he was never false or fearful. Dowered with great gifts of intellect, he was always humble; dowered with those gifts of the heart which are peculiarly perilous to their possessor, he never became their slave. He lived troubled on every side, yet not distressed: perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted, but not forsaken: cast down, but not

destroyed: always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in his body. He died, giving up his spirit with his last words, in faith and resignation to his Father.

He lies in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well. The sound of the sea may be heard there in the distance; and, standing by his grave, it seems a fair and fitting requiem; for if its inquietude was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace of activity in God. He sleeps well; and we, who are left alone with our love and his great result of work, cannot but rejoice that he has entered on his Father's rest.

There were united around his tomb, by a common sorrow and a common love, Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Churchmen; the workingmen, the tradesmen, and the rank and wealth of Brighton. For once—and it was a touching testimony to the reality of his work—all classes and all sects merged their differences in one deep feeling. . . .

It may be asked whether the truest idea of what he was can be gathered from his Letters or from his Sermons. The best reply is, that the Sermons picture what he strove to be, what he was when he felt and acted best, what he would have been had his life been less vexed, his heart less fiery, and his brain less attacked by disease. Of the Letters, some represent him in his happiest and most intellectual moments; others in times of physical weariness, when both intellect and heart were pained with trouble, and beset with questions too hard for him to solve completely; and a few, as those written from the Tyrol, when his whole being was convulsed in the crisis of a great religious change. They relate his inward trials; his sermons bear witness to his contest and his victory. Only when both are read and balanced one against the other, can an adequate idea be formed of what he was. On account of the overstrained self-depreciation which sometimes possessed him, especially after the intellectual excitement of Sunday, it is not possible to take his own estimation of himself in his letters as representing the whole truth.

No man ought to be judged by a record of his own inner life,—no man ought to be judged entirely out of his own mouth. Far from being too lenient, men of Mr. Robert-

son's temper are too severe upon themselves. They write in deep pain, from the impulse of the moment; and then, when they have got rid of the pain by its expression, pass out of their study into an out-door life of such activity and vigor, that no one would imagine that an hour before they had been writing as if they were useless in their generation, and their existence a burden too galling to be borne.

On reading his correspondence, some may accuse him of indicating too strongly his loneliness and passionate desire of sympathy; they may call his fancies diseased, his complaints unmanly, and his transient doubts unchristian.

But his faithlessness was but momentary: only the man who can become at one with Frederick Robertson's strange and manifold character, and can realize as he did the agony and sin of the world,—only the man who can feel the deepest pain, and the highest joy, as Robertson could have felt them,—has either the right or the capability of judging him. Doubts did pass across his mind, but they passed over it as clouds across the sun. The glowing heart which lay behind soon dissipated them by its warmth.

With regard to his passionate desires and his complaint, they were human, and would have been humanly wrong in him only if he had allowed them to gain predominance over his will, righteously bent all through his life, not on their extinction, but on their subjugation. The untroubled heart is not the deepest, the stern heart not the noblest, the heart which crushes all expression of its pain not that which can produce the most delicate sympathy, the most manifold teaching, or speak so as to give the greatest consolation. Had not Robertson often suffered, and suffered so much as to be unable sometimes not to suppress a cry, his sermons would never have been the deep source of comfort and of inspiration which they have proved to thousands. The very knowledge that one who worked out the voyage of his life so truly and so firmly, could so suffer and so declare his suffering, is calculated to console and strengthen many who endure partially his pain and loneliness; but who have not, as yet, resisted so victoriously; whose temperament is morbid, but who have not, as yet, subdued it to the loving and healthy cheerfulness of his Christian action.

Nor can those who should thus accuse him ever have conceived what that character is which *must* express itself, or ever have realized that there are times when expression is necessary if life is to continue. Such a necessity belongs almost always to the poetic temperament, and appears nowhere so much as in the Psalms. They are full of David's complaints against his destiny. They tell of his long and lonely nights, his tears, his sufferings at the hands of men, his doubts of Eternal Justice; and it is through the relief afforded by this natural expression of impassioned feeling that he gains calm enough to see into "the way of the Lord," and to close his Psalms of sorrow with words of triumphant trust. It was just so with Frederick Robertson. The expression of his distress neither injured his manliness nor subtracted from his Christian faith. It was the safety-valve by which he freed himself from feeling under too high a pressure not to be dangerous, and brought himself into that balanced state in which active and profitable work is possible. One of the most important things to remark in his life is, that a man may *retain* high-wrought sentiment, passionate feelings, imaginations and longings almost too transcendental, a sensitiveness so extreme as to separate him from almost all sympathy, and at the same time subdue all so as to do his Father's will in the minutest as well as the largest duties. But I repeat, without the "timely utterance which gave his thoughts relief," he could not have been strong enough to do the work of his life, a work distinctive and great, but the results of which do not lie so openly on the surface of society as to be manifest at once to the careless glance of the public. . . .

The results of his preaching upon the intellectual men who attended his congregation have already been dwelt on. On those whose tendency was towards skepticism the effect of his sermons was remarkable. "I never hear him," said one, "without some doubt being removed, or some difficulty solved." Young men who had boasted publicly of doubts which were an inward terror to them, could not resist the attractive power of his teaching, and fled to him to disclose the history of their hearts, and to find sympathy and guidance. Nor was his influence less upon that large class whose religion grows primarily out of emotion, for he

combined in himself two powers which generally weaken one another,—the power of close and abstract thinking, and the power of deep and intense feeling.

As a clergyman, by his clear elucidation of the truths common to all, but lying beneath widely differing forms of opinion, he has done much to bring about a spirit of religious union among the various parties of the Church. He has assisted, by his teaching, in the great work of this day,—the preservation of the Church of England as a church, in which all the members vary in views, mode of action, and character of teaching, but are one in faith, one in aim, and one in spirit; for he dreaded that genuine Low Churchism which seeks to force upon all the members of a church a set of limited opinions about illimitable truths.

As a clergyman he has also brought distinctly forward the duty of Fearlessness in speaking. "I desire for myself," he says, "that I may be true and fearless, but still more that I may mix gentleness and love with fearlessness." He was not one who held what are called liberal opinions in the study, but would not bring them into the pulpit. He did not waver between truth to himself and success in the world. He was offered advancement in the Church, if he would abate the strength of his expressions with regard to the Sabbath. He refused the proffer with sternness. Far beyond all the other perils which beset the Church was, he thought, this peril: that men who were set apart to speak the truth and to live above the world should substitute conventional opinions for eternal truths,—should prefer ease to conscience, and worldly honor to that which cometh from God only.

He has taught also by his ministerial life the duty and the practice of that Prudence which fitly balances courage. He was not one of the radicals of English polemics. His was not that spirit, too much in vogue at present among the so-called Liberal party,—the spirit of Carlstadt, and not of Luther; the spirit of men who blame their leaders for not being forward enough, who desire blindly to pull down the whole edifice of "effete opinions," and who, inspired by the ardor and by some of the folly of youth, think that they can at once root up the tares without rooting up the wheat also. Robertson, on the contrary, seems to have clearly seen, or at least to have acted as if he saw, that the

question of true outward religious liberty in a national Church was to be solved in the same manner as England had solved the question of solid-set Political Liberty,—by holding on to the old as long as possible, so as to retain all its good; by never embarking in the new till it had become a necessity of the age; by “broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent,” and by recognizing the universal truth hidden in that saying, “I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.” He clung, for example, to certain theories which seem incongruous with the rest of his views,—which seem strange to many of us now, just because we forget that England and the Church are ten years older since his death. He refused to discuss thoroughly questions which we bring forward prominently. He purposed, for example, writing a book on Inspiration. He refrained;—“the mind of England,” said he, “is not ready yet.” But if he were alive now, he would write it. I have already said that he would never bring forward in the pulpit an opinion which was only fermenting in his mind. He waited till the must became wine. He endeavored, as far as in him lay, without sacrificing truth, not to shock by startling opinions the minds of those who were resting peacefully in an “early heaven and in happy views.” He refrained in all things from violating a weak brother’s conscience. He would have hated the vaunting way with which some put forward novel views. He would have hated the pharisaical liberalism which says, “God, I thank Thee I am not as other men are, even as this believer in the universality of the Flood, or that in the eternal obligation of the Jewish Sabbath.” He would have disliked such a term as “free-handling”; and as strongly as he reprobated the irreverent boldness of those who speak as if they were at home in all the counsels of God, would he have blamed the irreverent license with which some writers have rushed at things held sacred by thousands of our fellow-Christians.

In one respect especially his life has a lesson for the Church of this time. He has shown that a well-marked individuality is possible in the English Church. The great disadvantage of a Church like ours,—with fixed traditions, with a fixed system of operation, with a theological education which is exceedingly conservative, with a man-

ner of looking at general subjects from a fixed clerical point of view, with a bias to shelter and encourage certain definite modes of thinking,—is that under its government clergymen tend to become all of one pattern. It may be said, and with truth, that the advantages of our system more than balance this disadvantage. Nevertheless, it is a disadvantage which is becoming more and more felt by clergymen and recognized by laymen. And one of the strongest impulses which have given rise to the present theological struggle, is the desire of men in holy orders to become more distinctly individual. Robertson anticipated by some years this deep-set feeling. He was himself and not a fortuitous concurrence of other men. Owing to his individuality, he retained the freedom of action and the diversity of feeling which men not only in the Church, but in every profession and business, so miserably lose when they dress their minds in the fashion of current opinion, and look at the world, at nature, and at God, through the glass which custom so assiduously smokes.

Robertson preserved his independence of thought. He had a strong idiosyncrasy, and he let it loose within the bounds of law,—a law not imposed upon him from without by another, but freely chosen by himself as the best. He developed, without rejecting the help of others, his own character after his own fashion. He respected his own conscience; believed in his own native force, and in the divine fire within him. He looked first at everything submitted to his judgment as if it were a new thing upon earth, and then permitted the judgments of the past to have their due weight with him. He endeavored to receive, without the intervention of commentators, immediate impressions from the Bible. To these impressions he added the individual life of his own heart, and his knowledge of the life of the great world. He preached these impressions, and with a freedom, independence, variety, and influence which were the legitimate children of his individuality.

That men should, within the necessary limits, follow out their own character, and refuse to submit themselves to the common mould, is the foremost need of the age in which we live; and if the lesson which Robertson's life teaches in this

respect can be received, if not by all, at least by his brethren, he will neither have acted nor taught in vain.

Of course, developing his own thoughts and life freely, he was charged by his opponents with faithlessness to the Church, and with latitudinarian opinions. But he rejoiced in finding within the Church of England room to expand his soul, and freedom for his intellect. He discovered the way to escape from the disadvantage I have mentioned, and yet to remain a true son of a Church which he loved and honored to the last. Moreover, he brought many into the Church of England: both Unitarians and Quakers, as well as men of other sects, were admitted by him into her communion. On the other hand, if the latter part of the accusation were true, and he was latitudinarian in opinion, it is at least remarkable that he should have induced in those who heard him profitably, not only a spiritual life, but also a high and punctilious morality. His hearers kept the Law all the better from being freed from the Law. And many a workingman in Brighton, many a business man in London, many a young officer, many a traveler upon the Continent, many a one living in the great world of politics or in the little world of fashion, can trace back to words heard in Trinity Chapel the creation in them of a loftier idea of moral action, and an abiding influence which has made their lives, in all their several spheres, if not religious, at least severely moral.

These are some of the results which have flowed, and will continue to flow, from his work and life. They have been propagated by means of his published sermons. The extension of these sermons among *all* classes has been almost unexampled. Other sermons have had a larger circulation, but it has been confined within certain circles. These have been read and enjoyed by men of every sect and of every rank. They seem to come home to that human heart which lies beneath all our outward differences. Workingmen and women have spoken of them to me with delight. Clergymen of the most opposed views to his keep them in their bookcases and on their desks.

But far beyond these outward tributes of respect, a more perennial one than all, is the epistle written by this man of God upon our hearts. That which God had given him, he has left to us. His spirit lives again in

others; his thoughts move many whom he never saw, on to noble ends. Unconsciously he blesses, and has blessed. Yet not unconsciously now: I rejoice to think that now, at least, he is freed from the dark thought which oppressed his life,—that his ministry was a failure. I rejoice to think that he knows now—in that high Land where he is doing, with all his own vividness of heart, ampler work than his weary spirit could have done on earth—that his apparent defeat here was real Victory; that through him the Spirit of all Goodness has made men more true, more loving, and more pure. His books may perish, his memory fade, his opinions be superseded, as, in God's progressive education of the Universal Church, we learn to see more clearly into Truths whose relations are now obscure; but the Work which he has done upon human hearts is as imperishable as his own Immortality in God.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A little sun, a little rain,
 A soft wind blowing from the west,
 And woods and fields are sweet again,
 And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
 So quick with love and life her frame,
 Ten thousand years have dawned and fled
 And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
 And life as dry as desert dust
 Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy;
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.

A MOMENT.

To-day chance drove me to the wood,
Where I have walked and talked with her
Who lies in the earth's solitude.
The soft west wind, the minister
Of Love and Spring, blew as of old
Across the grass and marigold,
And moved the waters of the pool,
And moved my heart a moment—Fool!
Do I not know her lips are cold.

DESERT IS LIFE.

“Desert is Life, its fates are flame,
Far off the foes we seek to quell;
Lord, let us pause awhile—the march
In evening's dew were just as well.”

“Prophet of God,” the Arabs cried,
“The sun darts death on heart and head;
Here rest till starlight night be cool”—
“Hell is hotter”—Mohammed said.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

(1810—1880.)

THIS noted actor, theater manager, playwright, poet, and story-writer, was born in Dublin in 1810. He made his first appearance as an actor in 1830, and is said to have been the original of Lever's 'Harry Lorrequer.' In 1842 he came to America, and, with the exception of a short trip to England in 1860, he remained here until his death on June 7, 1880.

The following lines to his memory by H. C. Bunner may fitly find a place here :

“The actor's dead, and memory alone
Recalls the genial magic of his tone ;
Marble, nor canvas, nor the printed page
Shall tell his genius to another age :
A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less,
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.
Yet if, half a century from to-day,
A tender smile about our old lips play,
And if our grandchild query whence it came,
We 'll say : 'A thought of Brougham'—
And that is Fame ! ”

We have, however, some more enduring monument than the memory of his acting, for, in addition to over one hundred comedies, farces, and burlesques, he wrote 'A Basket of Chips,' 'The Bunsby Papers,' 'Life Stories, and Poems.' Among his most successful plays were 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Irish Emigrant,' and 'The Game of Love.' He collaborated with Dion Boucicault in writing 'London Assurance.'

NED GERAGHTY'S LUCK.

CHAPTER I.

Brave old Ireland is the land of Fairies, but of all the various descriptions there isn't one to be compared with the Leprechaun, in the regard of cunning and 'cute-ness. Now if you don't know what a Leprechaun is, I'll tell you. Why, then—save us and keep us from harm, for they are queer chaps to *gosther* about—a Leprechaun is the fairies' shoemaker: and a mighty conceited little fellow he is, I assure you, and very mischievous, except where he might happen to take a liking.

But, perhaps, the best way to give you an idea of their

appearance and characteristics, will be to tell you a bit of a story about one.

Once upon a time, then, many years ago, before the screech of the steam engine had frightened the "good people" out of their quiet nooks and corners, there lived a rollicking, good-natured, rakish boy, called Ned Geraghty; his father was the only miller in the neighborhood for miles round, and being a prudent, saving kind of an old hunk, was considered to be amazingly well off, and the name of the town they lived in would knock all the teeth out of the upper jaw of an Englishman to pronounce: it was called Ballinaskerrybaughkilinashaghlin.

Well, the boy, as he grew up to a man's estate, used to worry the old miller nearly out of his seven senses, he was such a devil-may-care good-for-nothing. Attend to anything that was said to him he would not, whether in the way of learning or of business. He upset ink-bottle upon ink-bottle upon his father's account-books, such as they were; and at the poor apology for a school, which the bigotry of the reverend monopolizers of knowledge permitted to exist in Ball——, the town—he was always famous for studying less and playing more, than any boy of his age in the barony.

It isn't to be much wondered at then, that when, in the course of events, old Geraghty had the wheat of life threshed out of him by the flail of un pitying Time, Master Ned, his careless, reprobate son, was but little fitted to take his position as the head-miller of the country.

But to show you the luck that runs after, and sticks close to some people, whether they care for it or not, as if, like love, it despiseth the too ardent seeker.

Did you ever take notice, that two men might be fishing together at the same spot, with the same sort of tackle and the same sort of bait? One will get a bushel full before the other gets a bite—that's luck,—not that there's any certainty about it; for the two anglers might change places to-morrow. Ah! it's an uncomfortable, deceiving, self-confidence-destroying, Jack-o'-lantern sort of thing is that same luck, and yet, how many people, especially our countrymen, cram their hands into their pockets, and fully expect that the cheating devil will filter gold through their fingers.

But, good people, listen to me, take a friend's advice don't trust her, and of this be assured, although a lump of luck may, now and then—and mighty rarely at that—exhibit itself at your very foot, yet to find a good vein of it you must dig laboriously, unceasingly. Indolent humanity, to hide its own laziness, calls those *lucky* men, who, if you investigate the matter closely, you'll find have been simply *industrious* ones.

But to return to the particular luck which laid hold of Ned Geraghty, everybody thought, and everybody of course, the worst, and that Ned the rover would soon make ducks and drakes of the old man's money; that the mill might as well be shut up now, for there was nobody to see after it: every gossip, male and female, had his or her peculiar prognostic of evil. Sage old men shook their heads, grave old matrons shrugged their shoulders, while the unanimous opinion of the marriageable part of the feminine community was, that nothing could possibly avert the coming fatality, except a careful wife.

Now, candor compels the historian to say, that the mill-hoppers did not go so regularly as they did formerly; and, moreover, that Ned, being blessed with a personal exterior, began to take infinite pains in its adornment. Finer white cords and tops could not be sported by any squireen in the parish; his green coat was made of the best broadcloth, an intensely bright red Indian handkerchief was tied openly round his neck, a real beaver hat on his impudent head, and a heavy thong-whip in his hand, for he had just joined modestly in the Bally, etc., etc., hunt.

This was the elegant apparition that astonished the sober and sensible town folk, a very few months after the decease of the miserly old miller, and of course all the evil forebodings of the envious and malicious were in a fair way to be speedily consummated, when my bold Ned met the piece of luck that changed the current of his life, and gave the lie to those neighborly and charitable prognostics.

It was on one fine moonlight night that Ned was walking homeward by a short cut across the fields, for his sorry old piece of horse-flesh had broken down in that

day's hunt, and for many a weary mile he had been footing it through bog and brier, until, with fatigue and mortification, he felt both heart-sick and limb-weary, when all at once his quick ear caught the sound of the smallest kind of a voice, so low, and yet so musical, singing a very little ditty to the accompaniment of tiny taps upon a diminutive lap-stone. Ned's heart gave one great bound, his throat swelled, and his hair stuck into his head like needles.

"May I never eat another day's vittals, if it ain't a Leprechaun," said he to himself, "and the little villain is so busy with his singing that he didn't hear me coming; if I could only catch a-howlt of him, my fortune's made."

With that, he stole softly towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and peeping slyly over a short clump of blackthorn, there, sure enough, he saw a comical little figure not more than an inch and a half high, dressed in an old fashioned suit of velvet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, as grand as a prime minister, hammering at a morsel of fairies' sole-leather, and singing away like a cricket that had received a musical education.

"Now's my chance," said Ned, as, quick as thought, he dropped his hat right over the little vagabond. "Ha! ha! you murtherin schemer, I've got you tight," he cried, as he crushed his hat together, completely imprisoning the Leprechaun.

"Let me out, Ned Geraghty; you see I know who you are," squalled the little chap.

"The devil a toe," says Ned, and away he scampered towards home with his prize, highly elated, for he knew that the Leprechauns were the guardians of all hidden treasure, and he was determined not to suffer him to escape until he had pointed out where he could discover a pot of gold.

When Ned had reached home, the first thing he did was to get a hammer and some nails, and having placed his hat upon the table fastened it securely by the brim, the little fellow screeching and yelling like mad.

"Now, my boy, I've got you safe and snug," says Ned,

as he sat down in his chair to have a parley with his prisoner.

"There's no use in kicking up such a hullabulloo—tell me where I can find a treasure, and I'll let you go."

"I won't, you swaggering blackguard, you stuck up lump of conceit, you good for nothing end of the devil's bad bargain, I won't;" and then the angry little creature let fly a shower of abuse that gave Ned an indifferent opinion of fairy gentility.

"Well, just as you please," says he; "it's there you'll stay till you do," and with that Ned makes himself a fine, stiff tumbler of whisky-punch, just to show his independence.

"Ned," said the little schemer, when he smelt the odor of the spirits, "but that's potteen."

"It's that same it is," says Ned.

"Ah! ye rebel! ain't you ashamed of yourself to chate the gauger? Murther alive! how well it smells," chirps the cunning rascal, snuffing like a kitten with a cold in his head.

"It *tastes* better, *avic*," says Ned, taking a long gulp, and then smacking his lips like a post-boy's whip.

"Arrah, don't be *greiggin*¹ a poor devil that way," says the Leprechaun, "and me as dry as a lime-burner's wig."

"Will you tell me what I want to know, then?"

"I can't, really I can't," says the fairy, but with a pleasanter tone of voice.

"He's coming round," thought Ned to himself, and as with a view of propitiating him still further,

"Here's your health, old chap," says he, "and it's sorry I am to be obliged to appear so contrary, for may this choke me alive if I wish you any harm in the world."

"I know you don't, Ned, *allana*," says the other, as sweet as possible; "but there's one thing I'd like you to do for me."

"And what might that be?"

"Just give us the least taste in life of that elegant punch, for the steam of it's gettin' under the crevices, an' I declare to my gracious it's fairly killin' me with the drouth."

"*Nabocklish*,"² cried Ned, "I'm not such a fool; how am I to get it at you?"

¹ *Greiggin*, make one long.

² *Nabocklish*, never mind.

"Aisy enough; just stick a pin-hole in the hat, and gi' me one of the hairs of your head for a straw."

"Bedad, I don't think that would waste much o' the liquor," says Ned, laughing at the contrivance; "but if it would do you any good, here goes."

So Ned did as the Leprechaun desired, and the little scoundrel began to suck away at the punch like an alderman, and by the same token the effect it had on him was curious: at first he talked mighty sensibly, then he talked mighty lively, then he sung all the songs he ever knew; then he told a lot of stories as old as Adam, and laughed like the mischief at them himself; then he made speeches, then he roared, then he cried, and at last, after having indulged in

"Willie brewed a peck o' malt,"

down he fell on the table with a thump as though a small-sized potato had fallen on the floor.

"Oh! may I never see glory," roared Ned, in an explosion of laughter, "if the little ruffian ain't as drunk as a piper."

"Ha! Ned, Ned, you unfeelin' reprobate an' bad Christian; have you no compassion at all, at all?" squeaked the Leprechaun in drunken but most miserable accents.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" the poor little creature groaned, like a dying tadpole.

"What's the matter?" says Ned, with real concern. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Air! air!" grunted the Leprechaun.

"The fellow's dead drunk," thought Ned, "so there'll be no harm in lettin' him have a mouthful of fresh air;" so he ripped up two or three of the nails, when, with a merry little laugh, the cunning vagabond slid through his fingers, and disappeared like a curl of smoke out of a pipe.

"*Mushen* then, may bad luck be to you, for a deludin' disciple, but you've taken the conceit out o' me in beautiful style," cried Ned, as he threw himself into his chair, laughing heartily, however, in spite of his disappointment, at the clever way the little villain had effected his release.

"What a fool I was to be taken in by the dirty mountebank."

"No, you are not," said the voice, just above his head.

Ned started with surprise, and looked eagerly round.

"There's no use in searching, my boy; I've got my liberty, and I'm now invisible," said the voice, "but your lettin' me out was a proof that you have a good heart, Ned, and I'm bound to do you a good turn for it."

"Why, then, yer a gentleman ivery inch of ye, though it's only one an' a bit," cried Ned, jumping up with delight; "what are ye goin' to gi' me? a treasure!"

"No, better than that," said the voice.

"What then?"

"A warning."

What the warning was we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"What the mischief is the matter wid me at all, at all?" said Ned; "sure don't I know every foot of the ground between this and the next place, wherever it is? but bad luck attend the bit of *me* knows where I'm stan'in' now.

"Howsomever, I can't stand here all night, so here goes for a bowld push, somewhere or another."

With that, my bold Ned struck at random through the fields in one direction, hoping to find some well-known landmark which might satisfy him as to his whereabouts, but all in vain; the whole face of the country was changed; where he expected to meet with trees, he encountered a barren waste; in the situation where he expected to find some princely habitation, he met with nothing but rocks—he never was so puzzled in his life.

In the midst of his perplexity, he sat down upon a mound of earth, and scratching his head, began seriously to ponder upon his situation.

"I'll take my Bible oath I was on my track before I met with that devil of a Leprechaun," said he, and then the thought took possession of him, that the deceitful fairy had bewitched the road, so that he might wander away, and perhaps lose himself amongst the wild and terrible bogs.

He was just giving way to an extremity of terror, when, upon raising his eyes, what was his astonishment to find that the locality which, before he sat down, he could have sworn was nothing but a strange and inhospitable waste, was blooming like a garden; and what's more, he discovered, upon rubbing his eyes, to make sure that he was not deceived, it was his own garden, his back rested against the wall of his own house; nay, the very seat beneath him, instead of an earthy knoll, was the good substantial form that graced his little door-porch.

"Well," cries Ned, very much relieved at finding himself so suddenly at home, "if that don't beat the bees, I'm a heathen; may I never leave this spot alive if I know how I got here no more nor the man in the moon; here goes for an air o' the fire, any way, I'm starved intensely wid the cowld."

Upon that he started to go in, when he found that he had made another mistake; it wasn't the *house* he was close to, but the *mill*.

"Why, what a murtherin' fool I am this night; sure it's the mill that I'm forninst, and not the house," said he. "Never mind, it's lucky I am, to be so near home, any way; there it is, just across the paddock"; so saying, he proceeded towards the little stile which separated the small field from the road, inly wondering as he went along, whether it was the Leprechaun or the whisky that had so confused his proceedings.

"It's mighty imprudent that I've been in my drinkin'," thought he, "for if I had drunk a trifle less, the country wouldn't be playin' such ingenious capers wid my eyesight, and if I had drunk a trifle more, I might a hunted up a soft stone by way of a pillow, and made my bed in the road."

Arrived at the stile, a regular phenomenon occurred, which bothered him more and more—he couldn't get across it, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertion; when he went to step over, the rail sprang up to his head, and when taking advantage of the opening he had to duck under he found it close to the ground.

The moon now popped behind a dense, black cloud and sudden darkness fell upon the place, while at the same moment the slow, rusty old village clock gave two

or three premonitory croaks, and then banged out the hour of midnight.

Twelve o'clock at night is, to the superstitious, the most terror-fraught moment the fearful earth can shudder at, and Ned was strongly imbued with the dread of ghostly things; at every bang of the deep-toned old chronicler, he quivered to the very marrow of his bones; his teeth chattered, and his flesh rose up into little hillocks.

There he was, bound by some infernal power. The contrary stile baffled all his efforts to pass it: the last reverberation of the cracked bell ceased with a fearful jar, like the passing of a sinner's soul in agony, and to it succeeded a silence yet more terrible.

"Maybe it's dyin' that I am," thought Ned; and all that was lovely and clinging in God's beautiful world, rushed across his mind at the instant.

"If it is to be my fate to leave it all, so full of life and hope, and yet so unmindful of the great blessings I have unthankfully enjoyed, heaven pity me, indeed, for I'm not fit to go." At this moment his ear caught a most familiar sound, that of the mill hopper, so seldom heard lately, rising and falling in regular succession.

Surprised still more than ever, he turned round and beheld the old mill, brilliantly lighted up; streams of brightness poured from every window, door, and cranny, while the atmosphere resounded with the peculiar busy hum which proceeds from an industriously employed multitude.

Fear gave place to curiosity, and Ned stealthily crept towards the mill opening, and looked in; the interior was all a-blaze with an infinity of lights, while myriads of diminutive figures were employed in the various occupations incidental to the business. Ned looked on with wonder and admiration to see the celerity and precision with which everything was done; great as was the multitude employed, all was order and regularity; here thousands of little atomies pushed along sack after sack of corn—there, numberless creatures ground and deposited the flour in marked bags, while Ned recognized his old friend, the Leprechaun, poring over a large account-book, every now and then reckoning up a vast amount of bank bills and dazzling gold pieces.

Ned's mouth fairly watered as he saw the shining metal, and he heard the crisp creasing of the new bank notes which took the little accountant ever so long to smooth out, for each one would have made a blanket for him; as soon as the Leprechaun had settled his book affairs to his satisfaction, he after the greatest amount of exertion, assisted by a few hundred of his tiny associates, deposited the money in a tin case, whereupon Ned distinctly read his name.

While he was hesitating what course to adopt, whether to try and capture the Leprechaun again, or wait to see what would eventuate, he felt himself pinched on the ear, and on turning round, he perceived one of the fairy millers standing on his shoulder, grinning impudently in his face.

"How do you do, sir?" says Ned, very respectfully, for he knew the power of the little rascals too well to offend them.

"The same to you, Ned Geraghty, the sporting miller," says the fairy. "Haven't we done your work well?"

"Indeed, an' it's that you have, sir," replied Ned; "much obleeged to you, I am, all round."

"Won't you go in and take your money?" says the fairy.

"Would it be entirely convenient?" said Ned, quietly, although his heart leaped like a salmon.

"It's yours, every rap, so in an' lay a-howld ov it," said the other, stretching up at his ear.

"They wouldn't be again' me havin' it inside, would they?" inquired Ned.

"The money that you have earned yourself, we can't keep from you," said the fairy.

"That's true enough, and sure if I didn't exactly earn it myself, it was earned in my mill, and that's all the same"; and so, quieting his scruples by that consoling thought, Ned put on a bold front, and walked in to take possession of the tin case, in which he had seen such an amount of treasure deposited. There was not a sound as he entered—not a movement as he walked over to the case; but as he stooped down and found that he could no more lift that box from the ground than he could have torn a tough old oak up by the roots, there arose such a wild, musical, but derisive laugh from the millions of fairy

throats, that Ned sank down upon the coveted treasure, perplexed and abashed; for one instant he held down his head with shame, but summoning up courage, he determined to know the worst, when, as he raised his eyes, an appalling scene had taken place.

The fairies had vanished, and instead of the joyous multitude flitting like motes in the sunbeam, he beheld one gigantic head which filled the entire space; where the windows had been a pair of huge eyes winked and glowered upon him; the great beam became a vast nose, the joists twisted themselves into horrid matted hair, while the two hoppers formed the enormous lips of a cavernous mouth. As he looked spell-bound upon those terrible features the tremendous lips opened, and a voice like the roar of a cataract when you stop your ears and open them suddenly, burst from the aperture.

The sound was deafening, yet Ned distinguished every syllable.

"Ain't you afraid to venture here?" bellowed the voice.

"For what, your honor?" stammered out Ned, more dead than alive.

"For weeks and weeks not a morsel has entered these stony jaws, and whose fault is it? yours!" thundered the awful shape; "you have neglected us, let us starve and rot piecemeal; but we shall not suffer alone—you, you! must share in our ruin."

At these words a pair of long, joist-like arms thrust themselves forth, and getting behind Ned, swept him into the space between the enormous hoppers—the ponderous jaws opened wide—in another instant he would have been crushed to atoms. But the instinct of self-preservation caused him to spring forward, he knew not where; by a fortunate chance he just happened to leap through the door, alighting with great force on his head; for a long time, how long he could not tell, he lay stunned by the fall; and, indeed, while he was in a state of insensibility, one of his neighbors carried him home, for he remembered no more until he found himself in bed, with a bad bruise outside of his head, and worse ache within.

As soon as he could collect his senses, the scene of the past night arose vividly to his mind.

“It is the Leprechaun’s warning,” said he, “and it’s true he said it was better far than gold, for now I see the error of my ways, and more betoken, it’s mend that I will, and a blessin’ upon my endayvors.”

It is but fair to Ned to say that he became a different man; gave up all his fine companions and evil courses, and stuck diligently to his mill, so that in process of time he lived to see well-filled the very tin case that the Leprechaun showed him in *the warning*.

FRANCES BROWNE.

(1816—1879.)

MISS BROWNE, like Helen Keller in our day, was a remarkable example of the victories which perseverance and strength of will can achieve over great physical and social obstacles. Born in Stranorlar, County Donegal, Jan. 16, 1816, an attack of smallpox deprived her of eyesight in infancy, but as she grew up she managed to teach herself and to get others to instruct her, and at an early age she had an intimate acquaintance with the chief masters of English literature.

She was compelled to earn her own living and began by sending a poem to *The Irish Penny Journal*, which was accepted. She next succeeded in obtaining admission to *The Athenæum*, *Hood's Magazine*, *The Keepsake*, and other periodicals. The editor of the first-named was a warm friend to the struggling young poetess, and did much to call public attention to her work. In 1844 she issued a collection of her poems, under the title 'The Star of Atteghel, the Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems.'

Miss Browne left Ireland in 1847, and made her home either in Edinburgh or in London. Besides the books mentioned above, she also published 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems,' 'Legends of Ulster,' 'The Ericsons,' a tale; 'The Hidden Sin,' a novel (1866); and a sort of autobiography, entitled 'My Share in the World' (1862). She enjoyed a small pension from the civil list bestowed upon her by Sir Robert Peel. The poems of Miss Browne deserve attention altogether apart from the personal circumstances of the authoress. She died in London, Aug. 25, 1879.

It is curious that no reference is made in any of her biographies to the one book by Frances Browne which has endeared her to thousands of children on both sides of the Atlantic. 'Granny's Wonderful Chair, and the Stories it Told' was published in London in 1856, and two editions were rapidly exhausted. It remained out of print until 1880. In the mean time, a curious circumstance happened. In 1877 Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett began in *St. Nicholas* 'The Story of Prince Fairy Foot,' under the general title of 'Stories from the Lost Fairy Book, Retold by the Child Who Read Them.' It was at once discovered that the 'Lost Fairy Book' was none other than the book in question.

In 1880 it was reprinted in a cheaper form with the original illustrations by Kenny Meadows, and at once took on a new lease of life. New editions were called for yearly until 1891, when a splendid edition, with colored pictures drawn by Mrs. Seymour Lucas, was published and had an enormous sale both in England and in the United States, where it had already become known.

In 1901 an edition of the book was prepared for use as a supplementary reading-book in the schools of the United States, and it has been adopted in nearly all of the larger States in the Union. One of

the foremost educational authorities says of the stories contained in it: "They are, though set in an atmosphere of the wonderful, full of happenings which are always real and possible; the characters are concrete and natural, and the incidents are related in a most pleasing style which children may with advantage incorporate into their own expressions."

THE STORY OF CHILDE CHARITY.

Once upon a time there lived in the west country a little girl who had neither father nor mother; they both died when she was very young, and left their daughter to the care of an uncle, who was the richest farmer in all that country. He had houses and lands, flocks and herds, many servants to work about his house and fields, a wife who had brought him a great dowry, and two fair daughters.

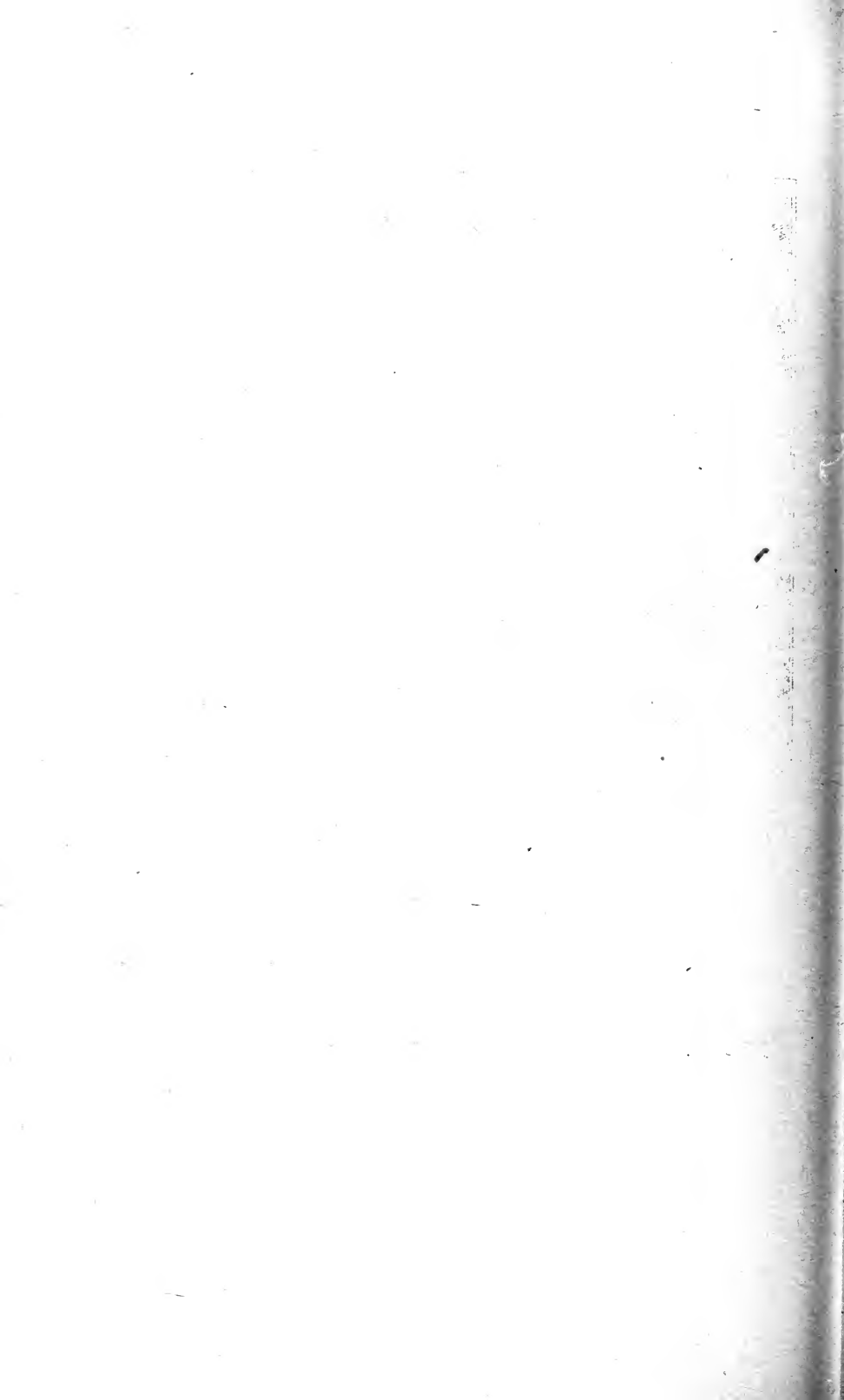
All their neighbors, being poor, looked up to them—inso-much that they imagined themselves great people. The father and mother were as proud as peacocks; the daughters thought themselves the greatest beauties in the world, and not one of the family would speak civilly to anybody they thought beneath them.

Now it happened that though she was their near relation, they had this opinion of the orphan girl, partly because she had no fortune and partly because of her humble, kindly disposition. It was said that the more needy and despised any creature was, the more ready was she to befriend it: on which account the people of the west country called her Childe Charity; and if she had any other name, I never heard it.

Childe Charity was thought very little of in that proud house. Her uncle would not own her for his niece; her cousins would not keep her company; and her aunt sent her to work in the dairy, and to sleep in the back garret, where they kept all sorts of lumber and dry herbs for the winter. The servants learned the same tune, and Childe Charity had more work than rest among them. All the day she scoured pails, scrubbed dishes, and washed crockery ware; but every night she slept in the back garret as sound as a princess could in her palace chamber.

Her uncle's house was large and white, and stood among green meadows by a river's side. In front it had a porch





covered with a vine; behind, it had a farmyard and high granaries. Within, there were two parlors for the rich, and two kitchens for the poor, which the neighbors thought wonderfully grand; and one day in the harvest season, when this rich farmer's corn had been all cut down and housed, he condescended so far as to invite them to a harvest supper.

The west-country people came in their holiday clothes and best behavior. Such heaps of cakes and cheese, such baskets of apples and barrels of ale, had never been at feast before; and they were making merry in kitchen and parlor, when a poor old woman came to the back door, begging for broken victuals and a night's lodging. Her clothes were coarse and ragged; her hair was scanty and gray; her back was bent; her teeth were gone. She had a squinting eye, a clubbed foot, and crooked fingers. In short, she was the poorest and ugliest old woman that ever came begging.

The first who saw her was the kitchen-maid, and she ordered her to be gone for an ugly witch. The next was the herd-boy, and he threw her a bone over his shoulder; but Childe Charity, hearing the noise, came out from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and asked the old woman to take her share of the supper, and sleep that night in her bed in the back garret. The old woman sat down without a word of thanks.

All the company laughed at Childe Charity for giving her bed and her supper to a beggar. Her proud cousins said it was just like her mean spirit, but Childe Charity did not mind them. She scraped the pots for her supper that night, and slept on a sack among the lumber, while the old woman rested in her warm bed; and next morning, before the little girl awoke, she was up and gone, without so much as saying "Thank you" or "Good morning."

That day all the servants were sick after the feast, and mostly cross too—so you may judge how civil they were; when, at supper time, who should come to the back door but the old woman, again asking for broken victuals and a night's lodging. No one would listen to her, or give her a morsel, till Childe Charity rose from her seat at the foot of the lowest table, and kindly asked her to take her supper, and sleep in her bed in the back garret.

Again the old woman sat down without a word. Childe Charity scraped the pots for her supper, and slept on the sack. In the morning the old woman was gone; but for six nights after, as sure as the supper was spread, there was she at the back door, and the little girl regularly asked her in.

Childe Charity's aunt said she would let her get enough of beggars. Her cousins made continual sport of what they called her "genteel visitor."

Sometimes the old woman said, "Child, why don't you make this bed softer? and why are your blankets so thin?" but she never gave her a word of thanks, nor a civil good morning.

At last, on the ninth night from her first coming, when Childe Charity was getting used to scrape the pots and sleep on the sack, her accustomed knock came to the door, and there she stood with an ugly ashy colored dog, so stupid-looking and clumsy that no herd-boy would keep him.

"Good evening, my little girl," she said, when Childe Charity opened the door; "I will not have your supper and bed to-night—I am going on a long journey to see a friend; but here is a dog of mine, whom nobody in all the west country will keep for me. He is a little cross, and not very handsome; but I leave him to your care till the shortest day in all the year. Then you and I will count for his keeping."

When the old woman had said the last word, she set off with such speed that Childe Charity lost sight of her in a minute. The ugly dog began to fawn upon her, but he snarled at everybody else. The servants said he was a disgrace to the house. The proud cousins wanted him drowned, and it was with great trouble that Childe Charity got leave to keep him in an old ruined cow-house.

Ugly and cross as the dog was, he fawned on her, and the old woman had left him to her care. So the little girl gave him part of all her meals, and when the hard frost came, took him up to her own back garret without any one knowing it, because the cow-house was damp and cold in the long nights. The dog lay quietly on some straw in a corner. Childe Charity slept soundly, but every morning the servants would say to her,—

“What great light and fine talking was that in your back garret?”

“There was no light but the moon shining in through the shutterless window, and no talk that I heard,” said Childe Charity, and she thought they must have been dreaming; but night after night, when any of them awoke in the dark and silent hour that comes before the morning, they saw a light brighter and clearer than the Christmas fire, and heard voices like those of lords and ladies in the back garret.

Partly from fear, and partly from laziness, none of the servants would rise to see what might be there; till at length, when the winter nights were at the longest, the little parlor-maid, who did least work and got most favor, because she gathered news for her mistress, crept out of bed when all the rest were sleeping, and set herself to watch at a crevice of the door.

She saw the dog lying quietly in the corner, Childe Charity sleeping soundly in her bed, and the moon shining through the shutterless window; but an hour before day-break there came a glare of lights, and a sound of far-off bugles. The window opened, and in marched a troop of little men clothed in crimson and gold, and bearing every man a torch, till the room looked bright as day. They marched up with great reverence to the dog, where he lay on the straw, and the most richly clothed among them said,—

“Royal prince, we have prepared the banquet hall. What will your highness please that we do next?”

“Ye have done well,” said the dog. “Now prepare the feast, and see that all things be in our best fashion: for the princess and I mean to bring a stranger who never feasted in our halls before.”

“The commands of your highness shall be obeyed,” said the little man, making another reverence; and he and his company passed out of the window.

By-and-by there was another glare of lights, and a sound like far-off flutes. The window opened, and there came in a company of little ladies clad in rose-colored velvet, and carrying each a crystal lamp. They, also, walked with great reverence up to the dog, and the gayest among them said,—

“Royal prince, we have prepared the tapestry. What will your highness please that we do next?”

“Ye have done well,” said the dog. “Now prepare the robes, and let all things be in our first fashion: for the princess and I will bring with us a stranger who never feasted in our halls before.”

“Your highness’s commands shall be obeyed,” said the little lady, making a low courtesy; and she and her company passed out through the window, which closed quietly behind them.

The dog stretched himself out upon the straw, the little girl turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret. The parlor-maid was so much amazed, and so eager to tell this great story to her mistress, that she could not close her eyes that night, and was up before dawn; but when she told it, her mistress called her a silly wench to have such foolish dreams, and scolded her so that the parlor-maid durst not mention what she had seen to the servants. Nevertheless Childe Charity’s aunt thought there might be something in it worth knowing; so next night, when all the house was asleep, she crept out of bed, and set herself to watch at the back garret door.

There she saw exactly what the maid told her—the little men with the torches, and the little ladies with the crystal lamps, came in, making great reverence to the dog, and they had the same conversation as before only the dog said to the one,—

“Now prepare the presents,” and to the other, “Prepare the jewels;” and when they were gone the dog stretched himself on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The mistress could not close her eyes any more than the maid from eagerness to tell the story. She woke up Childe Charity’s rich uncle before dawn; but when he heard it, he laughed at her for a foolish woman, and advised her not to repeat the like before the neighbors, lest they should think she had lost her senses.

The mistress could say no more, and the day passed; but that night the master thought he would like to see what went on in the back garret; so when all the house was asleep, he slipped out of bed, and set himself to watch at the crevice in the door. The same thing that the maid

and the mistress saw happened again: the little men in crimson with their torches, and the little ladies in rose-colored velvet with their lamps, came in at the window, and made an humble reverence to the ugly dog, the one saying, "Royal prince, we have prepared the presents," and the other, "Royal prince, we have prepared the jewels;" and the dog said to them all, "Ye have done well. To-morrow come and meet me and the princess with horses and chariots, and let all things be in our first fashion: for we will bring a stranger from this house who has never travelled with us nor feasted in our halls before."

The little men and the little ladies said, "Your highness's commands shall be obeyed." When they had gone out through the window, the ugly dog stretched himself on the straw, Childe Charity turned in her sleep, and the moon shone in on the back garret.

The master could not close his eyes, any more than the maid or mistress, for thinking of this strange sight. He remembered to have heard his grandfather say that somewhere near his meadows there lay a path leading to the fairies' country, and the haymakers used to see it shining through the gray summer morning as the fairy bands went home.

Nobody had heard or seen the like for many years; but the master concluded that the doings in his back garret must be a fairy business, and the ugly dog a person of great account. His chief wonder was, however, what visitor the fairies intended to take from his house; and, after thinking the matter over, he was sure it must be one of his daughters—they were so handsome, and had such fine clothes.

Accordingly, Childe Charity's rich uncle made it his first business that morning to get ready a breakfast of roast mutton for the ugly dog, and carry it to him in the old cow-house; but not a morsel would the dog taste. On the contrary, he snarled at the master, and would have bitten him if he had not run away with his mutton.

"The fairies have strange ways," said the master to himself; but he called his daughters privately, bidding them dress themselves in their best, for he could not say which of them might be called into great company before night-fall.

Childe Charity's proud cousins, hearing this, put on the richest of their silks and laces, and strutted like peacocks from kitchen to parlor all day, waiting for the call their father spoke of, while the little girl scoured and scrubbed in the dairy. They were in very bad humor when night fell, and nobody had come; but just as the family were sitting down to supper the ugly dog began to bark, and the old woman's knock was heard at the back door. Childe Charity opened it, and was going to offer her bed and supper as usual, when the old woman said,—

“This is the shortest day in all the year, and I am going home to hold a feast after my travels. I see you have taken good care of my dog, and now if you will come with me to my house, he and I will do our best to entertain you. Here is our company.”

As the old woman spoke, there was a sound of far-off flutes and bugles, then a glare of lights; and a great company, clad so grandly that they shone with gold and jewels, came in open chariots, covered with gilding and drawn by snow-white horses.

The first and finest of the chariots was empty. The old woman led Childe Charity to it by the hand, and the ugly dog jumped in before her. The proud cousins, in all their finery, had by this time come to the door, but nobody wanted them; and no sooner were the old woman and her dog within the chariot than a marvellous change passed over them, for the ugly old woman turned at once to a beautiful young princess, with long yellow curls and a robe of green and gold, while the ugly dog at her side started up a fair young prince, with nut-brown hair and a robe of purple and silver.

“We are,” said they, as the chariots drove on, and the little girl sat astonished, “a prince and princess of Fairyland, and there was a wager between us whether or not there were good people still to be found in these false and greedy times. One said Yes, and the other said No; and I have lost,” said the prince, “and must pay the feast and presents.”

Childe Charity never heard any more of that story. Some of the farmer's household, who were looking after them through the moonlight night, said the chariots had gone one way across the meadows, some said they had gone

another, and till this day they cannot agree upon the direction.

But Childe Charity went with that noble company into a country such as she had never seen—for primroses covered all the ground, and the light was always like that of a summer evening. They took her to a royal palace, where there was nothing but feasting and dancing for seven days. She had robes of pale green velvet to wear, and slept in a chamber inlaid with ivory. When the feast was done, the prince and princess gave her such heaps of gold and jewels that she could not carry them, but they gave her a chariot to go home in, drawn by six white horses; and on the seventh night, which happened to be Christmas time, when the farmer's family had settled in their own minds that she would never come back, and were sitting down to supper, they heard the sound of her coachman's bugle, and saw her alight with all the jewels and gold at the very back door where she had brought in the ugly old woman.

The fairy chariot drove away, and never came back to that farmhouse after. But Childe Charity scrubbed and scoured no more, for she grew a great lady, even in the eyes of her proud cousins.

WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN?

What hath Time taken? Stars, that shone
 On the early years of earth,
 And the ancient hills they looked upon,
 Where a thousand streams had birth;
 Forests that were the young world's dower,
 With their long-unfading trees;
 And the halls of wealth, and the thrones of power—
 He hath taken more than these.

He hath taken away the heart of youth,
 And its gladness, which hath been
 Like the summer sunshine o'er our path,
 Making the desert green;
 The shrines of an early hope and love,
 And the flowers of every clime,
 The wise, the beautiful, the brave,
 Thou hast taken from us, Time!

What hath Time left us? desolate
Cities, and temples lone,
And the mighty works of genius, yet
Glorious, when all are gone;
And the lights of memory, lingering long,
As the eve on western sea—
Treasures of science, thought, and song—
He hath left us more than these.

He hath left us a lesson of the past,
In the shades of perished years;
He hath left us the heart's high places waste,
And its rainbows fallen in tears.
But there's hope for the earth and her children still,
Unwithered by woe or crime,
And a heritage of rest for all,
Thou hast left us these, oh Time!

JOHN ROSS BROWNE.

(1817—1875.)

JOHN ROSS BROWNE was born in Ireland in 1817. He was in his time a great traveler. Besides making several journeys through Europe and the East, he was at different times United States Inspector of Customs for the Pacific Coast and United States Minister to China.

He has embodied a great number of his experiences and adventures in his books, among which we may mention 'Etchings of a Whaling Cruise,' 'Yusef ; or the Journey of the Franji,' and 'Resources of the Pacific Slope.' He died in Oakland, Cal., in 1875.

THE HISTORY OF MY HORSE, SALADIN.

From 'Yusef ; or the Journey of the Franji.'

If there was any one thing in which I was resolved to be particular it was in the matter of horses. Our journey was to be a long one, and experience had taught me that much of the pleasure of traveling on horseback depends upon the qualities of the horse. . . . Yusef had already given me some slight idea of the kind of horse I was to have. It was an animal of the purest Arabian blood, descended in a direct line from the famous steed of the desert Ashrik ; its great-granddam was the beautiful Boo-boo-la, for whose death the renowned Arab chieftain Ballala, then a boy, grieved constantly until he was eighty-nine years of age, when, no longer able to endure life under so melancholy an affliction, he got married to a woman of bad temper, and was tormented to death in his hundred and twentieth year, and the last words he uttered were, *doghera! doghera! straight ahead!* All of Yusef Badra's horses were his own, bought with his own money, not broken-down hacks like what other dragomans hired for their Howadji ; though, praised be Allah, he (Yusef) was above professional jealousy. There was only one horse in Syria that could at all compare with this animal, and that was his own, Syed Sulemin ; a horse that must be known even in America, for Syed had leaped a wall twenty feet high, and was trained to walk a hundred and fifty miles a day, and kill the most desperate robbers by catching them

up in his teeth and tossing them over his head. I had not heard of this horse, but thought it best, by a slight nod, to let Yusef suppose that his story was not altogether unfamiliar to me. Being determined to examine in detail all the points of the animal destined for myself, I directed Yusef to bring them both up saddled and bridled, so that we might ride out and try their respective qualities before starting on our journey. This proposition seemed to confuse him a little, but he brightened up in a moment and went off, promising to have them at the door in half an hour.

Two hours elapsed; during which time I waited with great impatience to see the famous descendant of the beautiful Boo-boo-la. I looked up toward the road, and at length saw a dust, and then saw a perfect rabble of Arabs, and then Yusef, mounted on a tall, slabsided, crooked old horse, and then—could it be?—yes!—a living animal, lean and hollow, very old, saddled with an ancient saddle, bridled with the remnants of an ancient bridle, and led by a dozen ragged Arabs. At a distance it looked a little like a horse; when it came closer it looked more like the ghost of a mule; and closer still, it bore some resemblance to the skeleton of a small camel; and when I descended to the yard, it looked a little like a horse again.

“Tell me,” said I, the indignant blood mounting to my cheeks, “tell me, Yusef, *is* that a horse?”

“A horse!” retorted he, smiling, as I took it, at the untutored simplicity of an American; “a horse, O General! it is nothing else but a horse; and such an animal, too, as, I’ll venture to say, the richest pasha in Beirut can’t match this very moment.”

“*Tahib!*” Good—said one of the Arabs, patting him on the neck, and looking sideways at me in a confidential way.

“*Tahib!*” said another, and “*tahib*” another, and “*tahib*” every Arab in the crowd, as if each one of them had ridden the horse five hundred miles, and knew all his merits by personal experience.

That there were points of some kind about him was not to be disputed. His back must have been broken at different periods of his life, in at least three places; for there were three distinct pyramids on it, like miniature pyra-

mids of Gizeh; one just in front of the saddle, where his shoulder-blade ran up to a cone; another just back of the saddle; and the third a kind of spur of the range, over his hips, where there was a sudden breaking off from the original line of the backbone, and a precipitous descent to his tail. The joints of his hips and the joints of his legs were also prominent, especially those of his forelegs, which he seemed to be always trying to straighten out, but never could, in consequence of the sinews being too short by several inches. His skin hung upon this remarkable piece of framework as if it had been purposely put there to dry in the sun, so as to be ready for leather at any moment after the extinction of the vital functions within. But to judge from the eye (there was only one), there seemed to be no prospect of a suspension of vitality, for it burned with great brilliancy, showing that a horse, like a singed cat, may be a good deal better than he looks.

"A great horse that," said Yusef, patting him on the neck kindly; "no humbug about him, General. Fifty miles a day he'll travel fast asleep. He's a genuine Syrian."

"And do you tell me," said I sternly, "that this is the great-grandson of the beautiful Boo-boo-la? That I, a General in the Bob-tail Militia, and representative in foreign parts of the glorious City of Magnificent Distances, am to make a public exhibition of myself throughout Syria mounted upon that miserable beast?"

"Nay, as for that," replied the fellow, rather crest-fallen, "far be it from me, the faithfulest of dragomans, to palm off a bad horse on a Howadji of rank. The very best in Beirut are at my command. Only say the word, and you shall have black, white, or gray, heavy or light, tall or short; but this much I know, you'll not find such an animal as that anywhere in Syria. Ho, Saladin! (slapping him on the neck) who's this, old boy? Yusef, eh? Ha, ha! see how he knows me! Who killed the six Bedouins single-handed, when we were out last, eh, Saladin? Ha, ha! You know it was Yusef, you cunning rascal, only you don't like to tell. A remarkable animal, you perceive; but, as I said before, perhaps your excellency had better try another."

"No," said I, "no, Yusef; this horse will do very well.

He's a little ugly, to be sure; a little broken-backed, and perhaps a little blind, lame, and spavined, but he *has* some extraordinary points of character. At all events, it will do no harm to try him. Come, away we go!" Saying which, I undertook to vault into the saddle, but, the girth being loose, it turned over and let me down on the other side. This little mishap was soon remedied, and we went off in a smart walk up the lane leading from Demetrie's toward the sand-hills. In a short time we were out of the labyrinth of hedges formed by the prickly-pears, and were going along very quietly and pleasantly, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, Yusef, who had a heavy stick in his hand, held it up in the air like a lance and darted off furiously, shouting as he went, "Badra, Badra!" Had an entire nest of hornets simultaneously lit upon my horse Saladin, and stung him to the quick, he could not have shown more decided symptoms of sudden and violent insanity. His tail stood straight up, each particular hair of his mane started into life, his very ears seemed to be torturing themselves out of his head, while he snorted and pawed the earth as if perfectly convulsed with fury. The next instant he made a bound, which brought my weight upon the bridle; and this brought Saladin upon his hind legs, and upon his hind legs he began to dance about in a circle; and then plunged forward again in the most extraordinary manner. The whole proceeding was so very unexpected that I would willingly have been sitting a short distance off, a mere spectator; it would have been so funny to see somebody else mounted upon Saladin.

Both my feet came out of the stirrups in spite of every effort to keep them there; and the bit, being contrived in some ingenious manner, tortured the horse's mouth to such a degree every time I pulled the bridle, that he became perfectly frantic, and I had to let go at last and seize hold of his mane with both hands. This seemed to afford him immediate relief, for he bounded off at an amazing rate. My hat flew off at the same time, and the wind fairly whistled through my hair. I was so busy trying to hold on that I had no time to think how very singular the whole thing was; if there was any thought at all it was only as to the probable issue of the adventure. Away we dashed, through chaparrals of prickly-pear, over ditches and dikes,

out upon the rolling sand-plain! I looked, and beheld a cloud of dust approaching. The next moment a voice shouted "Badra, Badra!" the battle-cry of our dragoman, and then Yusef himself, whirling his stick over his head, passed like a shot. "Badra, Badra!" sounded again in the distance. Saladin wheeled and darted madly after him; while I, clutching the saddle with one hand, just saved my balance in time. "Badra, Badra!" shrieked Yusef, whirling again, and blinded by the fury of battle. "Come on, come on! A thousand of you at a time! Die, villains, die!" Again he dashed furiously by covered in a cloud of dust, and again he returned to the charge; and again, driven to the last extremity by the terrific manner in which Saladin wheeled around and followed every charge, I seized hold of the bridle and tried all my might to stop him, but this time he not only danced about on his hind legs, but made broadside charges to the left for a hundred yards on a stretch, and then turned to the right and made broadside charges again for another hundred yards, and then reared up and attempted to turn a back somerset. All this time there was not the slightest doubt in my mind that sooner or later I should be thrown violently on the ground and have my neck and several of my limbs broken. In vain I called to Yusef; in vain I threatened to discharge him on the spot; sometimes he was half a mile off, and sometimes he passed in a cloud of dust like a whirlwind, but I might just as well have shouted to the great King of Day to stand still as Badra, the Destroyer of Robbers. By this time, finding it impossible to hold Saladin by the bridle, I seized him by the tail with one hand, and by the mane with the other, and away he darted faster than ever. "Badra, Badra!" screamed a voice behind; it was Yusef in full chase! Away we flew, up hill and down hill, over banks of sand, down into fearful hollows, and up again on the other side; and still the battle-cry of Yusef resounded behind, "Badra, Badra forever!"

On we dashed till the pine grove loomed up ahead; on, and still on, till we were close up and the grove stood like a wall of trees before us. "Thank heaven," said I, "we'll stop now! Hold, Yusef, hold!" "Badra, Badra!" cried the frantic horseman, dashing by and plunging in among the trees: "Badra forever!" Saladin plunged after him,

flying round the trees and through the narrow passes in such a manner that, if I feared before that my neck would be broken, I felt an absolute certainty now that my brains would be knocked out and both my eyes run through by some projecting limb. In the horror of the thought, I yelled to Yusef for God's sake to stop, that it was perfect folly to be running about in this way like a pair of madmen; but by this time he had scoured out on the plain again, and was now engaged in going through the exercise of the Djereed with a party of country Arabs, scattering their horses hither and thither, and flourishing his stick at their heads every time he came within reach. They seemed to regard it as an excellent joke, and took it in very good part; but for me there was no joke about the business, and I resolved as soon as a chance occurred to discharge Yusef on the spot. Saladin, becoming now a little tamed by his frolic, slackened his pace, so that I got my feet back into the stirrups, and obtained some control over him. There was a Syrian café and smoke-house not far off, and thither I directed my course. A dozen boys ran out from the grove, and seized him by the bridle, and at the same time, Yusef coming up, both horses were resigned to their charge, and we dismounted. "Hallo, sir!" said I, "come this way!" for to tell the truth I was exceedingly enraged and meant to discharge him on the spot.

"Bless me! what's become of your hat?" cried Yusef, greatly surprised; "I thought your excellency had put it in your pocket, to keep it from blowing away!"

"The devil you did! Send after it, if you please; it must be a mile back on that sand-hill."

A boy was immediately dispatched in search of the hat. Meantime, while I was preparing words sufficiently strong to express my displeasure, Yusef declared that he had never seen an American ride better than I did, only the horse was not used to being managed in the American fashion.

"Eh! Perhaps you allude to the way I let go the reins, and seized him by the mane?"

"To that most certainly I do refer," replied Yusef; "he doesn't understand it. None of the horses in Syria understand it."

"No," said I, "very few horses do. None but the best

riders in America dare to undertake such a thing as that. Did you see how I let my feet come out of the stirrups, and rode without depending at all upon the saddle?"

"Most truly I did; and exceedingly marvelous it was to me that you were not thrown. Any but a very practiced rider would have been flung upon the ground in an instant. But wherefore, O General, do you ride in that dangerous way?"

"Because it lifts the horse from the ground and makes him go faster. Besides, when you don't pull the bridle, of course you don't hurt his mouth or stop his headway."

Yusef assented to this, with many exclamations of surprise at the various customs that prevail in different parts of the world; maintaining, however, that the Syrian horses not being used to it, perhaps it would be better for me in view of our journey to learn the Syrian way of guiding and controlling horses; which I agreed to do forthwith. We then sat down and had some coffee and chibouks; and while I smoked Yusef enlightened me on all the points of Syrian horsemanship: how I was to raise my arms when I wanted the horse to go on, and hold them up when I wanted him to run, and let them down when I wanted him to stop; how I was to lean a little to the right or the left, and by the slightest motion of the bridle guide him either way; how I was to lean back or forward in certain cases, and never trot at all, as that was a most unnatural and barbarous gait, unbecoming both to horse and rider. Upon these and a great many other points he descanted learnedly, till the boy arrived with my hat; when, paying all actual expenses for coffee and chibouks, we distributed a small amount of backshish among the boys who had attended our horses, and mounted once more. This time, under the instruction of Yusef, I soon learned how to manage Saladin, and the ride back to Beirut was both pleasant and entertaining.

JAMES BRYCE.

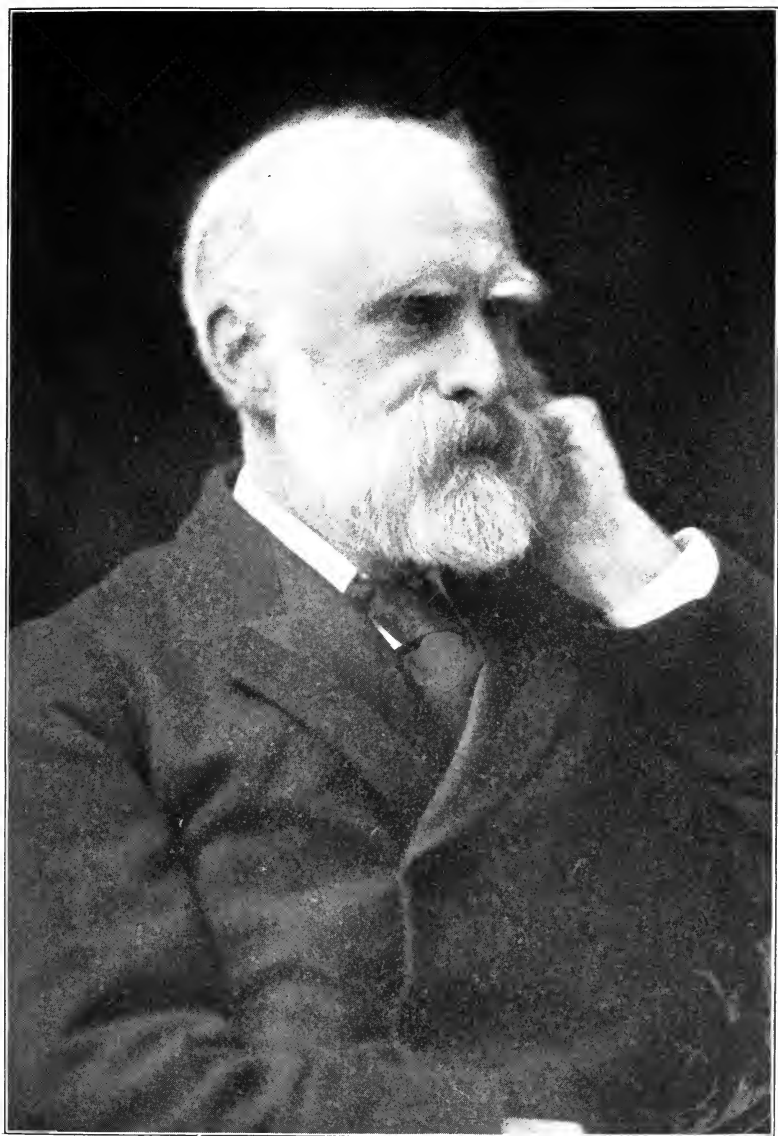
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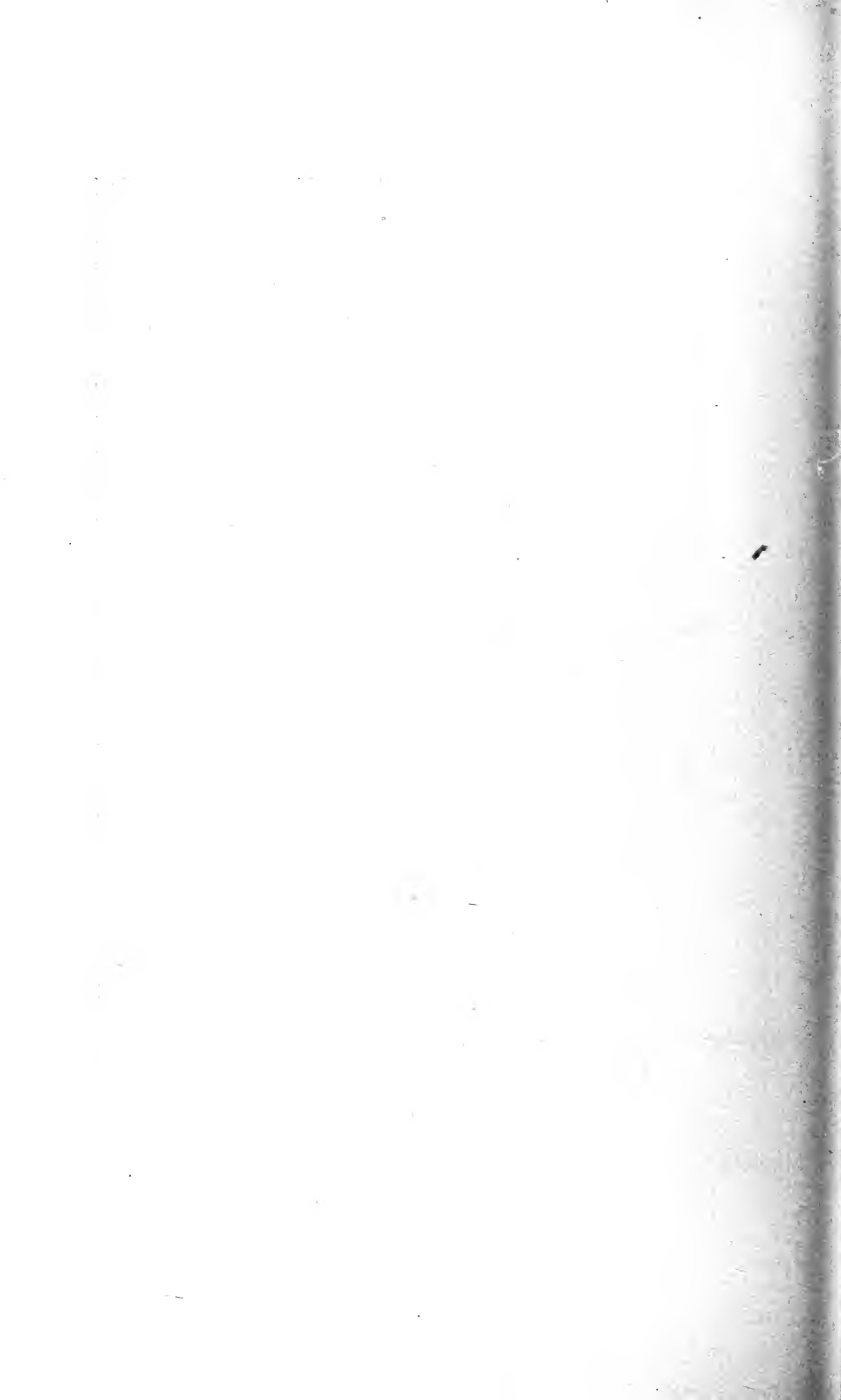
THE Right Honorable James Bryce, P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., M. P. for Aberdeen since 1885, was born in Belfast in 1838. He is the eldest son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow (who died in 1877), and Margaret, the eldest daughter of James Young, Abbeyville, County Antrim. He married Elizabeth Marion, daughter of Thomas Ashton, Fordbank, near Manchester, 1889. He was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and was a scholar of Trinity College. He was graduated from Oxford B.A. in 1862 and D.C.L. in 1870, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1862. He was made a barrister in Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and practiced till 1882. He was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford in 1870, and resigned that office in 1893.

He was member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets in 1880, and was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1886. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (with a seat in the Cabinet) in 1892; President of the Board of Trade in 1894; Chairman of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education in 1894; and a member of the Senate of London University in 1893. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1894; corresponding member of the Institute of France in 1891; foreign member of the Royal Academies of Turin and Brussels in 1896; and corresponding member of the Societa Romana di Storia Patria in 1885. He was made Honorary LL.D. of the Edinburgh University in 1883, of Glasgow University in 1886, and of Michigan University in 1887. He was made Doctor of Political Science of the Royal Hungarian University of Buda Pest in 1896, Doctor of Letters of the Victoria University in 1897, Doctor of Civil Law of Trinity University, Toronto, in 1897, Doctor of Letters of Cambridge University in 1898, and an Honorary Fellow of Trinity and Oriel Colleges, Oxford. He was President of the Alpine Club from 1899 to 1901.

His publications are: 'The Flora of the Island of Arran,' 'The Holy Roman Empire,' 'Report on the Condition of Education in Lancashire' (for the Schools Enquiry Commission), 'The Trade Marks Registration Act, with Introduction and Notes on Trade Mark Law,' 'Transcaucasia and Ararat,' 'The American Commonwealth,' 'Impressions of South Africa,' and 'Studies in History and Jurisprudence.' He also edited 'Two Centuries of Irish History.'

As an original and accurate historian and as a careful observer he takes high rank. His 'American Commonwealth' is generally admitted to be the best critical analysis of American institutions made by a foreign writer.





NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOLDING
PUBLIC OPINION.

From the 'American Commonwealth.'

As the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, it is convenient to begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those general features of national character which give tone and color to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union; but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterwards to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes; though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whisky before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war, when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offenses of all kinds but one, offenses against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness

shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colors their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctively new flavor which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth

of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their laboring classes with the condition of the masses in the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great states of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and poor,—contests which go down to the foundations of government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while many think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that still greater changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such questions trouble American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only to protect the Constitution from being perverted by the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority as events developed the real issues, so that this also has been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the

majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed, because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.

This feeling shades off into another, externally like it, but at bottom distinct—the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail, but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This feeling appears in the guise sometimes of piety and sometimes of fatalism. Religious minds hold—you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits—that Divine Providence has especially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other state has yet attained, and that this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey, and which you can turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*.

The Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland, and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more generally diffused, than in any other country. (I speak of course, of the native Americans, excluding negroes and recent immigrants.) They know the Constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its results tested at elections. The town meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. They exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness.¹ Women in particular, though their chief reading is fiction and theology,

¹ See for a curious, though, it must be admitted, somewhat dismal account of these theological discussions among the ordinary citizens of a small Western community, the striking novel of Mr. E. W. Howe, 'The Story of a Country Town.'

pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with the functions which the theory of the American Government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organization assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a reproach to the schools, which at least do what English schools omit—instruct the child in the principles of the Constitution—as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizens are not, as has hitherto been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislators, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is virtually one of the governors of the republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote. Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with the full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of their past careers. As has been said, the instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself capable of governing, does not completely fit him to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and

discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes of the ship and is expert in working her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but cannot judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting aside the *colluvies gentium* which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous church-goers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith.

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature.

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do

not mean irreverent,—far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions—political, economical, or social—to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and adviser. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for even in America few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others towards correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed towards instruction, but towards stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practiced the art of running conventions and winning elections.

Even that strong point of America, the completeness and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge of all politics by the politics they see first and know best—those of their township or city, and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman, or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size and believe that what does for Lafayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive or hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in

America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it. Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisure class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a member of a party, takes some interest in current events. But although he would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonishes an English visitor to find how small a part politics play in conversation among the wealthier classes and generally in the cities. During a tour of four months in America in the autumn of 1881, in which I had occasion to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country, and particularly in the Eastern cities, I never once heard American politics discussed except when I or some other European brought the subject on the carpet. In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of private talk as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel—more, I think, than he feels anywhere in Britain—that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There is plenty of political chat round the store at the cross-roads, and though it is rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.¹

¹ The European country where the common people talk most about politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boatmen discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens during the whole voyage with the liveliest interest and apparently considerable knowledge.

The want of serious and sustained thinking is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick perceptions serve them so well in business and in ordinary affairs of private life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking belongs to the average man everywhere. Admitting this, I must repeat once more that we are now comparing the Americans not with average men in other countries, but with the ideal citizens of a democracy. We are trying them by the standard which the theory of their government assumes. In other countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are expected to do it for themselves. To say that they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that the men who have got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, downright, apprehensible by an ordinary understanding. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of their locality or party as truths due to their own reflection.

It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this

shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect, however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

They are an unsettled people. In no State of the Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in many it is almost nomadic. Nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbors.¹ Community of interest, or of belief in such a cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytizing force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favorable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. Whether or no there be truth in this suggestion, one who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may find ground for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the items are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbor's sentiment more quickly and easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite confidence, which foreigners attribute to the Englishman, though it belongs rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is,

¹ Forty years ago this was much less true of New England than it is to-day. There are districts in the South where the population is stagnant, but these are backward districts, not affecting the opinion of the country.

though not absent, yet less marked in America.¹ It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organization which their history and institutions have educes, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeful people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow like the wheel of a railway car, by the accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at once, because what has told upon one has told in the same way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds like success. The native American or so-called Know-Nothing party had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry, its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival. Now and

¹ I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the English, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans traveling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do: nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants—Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans—"the natives."

then, as for instance in the election of 1874-75, there comes a rush of feeling so sudden and tremendous, that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet any one who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. A love for what is old and established is in their English blood. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them conservative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their history and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future, makes them underestimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans. They are no doubt ready to listen to suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the City of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. I have remarked in an earlier chapter that the fondness for trying experiments has produced a good deal of hasty legislation, especially in the newer States, and that some of it has already been abandoned. But these admissions do not affect the main proposition. The Americans are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognizes the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in

their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the 'American Commonwealth.'

Social intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France. Yet there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages have begun to approximate to those of Europe, and other parts of the country. In the rural districts, and generally all over the West, young men and girls are permitted to walk together, drive together, go out to parties and even to public entertainments together, without the presence of any third person who can be supposed to be looking after or taking charge of the girl. So a girl may, if she pleases, keep up a correspondence with a young man, nor will her parents think of interfering. She will have her own friends, who when they call at her house ask for her, and are received by her, it may be alone; because they are not deemed to be necessarily the friends of her parents also, nor even of her sisters.

In the cities of the Atlantic States it is now thought scarcely correct for a young man to take a young lady out for a solitary drive; and in few sets would he be permitted to escort her alone to the theater. But girls still go without chaperons to dances, the hostess being deemed to act as chaperon for all her guests; and as regards both correspondence and the right to have one's own circle of acquaintances, the usage even of New York or Boston allows more liberty than does that of London or Edinburgh. It was at one time, and it may possibly still be, not uncommon for a group of young people who know one another well to make up an autumn "party in the woods." They choose some mountain and forest region, such as the Adirondack Wilderness west of Lake Champlain, engage

three or four guides, embark with guns and fishing-rods, tents, blankets, and a stock of groceries, and pass in boats up the rivers and across the lakes of this wild country through sixty or seventy miles of trackless forest, to their chosen camping-ground at the foot of some tall rock that rises from the still crystal of the lake. Here they build their bark hut, and spread their beds of the elastic and fragrant hemlock boughs; the youths roam about during the day, tracking the deer, the girls read and work and bake the corn-cakes; at night there is a merry gathering round the fire or a row in the soft moonlight. On these expeditions brothers will take their sisters and cousins, who bring perhaps some lady friends with them; the brothers' friends will come too; and all will live together in a fraternal way for weeks or months, though no elderly relative or married lady be of the party.

There can be no doubt that pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the greater freedom which transatlantic custom permits; and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized. American girls have been, so far as a stranger can ascertain, less disposed to what are called "fast ways" than girls of the corresponding classes in England, and exercise in this respect a pretty rigorous censorship over one another. But when two young people find pleasure in one another's company, they can see as much of each other as they please, can talk and walk together frequently, can show that they are mutually interested, and yet need have little fear of being misunderstood either by one another or by the rest of the world. It is all a matter of custom. In the West, custom sanctions this easy friendship; in the Atlantic cities, so soon as people have come to find something exceptional in it, constraint is felt, and a conventional etiquette like that of the Old World begins to replace the innocent simplicity of the older time, the test of whose merit may be gathered from the universal persuasion in America that happy marriages are in the middle and upper ranks more common than in Europe, and that this is due to the ampler opportunities which young men and women have of learning one another's characters and habits before becoming betrothed. Most

girls have a larger range of intimate acquaintances than girls have in Europe, intercourse is franker, there is less difference between the manners of home and the manners of general society. The conclusions of a stranger are in such matters of no value; so I can only repeat that I have never met any judicious American lady who, however well she knew the Old World, did not think that the New World customs conduced more both to the pleasantness of life before marriage, and to constancy and concord after it.

In no country are women, and especially young women, so much made of. The world is at their feet. Society seems organized for the purpose of providing enjoyment for them. Parents, uncles, aunts, elderly friends, even brothers, are ready to make their comfort and convenience bend to the girls' wishes. The wife has fewer opportunities for reigning over the world of amusements, because except among the richest people she has more to do in household management than in England, owing to the scarcity of servants; but she holds in her own house a more prominent if not a more substantially powerful position than in England or even in France. With the German hausfrau, who is too often content to be a mere housewife, there is of course no comparison. The best proof of the superior place American ladies occupy is to be found in the notions they profess to entertain of the relations of an English married pair. They talk of the English wife as little better than a slave; declaring that when they stay with English friends, or receive an English couple in America, they see the wife always deferring to the husband and the husband always assuming that his pleasure and convenience are to prevail. The European wife, they admit, often gets her own way, but she gets it by tactful arts, by flattery or wheedling or playing on the man's weaknesses; whereas in America the husband's duty and desire is to gratify the wife, and render to her those services which the English tyrant exacts from his consort. One may often hear an American matron commiserate a friend who has married in Europe, while the daughters declare in chorus that they will never follow the example. Laughable as all this may seem to English women, it is perfectly true that the theory as well as the practice of conjugal life is not the same in America as in England. There are overbearing husbands

in America, but they are more condemned by the opinion of the neighborhood than in England. There are exacting wives in England, but their husbands are more pitied than would be the case in America.

In neither country can one say that the principle of perfect equality reigns; for in America the balance inclines nearly, though not quite, as much in favor of the wife as it does in England in favor of the husband. No one man can have a sufficiently large acquaintance in both countries to entitle his individual opinion on the results to much weight. So far as I have been able to collect views from those observers who have lived in both countries, they are in favor of the American practice, perhaps because the theory it is based on departs less from pure equality than does that of England. These observers do not mean that the recognition of women as equals or superiors makes them any better or sweeter or wiser than Englishwomen; but rather that the principle of equality, by correcting the characteristic faults of men, and especially their selfishness and vanity, is more conducive to the concord and happiness of a home.

They conceive that to make the wife feel her independence and responsibility more strongly than she does in Europe tends to brace and expand her character; while conjugal affection, usually stronger in her than in the husband, inasmuch as there are fewer competing interests, saves her from abusing the precedence yielded to her. This seems to be true; but I have heard others maintain that the American system, since it does not require the wife to forego her own wishes, tends, if not to make her self-indulgent and capricious, yet slightly to impair the more delicate charms of character; as it is written, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

From 'Two Centuries of Irish History.'

There would be little profit in trying to apportion between England and the different classes and parties in Ireland the blame for the misfortunes of the last ninety

years. When it is perceived that all these misfortunes were the natural result of the position in which the two islands found themselves, the charge of deliberate malignity which many Irishmen have brought against England falls to the ground. The faults of England were ignorance and heedlessness—faults always found where the governed are far from the sight of the governors, and misgovernment brings no direct or immediate penalty in its train. United not to the Irish people as a whole, but to a caste which was hardly a part of that people, and knowing that caste to be bound to herself, she allowed it to govern in her name. She did not heed, because she scarcely heard, the complaints of the oppressed race. It is true that Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries were almost always Englishmen. But going to Ireland with no previous knowledge of the country, and living there among the Ascendancy, they saw with its eyes and heard with its ears. Even statesmen like Peel and Goulburn appear in Irish history as the mere mouthpieces of the lawyers and officials who surrounded them, and accepted the brutal remedies for disorder which those officials, following the old traditions, suggested to them. Nor, when the turn of the Whigs came, did they cordially recognize the equality of rights and duties to which the Catholics had been admitted in 1829, but sought to deal with them as if they were still an inferior class. Had England, even that unsympathetic oligarchy which ruled England till 1832, governed Ireland directly, influenced by no one class in Ireland more than any other, she could have hardly failed to remove many of the evils of the country. Had she left administration and legislation entirely in the hands of the Ascendancy, excluding them from the legislature of Britain, the administration would probably have been no worse, and a spirit of Irish patriotism, a sense of responsibility to the mass of the inhabitants, and dread of their displeasure, such as seemed to be growing up in the last half of the preceding century, might have arisen to weld the Anglo-Irish and the native Irish into one people. It was the combination of dependency government with the government of a denationalized caste that proved fatal during the first seventy years of this century, as during the first eighty of the century preceding.

The faults of the Irish people are no less clearly traceable to the conditions under which they lived. Miseries unparalleled in modern Europe, miseries which legislation did not even attempt to remove, produced agrarian crimes and lawless combinations. The sense of wild justice that underlay these crimes and combinations bred an ingrained hostility to law, and a disposition to sympathize with those who braved it. Englishmen who admit this explanation of the most distressing feature of Irish peasant life, are surprised that it should still subsist. But though it sprang up in the middle of last century, the conditions that produced it—that is to say, agrarian oppression and the absence of equal justice locally administered—remained long after the Union in scarcely diminished potency. With the aversion to law there came naturally an aversion to the so-called “English Government,” and to England herself. It was intensified among the leaders of the people by the events of 1798, and perpetuated by the contempt with which Irish patriotism had been treated in England—a contempt in curious contrast with the sympathy which England warmly and frequently expressed for national movements elsewhere.

England expected loyalty from the Irish, especially after she thought she had honored them by union with herself. But what was there to make them loyal either to the Crown or to the English connection? Loyalty is a plant which does not spring up of itself. A healthy seed must be sown, and sown in a congenial soil. Loyalty to the Crown is in England the result of centuries of national greatness, of a thousand recollections grouped round the head of the State, who personifies the unity and glory of the nation. In Ireland the recollections were recollections of conquest mingled with not a few of cruelty and treachery. The dominant caste, which had gone to the verge of rebellion in 1782, called itself loyal when, in 1798, the subject race followed the example which the Volunteers had set. This caste has since professed attachment to the English Crown. Its attachment has not been disinterested. “Doth a man serve God for naught?” The Ascendancy had solid reasons for adhering to the power which maintained it as an ascendancy. But the other Irish nation of ninety years ago, the nation of Celts and Roman Catholics,

had no more reason for loyalty to the King of England than the Christians of the East have for loyalty to the Turkish sultan. Nor have the English kings sought to foster loyalty in the way which kings find most effective, by their personal presence. Before the appearance of James II., followed by the conquering entrance of William III., only three sovereigns had set foot in Ireland—Henry II., John, and Richard II. Since the battle of the Boyne only one royal visit was paid, that of George IV. in 1824, down to the visit of her present Majesty in 1849.¹ On both those occasions the sovereign was received with the greatest warmth. Why has one of the most obvious services a monarchy can render been so strangely neglected?

The want of a capacity for self-government, which is so often charged upon the Irish, does not need to be explained by an inherent defect in Celtic peoples when it is remembered that no opportunity of acquiring it has ever been afforded them. Since the primitive clan organization of the native race was dissolved in the sixteenth century, neither local nor national self-government has ever existed in Ireland, until the recent establishment of representative municipal institutions in the larger towns. There were practically no free elections of members of the House of Commons till the famous Waterford election of 1826, and even after that year an election was almost always a struggle between temporal intimidation by landlords and spiritual intimidation by priests. The Ballot Act of 1872 is the true beginning of Parliamentary life in the Irish counties, and seems to mark a turning-point in Irish history.

That Irish political leaders have usually wanted a sense of responsibility, have been often violent in their language, agitators and rhetoricians rather than statesmen, is undeniable, and must be borne in mind when England is blamed for refusing to follow their advice. But vehemence and recklessness are natural to men who had no responsibility, whom no one dreamt of placing in administrative posts, who found their counsels steadily ignored. They, like the people from whom they sprung, had no training in self-government, no enlightened class to correct by its opinion their extravagances. Agitation was the only resource of

¹ King Edward VII. paid Ireland a visit in 1893.—[Ed.]

those who shrank from conspiracy or despaired of insurrection; and the habit of agitation produced a type of character, as Cervantes says that every man is the son of his own works. Leadership had, with some honorable exceptions, become divorced from education and property, because the class which gave leaders to the nation in the thirty years before the Union had now been thoroughly denationalized.

The reflection may occur that if these unhappy features in the character of English rule and the temper of the Irish people during the last two centuries were the result of causes acting steadily during a long period of time, a correspondingly long period of better relations will be needed to efface them. History, however, if she does not absolutely forbid, certainly does not countenance such a prediction. It has sometimes happened that when malignant conditions have vanished, and men's feelings undergone a thorough change, a single generation has been sufficient to wipe out ancient animosities, and capacities for industrial or intellectual or political development have been disclosed which no one ventured to expect. Necessity and responsibility are the best teachers. Even the dreary annals of Ireland show some progress from century to century. In a time like ours, changes of every kind move faster than they did in the days of darkness and isolation; and, though there are moments when clouds seem to settle down over Ireland or over Europe as a whole, yet if we compare the condition of the world now with that of a century ago, we find ample grounds for a faith in the increasing strength of the forces which make for righteousness and peace.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY has made a great success in a novel of remarkable vigor entitled 'Croppies Lie Down'—and his shorter stories, of which we give an example, are read with much appreciation both here and on the other side of the Atlantic.

INNISCARRA.

From 'The Gael' (by permission).

He regretted that he had not gone over the crest of Curragh Beg instead of following the slanting road by its flank, when he saw who stood in the way, her form white against the pines of Garrovagh across the Lee. The sinking sun, too, found her white gown and the cloudy tresses of living gold that framed her lovely face, their burnished plaits crowning the spirited head with a crown that queens might envy. She was carrying the milk pail and supervising the erratic progress of Drimmin, the little cow from the Kingdom of Kerry. Had Drimmin been human, she would have described her most obvious characteristic as firmness, from which it may be gathered that Maureen Ni Carroll's task was not a sinecure. A tuft of sweet clover just inside a neighboring fence having attracted her attention, she promptly entangled her horns amid the wiring; this made the girl call out, shading her eyes, then she saw Hugh and put down the pail.

Hugh was not a particularly intelligent young man, but the light of fancy had not been dulled in his unworn eyes, and the sudden expression on Maureen's face brought a thought so perturbing that he was glad to occupy himself with Drimmin's predicament, the girl standing by, save for the brief Gaelic greeting, wordless. Drimmin being extricated, he came to her with the original statement that it was a fine evening.

"Come here," replied Maureen, "is it true that you are goin' to list below there at Ballincollig?"

Hugh threw a restless glance at the silvery Lee. "There isn't much else for a man to do these times," he said. "I was biddin' 'em good-bye at Castle Inch."

“An’ you’re not goin’ back to Cloghroe any more? Then it’s true?”

“’T is, begor; the mother’s dead, an’ two cows. There’s a gale due.”

“Is it the way you can’t farm?”

“I’m able to do that right enough, but the life is slavery—not a bit of diversion. So, what would I do it for?”

She looked at him. “Groomin’ horses an’ carryin’ pails isn’t much, either,” she retorted, “an’ that’s what most of ’em are doin’ down there.”

He bent his brows and switched his leg with the *kipeen*¹ he was already learning to carry like a riding-whip. “It’s a fine life all the same—a soldier’s,” he said, dreamily, thinking of the review he had seen at Cork Park.

“War isn’t like that,” she replied with Irish intuition, “an’ if it was, there’s the shame of goin’ out to kill people that never did you harm, for people who made your country what it is.”

“It’s a fine life all the same,” he reiterated, “an’ there’s promotion—”

“For you!” she retorted. “Is it the way you are goin’ to turn *souper*?”

He winced. “No fear of that!” he said.

“An’ it’s nice, decent comrades you’ll have—sure, you must have heard what some of ’em did over at Inniscarra once? Robbin’ the dead!”

“There’s good and bad everywhere.”

“An’ what will they give you for goin’ among ’em?”

He repeated the recruiting sergeant’s patter; she tore it to shreds in the light of some exceedingly straight statements made by a cousin who had the honor of giving twenty years of a now worthless life in exchange for a shilling a day—and stoppages. He hardly heard, he was thundering away in a phantom pageant lit by Fantasy’s glow, with all the horses at the charge and all the swords aslant. Through the vision a few trumpet notes flaunted up the valley, a voice that called, and he turned away.

She understood, her beautiful brows running straight a moment. “Sure I wouldn’t mind,” she said, “it would be grand if it were for Ireland!” Then her cheek burned, and she took up the pitcher.

¹ *Kipeen*, a short stick.

“Good-bye, Maureen,” he said. He feared his tongue might play him false.

“*Slan leat,*”¹ she answered over one curved shoulder, “*Beannact De le t’ anam!*”²

When he had gone a short distance he looked back. She was following the mountain path, her gown diaphanous at the sides, the hair a golden mist about the graceful head. In a moment, sky, water, wood, and brooding hill seemed instinct with sudden significance; dimly he knew the picture would remain until he died.

He went on with laggard step, for his angel was pleading to the spirit within, and the evening scene was pleading also in the tongue we learn too late. The sunlight passed ere he reached the bridge spanning the Bride, and here he paused before descending the dip. The little valley, with its scattered pines and shadowy mist and steep banks under St. Cera’s Athnoven stretched away to the right; he traced it mentally up to ancient Kilcrea and Farran height throned upon the Clara slopes above the sunny plains and rolling hills of Muskerry. He looked across to Inniscarra’s pebbly strand, and followed the invisible road winding beneath the sloping flank of Garravagh on to the sweet Dripsey stream. It was a pleasant country, good to live in, better to die for, best to fight for, as strangers found, though God knows, dull enough, because its people, having lost their spirit with their tongue, had become boorish imitators parroting stupid or bestial things. But, before him swelled the broad Lee, arched by the time-worn bridge so many quiet feet had crossed, bearing generations of men to their sins or their sorrows or their joys, and it seemed to cut his life in twain, for beyond lay the walled barrack where the braided jackets, and gleaming swords, and prancing chargers waited.

He resumed his way, harassed by wearying thoughts. So oppressed, he ascended the narrow road, fringed on one side by young beech, and oak, and drooping ash. At the other, beside the Lee, the “Island of the Dead” rose lovely and lonely, its elms reflected below, and the bell tower of an alien faith that to its years is but as the life of a weed against the brow of old Garrovagh. An aged priest whose

¹ *Slan leat*, Good-bye. ² *Beannact De le t’ anam!* God rest your soul.

Masses he had often served told him that the great Hugh O'Neil once halted here, what time he marched south, and the Saxon churls hid behind the walls of Barry's fortress, and Ormond hovered afar. Of course he knew nothing more; being born in that land, he was ignorant of its story as the heron his tread had disturbed or the wood pigeons cooing overhead. All he comprehended was that O'Neil had been a great soldier who beat the English long ago, and that he would be a soldier too. The glamour of the camp lured his ignorance, he thought proudly of the ordered lines, the gallant dress, the tossing manes, the flashing steel, the splendor of the charge. Nor was he to be blamed; the grace of color is not the less because it clothes a clod, the bright blade will flash its thrilling message though held by unworthy hands, the gallant steed go thundering on in beauty and in strength, though bestridden by a coward's bones.

He went more rapidly, glancing at the meadow land opposite, ghostly now beneath white river mists, and then paused, peaked shapes taking form and substance there. "Tents!" he whispered; "I wonder I didn't see 'em before!" The air appeared to strike suddenly cold. He shivered. "It must be a new regiment under canvas," he muttered; "maybe the sergeant is there."

He pushed on rapidly, a confused murmur meeting his ear, and soon gained the turn of the old bridge, whence a road winds up to the coach road running on to Macroom. Down this a detail of horsemen trotted; they carried lances, but were not lancers. They were soldiers wearing lightly corselet and helmet that glimmered sharply in the gathering dusk. One was singing; to him the tongue was almost unknown, but the melody woke memories. He caught a word here and there as the rest took it up, strangely familiar, strangely remote—it was the Colleen Dhas.

Instinctively he felt among friends and was seized with a sudden desire to know more about those men, those real soldiers, who carried themselves so gallantly and did not growl at their curveting steeds.

"Good night, men," he said as they passed, but the troopers gave no sign, and went on across the bridge, whose parapet had grown lower, he thought, turning then off to

the right and disappearing into the field beyond. A flood of strange, mad fancies passed through his mind, making his heart beat and his ears throb as if with the rattle of innumerable drums. He followed, and saw that the wide expanse was dotted by dark brown tents stretching in lines to the bank of the Lee, where a road wound its white length. He had not been in the place for some time past. "I wonder why they made that?" he muttered; "I didn't notice it a while ago."

It was not new, to-day it lies beneath grass and hedge, unthought of by one in the hundreds who tread the path running under Garrovagh. Habit carried him forward and he went, his chin on his shoulder, watching the tents and the road curving up to a little eminence near a house with latticed windows he knew well, but could not see, because the place was filled by mounted men, above them a banner unrolled—a banner he had never seen before.

At the end of the long, straight way he followed was another group. They too, wore glistening armor, spears glinting cold above the helmet feathers. They all wore swords, handsomer than those he had admired hitherto. None carried carbines he noted, but did not like them the worse for that, having an instinctive preference for the "beautiful white weapon" and that other the old-time man-of-arms called the Queen of Weapons. Some were gathered curiously about the mile stone let in the wall of the Cyclist's Rest, the mile stone that has told "6" to so many centuries of weary or careless eyes, but he did not observe the house itself, wondering whether the soldiers would stop him. One, standing in mid road, seemed inclined to do so, as he towered there, one foot advanced, a hand on his belt, the other grasping the tall spear that gleamed above his six feet of steel and manhood—a very type and symbol of glorious war.

As he passed he uttered a faltering "Beannact leat!" The man looked down upon him calmly, a white face under the plumed headpiece, impassive as Garrovagh itself, and he went his way, vaguely ashamed, heading for the strange flag fluttering afar.

As he approached he saw that it was posted near a spot where a cluster of houses linger at the debouching of a small valley threaded by a forgotten road leading north—

a backwater on the shrunken stream of Irish life. It was of the camp on his right and the flag above it he thought now, the flag whereon he could dimly discern a red hand and a motto in Gaelic. All round were men in chased armor, mounted on spirited steeds, and he climbed the hill to see better.

"Glory be to God!" he whispered, "there's a power of 'em down as far as Goat Island an' the Kennels! I wonder why they talk Irish—where's the barrack wall at all?"

The English wall had disappeared, but the waste of Goat Island was alive with stirring multitudes and shadowy with the smoke of smoldering camp fires. Hoarse commands rang out, he saw the tents were being struck and piled on carts with a method he thought exclusively British. The same was being done in the meadows below, rank after rank of men falling into place rapidly, the baggage train splashing through the shallows or winding by the river road, all converging toward the banner greeted by rolling cheers. Just in the way, glittering above the rest, was a man on a splendid charger. Had the watcher not lived in a country striving to kill its soul he would have known that man from printed book and painted canvas; as it was, he could not but see that he was "strong of body," that he had a high look and a noble air, a certain erectness which was part of those surrounding him.

There were fresh orders, a halt, a pause, a steady dressing of lines, and in a moment he was on the outskirts of a mighty crowd, a forest of lances. The man on the horse raised his hand and spoke, the tongue was the tongue of the men who sang by the bridge, the men who controlled and ordered the marching, the tongue that kept the last memory of Maureen Ni Carroll's tones, the tongue he had striven to forget, through shame, because it was Irish. The speech was short, but it breathed a sentiment he knew was seditious, so that he was almost afraid to hear; but the fear died as the spirit of the words challenged his own. It spoke of unshaken faith in Ireland, unswerving hatred of her unswerving foe, firm resolve to do or die for the glory of God and the honor of Eire.

A thundering storm of sound replied, the wide valley echoed, old Garrovagh gave back the magic name "O'Neil."

The marching recommenced to the music of war-pipes, a song rising from the steady ranks, sprightly and fierce, as they went quickly in review by the Man of the Yellow Ford. It drew the listener's soul through his ears, and, heedless of all, he rushed down the mountain path to seek and follow, if it were to death!

When he reached the cross all was still, the summer eve was balmy once again, across the Lee the barrack wall showed gray, only the rabbits were stirring on Goat Island, the old bridge curved over the stream, Curragh Beg looked down on all. But the river spoke at the weir, and now he understood; a trumpet blast sang from the barrack—a voice had called in vain. The face of Maureen Ni Carroll rose before him, he set his teeth and turned abruptly to the north, following the old road, the road that led home, the road O'Neil had taken.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

(1816—1843.)

KEVIN T. BUGGY is chiefly known by the popular poem printed here, 'The Saxon Shilling,' which appeared in January, 1843. He was a son of Michael Buggy of Kilkenny, where he was born in 1816. He was called to the bar in London in 1841, and later succeeded Sir C. G. Duffy as editor of *The Belfast Vindicator*. He wrote some stories and poems for Irish newspapers, which were never collected or republished. He died in Belfast, Aug. 18, 1843, and a monument was erected over his grave by means of a public subscription.

He is described as a "rough, unkempt, slovenly, hearty kind of man and of great ability."

THE SAXON SHILLING.¹

Hark! a martial sound is heard—
The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming;
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—
For bold recruits the brave are coming,
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—
The sounds and sights are surely thrilling.
Dazzled village youths to-day
Will crowd to take the *Saxon Shilling*.

Ye whose spirits will not bow
In peace to parish tyrants longer—
Ye, who wear the villain brow,
And ye who pine in hopeless hunger—
Fools, without the brave man's faith—
All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell themselves to shame and death—
Accept the fatal *Saxon Shilling*.

Ere you from your mountains go
To feel the scourge of foreign fever,
Swear to serve the faithless foe

¹ Refers to the English custom when recruiting for the army. The acceptance of a shilling (twenty-five cents) from the recruiting sergeant constitutes the act of enlisting, and in the old days many a poor fellow has been so plied with drink that he has awakened from his sleep to find a shilling in his hand and the Queen's colors (ribbons of red, white, and blue) pinned to his hat or on his breast; sure signs that he had "listed for a sojer," even though he had forgotten about it.—[Ed.]

That lures you from your land forever!
Swear henceforth its tools to be—
To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
Honor, home, and liberty,
Abandoned for a *Saxon Shilling*.

Go—to find, mid crime and toil,
The doom to which such guilt is hurried;
Go—to leave on Indian soil
Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied!
Go—to crush the just and brave,
Whose wrongs with wrath the world is filling;
Go—to slay each brother slave
Or spurn the blood-stained *Saxon Shilling!*

Irish hearts! why should you bleed
To swell the tide of British glory—
Aiding despots in their need,
Who've changed our *green* so oft to *gory!*
None, save those who wish to see
The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
And true hearts severed from the free,
Will take again the *Saxon Shilling!*

Irish youths! reserve your strength
Until an hour of glorious duty,
When Freedom's smile shall cheer at length
The land of bravery and beauty.
Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—
Let nought but Justice make you willing
To leave your own dear Island shore,
For those who send the *Saxon Shilling*.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

(1865 —)

SHAN F. BULLOCK, the novelist of North of Ireland life and character, was born at Crom, County Fermanagh, May 17, 1865. He was educated at Farra School, County Westmeath, and King's College, London.

Although closely occupied in the Government service, he has found time to work, with a single purpose, at literature, as well as to indulge in his favorite recreations of walking, cycling, and swimming. His 'Thrasna River' recalls to one a long sunny day spent amid the bleaching cornfields of Ulster, with the reek of the turf in the air and the mountain forever in sight. His 'Ring o' Rushes,' 'The Charmer,' and 'The Awkward Squads' have in no less measure this quality of truth and realization. The close of 1899 saw the publication of a new book by Mr. Bullock, 'The Barrys'; and in 1901 he published 'Irish Pastorals,' which is full of manifest truth and beauty.

THE RIVAL SWAINS.

From 'The English Illustrated Magazine.'

We left the Bunn Road, turned down hill towards Curleck, passed a great, stone-walled farmhouse set nakedly on the hillside, whirled through a little oak plantation and across a single-arched bridge; then suddenly came to a stretch of level sandy road with broad grass margins on either hand and willow hedges, and, beyond these, low-lying tracts of pasture and meadow land that ran on one side along Thrasna River, and extended on the other back to the shores of Clackan Lough.

A beautiful country it is just there, half-way from the Stonegate to Curleck woods, well-wooded and watered, green and smiling, with white farmhouses scattered plentifully over its face, and dark patches of crop-land here and there between the hedges, and round all, dim and blue, the mighty ring of giant mountains. But, like a true son of the soil and owner of a high-stepping horse, my friend James Hicks had more eye for the road and its ruts than for the hills and their beauties, nor would he allow many words of mine in praise of the natural beauties of the land to sift through his rustic mind unrebuked. No! to blazes

with beauty and color and the rest! What cared he for such foolery? It was the soil he valued, the hard, practical soil, sir, not the frippery that spoilt the face of it.

"Fine, ye call it!" he said, and pointed disdainfully with his whip at the big rushy fields beyond the hedge. "I wish to glory ye saw me stick a spade half a foot into the skin of it. Water an' clay, that 's what ye 'd find, an' grass growin' on it that 'd cut ye like razors. Ay! I know it. An' sure there 's good reason for it bein' so. Ye see Thrasna River over there?" said he, and pointed to the right with his whip. "An' ye see Clackan Lough over there?" and he wagged his head to the left. "An' ye remarked that little stream back there, wi' the bridge over it? Well, if ye look hard at them they 'll tell their own story. Suppose the sky opened there above your head and spouted rain for six whole days at a time, what 'd happen? Eh? I 'll tell ye. The mountains there beyond 'd send the water roarin' down upon us; the lakes above in Cavan 'd swell an' come slap at us; the hills there 'd do their duty; an' then up rises the river, an' the lake, over comes the water wi' a jump, an' when you 'd be eatin' your supper there 's a lake spread between the hills, an' a canal three feet deep runnin' here over the road between the hedges. Yes, aw I know it! *That's* the time to see how beautiful the country looks! *That's* the time to make the farmers kick their heels wi' joy wi' their hay in wisps, an' their turf in mud, and their potatoes maybe swamped! How comfortable ye 'd feel, now, if ye wanted to get to Curleck, an' ye had no friend to drive ye, an' the water was as deep as your chin on the road, an'— Aw dear, oh dear!" James cried suddenly, and slapped his knee; then, in true Irish fashion, changed his tune quickly from dolor to laughter. "Aw dear, oh dear! to think of that story comin' into me head all at once! Sure it 's wonderful the quare tricks one's brain-box plays one. The quarest thing it was happened along this very road, sir, one winter's night when the floods were up. But maybe ye know the story o' George Lunny's stilts, an' what came o' them?"

I shook my head. So James leant his elbow on the cushion of the car-well, crossed his legs, and having worked his horse into a steady trot, went on with his story.

"'T was a good many years ago that the thing happened,

an' 't was in the same winter that the big wind blew the roof off the hay-shed at Emo. Powerful the flood was at that time an' four feet deep it lay on this very road; so that if ye wanted to get to Curleck an' hadn't a boat, an' hadn't time to get around the lake there, ye had to take your life in your fist, tuck up your coat-tails, an' wi' the tops o' the hedges to guide ye, just wade for it. Faith! 't was a funny sight o' market-days to see the ould women comin' along here on their asses' carts wi' their skirts over their ears, an' the water squirtin' out below the tail-board, an' the unfortunate baste of an ass trudgin' unconcernedly through it all wi' its head an' ears showin' above the water; an' a funnier sight 't was at times to see George Lunny an' the rest comin' through it on their stilts. Like ghosts they 'd seem o' times, when dusk was comin'; if a wind was blowin', ye 'd think they were drunk, that wobbly they's be; an' at the deep parts, be the Kings! but it's miracles ye 'd think they 'd be at an' walkin' on the water. Anyway, it's about George I must tell ye.

"He used to work below in the gardens at Lord Louth's—a middle-sized, good-natured kind o' fellow, harmless enough, an' powerful good to the widow mother at home. An' o' course, he has a wee girl to go courtin'; an' o' course there's another man that's sweet on her too; an' o' course she lived *that* side o' the flood—ye'll see the house shortly when we get to the woods—an' they lived *this*. So ye'll see that what wi' crossin' the flood o' nights to see her, an' the trifle o' jealousy between themselves, they had enough to keep them alive through the winter.

"Well, one night when George had had his supper, an' a wash an' shave, he takes his stilts across his shoulder, and sets out to see the wee girl, Bessie Bredin by name. 'T was a fine, frosty night, wi' a three-quarter moon shinin', an' when George gets to the edge o' the flood there behind the bridge, who should he see but th' other fellow sittin' on the copin' stones.

"'Aw! good evenin', David,' (that being the rival's name) says George, restin' his stilts against the bridge wall an' pullin' out his pipe. 'It's a fine night now.'

"'It is so, George,' answers David, not speaking too friendly-like, still without any ill-will, for so far it was a fair race between the two. 'It is so.'

“‘It’s a cowl seat ye’ve got there this frosty night, David,’ said George, strikin’ a match.

“‘Aw, it is,’ answers David. ‘I just daundered down to look at the wild ducks on the wing, an’ smoke me pipe.’

“‘Ye hadn’t a notion to cross the flood now, David?’ asks George in his sly way.

“‘Aw, no,’ says David. ‘Aw! not at all.’

“‘Ay?’ says George, catchin’ hold o’ his stilts. ‘Well, I’m goin’ that direction for an hour or so. Anythin’ I can do for ye?’

“‘Ah, no, George,’ says David. ‘Ah, no, ’cept I’m sorry I couldn’t—well, to tell the truth, I *was* thinkin’ o’ goin’ down Curleck way the night. Only Jan Farmer, bad luck take him! has gone off wi’ the cot after the ducks, and I can’t cross.’

“‘Aw,’ says George, that sleek and pitiful, ‘that’s bad—that’s bad. An’ ye’ve no stilts or anythin’? Och, och, man alive! what were ye thinkin’ of? An’ sure ’t would be an ojus pity to wet them new Sunday trousers o’ yours. But tell ye what, David, I’ve a broad back on me, an’ a stout pair o’ legs, an’ the stilts there ’d carry a ton weight—get on me back, an’ I’ll carry ye over.’

“Well, at that David hummed an’ ha’d a while, an’ objected this an’ that: he didn’t care whether he went or not; he was bigger an’ weightier than George (which was true, but not over weighty for a big lump o’ a man like George), an’ might strain his back; they might trip over a rut or a stone. An’ George just listened quietly to it all an’ threw in an odd remark in a careless kind o’ way, knowin’ well enough that David was dyin’ to go, an’ that ’t was only fear of his skin that hindered him. At last up George gets on his stilts, an’ says he—

“‘Well, David, me son, good-bye; I’m sorry I can’t stay longer wi’ ye, but I’m expectin’ to see some one about eight o’clock. Good-night, David, an’ take care o’ yourself.’ An’ at the word up gets David from the wall an’ takes a grip o’ George’s trousers.

“‘Aisy,’ says he; ‘aisy, I’ll go.’

“So George gets alongside the bridge-wall, an’ David mounts it an’ scrambles on to George’s back; an’ off the caravan sets through the flood.

“Well, sir, there begins the game; for George was a

masterpiece on the stilts, an' held the whip hand, and David, as the water got closer and closer to his feet, only shivered more an' more, an' gripped George the tighter. First George'd wobble to this side, an' David'd shout *Murther!* Then George'd wobble that side, and David'd roar *Meila murther!* Then George'd splash a drop o' frosty water round David's ankles an' set him shiverin'; then he'd turn his face round an' say, 'Aw, David, David, me strength's goin',' an' lek a shaved monkey David'd shiver on his back an' chatter wi' his teeth. At last, about half-way through, George, whether from pure divilment or spite, I know not—for afterwards he'd never say—gives a quick lurch on the stilts, jerks his shoulders an' off David goes into the water—slap in he goes, wi' a roar like a bull, flounders awhile, then rises splutterin', rubs his eyes, an' sets off like a grampus helter-skelter after George. Whiroo! there's where the scene was, an' the *Whillaloo*, an' the splashin' an' swearin'; but at last George gets to dry land, drops the stilts an' as hard as he could pelt makes for the girl's house. An' after him like a retriever goes David, as wet as a fish an' as mad as twenty hatters. 'Aw! may the divil send that I get me hands on ye,' he'd shout, 'till I pull the wizen out o' ye!' An' away in front George'd laugh an' shout back, 'Aw, David, David, spare me, spare me! 'T was all an accident.' So like that they went on along this very road up the Round Hill there, down through the woods below, an' up the lane to the girl's house.

"I happened that night to be makin' a *kaley* in Bredin's kitchen—in troth, I may say at once that if Bessie, the daughter, had looked kindly on meself instead o' George or David, I'd have jumped in me boots—an' was sittin' in the corner holdin' discourse wi' Bredin himself, when the door clatters open an' in comes George pantin' an' blowin'.

"'Aw, aw!' says he, droppin' into a chair an' tryin' to laugh, 'I'll be kilt—I'll be kilt! Big Davy's after me roarin' vengeance. I—I—' then, as well as he could, told us what had happened. 'Here he comes,' says George, risin' to his feet; an' wi' that the door flings open an' in comes Big David—the wofulest object ye iver clapped eyes on, wi' his hair in his eyes, an' his clothes dreepin', an' his face blue as a blue bag. He dunder into the kitchen,

looks at George, then wi' a shout makes for him. 'Aw, ye whelp ye!' shouts he, 'I've got ye;' but at that Bredin runs, an' the wife runs, an' I run, an' between us all keep the two asunder. An' all the time Davy keeps roarin' an' strugglin', and George standin' by the fire keeps sayin': 'Aw, Davy, Davy, 't was only an accident!'

"Well, sir, after a while we got David calmed down a bit, an' made him promise to be quiet; then away upstairs he goes an' soon comes down decked out in Bredin's Sunday clothes, and sits him down by the fire, wi' Bredin and myself between him an' George. Faith! 't was a curious sight to see the pair o' them: David glowerin' across the hearthstone wi' his hands spread out to the blaze, an' George wi' his eyes fixed on the kettle, hardly knowin' whether to laugh or grin. Aw! but soon the laugh was th' other side o' his face; for what d'ye think but Bessie, though every one knew she was fondest o' George an' was nearly promised to him, gave him the back o' her hand that night, an' was like honey itself to David! Troth, 't was wonderful! But, sure, women are the curious mortals, any way. Ay! any one that has a wife knows it well. All the fuss she made o' him! 'T was 'David, are ye this?' an' 'David, are ye that?' an' 'David, wid ye like a hot cup o' tea?' till ye'd think a'most 't was a child o' six she was sootherin'. Down she brings the big arm-chair from the parlor an' sits him in it; nothin' 'll do her but he must ha' a glass o' hot punch at his elbow; here she was always turnin' an' twistin' his wet clothes beforé the fire, an' not a glance would she give poor George at all, sittin' mum wi' his toes in the aches. Och! not one. An' David, seein' how things were, could hardly keep from shoutin', he was that proud; an' every now an' again he'd look slyly at George, as much as to say: 'Ye've done for yourself, me son, this time, an' dang your eyes! but it serves ye right.' An' George'd squirm on his stool an' bite at the shank o' his pipe; at last, up he rises, throws a dark look at Bessie, gives us a surly good-night, an' bangs the door behind him. 'Aw, good-night, George!' shouts David after him, 'an' don't forget your stilts, me son, next time ye come courtin'—at which Bredin laughs, an' the wife, an' Bessie herself; but for me, I shut me lips, for never did I like that David, an' 't was a wonder to me what was possessin' Bessie that night.

“But the next day ’t was much the same, an’ the next; an’ by the followin’ Sunday ’t was round the country that David was the boy for Bessie Bredin, as sure as gun was iron. An’ faith, it seemed so; for if ye met David on the road he had his head as high as Napoleon, an’ if ye met George he looked like a plucked goose; an’ if ye saw one pass the other, ’t was a black sneer David had on his face, an’ George ’d look same as if he was walkin’ to the gallows. Bitter enemies they were now—bitter enemies for all that George said little an’ David gave out he didn’t care a tinker’s curse, an’ niver did, for all the Georges in Ireland—not if he was George the Fifth himself.

“Well, things went on like that for a while; an’ at last, one fair day at Bunn, our two boys were brought together by some friends, myself among them, an’ over a quiet glass in the Diamond Hotel we strove to make them forget an’ forgive. Let the girl choose for herself, said we, an’ let the best man win. But sorrow a bit would they shake hands—no, sir. David stood there in his high an’ mightiness, an’ George hung back glowerin’; an’ at last, over a hot word that fell, George struck David. *Whew-w!* ’t was a fair shaloo in two seconds; ye’d think the house was comin’ down; but we all got between them, an’ at last got them quiet on the understandin’ that they were to fight it out fair an’ square on Cluny Island the followin’ Saturday evenin’. ‘All right!’ shouts David, an’ whacks the table, ‘all right, me sons—an’ bring your coffin,’ he says to George as our party left the room! ‘bring your coffin!’

“Well, sir, Saturday evenin’ came, an’ over we all went to Cluny Island, George an’ his party in one cot, an’ David and his in another. All roarin’ David was wi’ joy, an’ I’m thinkin’ that maybe there was a drop o’ drink somewhere near him; but George was quiet enough, an’ never said a word all the way over, an’ up through the woods till we came to the ould cockpit on top o’ the hill. An’ there me two heroes strip an’ face each other.

“’T was a good fight, sir, as good as ever happened in these parts; an’ a pluckier battle than George fought I never seen. No! nor never will. He was a light man in those days, an’ not over tall, an’ David was like the side o’ a house, sturdy an’ strong as an ox; but George faced his man as if he was only five fut nothin’. An’, by jing! if

we didn't think at first he was goin' to win, that nimble he was an' quick, that watchful an' cute, an' hard in the blow, too, sometimes. Yes, he hammered David for long enough. But never tell me, sir, that your race-horse 'll beat your fourteen-stone hunter over a ten-miles' course. Aw! not at all. Ye may practice your nimbleness on a stone wall as long as ye like, but isn't it the wall has the laugh in the end? Aw! of course. An' so it was wi' George. After a while he gets a bit tired; then loose in his guard; then hard in his breath—*then*, sir, David lets fly right an' left like a flail on a barn floor, an' in ten minutes, sir, he had George standin' before him as limp as a rag an' as broken a man as ye ever seen. 'Are ye done?' shouts David at that. 'Are ye ready for your coffin?' 'No!' answers George, an' tries to rally; 'not till ye kill me!' 'Then here goes, and be danged to ye!' roars David; wi' that he rushes in like a tornado, hits out, an' down goes George like an empty sack.

"'Now,' says David again, foldin' his arms an' throwin' back his shoulders, 'now, coffin or no coffin, you 're done, me divil! Eh?' says he, turnin' to his party wi' a laugh. 'Eh, boys? there 's hope for Ireland yet!' Back comes the skirl; an' just as we were goin' to give them defiance I hears the swish o' skirts, an' there, stoopin' over George, is Bessie Bredin.

As pale as death she was; an' at sight of her David, like the rest of us, stands back. Down she goes on her knees, lifts George's head, tells one o' us to get water; then bathes his face and neck wi' it, an' like that she stays till he comes to an' is able to stand up. Then she helps him into his coat and waistcoat, puts his cap on, an' turns to where David was standin' back glowerin' from under his eyebrows.

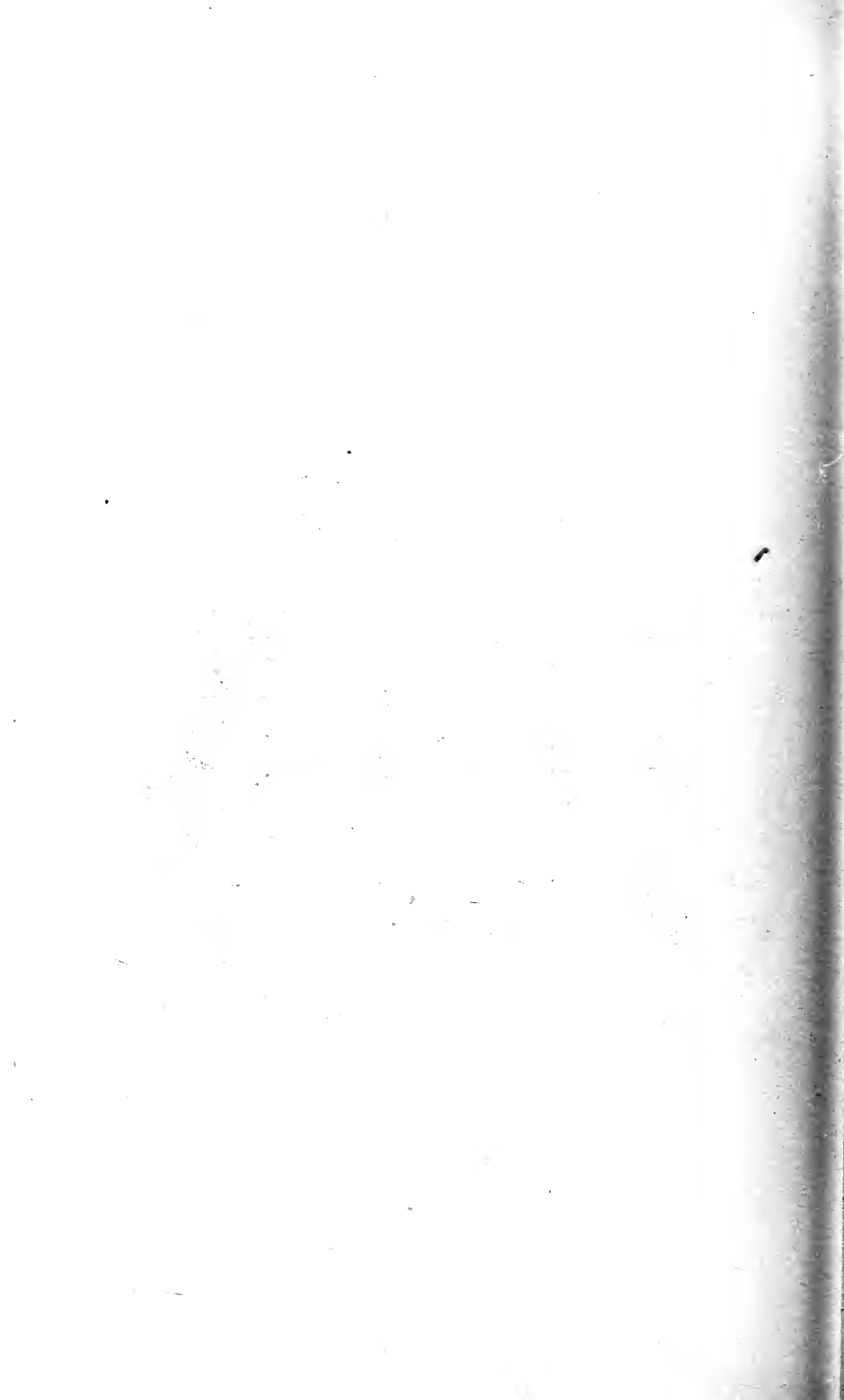
"'Ah,' says she, 'ye big cowardly bully! Ye daren't fight your match. No! Ye 'd rather lay your dirty hands where ye know they 'd hurt. It 's a wonder 't wasn't myself ye challenged. D'ye know what he did, boys?' says she, turnin' to us all. 'He creeps up the lane to see me last night, an' comes rubbin' his big hands into the kitchen, an' he whispers in my ear: "If ye want to see me fit a corpse to a coffin," he says, "be in Cluny Island the morrow evenin' about dusk." Yes, that 's what ye said, an' ye made sure

I 'd be here too late—ye big, black, cowardly liar, ye! Go home,' she says, pointin' at him wi' her finger, an' speakin' as one would to a tinker. 'Go home an' marry a beggar woman!' says she; 'maybe she'll teach ye manners an' soften the heart in ye.'

"Then she turned to George.

"'Come away, George,' says she, an' takes his arm; 'Come away, me son; an' God forgive me for bringin' ye to this!'"





EDMUND BURKE.

(1730—1797.)

EDMUND BURKE—of whom Dr. Johnson said his “mind was a perennial stream,” who was pronounced by Sir Archibald Alison to be “the greatest political philosopher and most far-seeing statesman of modern times,” and who was illustrious alike as orator and author—was born in Arran Quay, Dublin, Jan. 1, 1730. His father was a Protestant, in which religion Edmund was brought up, and his mother Catholic. It is not unlikely that the difference in religion between the parents, which has so often been the cause of evil, had in his case a beneficial effect, allaying bigotry and opening his mind to broader views when considering opposing opinions.

Burke was of a sickly constitution, and, being unable to take exercise like other children, he read a great deal, and so got far in advance of those of his own age. At fourteen, when he entered Trinity College, he was unusually well read, especially in classic literature, for a boy of that age. In his college career Burke did not distinguish himself beyond ordinary students. He was discursive in his reading, and given to sudden and impulsive changes in his studies; at one time he would be devoted to history, at another to mathematics, now to metaphysics, and again to poetry. This desultory habit, though it may have interfered with the success of his academic career, doubtless made him all the better suited for the wide stage on which he was later to play so great a part.

In 1747 he and some others formed a club which was the germ of the celebrated Historical Society, and here he put forth his opinions on historic characters, paintings, and the wide range of subjects of which he was master, without fear of the judgment or criticism of his audience, and thus gained that very boldness which afterward rendered him so unmanageable in debate. In 1748 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and soon after left the university. In 1750 he proceeded to London, his name having already been entered as a student at the Middle Temple. But, instead of studying for the law, he paid visits to the House of Commons, as if drawn there by some powerful instinct, made speeches at the Robin Hood Society, and contributed to the periodicals so as to eke out the small allowance granted him by his father.

At this last occupation he worked so hard that his health, never very good, began to suffer. His physician, Dr. Nugent, advised rest and quiet, and invited him to his own house. There he received the kindest treatment; and an attachment sprang up between him and the physician's daughter, resulting in a marriage which proved exceptionally happy. Mrs. Burke's character, we are told, was “soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging.” She was also noted for managing her husband's affairs with prudence and discretion. No wonder Burke declared that, in all the most anxious moments of

his public life, every care vanished the moment he entered his own home.

The first of his essays, so far as is known, that attained to any great distinction was his 'Vindication of Natural Society,' which appeared anonymously in the spring of 1756. His intention in it was to prove that the same arguments which were employed by Lord Bolingbroke for the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government.

Before the end of the same year Burke published his celebrated work, 'A Physiological Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful,' which advanced him to a first place among writers on taste and criticism. Johnson praised it highly, and Blair, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other prominent men sought the friendship of the author. His father, who had been indignant at his son's desertion of the law, was so pleased with the work that he sent him a present of £100 (\$500) as a mark of his admiration and approval. In 1758, still devotedly attached to the study of history, he proposed to Dodsley the publication of *The Annual Register*, and an arrangement was made by which Burke wrote the historical part of the work for many years.

His political career properly commenced in 1761. He went to Ireland as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton (of "single-speech" memory), who was at the time Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. For his services he was awarded a pension of £300 (\$1,500), but after a time he threw it up as inconsistent with his personal independence. In 1765 he returned to London, and was introduced to the Marquis of Rockingham, who, on becoming Prime Minister, appointed him private secretary. In 1766 he became member for the borough of Wendover, and took his seat in that House which he was afterward so greatly to influence and adorn. His first speech was on American affairs, and was praised by Pitt. In it he advised the Rockingham administration to repeal the Stamp Act, which so irritated this country, but at the same time to pass an act declaratory of the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies. The compromise which he advised was carried out; but the Ministry soon after resigned to give place to Mr. Pitt.

Upon this Burke wrote his 'Short Account of a Late Short Administration!' In this year (1768) Mr. Burke thus writes to a friend: "I have purchased a house (Beaconsfield) with an estate of about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You who are classical will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farmhouse within a hundred yards of me." During the Wilkes excitement he opposed the violent measures adopted against that firebrand, and in 1770 he published his 'Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents,' which contains a copious statement of his ideas on the English Constitution. He also took a prominent part in the debates on the liberty of the press, strongly supporting those who wished to curtail the power

of the Crown. In 1774 he was chosen member for Bristol, and on April 19 he made a powerful speech on the repeal of the tea duty in America. This speech "was one of the greatest to which any assembly had ever listened, replete with philosophy and adorned with the most gorgeous diction," and it raised Burke at once into the position of first orator in Parliament.

The greatest achievement in this period of the history of Burke was the long struggle against the principle of government by the King and his Ministers chosen and dismissed by himself, which assumed a particularly odious character in connection with American affairs and was no less offensive to liberty-loving Englishmen at home. In March, 1775, he introduced his famous 'Thirteen Propositions for Quietting the Troubles in America,' and delivered another great speech, in which he pointed out how, on the grounds of expediency alone, concession to the colonists' demands was the wiser course. In 1777 he again appeared in advocacy of the cause of the colonies; but the hour for conciliation was past, and his speeches on the subject were only able reasoning and eloquence wasted. In 1783 Lord Rockingham again came into power, and Burke was appointed to the well-paid post of Paymaster-General, together with a seat at the Council board. On the death of Rockingham he resigned his post and joined the coalition with Fox and North. This coalition defeated Shelburne, who had taken Rockingham's place, and on the 2d of April entered office, Burke becoming once more Paymaster-General. But the Ministry was short-lived, being defeated on the India bill in December of the same year, and Mr. Pitt succeeded to the helm of state.

No sooner were the American questions out of the way than Burke threw himself with arduous energy into a subject of scarcely less importance to the empire of Great Britain. He had for a long time viewed the career of Warren Hastings in India with indignation, and in 1784 he began his famous attack upon that individual. No sooner had Hastings returned to England than Burke took steps toward his impeachment. He had studied Indian affairs with assiduous care, and was thus enabled to make the great speeches with which he began his attack not only eloquent but full of information such as no other member of the House could impart. However, for a time he made little way against the large majority opposed to him, and it was the 13th of February, 1788, before the great trial commenced. As every one knows, it lasted for six years, and was the cause of some of the most eloquent speeches by Burke and others ever uttered in Westminster Hall. The trial brought Burke increase of fame as an orator, but rather lessened him in the popular opinion, and the final result was the acquittal of the "haughty criminal." But his work was not in vain. Public attention was aroused, and the power of the East India Company was considerably modified thereafter.

The French Revolution was the next subject to occupy his mind; and he vigorously opposed the extreme views of the men who in France were apparently dragging the whole fabric of society to ruin, and he published his famous pamphlet, 'Reflections on the

French Revolution.' He fiercely attacked its leaders and its principles, and practically took the position of defending all establishments, however tyrannical, and censuring every popular struggle for liberty, whatever the oppression. Within a year 19,000 copies were sold in England, and about as many more in Europe in French. Its richness of diction and felicity of illustration caused it to be read by thousands who would have cared nothing for a dry philosophical treatise. But while it had many admirers it had several critics, and brought forth in reply Sir James Mackintosh's 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' and Thomas Paine's famous 'Rights of Man.' Burke followed it up by a 'Letter to a Member of the National Assembly,' in 1791, 'An Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old,' and 'Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.' The publication of his views on the proceedings of the French revolutionists brought about a complete estrangement between Burke and his former political friends, Fox and Sheridan, and led to the celebrated scene between him and Fox in the House of Commons, which resulted in a breach that was never repaired.

In 1792 he published a 'Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe on the Propriety of Admitting Roman Catholics to the Elective Franchise,' and in 1794 withdrew from Parliament, being succeeded in the representation of Malton by his only son, a youth of great promise, who died soon after; the shock was so great that Burke never fully recovered from it. At the express wish of the King, who with his court had assumed a very friendly attitude toward Burke, because of his views on the French revolution, a pension of £3,700 (\$18,500) per annum was settled upon him in 1795. For the acceptance of this he was fiercely attacked in the House of Lords. His 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' full of biting sarcasm, and at the same time lofty resentment, was an answer to this attack.

The remaining two years of his life were spent in retirement, but educational and philanthropic measures were noted and commented upon, and his latest publication was on the affairs of his native land, at that time fast approaching a crisis. Early in 1797 his health began to decline and he died July 8 of the same year. His remains were buried at Beaconsfield by his own desire, as he said, "near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son, in all humility praying that, as we lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

Macaulay pronounces Burke, "in aptitude of comprehension, and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern." "With the exception of his writings upon the French revolution," says Lord Brougham, "an exception itself to be qualified and restricted, it would be difficult to find any statesman of any age whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the result of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those toward which

the general complexion of his political principles tended, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction."

The great statesman Fox says: "If I were to put all the political information that I have ever gained from books, and all that I have learned from science, or that the knowledge of the world and its affairs have taught me, into one scale, and the improvement I have derived from the conversation and teachings of Edmund Burke into the other, the latter would preponderate."

Within the massive railings in front of Trinity College, Dublin, stand on either side the magnificent statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, both executed by the eminent sculptor, J. H. Foley, R.A.

ON AMERICAN TAXATION.

From the Speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1774.

Sir—It is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the State looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble counsels, so paltry a sum as Three-pence in the eye of a financier, so insignificant an article as Tea in the eyes of the philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that signifi-

cant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger; which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation—such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent which no other part of the world can furnish but America, where tea is next to a necessary of life and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India Committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance—a *preambulary tax*. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your

colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated; and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the *principle* of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your Act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your Act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the Act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you,—it is very material: that the preamble of this Act which we wish to repeal is not *declaratory of a right*, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the *expediency* of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common-sense; show it to be the means

of attaining some useful end: and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from perseverance in absurdity is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well—indeed, in most of his *general* observations I agree with him—he says that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay.

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

From the Speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1775.

To restore order and repose to an empire so great and so distracted as ours, is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding. Struggling a good while with these thoughts, by degrees I felt myself more firm. I derived at length some confidence from what in other circumstances usually produces timidity. I grew less anxious, even from the idea of my own insignificance. For, judging of what you are by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it of power to awe, dazzle, or delude you. You will see it just as it is; and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; nor Peace to depend on the juridi-

cal determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple Peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies, in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon. It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace at every instant to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the proposition and registry of that noble lord's project. The idea of conciliation is admissible. First, the House, in accepting the resolution moved by the noble lord, has admitted—notwithstanding the menacing front of our address, notwithstanding our heavy bills of pains and penalties—that we do not think ourselves precluded from all ideas of free grace and bounty.

The House has gone farther: it has declared conciliation admissible, *previous* to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right, thus exerted, is allowed to have something reprehensible in it—something unwise, or something grievous: since in the midst of our heat and resentment we of ourselves have proposed a capital alteration, and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is indeed wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The *principle* of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think indeed are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But for the present I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two: First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained (as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you) some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider dis-

tinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arrant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them.

EXTRACTS FROM 'LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.'

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray,—everything of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the Royal favor?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine on the favor-

able construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honor of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I thought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why truly it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, in strength or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country.

It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say, that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed Pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal, his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptionous about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said 't is his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history? He would naturally have said on his side, 't is this man's fortune—he is as good now, as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions,—that's all?

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the Crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's Colege, which the philosophy of the *sans culottes* (prouder by far than all the Garters and Norroys and Clarencieux and Rouge Dragons that ever pranced in a procession of what his friends call aristocrates and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other description of historians, who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the in-

scription on a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first an hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every General-officer with them is a Marlborough; every statesman a Burleigh; every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who alive were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure, as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmonson, or Collins.

To these recorders, so full of good nature to the great and prosperous, I would willingly leave the first Baron Russell and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not suffer us to acquiesce in the judgment of the Prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to those who earn them. Well then, since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the Sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favorite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favorites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favorite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quality, but in its kind so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent

person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was *great and noble*. Mine has been, in endeavoring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in bad times of confiscating Princes, confiscating chief Governors, or confiscating Demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions, was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a Prince, who plundered a part of his national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to contempt of *all* prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favorite and chief adviser to a Prince, who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavor was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it—mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British Crown.

EXTRACTS FROM THE IMPEACHMENT OF
WARREN HASTINGS.

Hastings, the lieutenant of a British monarch, claiming absolute dominion! From whom, in the name of all that was strange, could he derive, or how had he the audacity to claim, such authority? He could not have derived it from the East India Company, for they had it not to confer. He could not have received it from his sovereign, for the sovereign had it not to bestow. It could not have been given by either house of Parliament—for it was unknown to the British Constitution! Yet Mr. Hastings, acting under the assumption of his power, had avowed his rejection of British acts of Parliament, had gloried in the success which he pretended to derive from their violation, and had on every occasion attempted to justify the exercise of arbitrary power in its greatest extent. Having thus avowedly acted in opposition to the laws of Great Britain, he sought a shield in vain in other laws and other usages. Would he appeal to the Mahomedan law for his justification? In the whole Koran there was not a single text which could justify the power he had assumed. Would he appeal to the Gentoo code? Vain there the effort also; a system of stricter justice, or more pure morality, did not exist. It was, therefore, equal whether he fled for shelter to a British court of justice or a Gentoo pagoda; he in either instance stood convicted as a daring violator of the laws. And what, my lords, is opposed to all this practice of tyrants and usurpers, which Mr. Hastings takes for his rule and guidance? He endeavors to find deviations from legal government, and then instructs his counsel to say that I have asserted there is no such thing as arbitrary power in the East.

But, my lords, we all know that there has been arbitrary power in India; that tyrants have usurped it; and that in some instances princes, otherwise meritorious, have violated the liberties of the people, and have been lawfully deposed for such violation. I do not deny that there are robberies on Hounslow Heath; that there are such things as forgeries, burglaries, and murders; but I say that these acts are against law, and whoever commits them commits illegal acts. When a man is to de-

fend himself against a charge of crime, it is not instances of similar violation of law that are to be the standard of his defense. A man may as well say, "I robbed upon Hounslow Heath, but hundreds robbed there before me"; to which I answer, "The law has forbidden you to rob there, and I will hang you for having violated the law, notwithstanding the long list of similar violations which you have produced as precedents." No doubt princes have violated the laws of this country; they have suffered for it. Nobles have violated the law; their privileges have not protected them from punishment. Common people have violated the law; they have hanged for it. I know no human being exempt from the law. The law is a security of the people of England; it is the security of the people of India; it is the security of every person that is governed, and of every person that governs.

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations. So far as any laws fortify this primeval law, and give it more precision, more energy, more effect by their declarations, such laws enter into the sanctuary, and participate in the sacredness of its character. But the man who quotes as precedents the abuses of tyrants and robbers, pollutes the very fountain of justice, destroys the foundation of all law, and thereby removes the only safeguard against evil men, whether governing or governed—the guard which prevents governors from becoming tyrants, and the governed from becoming rebels. . . .

Debi Sing and his instruments suspected, and in a few cases they suspected justly, that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts, some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here,

my lords, began such a scene of cruelties and tortures, as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world; such as I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words: "That the punishment inflicted upon the ryots both of Rungpore and Dinagepore for non-payment were in many instances of such a nature that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail. But that, however disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity, and the honor of government that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces and for ever crippled those poor honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal, with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labor for our benefit the return of the British government has been cords and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down, when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavor to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may

pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail. I am next to open to your lordships what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together; and their tormentors, throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of the feet with ratans, until the nails fell from their toes; and then, attacking them at their heads, as they hung downward, as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same, who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of rattan and bamboo, whips made of the branches of the bale-tree—a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *bechettea*, every wound of which festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of winter—which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable—they were led out before break of day, and, stiff and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely

more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then, delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being taken as a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to the same inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days of menace, insult, and extortion—nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation—succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering; there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind, strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and father were bound close together, face to face, and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lashed together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty that every stroke which did not excruciate the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

On the same principle, and for the same ends, virgins who had never seen the sun were dragged from the inmost sanctuaries of their houses. . . . Wives were torn from the arms of their husbands, and suffered the same flagitious wrongs, which were indeed hid in the bottom of the dungeons, in which their honor and their liberty were buried together.

The women thus treated lost their caste. My lords, we are not here to commend or blame the institutions and prejudices of a whole race of people, radicated in them by a long succession of ages, on which no reason or argument, on which no vicissitudes of things, no mixture of men, or foreign conquests have been able to make the smallest impression. The aboriginal Gentoo inhabitants are all dispersed into tribes or castes, each caste, born to have an invariable rank, rights, and descriptions of employment; so that one caste cannot by any means pass into another. With the Gentoos certain impurities or disgraces, though without any guilt of the party, infer loss of caste; and when the highest caste (that of the Brahmin, which is not only noble but sacred) is lost, the person who loses it does not slide down into one lower but reputable—he is wholly driven from all honest society. All the relations of life are at once dissolved. His parents are no longer his parents; his wife is no longer his wife; his children, no longer his, are no longer to regard him as their father. It is something far worse than complete outlawry, complete attainder, and universal excommunication. It is a pollution even to touch him, and if he touches any of his old caste they are justified in putting him to death. Contagion, leprosy, plague, are not so much shunned. No honest occupation can be followed. He becomes an *Halichore*, if (which is rare) he survives that miserable degradation.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and, making a line of circumvallation, drove back those wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back; and, seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race rose up in an universal insurrection, and (what will

always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred.

The insurrection began in Rungpore, and soon spread its fire to the neighboring provinces, which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The English chief in that province had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice, of all these horrors. He called in first irregular, and then regular troops, who by dreadful and universal military execution got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like

this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent to the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here—those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law—from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice—to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. . . . You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity—a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, He did not appear in a form of greatness and maj-

esty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the Person who was the Master of nature chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them against all oppression, knowing that He who is called first among them and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself the servant of all.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, rest, upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

CHATHAM AND TOWNSHEND.

From 'The Speech on American Taxation,' delivered April, 1774.

I have done with the third period of your policy, that of your repeal, and the return of your ancient system and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period

was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

“ Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.”

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he filled in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offense. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself, and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled, he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons.—I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to

each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment his whole system was on a wide sea without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who with the names of various departments of ministry were admitted to seem as if they acted a part under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and powerful of the set, they easily prevailed so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.

This light too is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme; whom I can-

not even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment.

If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skillfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

THE DUTIES OF A REPRESENTATIVE.

From the Bristol Speech, November 3, 1774.

It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion, high respect; their business, unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to

any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the Constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

To deliver an opinion, is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions; *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience, these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our Constitution.

Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form an hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far, as any other, from any endeavor to give it effect. I beg pardon for saying so much on this subject. I have been un-

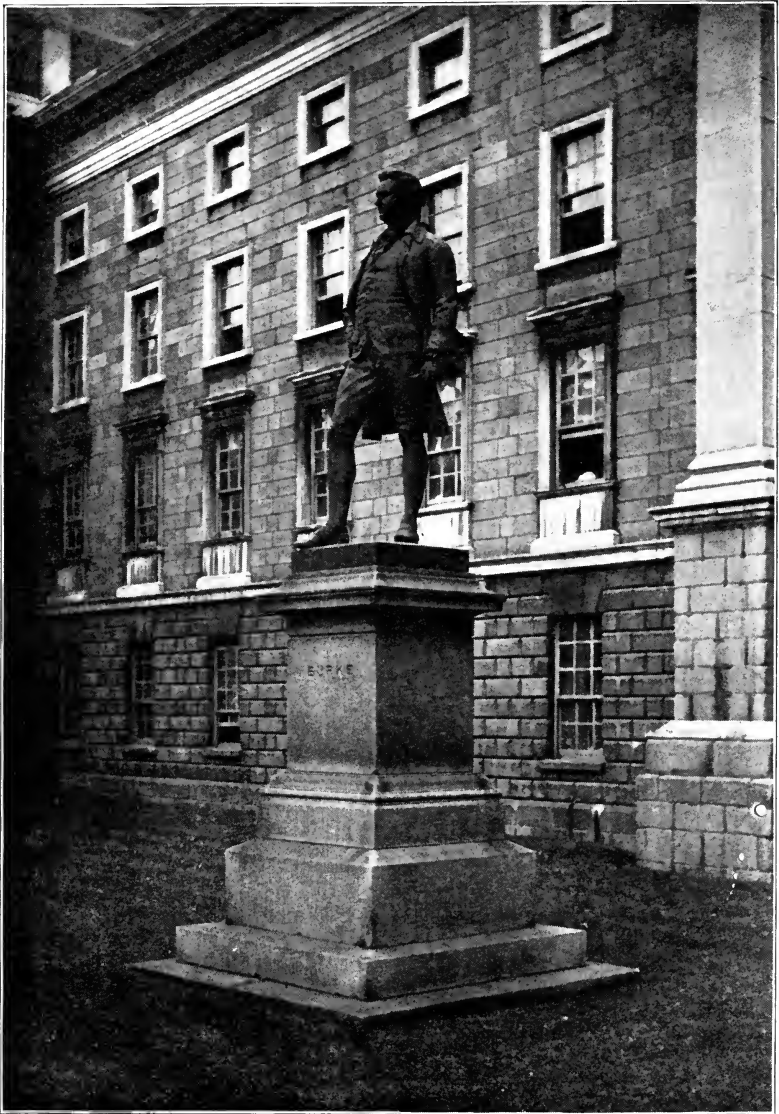
willingly drawn into it; but I shall ever use a respectful frankness of communication with you. Your faithful friend, your devoted servant, I shall be to the end of my life; a flatterer you do not wish for. On this point of instructions, however, I think it scarcely possible we can ever have any sort of difference. Perhaps I may give you too much, rather than too little, trouble.

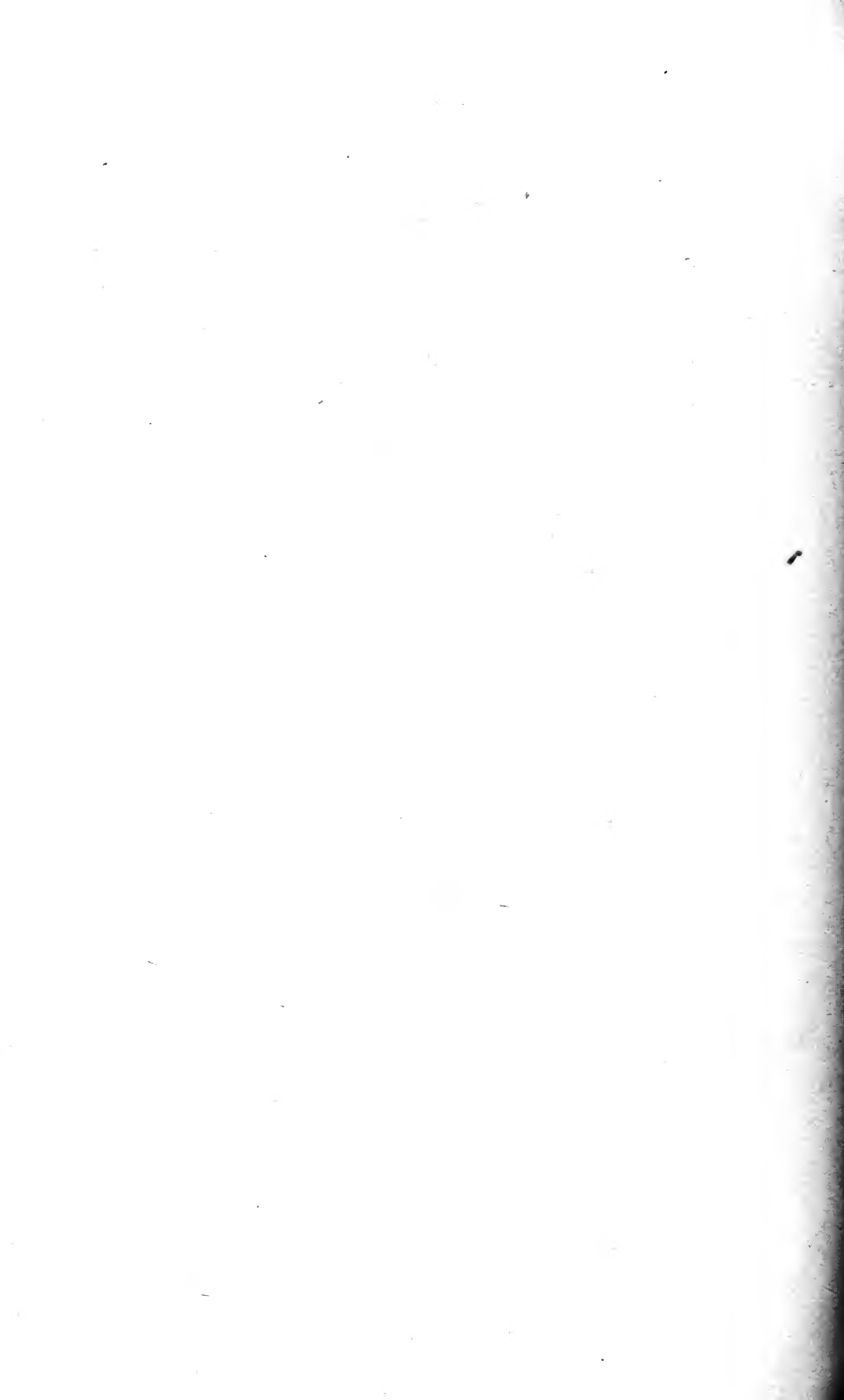
From the first hour I was encouraged to court your favor, to this happy day of obtaining it, I have never promised you anything but humble and persevering endeavors to do my duty. The weight of that duty, I confess, makes me tremble; and whoever well considers what it is, of all things in the world, will fly from what has the least likeness to a positive and precipitate engagement. To be a good member of Parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is a strong disposition to run into perilous extremes of servile compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigor, is absolutely necessary; but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial *city*; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial *nation*, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which however is itself but a part of a great *empire*, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and of the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled, if possible. We are members of a *free* country; and surely we all know that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing; but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable.

SOME WISE AND WITTY SAYINGS OF BURKE.

The following are among the more or less familiar repartees and *bon mots* of the famous orator, selected from the vast number attributed to him.—[Ed.]

Of Lord Thurlow Burke happily said—"He was a sturdy *oak* when at Westminster, and a *willow* at St. James's."





When some one spoke of Fox's attachment to France, Burke answered—"Yes, his attachment has been great and long; for, like a cat, he has continued faithful to the house after the family has left it."

Burke gave a vehement denial to Boswell's contention that Croft's 'Life of Young' was a successful imitation of Johnson's style: "No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength;"—then, after a pause,—“it has all the contortions of the Sibyl—without the inspiration.”

Burke, when proceeding with his historic impeachment of Warren Hastings, was interrupted by Major Scott, a small man. "Am I," the orator thundered indignantly, "to be teased by the barking of this *jackal* while I am attacking the royal *tiger* of Bengal?"

THOMAS N. BURKE.

(1830—1883.)

THE Rev. Thomas N. Burke—"Father Tom Burke"—was born in the picturesque old town of Galway in 1830. At an early age he determined to devote himself to the priesthood, and when he was seventeen years old he went to Italy to pass through the necessary years of study and novitiate. After five years spent in this preparation he was sent to England, and there ordained a priest of the Dominican order of friars. After four years of missionary work in Gloucestershire, he was sent to his native land to found a house at Tallaght, County Dublin, in connection with his order. He remained for about seven years in Ireland, and then again he was ordered to Italy, becoming superior of the monastery of Irish Dominicans at San Clemente, Rome.

The death of Cardinal Wiseman in 1865 drew Dr. Manning from Italy, and Father Burke was selected to succeed him as the English preacher during the Lenten services in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo in Rome. Those services used to be attended by large and critical audiences, the congregation consisting often in great part of Protestant tourists whom the holy season attracted to the Eternal City, and the office of preacher was accordingly bestowed only on those who were regarded as the ablest exponents of the Roman Catholic creed. Having held this distinguished position for five years in succession, Father Burke once more returned to Ireland. In the next few years, and indeed for many years before, he was the most popular and the most frequent preacher in Ireland, and the competition for his services was consequently keen. Whenever a church was to be opened, or an orphanage to be built, or a school to be rescued from debt, Father Burke was asked to speak; and those incessant though flattering demands upon him resulted more than once in breaking down a not very robust physical system.

Dispatched on a religious mission to the United States in 1872, he arrived at the moment when Mr. Froude was engaged in his famous anti-Irish crusade. Father Burke delivered a series of lectures in reply to the attacks of the English historian. Those lectures, as well as many of his sermons, have been republished in volume form. He died in 1883.

A NATION'S HISTORY.

From a lecture on the 'History of Ireland as Told in her Ruins.'

In the libraries of the more ancient nations, we find the earliest histories of the primeval races of mankind written upon the durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or sometimes deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters, on the granite stone or pictured rock, showing the

desire of the people to preserve their history, which is to preserve the memory of them, just as the old man dying said, "Lord, keep my memory green!"

But besides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song; much more, it is written in the public buildings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins, tell most eloquently their tale. To-day "the stone may be crumbled, the wall decayed"; the clustering ivy may, perhaps, uphold the tottering ruin to which it clung in the days of its strength; but

"The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

They are the voices of the past; they are the voices of ages long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness, of the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong. This is the volume which we are about to open; this is the voice which we are about to call forth from their gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland; we are about to go back up the highways of history, and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland.

What have we here? It is a stately church—rivaling—perhaps surpassing—in its glory the grandeur of bygone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding, high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the cross. We see in the stone windows the massive tracery, so solid, so strong, and so delicate.

What does this tell us? Here is this church, so grand, yet so fresh and new and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us? It tells us of a race that has never decayed; it tells us of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest purpose, to-day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone for ever.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

From a lecture on 'The National Music of Ireland.'

Wherever we find a nation with a clear, distinct, sweet, and emphatic tradition of national music, coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries—there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition—there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But wherever, on the other hand, you find a people light and frivolous—not capable of deep emotions in religion—not deeply interested in their native land, and painfully affected by her fortunes—a people easily losing their nationality, or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers, and amalgamating with them—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody that would deserve to be classed amongst the songs of the nations.

Now, amongst these nations, Ireland—that most ancient and holy island in the western sea—claims, and deservedly, upon the record of history, the first and grandest pre-eminence among all peoples. I do not deny to other nations high musical excellence. I will not even say that, in this our day, we are not surpassed by the music of Germany, by the music of Italy, or the music of England. Germany for purity of style, for depth of expression, for the argument of song, surpasses all the nations to-day. Italy is acknowledged to be the queen of that lighter, more pleasing, more sparkling, and, to me, more pleasant style of music. In her own style of music England is supposed to be superior to Italy, and, perhaps, equal to Germany.

But, great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples, there is not one of these nations, or any other nation, that can point back to such national melody, to such a body of national music, as the Irish. Remember that I am not speaking now of the labored composition of some great master; I am not speaking now of a wonderful mass, written by one man; or a great oratorio, written by another—works that appeal to the ear refined and attuned by education; works that delight the critic. I am speaking of the song that lives in the hearts and voices of all the

people; I am speaking of the national songs you will hear from the husbandman, in the field, following the plough; from the old woman, singing to the infant on her knee; from the milk-maid, coming from the milking; from the shoemaker at his work, or the blacksmith at the forge, while he is shoeing the horse.

This is the true song of the nation; this is the true national melody, that is handed down, in a kind of traditional way, from the remotest ages; until, in the more civilized and cultivated time, it is interpreted into written music; and then the world discovers, for the first time, a most beautiful melody in the music that has been murmured in the glens and mountain valleys of the country for hundreds and thousands of years.

Italy has no such song. Great as the Italians are as masters, they have no popularly received tradition of music. The Italian peasant—(I have lived amongst them for years)—the Italian peasant, while working in the vineyard, has no music except two or three high notes of a most melancholy character, commencing upon a high dominant and ending in a semitone. The peasants of Tuscany and of Campagna, when, after their day's work, they meet in the summer's evenings to have a dance, have no music; only a girl takes a tambourine and beats upon it, marking time, and they dance to that, but they have no music. So with other countries. But go to Ireland; listen to the old woman as she rocks herself in her chair, and pulls down the hank of flax for the spinning; listen to the girl coming home from the field with the can of milk on her head; and what do you hear?—the most magnificent melody of music. Go to the country merry-makings and you will be sure to find the old fiddler, or old white-headed piper, an infinite source of the brightest and most sparkling music.

How are we to account for this? We must seek the cause of it in the remotest history. It is a historical fact that the maritime or sea-coast people of the north and west of Europe were from time immemorial addicted to song. We know, for instance, that in the remotest ages the kings of our sea-girt island, when they went forth upon their warlike forays, were always accompanied by their harper, or minstrel, who animated them to deeds of heroic bravery. Even when the Danes came sweeping down in their galleys

upon the Irish coast, high on the prow of every warboat sat the scald, or poet—white-haired, heroic, wrinkled with time—the historian of all their national wisdom and their national prowess. And when they approached their enemy, sweeping with their long oars through the waves, he rose in the hour of battle, and poured forth his soul in song, and fired every warrior to the highest and most heroic deeds. Thus it was in Ireland, when Nial of the Nine Hostages swept down upon the coast of France, and took St. Patrick (then a youth) prisoner; the first sounds that greeted the captive's ear were the strains of our old Irish harper, celebrating in a language he knew not the glories and victories of heroes long departed.

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

(1821—1890.)

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, the famous Orientalist and explorer, was born in Tuam, County Galway, in 1821, and was the son of Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton. He was educated mainly on the Continent and at Oxford. In 1842 he entered the Indian army, and continued in that service, principally on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, till 1861. He applied himself to the study of Eastern languages and customs; and, having persisted in this labor of love during his entire life, became master of twenty-nine languages, European and Oriental.

In 1852 while on leave of absence, Captain Burton performed one of the striking feats which have helped to make him famous: a feat which furnishes a proof of his wonderful knowledge of Eastern ways as well as of his bold and enterprising spirit. He went to Mecca and Medina in the disguise of a pilgrim, and so was able to see sacred spots which had never before been beheld by the eye of the infidel. Later he went on two exploring expeditions to Central Africa, his companion in both cases being the lamented Captain Speke. He was employed by the Government during the Crimean war on military service; in 1861 he was appointed to a consulship at Fernando Po, and he occupied his time in exploring the interior of Africa, paying a visit to, among other persons, the redoubtable and sanguinary King of Dahomey. He held office in succession at Sao Paulo (Brazil), Damascus, and Trieste; and in each place he found time to devote himself to his favorite occupation of surveying many men and various cities. He traveled through North and South America, Syria, and Iceland; lived in almost every part of India; and in his later years made several visits to the famous land of Midian.

In the lengthy list of Captain Burton's books we may notice: 'Pilgrimage to El Medinah,' 'Highlands of Brazil,' 'The Gold Coast,' 'The City of the Saints,' 'Unexplored Palestine,' 'Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry' (1869), 'Two Trips to Gorilla Land' (1875), 'Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland' (1875), 'The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities' (1878). He was a past master in his knowledge of falconry and all matters connected with the pursuit of arms. Perhaps his greatest literary work is his translation of the Arabian Nights in ten volumes, and a supplement of six, a monument to his rare scholarship. Of this book his wife, Lady Isabel Burton, writes: "This grand Arabian work I consider my husband's *Magnum Opus*. . . . We were our own printers and our own publishers, and we made, between September, 1885, and November, 1888, sixteen thousand guineas (about \$84,000)—six thousand of which went for publishing and ten thousand into our own pockets, and it came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom that gilded the five last years of his life. When he died there were four florins left (about \$1.50), which

I put into the poor-box." This passage indicates strikingly the recklessness that characterized both husband and wife—a recklessness which on his part, led to plain speaking and criticism of his superior officers, preventing him, all his life, from obtaining the advancement which his work and merit undoubtedly deserved. He also translated 'The Lusiads' of Camoens and wrote his *Life*. His death took place at Trieste in 1890. He left behind him a collection of Oriental stories entitled 'The Scented Garden,' which was never published, for his widow burned the manuscript.

THE PRETERNATURAL IN FICTION.

From the Essay on 'The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night.'

"As the active world is inferior to the rational soul," says Bacon, with his normal sound sense, "so Fiction gives to Mankind what History denies, and in some measure satisfies the Mind with Shadows when it cannot enjoy the Substance. And as real History gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue, Fiction corrects it and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded and punished according to merit." But I would say still more. History paints or attempts to paint life as it is, a mighty maze with or without a plan; Fiction shows or would show us life as it should be, wisely ordered and laid down on fixed lines.

Thus Fiction is not the mere handmaid of History: she has a household of her own, and she claims to be the triumph of Art, which as Goethe remarked, is "Art because it is not Nature." Fancy, *la folle du logis*, is "that kind and gentle portress who holds the gate of Hope wide open, in opposition to Reason, the surly and scrupulous guard." As Palmerin of England says, and says well:—"For that the report of noble deeds doth urge the courageous mind to equal those who bear most commendation of their approved valiancy; this is the fair fruit of Imagination and of ancient histories." And last, but not least, the faculty of Fancy takes count of the cravings of man's nature for the marvelous, the impossible, and of his higher aspirations for the Ideal, the Perfect; she realizes the wild dreams and visions of his generous youth, and portrays for him a portion of that "other and better world," with whose expectation he would console his age.

The imaginative varnish of 'The Nights' serves admirably as a foil to the absolute realism of the picture in general. We enjoy being carried away from trivial and commonplace characters, scenes, and incidents; from the matter-of-fact surroundings of a workaday world, a life of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, fighting and loving, into a society and a *mise-en-scène* which we suspect can exist and which we know do not. Every man, at some turn or term of his life, has longed for supernatural powers and a glimpse of Wonderland. Here he is in the midst of it. Here he sees mighty spirits summoned to work the human mite's will, however whimsical; who can transport him in an eye-twinkling whithersoever he wishes; who can ruin cities and build palaces of gold and silver, gems and jacinths; who can serve up delicate viands and delicious drinks in priceless charges and impossible cups, and bring the choicest fruits from farthest Orient: here he find magas and magicians who can make kings of his friends, slay armies of his foes, and bring any number of beloveds to his arms.

And from this outraging probability and outstripping possibility arises not a little of that strange fascination exercised for nearly two centuries upon the life and literature of Europe by 'The Nights,' even in their mutilated and garbled form. The reader surrenders himself to the spell, feeling almost inclined to inquire, "And why may it not be true?" His brain is dazed and dazzled by the splendors which flash before it, by the sudden procession of Jinns and Jinniyahs, demons and fairies, some hideous, others preternaturally beautiful; by good wizards and evil sorcerers, whose powers are unlimited for weal and for woe; by mermen and mermaids, flying horses, talking animals, and reasoning elephants; by magic rings and their slaves, and by talismanic couches which rival the carpet of Solomon. Hence, as one remarks, these Fairy Tales have pleased and still continue to please almost all ages, all ranks, and all different capacities.

Dr. Hawkesworth observes that these Fairy Tales find favor "because even their machinery, wild and wonderful as it is, has its laws; and the magicians and enchanters perform nothing but what was naturally to be expected from such beings, after we had once granted them ex-

istence." Mr. Heron "rather supposes the very contrary is the truth of the fact. It is surely the strangeness, the unknown nature, the anomalous character of the supernatural agents here employed, that makes them to operate so powerfully on our hopes, fears, curiosities, sympathies, and, in short, on all the feelings of our hearts. We see men and women who possess qualities to recommend them to our favor, subjected to the influence of beings whose good or ill will, power or weakness, attention or neglect, are regulated by motives and circumstances which we cannot comprehend: and hence we naturally tremble for their fate with the same anxious concern as we should for a friend wandering in a dark night amidst torrents and precipices; or preparing to land on a strange island, while he knew not whether he should be received on the shore by cannibals waiting to tear him piecemeal and devour him, or by gentle beings disposed to cherish him with fond hospitality."

Both writers have expressed themselves well; but me seems each has secured, as often happens, a fragment of the truth and holds it to be the whole Truth. Granted that such spiritual creatures as Jinns walk the earth, we are pleased to find them so very human, as wise and as foolish in word and deed as ourselves; similarly we admire in a landscape natural forms like those of Staffa or the Palisades, which favor the works of architecture. Again, supposing such preternaturalisms to be around and amongst us, the wilder and more capricious they prove, the more our attention is excited and our forecasts are baffled, to be set right in the end. But this is not all. The grand source of pleasure in fairy tales is the natural desire to learn more of the Wonderland which is known to many as a word and nothing more, like Central Africa before the last half-century; thus the interest is that of the "personal narrative" of a grand exploration, to one who delights in travels. The pleasure must be greatest where faith is strongest; for instance, amongst imaginative races like the Kelts, and especially Orientals, who imbibe supernaturalism with their mother's milk. "I am persuaded," writes Mr. Bayle St. John, "that the great scheme of preternatural energy, so fully developed in 'The Thousand and One Nights,' is believed in by the majority

of the inhabitants of all the religious professions both in Syria and Egypt." He might have added, "by every reasoning being from prince to peasant, from Mullah to Badawi, between Marocco and Outer Ind."

Dr. Johnson thus sums up his notice of 'The Tempest':—"Whatever might have been the intention of their author, these tales are made instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. Here are exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits and of earthy goblins, the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures on a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of those for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."

We can fairly say this much and far more for our Tales. Viewed as a *tout ensemble* in full and complete form, they are a drama of Eastern life, and a Dance of Death made sublime by faith and the highest emotions, by the certainty of expiation and the fullness of atoning equity, where virtue is victorious, vice is vanquished, and the ways of Allah are justified to man. They are a panorama which remains ken-speckle upon the mental retina. They form a phantasmagoria in which archangels and angels, devils and goblins, men of air, of fire, of water, naturally mingle with men of earth; where flying horses and talking fishes are utterly realistic: where King and Prince meet fisherman and pauper, lamia and cannibal; where citizen jostles Badawi, eunuch meets knight; the Kazi hob-nobs with the thief; the pure and pious sit down to the same tray with the pander and the procuress; where the professional religionist, the learned Koranist, and the strictest moralist consort with the wicked magician, the scoffer, and the debauchepoet like Abu Nowas; where the courtier jests with the boor, and where the sweep is bedded with the noble lady.

And the characters are "finished and quickened by a few touches swift and sure as the glance of sunbeams." The whole is a kaleidoscope where everything falls into picture; gorgeous palaces and pavilions; grisly underground

caves and deadly wolds; gardens fairer than those of the Hesperid; seas dashing with clashing billows upon enchanted mountains; valleys of the Shadow of Death; air-voyages and promenades in the abysses of ocean; the duello, the battle, and the siege; the wooing of maidens and the marriage-rite. All the splendor and squalor, the beauty and baseness, the glamour and grotesqueness, the magic and the mournfulness, the bravery and baseness of Oriental life are here; its pictures of the three great Arab passions—love, war, and fancy—entitles it to be called ‘Blood, Musk, and Hashish.’ And still more, the genius of the story-teller quickens the dry bones of history, and by adding Fiction to Fact revives the dead past; the Caliphs and the Caliphate return to Baghdad and Cairo, whilst Asmodeus kindly removes the terrace-roof of every tenement and allows our curious glances to take in the whole interior. This is perhaps the best proof of their power.

Finally the picture-gallery opens with a series of weird and striking adventures, and shows as a tail-piece an idyllic scene of love and wedlock, in halls before reeking with lust and blood.

A JOURNEY IN DISGUISE.

From ‘The Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca.’

The thoroughbred wanderer’s idiosyncrasy I presume to be a composition of what phrenologists call “inhabitiveness” and “locality,” equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For a while he smokes the “pipe of permanence” with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal a long sleep at night; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner hour, and wonders at the demoralization of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of *ennui* coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all

night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so or he shall die.

After about a month most pleasantly spent at Alexandria, I perceived the approach of the enemy, and, as nothing hampered my incomings and outgoings, I surrendered. The world was "all before me," and there was pleasant excitement in plunging single-handed into its chilling depths. My Alexandrian Shaykh, whose heart fell victim to a new "jubbeh" which I had given in exchange for his tattered zaabut, offered me in consideration of a certain monthly stipend the affections of a brother and religious refreshment, proposing to send his wife back to her papa, and to accompany me in the capacity of private chaplain to the other side of Kaf. I politely accepted the "brüderschaft," but many reasons induced me to decline his society and services. In the first place, he spoke the detestable Egyptian jargon. Secondly, it was but prudent to loose the "spoor" between Alexandria and Suez. And thirdly, my "brother" had shifting eyes (symptoms of fickleness), close together (indices of cunning); a flat-crowned head and large ill-fitting lips, signs which led me to think lightly of his honesty, firmness, and courage. Phrenology and physiognomy, be it observed, disappoint you often among civilized people, the proper action of whose brains and features is impeded by the external pressure of education, accident, example, habit, necessity, and what not. But they are tolerably safe guides when groping your way through the mind of man in his natural state, a being of impulse in that chrysalis stage of mental development which is rather instinct than reason. But before my departure there was much to be done.

The land of the Pharaohs is becoming civilized, and unpleasantly so; nothing can be more uncomfortable than its present middle state between barbarism and the reverse. The prohibition against carrying arms is rigid as in Italy; all "violence" is violently denounced; and beheading being deemed cruel, the most atrocious crimes, as well as those small political offenses which in the days of the Mamelukes would have led to a beyship or a bowstring, receive four-fold punishment by deportation to Faizoghli, the local Cayenne. If you order your peasant to be

flogged, his friends gather in threatening hundreds at your gates; when you curse your boatman, he complains to your consul; the dragomans afflict you with strange wild notions about honesty; a government order prevents you from using vituperative language to the "natives" in general; and the very donkey-boys are becoming cognizant of the right of man to remain unbastinadoed. Still the old leaven remains behind; here, as elsewhere in "morning-land," you cannot hold your own without employing your fists. The passport system, now dying out of Europe, has sprung up, or rather revived, in Egypt with peculiar vigor. Its good effects claim for it our respect; still we cannot but lament its inconveniences. We, I mean real Easterns. As strangers—even those whose beards have whitened in the land—know absolutely nothing of what unfortunate natives must endure, I am tempted to subjoin a short sketch of my adventures in search of a Tezkireh at Alexandria.

Through ignorance which might have cost me dear but for my friend Larking's weight with the local authorities, I had neglected to provide myself with a passport in England; and it was not without difficulty, involving much unclean dressing and an unlimited expenditure of broken English, that I obtained from the consul at Alexandria a certificate declaring me to be an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, by profession a doctor, aged thirty, and not distinguished—at least so the frequent blanks seemed to denote—by any remarkable conformation of eyes, nose, or cheek. For this I disbursed a dollar. And here let me record the indignation with which I did it. That mighty Britain—the mistress of the seas—the ruler of one-sixth of mankind—should charge five shillings to pay for the shadow of her protecting wing! That I cannot speak my modernized "*civis sum Romanus*" without putting my hand into my pocket, in order that these officers of the Great Queen may not take too ruinously from a revenue of fifty-six millions! Oh the meanness of our magnificence! the littleness of our greatness!

My new passport would not carry me without the Zabit or Police Magistrate's counter-signature, said the consul. Next day I went to the Zabit, who referred me to the Muhafiz (Governor) of Alexandria, at whose gate

I had the honor of squatting at least three hours, till a more compassionate clerk vouchsafed the information that the proper place to apply to was the Diwan Kharijiyeh (the Foreign Office). Thus a second day was utterly lost. On the morning of the third I started as directed for the place, which crowns the Headland of Figs. It is a huge and couthless shell of building in parallelogrammic form, containing all kinds of public offices in glorious confusion, looking with their glaring whitewashed faces upon a central court, where a few leafless wind-wrung trees seem struggling for the breath of life in an eternal atmosphere of clay, dust, and sun-blaze.

The first person I addressed was a Kawwas or police officer, who, coiled comfortably up in a bit of shade fitting his person like a robe, was in full enjoyment of the Asiatic "Kaif." Having presented the consular certificate and briefly stated the nature of my business, I ventured to inquire what was the right course to pursue for a *visá*.

They have little respect for Dervishes, it appears, at Alexandria! "M'adri" (Don't know), growled the man of authority, without moving anything but the quantity of tongue necessary for articulation.

Now there are three ways of treating Asiatic officials,—by bribe, by bullying, or by bothering them with a dogged perseverance into attending to you and your concerns. The latter is the peculiar province of the poor; moreover, this time I resolved for other reasons to be patient. I repeated my question in almost the same words. "Ruh!" (Be off) was what I obtained for all reply. By this time the questioned went so far as to open his eyes. Still I stood twirling the paper in my hands, and looking very humble and very persevering, till a loud "Ruh ya Kalb!" (Go, O dog!) converted into a responsive curse the little speech I was preparing about the brotherhood of El-Islam and the mutual duties obligatory on true believers. I then turned away slowly and fiercely, for the next thing might have been a cut with the Kurbaj (bastinado), and by the hammer of Thor! British flesh and blood could never have stood that.

After which satisfactory scene,—for satisfactory it was in one sense, proving the complete fitness of the Dervish's dress,—I tried a dozen other promiscuous sources of in-

formation,—policemen, grooms, scribes, donkey-boys, and idlers in general. At length, wearied of patience, I offered a soldier some pinches of tobacco and promised him an Oriental sixpence if he would manage the business for me. The man was interested by the tobacco and the pence; he took my hand, and inquiring the while he went along, led me from place to place till, mounting a grand staircase, I stood in the presence of Abbas Effendi, the governor's Naib or deputy.

It was a little whey-faced black-bearded Turk coiled up in the usual conglomerate posture upon a calico-covered divan, at the end of a long bare large-windowed room. Without deigning even to nod the head which hung over his shoulder, with transcendent listlessness and affectation of pride, in answer to my salams and benedictions, he eyed me with wicked eyes and faintly ejaculated "Minent?" Then hearing that I was a Dervish and doctor,—he must be an Osmanli Voltairian, that little Turk,—the official snorted a contemptuous snort. He condescendingly added, however, that the proper source to seek was "Taht," which, meaning simply "below," conveyed rather imperfect information in a topographical point of view to a stranger. At length however my soldier guide found out that a room in the custom-house bore the honorable appellation of "Foreign Office." Accordingly I went there, and after sitting at least a couple of hours at the bolted door in the noonday sun, was told, with a fury which made me think I had sinned, that the officer in whose charge the department was had been presented with an olive-branch in the morning, and consequently that business was not to be done that day. The angry-faced official communicated the intelligence to a large group of Anadolian, Caramanian, Bosniac, and Roumelian Turks,—sturdy, undersized, broad-shouldered, bare-legged, splay-footed, horny-fisted, dark-brown, honest-looking mountaineers, who were lounging about with long pistols and yataghans stuck in their broad sashes, head-gear composed of immense tarbooshes with proportionate turbans coiled round them, and two or three suits of substantial clothes—even at this season of the year—upon their shoulders.

Like myself they had waited some hours, but they were not patient under disappointment: they bluntly told the

angry official that he and his master were a pair of idlers, and the curses that rumbled and gurgled in their hairy throats as they strode towards the door sounded like the growling of wild beasts.

Thus was another day truly *Orientially* lost. On the morrow however I obtained permission, in the character of Dr. Abdullah, to visit any part of Egypt I pleased, and to retain possession of my dagger and pistols.

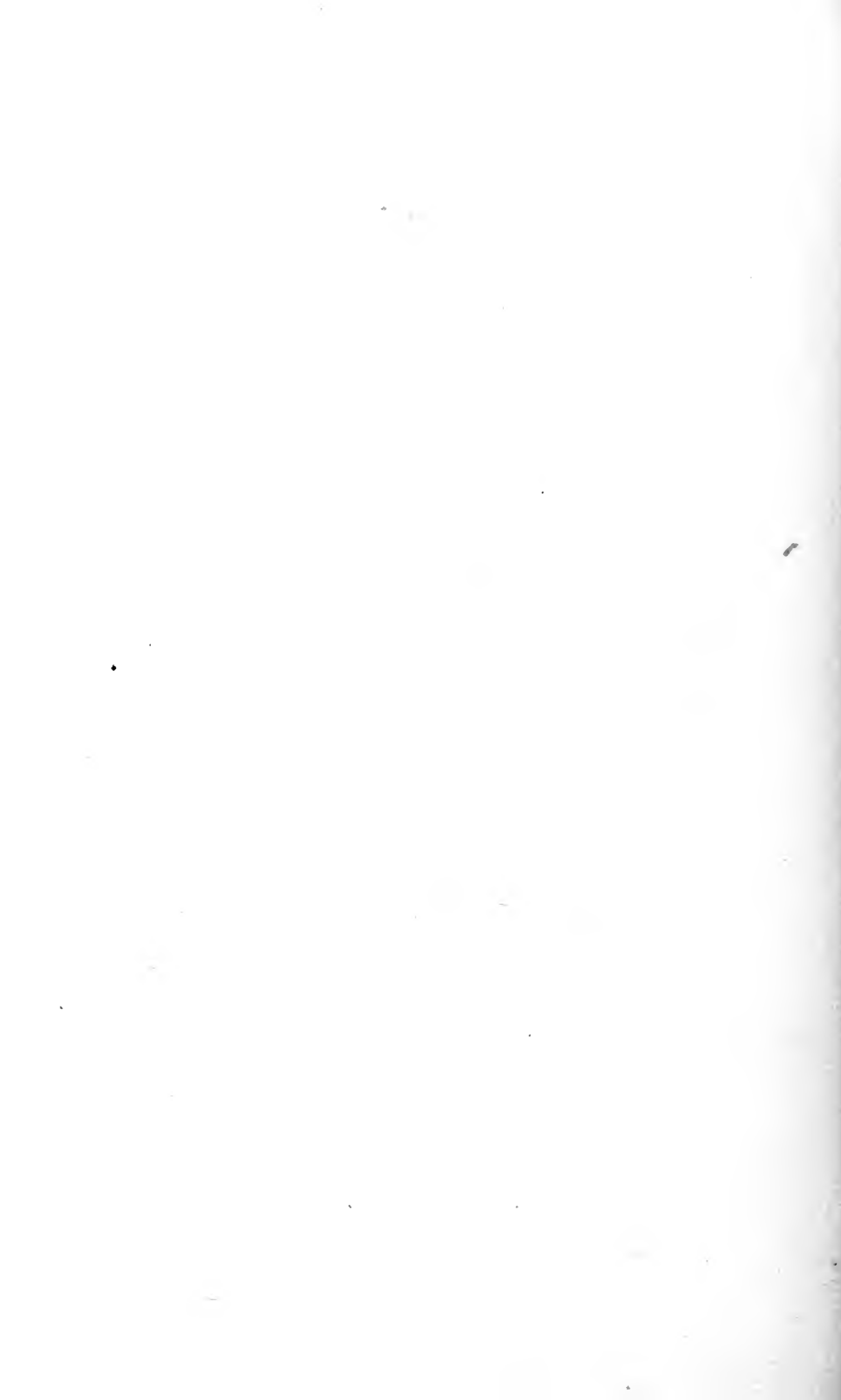
And now I must explain what induced me take so much trouble about a passport. The home reader naturally inquires, Why not travel under your English name?

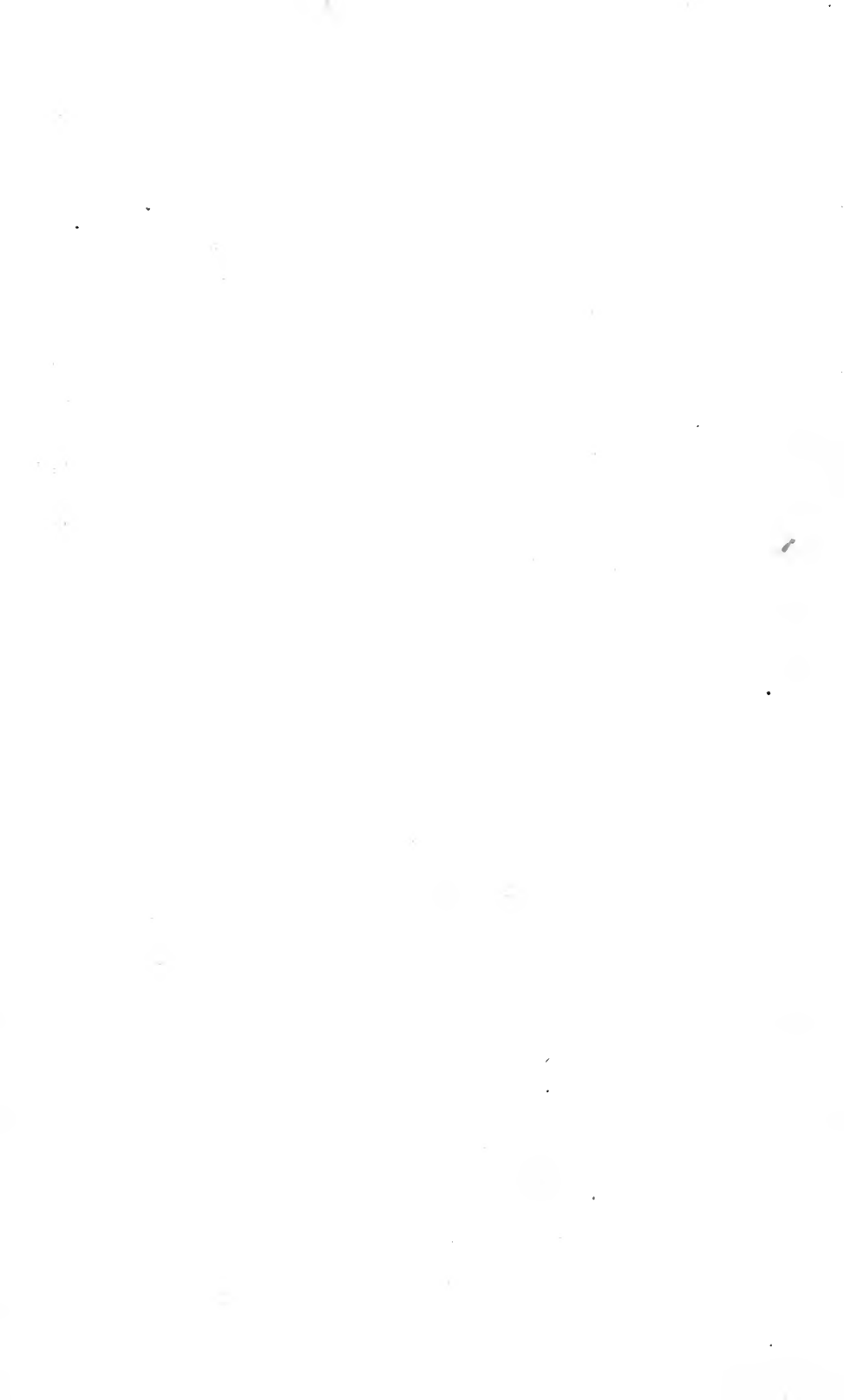
For this reason. In the generality of barbarous countries you must either proceed, like Bruce, preserving the "dignity of manhood" and carrying matters with a high hand, or you must worm your way by timidity and subservience; in fact, by becoming an animal too contemptible for man to let or injure. But to pass through the Holy Land you must either be a born believer, or have become one; in the former case you may demean yourself as you please, in the latter a path is ready prepared for you. My spirit could not bend to own myself a Burma, a renegade to be pointed at and shunned and catechized, an object of suspicion to the many and of contempt to all. Moreover, it would have obstructed the aim of my wanderings. The convert is always watched with Argus eyes, and men do not willingly give information to a "new Moslem," especially a Frank: they suspect his conversion to be a feigned or a forced one, look upon him as a spy, and let him see as little of life as possible. Firmly as was my heart set upon traveling in Arabia, by Heaven! I would have given up the dear project rather than purchase a doubtful and partial success at such a price. Consequently I had no choice but to appear as a born believer, and part of my birthright in that respectable character was toil and trouble in obtaining a *tezkirah*.

Then I had to provide myself with certain necessaries for the way. These were not numerous. The silver-mounted dressing-case is here supplied by a rag containing a miswak, a bit of soap, and a comb—wooden, for bone and tortoise-shell are not, religiously speaking, correct. Equally simple was my wardrobe: a change or two of clothing. The only article of canteen description was a *zem-*

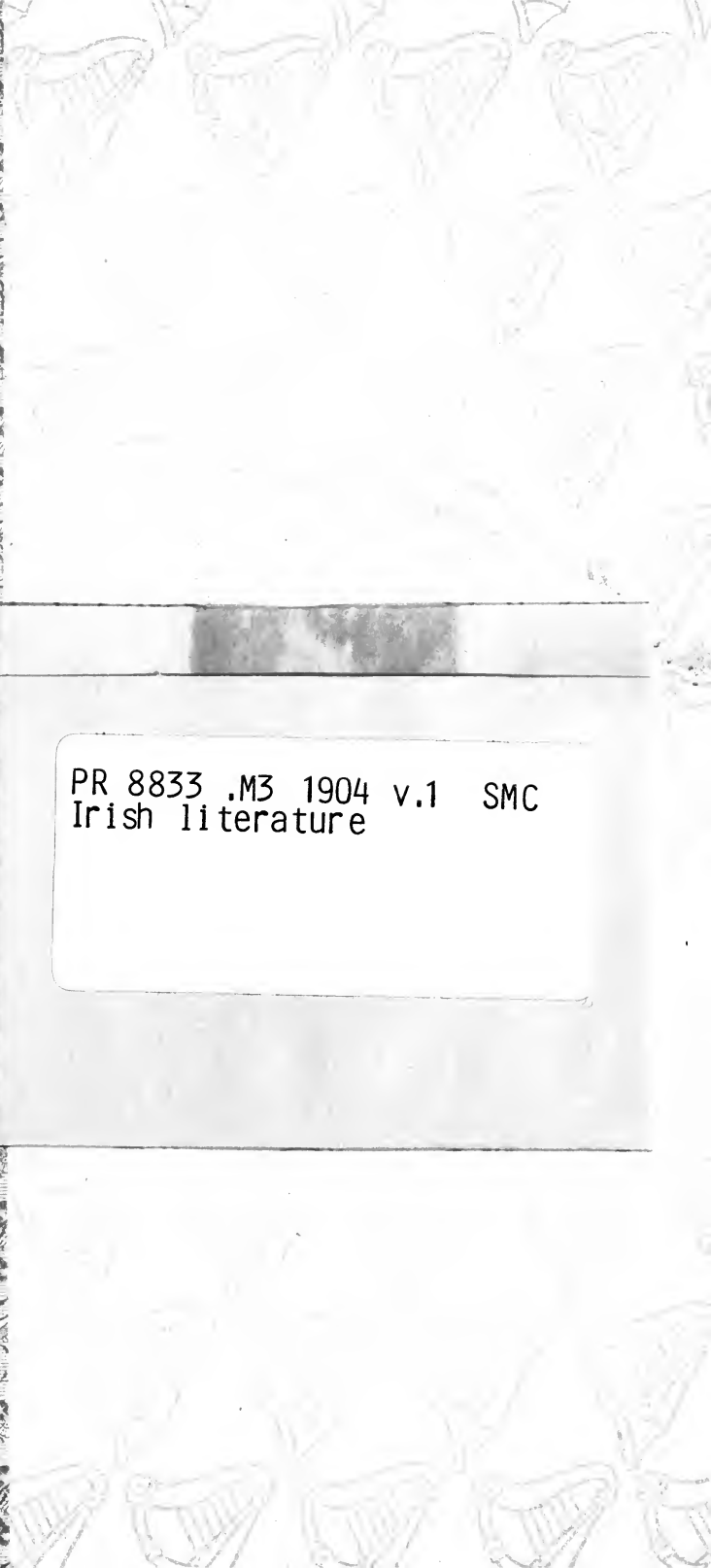

zemiya, a goatskin water-bag, which communicates to its contents, especially when new, a ferruginous aspect and a wholesome though hardly an attractive flavor of tannogelatine. This was a necessary; to drink out of a tumbler, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation. For bedding and furniture I had a coarse Persian rug—which, besides being couch, acts as chair, table, and oratory,—a cotton-stuffed chintz-covered pillow, a blanket in case of cold, and a sheet which does duty for tent and mosquito curtains in nights of heat. As shade is a convenience not always procurable, another necessary was a huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold. I had also a substantial housewife, the gift of a kind friend: it was a roll of canvas, carefully soiled, and garnished with needles and thread, cobblers' wax, buttons, and other such articles. These things were most useful in lands where tailors abound not; besides which, the sight of a man darning his coat or patching his slippers teems with pleasing ideas of humility. A dagger, a brass inkstand and penholder stuck in the belt, and a mighty rosary, which on occasion might have been converted into a weapon of offense, completed my equipment. I must not omit to mention the proper method of carrying money, which in these lands should never be intrusted to box or bag. A common cotton purse secured in a breast pocket (for Egypt now abounds in that civilized animal the pick-pocket) contained silver pieces and small change. My gold, of which I carried twenty-five sovereigns, and papers, were committed to a substantial leathern belt of Maghrabi manufacture, made to be strapped around the waist under the dress.











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