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J. Kirkwood sc.

B. H. Maxwell

Dublin. Published by William Curry Junr, & Co 1st Jan^y 1842.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

BY

W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF

“Stories of Waterloo,” “Wild Sports of the West,” “Life of Wellington,”
&c. &c. &c.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, AND ILLUSTRATIONS
BY H. K. BROWNE.

“Life is a tale.”—SHAKSPEARE.

DUBLIN

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,

LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO. LONDON.

1842.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ALTHOUGH garbed in the attire of romance, there is not a tale in this volume which wants some foundation in reality. Those who mingle extensively with mankind, will view life as it is, with much to laugh at, and more, probably, to lament. Others, beside the unfortunate, are occasionally introduced to "strange bedfellows;" and few travel from Dan to Beersheba, ~~and~~ find the wayside barren. Hence, ~~of~~ locomotive habits, the companionships of the author have been many. The field for observation was large—he gleaned as he went along—and, as Swift says, "found a moral first, and studied for a fable afterwards."

Among the stories, that entitled "The Outcast," will be generally considered as "fancy framed" altogether. It is, however, substantially true—and the main incidents in the narrative, startling as they may appear, are not so much over-coloured as might be imagined. "The Unknown" originated from a melancholy incident of private life, but slightly altered in the detail. The verisimilitude of "The Pluralist" the author has no occasion to defend. The persecution to which the Protestant clergy were subjected—the misery themselves and their families underwent—and the meekness with which poverty and privations were endured—obtained the sympathy of all, excepting those degraded statesmen, who "wrought ruin" upon hundreds, to propitiate one guilty man. The circumstances attendant upon the conviction and death of Major Campbell are perfectly authentic. Lastly—the hero of the longest tale, I am happy to add, is still alive and merry. He abideth in the far west—takes the world as it comes—and, over an evening tumbler of veritable potteen, frequently narrates his marriage

and general misfortunes. I have endeavoured to perpetuate the adventures of my "fat friend"—but alas! compared with his inimitable monologues, my narrative will be found "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

Among the cares and anxieties of authorship—and their name is legion—now and again, some pleasurable occurrence lightens the toil of mental exertion, and cheers on the literary adventurer to a fresh essay. If former efforts have met a favourable reception, he taxes Fortune again—and, with parental pride, commits a new offspring to the same kindly influences, trusting that "gentle readers" will "indulge one labour more."

In launching his little skiff upon the ocean of opinion, where

"Argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers, on the flood,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,"

other circumstances, besides, afford the author additional satisfaction. This volume is produced by an Irish publisher, and printed at a native press.

In Ireland, a few years since, nothing was

attempted beyond the publication of a pamphlet—and it was asserted and believed that the country was unable to support a magazine. Periodicals were frequently announced, and as regularly “strangled in the cradle;” and the first mariner was not, even in the estimation of old Horace, considered half so desperate, as the daring bibliopole who ventured to perpetrate a book. Under such withering influences, the art of printing became almost disused—while, chilled and discouraged, the talent of the country sought, in the sister island, for that fame and fortune, which, in its fatherland, was unattainable.

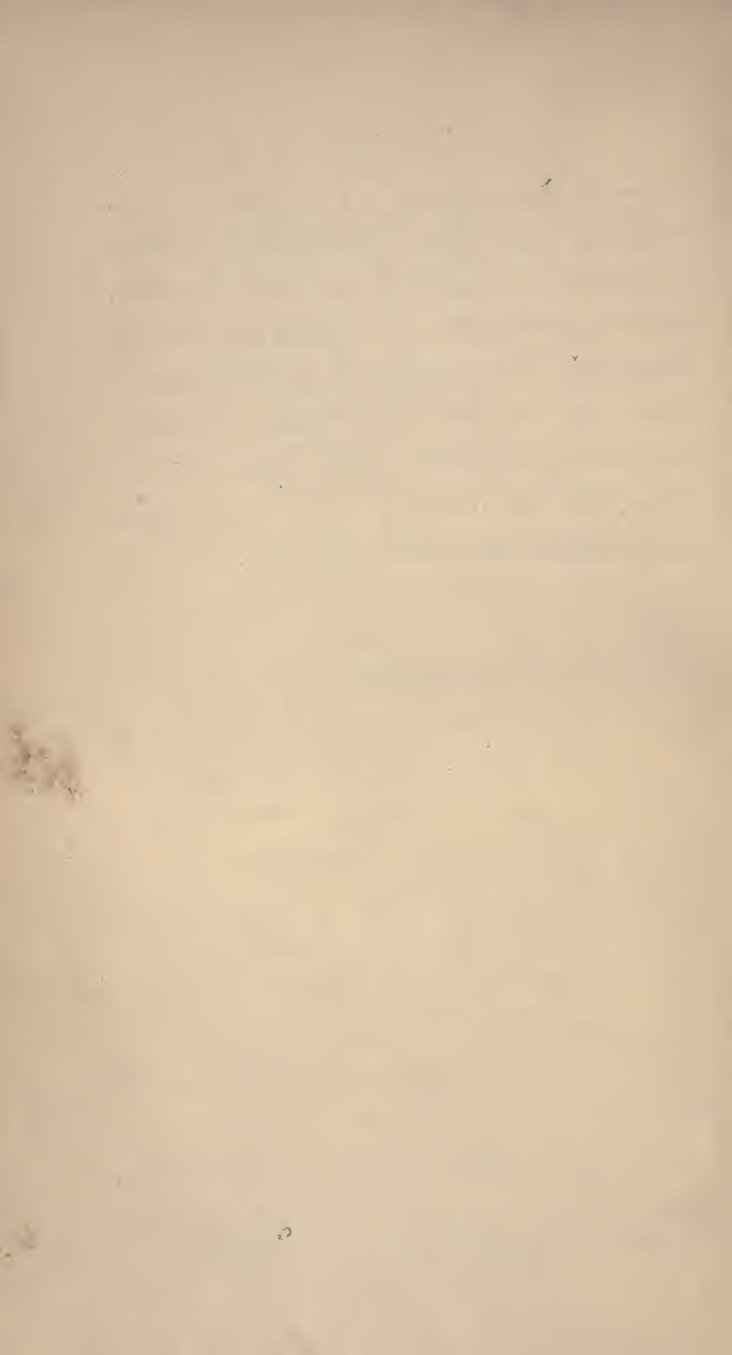
A brighter era in Irish literature has appeared—and private exertions, unsparingly employed, have been liberally seconded by the public. The present volume will fairly show what rapid improvements have been made in native typography—and, through many difficulties, “The Dublin University Magazine” has “clomb the hill to fame” at last, and taken a high stand among the directors of national opinion and purveyors to public taste.

Anecdote, at times, illustrates an assertion

better far than argument. Four years ago, the author of these pages inquired for his national periodical in a country town not sixty miles from the metropolis—and it was sought in vain. A few weeks since—in the Ultima Thule of the Romans, and in the remotest inn of Britain—on visiting Lerwick, he found the latest number on the table of the last “hostelry” in Europe to which the traveller could claim admittance.

W. H. M.

Peaton House, 1st January, 1842.



RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS.

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A SOLDIER'S DOMICILE.

“A low snug dwelling, and in good repair.”

THE HONEYMOON.

THE tourist who visits the beautiful scenery of Dunbarton and Stirlingshire, will not suppose that it can be much indebted either to the poet or painter for the celebrity it has gained. Its descriptive character, so varied and magnificent—uniting opposite effects, as the softened outline of lake and “lonely isle” contrasts itself with the savage grandeur of alpine mountains; while legendary tale and historical associations blend intimately with its beauties, and confer on this romantic district a charm which nothing artificial can achieve.

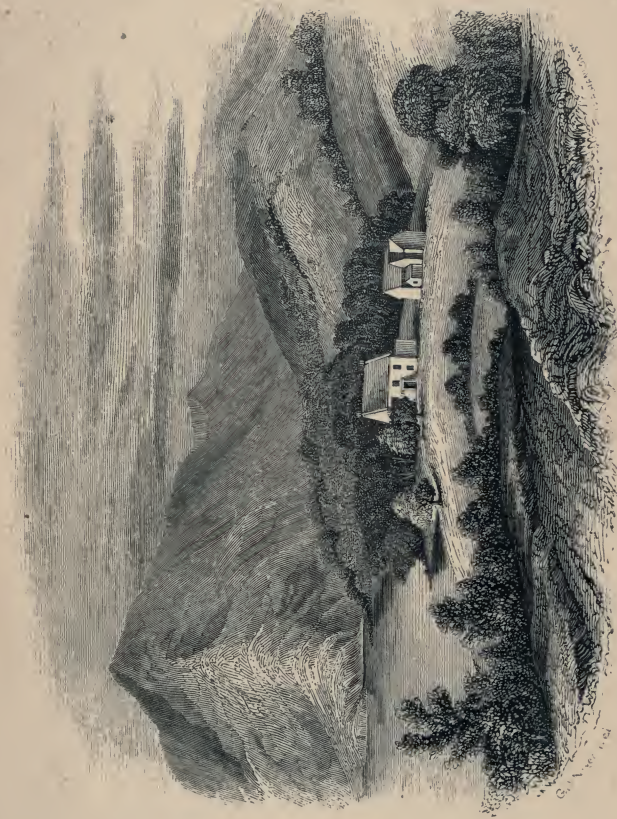
And yet, and but a few years since, these lovely scenes were viewed by few except those resident in their immediate locality. Difficult of access, a spell seemed thrown around their loveliness, which forbad the stranger to approach. At last the wizard came—the magic pen of Scott disclosed beauties which had been hidden from the world, and obtained for his own loved “land of the mountain and the flood” that fame so long unclaimed, and now so willingly conceded.

Thirty years ago, and at times only, the pilgrim step of some ardent worshipper of nature “sought the wild heaths of Uam Var,” or lingered among the

“copsewood grey
That waves and weeps on Loch Achray,
And mingles with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.”

But now thousands visit those romantic scenes, rescued from obscurity by the splendid creations of “Scotland’s honoured bard,” and from which, in fair return, the poet obtained his happiest inspirations.

It was late in September, and a day which throughout had been louring and windy, became



SOLDIER'S DOMICILE. — Page 3.

more and more stormy as evening approached. Warned by unequivocal indications of a coming tempest, the fisherman had secured his skiff, and the shooter abandoned the moor. The herd, returned from the hill-side, had thrown off his dripping plaid—his dog was already asleep before the fire, and his wife occupied in preparing their humble supper. Through all the extent of a highland strath, all had sought their dwellings. It was full time, indeed, for a wilder night was rarely witnessed at the equinox.

From the parlour-windows of a lonely mansion situated in the same glen, a glare of light streamed redly through the haze of evening; and within, two personages might have been discovered seated comfortably at either side of a sparkling wood-fire.

On one “the signet sage” of middle life was visibly imprinted. He was still a stout and vigorous man, although climate had assisted time in sapping a framework which seemed calculated to resist the assaults of both together. The expression of his features bespoke intelligence and decision; and without taking into account

some peculiarities in his style of dress, there would be little difficulty in concluding that his profession had been "the trade of arms," and that having turned his sword into a ploughshare, he was enjoying that space of brief repose, before the grave, that "end of all men," terminates the chequered career which generally marks a soldier's life. His companion had barely touched "life's summer." Younger by twenty years, there was nothing in his exterior to indicate professional pursuits. His general appearance was very favourable. His air was gentlemanly, and his dress the careless costume of a sportsman.

The apartment exhibited that quiet sort of comfort which the occupants seemed determined to put in ample requisition. On the table there were sundry bottles containing divers liquids; sugar and limes were not found wanting; and a silver kettle simmered above a spirit-lamp, keeping its water in that happy state of ebullition in which a toddy-drinker taketh delight. Stretched at full length in the corner, a full-grown deer-hound was reposing—and at either side of him who appeared to be the owner of the house, two short-

legged, straw-coloured terriers were seated, pricking their foxed ears as the gust moaned through the pine-wood, and occasionally turning their keen black eyes upon their master's face, as if inquiring what had occasioned this uproar out of doors.

“What a gale it is!” said the elder of the two. “Replenish, Jack—ay, and with a safe conscience too: for this is not the night when a man should reckon the number of his tumblers too religiously. On with more wood! I wish we had some of the old ‘Corinthians’ here.”

“I would rather prefer some young ones,” rejoined the sportsman. “Nothing can be duller than your domicile in bad weather, colonel. The grouse won't stand a dog; the burn comes roaring from the hills as black as Erebus; you take in none but Tory periodicals; and if a man only chucks a lassie under the chin, he's threatened *instantly* with the cuttie stool. What noise is that?”

“Never look at Purdy in the corner. All's safe and stupid here, Jack. It's the herd, or probably the fisher's wife with a salmon for to-morrow.”

“Neither, Ned. There are at least half-a-dozen interlopers. But here comes Jessie, and we shall soon be wiser, if we be not sadder men.”

The attendant handed three tickets to her master. “The gentlemen,” she said, “had wished to cross the ferry, and reach the inn beyond the loch, but the storm was too violent, and the boatmen refused to attempt a passage. Would Colonel O’Flagherty afford them shelter for the night?”

“What a question to put to an Irishman. In with them, Jessie. Let Sandy look to their horses, do you take charge of the driver, and let us have supper in double-quick. Where the devil are my spectacles? Here, Jack, look the names over—and let us know how we are to address our visitors.”

The younger of the two took the cards, and read their addresses carelessly.

“‘Mr. Melville, Figtree-court, Temple.’ I hate lawyers.”

“And I, also, have an hereditary dislike to the profession. But I won’t play Penruddock to-night,

and converse with the templar 'in the open air.'
Who comes next?"

" ' Captain Henry Bouverie, 57th regiment.' "

" By heaven! a welcome guest. I was brigaded, Jack, with the old ' Die-hards ' at Albuera. We took fourteen hundred men into action; and when the day closed, the three regiments had scarcely four hundred bayonets with the colours. If a fifty-seventh dog straggled hither and could only name his regiment, he might live and die here. Who comes third file?"

" ' Mr. Arthur O'Donel, Balla—Balla—Balamama——' D——n it, the name's interminable. Some ' gentleman from Ireland ' on what he calls *a tower*, partly in search of the picturesque, and partly in hopes of grabbing some silly heiress or doting widow in the course of his peregrinations."

" No matter—a countryman—*Ceade millia fealtheagh!* But here they come."

The belated travellers entered in the same order in which their cards had been delivered. The lawyer acted as advanced guard, the soldier supported him, and the gentleman with the interminable address formed the reserve.

They all passed muster gallantly. The lawyer was a smart, dapper, little man, neatly dressed in black, with easy manners, and features which bespoke calm thought and quiet intelligence. The soldier looked what he was—and no one could mistake the country to which his companion appertained. Although in his language and address Mr. O'Donel had nothing prominently national, still the expression of his face was of that mercurial character peculiar to denizens of the Emerald Isle—that mixture of firmness and humour which gave assurance that in the gentleman with the interminable address you had a “right merrie” comrade over night, and a friend, should necessity require, ready to “go the whole hog” in the morning, “and no mistake.”

“Gentlemen,” quoth the commander, “brief ceremony is best at all times, and more particularly after men have been pelted by a storm on a highland hill. Pray be seated. On with more wood, Jack. I am called Colonel O’Flagherty—a Conservative to the back-bone, and one who swears by the Duke of Wellington. This gentleman is a kinsman of the same name—one of those

nondescript animals yclept Whigs; and I lament to add, although young, an incorrigible offender. Finding his conversion hopeless, we eschew politics by mutual consent; and, like two armies in the field who wish to decline an action, we avoid a trial of strength, although now and then we indulge in some smart skirmishing at the outposts. Mr. Melville, I bid you welcome. You look too honest for a lawyer—and had not that accursed court been emblazoned on your card, none would have suspected it. Captain Bouverie, I claim you as a comrade. I spent a bloody day on the left flank of your glorious regiment. Mr. O'Donel, give me a countryman's hand. Don't believe all that my cousin Jack will say, for, with all their failings, I love the lads of the sod. But here comes supper. I'll tease you with no apologies—soldiers and sportsmen must 'rough it' now and then—and I'll back Maggie my cook for brandering a black cock against any lass in Dunbartonshire."

That the commander's eulogy was deserved might have been inferred from the performance of the company. Sportsmen and soldiers enjoy

the reputation of being excellent trenchermen, and consequently Maggie's brander and salmon cutlets underwent a heavy visitation.

"Gentlemen, we will now close up to the centre," said the colonel, as the lassie removed the cloth, and deposited a huge china bowl with all necessary appurtenances upon the table. "Jack, I will entrust the bruist to thee. Would that thy politics were as orthodox as thy punch."

If there be comfort and consolation in a stoup of hot toddy, it will be felt additionally should the night be tempestuous, and the scene "a highland home." So thought the colonel's visitors; round went the punch; and, sooth to say, the office of the colonel's kinsman was any thing but a sinecure.

"Gentlemen, we have drunk our sovereign—God bless her!—and now we will fill to 'The Duke.'"

"What Duke? — Devonshire or Leinster?" inquired the punch-maker, with a smile.

"Jack," returned the commander solemnly, "there is *one* Waterloo, and *one* Duke. If the Whig ones wait till their healths float on the sur-

face of my toddy, as honest Bob Burns says, 'by my saul, they'll wait awee.' Come, gentlemen," the host after a pause continued, "one bumper more, and let it be a high one. The presence of my young comrade recalls scenes gone by, and in fancy I stand once more on the bloody ridge of Albuera. Alas! that glory should be bought so dear. At nine in the morning, six thousand British bayonets glittered on the hill—at two that afternoon, the parting volley which fell heavily on Soult's beaten columns, was delivered from fifteen hundred muskets. I escaped unwounded: but the friend of my youth—he whom I loved dearer than a brother—died at my side; and the last sound that passed his lips was a cheer as he saw the French give way before the slaughtering volleys of the Fusileers. Come, gentlemen, we drink a silent toast—To the memory of those who fell at Albuera!"

"And where could a soldier meet death so well?" exclaimed Captain Bouverie, as the colonel sighed heavily. "The breach or battle-field should ever be his resting-place. Many have

survived a glorious hour on which to meet their fate, and dragged on life through years of poverty and suffering—a burden to themselves—a cause of misery to others.”

“I could relate a tale,” observed the commander, “which would point that moral well. It was indeed a strange adventure. The night is yet young, gentlemen, and I will tell you a singular story. Come, Jack, ply thy ladle well, and I will ‘spin my yarn’ as briefly as I can.”

The colonel having taken a preparatory pinch of black rappee, “to clear the cobwebs from his memory,” thus continued—

THE OUTCAST.

“ Blood hath been shed ere now, i’ the olden time,
Ere human statute purg’d the general weal ;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear.”

.
“ Kill men i’ the dark !—where be these bloody thieves ?”

SHAKESPEARE.

A MILD spring evening had succeeded the wettest day that ever blockaded me in the bay-window of a west-end hotel. Saint Martin’s clock struck seven—and the hour was come when the labours of the industrious begin to terminate, and the amusements of the idle to commence. The clerk was emancipated from his desk—the dressmaker had completed her task, and with her blue bonnet-box hanging on her arm, was hastening to the shop of her employer—the guardsman hurried to his barrack—and the lover started as the bells chimed from the steeple, and quickened his pace lest the fair one should reach “ the trysting place ” before him. A busy crowd thronged the *debouches* of

Leicester-square, all intent upon engrossing objects of their own—various and vain as human passions prompt—entailing pain in the pursuit, and too often shame and sorrow in the possession.

My friend and I turned from this crowded thoroughfare on our road to a restaurateur's where we had already ordered dinner. The crossing was clean—the sweeper made his customary demand—and, like most of charity's appeals, it was heard and disregarded. We touched the opposite curb-stone, the sweeper following—but his tone of supplication ceased, and a deep voice exclaimed, "Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!"

We started and turned round. The sweeper was leaning carelessly against the lamp-post—his attitude rather that of one who demands a right, than of him who solicits assistance.

The light fell fully upon the spot, and we examined the mendicant attentively. His was the ruin of a noble figure, rugged and mutilated as it was. The foot was firmly planted on the ground, while the position of the head and chest showed the "setting-up" that always betrays a

soldier. In height the sweeper was far over six feet—the framework was powerful and massive — the hair grizzled — the beard bushy and neglected—and from the appearance of an empty sleeve, the left arm had been amputated at the socket.

Half a minute elapsed, and still we looked earnestly at each other. The mendicant's glance was fixed as mine—and in a deeper tone he again addressed my friend, and repeated, “ Captain M——, you owe me a dollar !”

“ Now, who the devil are you? I never saw you in my life.”

The outcast laughed bitterly.

“ Wonderful,” he said, “ how old acquaintanceship will oftentimes fade from memory. Notwithstanding your forgetfulness, still, Captain M——, you owe me a dollar !”

“ For what ?” exclaimed my friend.

“ Wine !” returned the mendicant.

“ Wine? Nonsense, man !”

“ Ay, and as good as was ever taken from the havre-sack of a dead enemy. Noble captain, has Salamanca so totally escaped your recollection ?”

“Salamanca!—What of it, fellow?”

“The eighty —th were there, I fancy,” returned the sweeper carelessly.

“They were.”

“Ay, I thought so. It was a warm day in every sense, and the evening was as hot. Before the battle ended, many a brave man had fallen unwounded in the ranks, struck down by a burning sun, and tortured by intolerable thirst. A lieutenant in the grenadier company was wounded and carried to the rear. One of the men that brought him off had found a Frenchman’s canteen. He gave it to his officer. Wine there was worth gold — and where’s the wonder, that in return, the soldier received the promise of a bottle?”

He paused, turned his eyes steadily on my companion, and in yet deeper tones exclaimed, “Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!”

“By heaven, O’Flaherty, the man speaks truth—and a faint remembrance of the occurrence flashes across my memory.” My companion turned to the sweeper—“Were you the man who gave me a flask of wine at Salamanca?”

The mendicant shrugged up his solitary shoul-

der. "Captain M——," he continued, "do you remember a man named Coyne?"

"Perfectly," was the reply. "A finer soldier was never flank-file to a company; a braver never crossed a breach; and a greater blackguard was never inflicted upon a regiment. I saw him get five hundred for robbing a Spanish *curé*."

"Ay," rejoined the mendicant, "and they said he had kissed the priest's niece, whether she would or not, and added, that she was the prettiest girl in the *commune*. How did Coyne stand the halberds, captain?"

"Like a devil as he was. He stripped without changing a feature, placed a musket-ball between his teeth, and never gave a groan."

"Yet," replied the mendicant, "he was afterwards made corporal. He saved a picket from being taken; and shot—for he was advanced videt—the officer who led the party that attempted the surprise."

"Yes; and luckier still, he died a soldier's death, and fell at the head of his company, when the 'fighting third' swept through the village of

Arinez, and ended a glorious field. Was not Coyne killed at Vitoria?"

"They said so," replied the sweeper. "But, captain, do you admit or deny the debt?"

"Own it without scruple; and am ready to hand the dollar to his executor."

"Better and easier to pay it to himself. Come to the railing, gentlemen—a short time will tell a curious history."

The mendicant strode again across the street, and placed his back against the palisades. A lamp revealed the outline of his figure, and threw its light directly upon a face whose expression was singular and forbidding, but probably, might have once been handsome. Though the features were regular, their character was ferocious and repulsive; and a sword-cut that traversed the forehead and deeply scarred the eyebrow, added truculence to a countenance, on which nature had already imprinted her darkest outlines—indicating passions beyond self-control, and the repression of conventional authority.

"Your time is valuable, gentlemen," said the

mendicant, “and I will crowd into a brief space, the incidents of a life in which there is little of pleasure to look back upon. I never had a friend in whom I could confide—and I never loved a woman who returned it. Through life I seemed a second Cain—my hand against all, and every man’s hand against me. But, patience. The wildest storm is soonest followed by a calm—the quiet of the grave awaits alike the beggar and the prince. The race of every man must have its goal; and something whispers me, that ere long my career will close—as it commenced—in bloodshed.”

It seemed strange with what indifference the mendicant was about to make revelations which criminals generally avoid. If his personal appearance was remarkable, the manner in which he expressed himself was not less singular. His language was forcible and fluent, and different from what might have been expected from one of that vagabond order to which he belonged.

“My origin is lowly, gentlemen, as you may suppose. My father was herdsman under an easy master—and during a long life he managed to save

as much money as obtained for him a village reputation of being wealthy. I, an only child, was destined to achieve the great object of a peasant's ambition, and was preparing to enter Maynooth. God knows, I should have made a sorry churchman. But that intention was speedily set at rest. I was what they call in Ireland 'unlucky' from my birth; and at a hurling-match, where a row casually occurred, a skull was fractured, and they said that I had struck the blow. I did not remain, however, to abide the inquiry. I robbed my father—bolted the same night—lived bravely while the money lasted—and when the last shilling was spent, took another from a recruiting-sergeant, and listed a militia-man.

“In the South Mayo I remained a year. There I was drilled—got drunk—drew my bayonet on a corporal—had my back scratched—was sent to the hospital—and when I quitted it, turned out for the line.

“I remained two years in England, and during that period deserted and re-enlisted thrice. My fourth attempt, however, concluded that game. I joined your second battalion, captain—and my per-

fect discipline begat a suspicion, which reference to my back confirmed. They concluded that they had caught a loose fish; clapped me in the guard-house for better security; and made all sure, by whipping me on ship-board within a week, and sending me out to the Peninsula to join the first battalion.

“ Well—I was safely landed at Lisbon, and marched directly to ‘ the Lines ;’ and a more troublesome recruit, or a better drilled soldier, never joined a regiment. I was the tallest man in the grenadiers by half an inch—and the adjutant confessed that I was the best set-up soldier in the company.

“ For once I stuck close to my colours, although I often felt inclined to try whether the French fared better than we did. In the field, the captain will admit that I did my duty like a man; but for good conduct when in quarters, the less said the better.

“ I had been a twelvemonth in the Peninsula, when, early in January, 1812, the duke broke ground before Rodrigo. Siege duty in bad weather is no joke, as the captain knows—but we

had a general who always had the trick of coming to the point at once ; and as Marmont was concentrating fast for the relief of the fortress, Wellington determined to be beforehand, and save him the trouble of the march.

“ Captain, whatever occurrences may fade from our memories, those of the night of the 19th of January will not be of the number. On that day, in turn of duty, the third and light divisions were ordered to the trenches. At dark, we moved forward to the rear of the first parallel, and formed in front of the great breach ; and, by Saint Patrick, there was as much work cut out for us as we could do ; and, at rough fighting, it was hard to tax the *ould third* too heavily.

“ When the town clock struck six, our division stood to arms. Picton rode up—the storming party was told off—and the forlorn-hope desired to volunteer. Out stepped the captain there—and twenty tearing fellows followed him.

“ Clang went the cathedral bell once more—and many a hundred gallant spirits heard their last hour tolled. The word was given to advance : we led the stormers, and the column was close behind

them. All was silent as the grave, and one would have sworn that the garrison had gone to sleep ; but not an eye that evening was closed within Rodrigo.

“ We neared the main breach. One sentry discharged his musket, and then the storm burst. Every gun that would bear upon the approaches opened, and between shells and blue-lights the breach seemed in a perfect blaze ; but our leader cheered us on—and at it we went like bull-dogs.

“ At last the French gave way. You, Captain M——, forced a passage down the side of the retrenchment, and Brazil and I followed. You collected the stragglers as they came forward, and pushed direct to gain the castle—when I thought I had done enough already in the fighting line, and slipped aside at the corner of a square, to set off in search of drink, devilment, and plunder.

“ I wandered through several streets. Every house was closed—every casement darkened—a fearful stillness reigned around, occasionally broken by cheering at the breaches, as the supporting regiments poured into the captured city, and sometimes by a dropping shot or two fired in the direction of the castle. Aware that the ill-fated town

would be immediately overrun by soldiers and camp-followers, I pushed on a-head to gain a quarter remote from the scene of strife, and where I might plunder for a time with little fear of interruption. It was strange that in a populous city I should not encounter a living thing. The inhabitants, poor wretches, had concealed themselves, to escape, if they could, the first fury of the excited soldiery—the French had retreated in another direction—Rodrigo seemed abandoned to myself, and I looked around to select a house in which my depredations might be commenced successfully.

“ One side of the street was occupied by a large convent, and on the other there stood a range of private dwellings. At the extremity, and encircled by a garden, I observed an isolated house. Its neat exterior announced that it belonged to persons in comfortable circumstances; and its situation was retired, and therefore the better suited for the work of plunder. Without a moment’s hesitation I bounded over a low palisade that separated the garden from the street, and instantly sought an entrance.

“ The doors and lower windows were barred

securely ; I tried them all in vain—and to my knocking and peremptory demand to be admitted, no answer was returned.

“ You both, gentlemen, have been with an army in the field, and frequently overheard the conversation of a picket round a watch-fire :—sometimes, a detail of low debauchery—sometimes, narratives relating to successful plundering—and not unfrequently, a free confession of crimes of darker hue. Often, had I listened with pleasure while older marauders than myself related their infamous exploits, and I now remembered to have heard it asserted by these pillagers, that no lock however strong, will withstand the discharge of a musket through the key-hole. I tried the experiment for the first time. The bolt was shattered—the door gave way—I stood within the dwelling—and a faint light that escaped from beneath a door, showed me a flight of stairs that led to the apartment.

“ I reloaded my musket and ascended to the first floor, and a low whispering told that the chamber before me was inhabited. I knocked loudly, but no one replied,—and determined to waste no

time, I tried my strength upon the door, and the fastenings were too feeble to resist it.

“ Two females were the occupants; and two lovelier ones could not have been discovered in Rodrigo. The elder was in the full bloom of womanly beauty—the younger, a lovely girl of sixteen. Between them a likeness existed that told it was a mother and her child.

“ The horrid crash which the explosion of my firelock had caused would have harbingered the appearance of a demon, and, no doubt, I looked one. I had received some flesh wounds in the breach; my face and jacket were stained with blood and blackened with gunpowder; my countenance was flushed by recent excitement; I had drunk freely before the storm—and the expression of my features told how little mercy might be expected at my hands.

“ The younger female uttered a piercing scream, threw her arms wildly round her mother’s neck, and, as a last hope, clung to that loved one for protection, while the despairing look with which the elder supplicated pity, might have had influence on any spirit less savage than my own. But



THE STORMER.—Page 26.

I was callous—already, the blackest passions were raging in my breast—with brutal force I tore the screaming girl from her parent's arms, locked her in my own, and covered her lips with noxious kisses.

“The wretched mother made a strong effort to release her daughter from my grasp—she might as easily have loosed the lamb from the lion's hold. In an agony of grief she pressed her temples with her hands, and then, as if a thought had struck her suddenly, she seized the lamp, rushed to a corner of the chamber, unclosed a concealment in the wall, took out a purse of gold, knelt at my feet, and placed it in my hand. She saw some hesitation in my manner: the bribe she fancied was not probably sufficient, and she plucked jewels from her ears and fingers, and a sparkling crucifix from her breast, and, as she pressed me to accept them, implored me to spare the honour of her child. The language was Spanish, and unknown to me; but, oh God! how ardent was that prayer for pity!

“I hid the purse and jewels in the breast of my jacket, and the poor victims perhaps believed

that I had relented in my purpose. One minute undeceived them. A noise arose below—men's feet were heard upon the stairs—and a private of the ninety-fifth, with a Portuguese muleteer rushed in.

“Another minute and a damning deed was done! They forced the mother to a distant room—and her cries, loud and wild at first and then ceasing suddenly as if utterance was violently stopped, told how savagely she was outraged. Nor did her child experience from me that mercy which the unfortunate parent had vainly purchased. In an hour, when my companions in crime returned, the poor victim, like a flower blighted before it blooms, stole away dishonoured and debased, to mingle her unavailing sorrow with a parent's, herself subjected to the worst insult which hell prompts, and demon man can perpetrate.

“Each of my felon comrades had plundered apparently to their satisfaction, for both had a bundle roughly tied up. They had found some bottles of wine—and we sate down and drank to an infamous confederacy.

“The revelry was short—a drunken cheer was

heard at no great distance from the house, and the time had come when not to plunder, but to avoid being plundered, was an object. That fatal night, upon Rodrigo a multitude of ruffians were unloosed; the three greatest probably were assembled in the lonely house—and the worst by far was the muleteer.

“ ‘Damnation,’ he exclaimed, ‘could we have but kept possession for another hour, we should have found twice the booty we have got. And the women too—the loveliest within Rodrigo: many a skin of wine I carried from the lady’s vineyard.’

“ Another and a louder cheer announced that the band was numerous and near at hand.

“ ‘By San Iago, I’ll mar their harvest,’ he exclaimed.

“ The Portuguese seized the lamp—rushed out—was absent for a minute—returned and fired the curtains of the room—and followed us down stairs, whither we had hurried to save our plunder and quit the scene of crime.

“ The rest is but a dream—I only remember it indistinctly. We roamed to and fro, anxious

to escape light-handed adventurers who were marauding over the town, and despoiling indiscriminately the robbers and the robbed. In drunken wisdom we determined to obtain shelter during the remainder of the night—and accident disclosed what appeared to be a secure asylum. It proved a den of butchery.

“It was an obscure vault beneath the cathedral, which had been used by some French commissary as a place to store his wine. It seemed to have been but recently deserted by the owner, for the door was open, and a lantern was burning on the floor. A dozen wine-skins were standing against the wall, and two or three casks of brandy were laid upon the floor. We knocked in the head of one—a savage debauch succeeded—and we drank, quarrelled, and attempted to rob each other. The muleteer and the ninety-fifth man drew knife and bayonet, and as they struggled, I discharged my musket, not caring which I killed. The Portuguese ruffian was the victim—for my bullet passed directly through his heart.

“I know nothing more—the lantern was overturned—and hours of darkness succeeded, while

I lay buried in drunken insensibility. I awoke, tortured with ravening thirst; and minutes elapsed before I could recall to memory the place and past transactions, or feel assured that all was not a troubled vision.

“Proofs were not long wanting; a sad reality appeared, and the consequences of last night’s brutality were disgustingly presented. The pallid features of the muleteer, with his leaden eyes wide open, were staring straight on mine; and the soldier, covered to the ears in wine, had been hours before smothered in his drunkenness. Through accident or wantonness the wine-skins had been ripped in the struggle; the floor was flooded a foot deep, and I had escaped the fate of my companion by the mere accident of falling across a heap of rubbish in the corner. I would have drunk—but gouts of blood were floating on the Xerez; the surface was reddened—I never thought one body could have contained so much.

“I crawled out from this horrid den, and went staggering along a street or two. I met a fountain in my way; my thirst was burning; I drank deeply of the cooling water—and, a few paces on,

entered a deserted mule-shed, stretched myself upon the litter, and fell into a heavy sleep.

“Hours had elapsed, for it was pitch dark when I awoke, and I turned with difficulty upon the straw. The heavy blows I had received in the *melée* upon the breach, though unheeded at the time, were now severely felt, and the sword cuts were festering from neglect. I found myself fevered by my late debauch, and yet the cold was intolerable. A burning thirst consumed me. I could not sleep; if I slumbered, I dreamed that I was again beside the fountain; I stooped to drink, but the water was gone, and the filthy stream that spouted in its stead, was sherry mixed with blood. At last, nature was wearied out. I slept, but it was not the sleep that refreshes. The women, the dead muleteer, the smothered soldier, the filthy vault, the bloody wine—all flitted before my eyes, and tortured me with maddening phantasies.

“Suddenly, a rude shake dispelled these horrid visions. I looked up—a being, whose dress was womanly, but whose truculent look and masculine frame almost belied her sex, was standing over me. I raised myself upon my elbow; a heavy

blow from some blunt instrument instantly struck me down—and when I recovered my senses, I found myself alone ; my jacket was torn open, and purse and jewels gone. My ill-got treasure had disappeared, and passed into the possession of one of those monsters in female form, who, vulture-like, hover round an army in the field, and exceed even man himself in crime and cruelty.

“ I had now no motive to induce concealment—in turn, the robber had been robbed. The sooner I obtained surgical assistance the better, and with a painful exertion, I raised myself from the straw and crawled slowly into daylight. The pickets were everywhere about to secure marauders and carry off the drunken and the wounded. In a short time a patrol came up—and the officer despatched a corporal and two files to carry me to the hospital.

“ A large convent had been hastily prepared for the reception of disabled men, and thither we proceeded ; but before we reached it, a scene was reserved for me to witness, that ages, could human life be thus prolonged, could never obliterate from memory.

“Previous to the capture of Rodrigo, desertions on both sides had been numerous, and it was known that of those who had left their regiments, either to avoid the severity of field duties, or escape the punishment incurred by military offences, many had found shelter in the fortress. There were at least a score of these criminals in Rodrigo upon the night of the assault; but conscious of the fate that awaited them should the storm succeed, they fought at the breaches to the last, and the greater number died in desperate resistance. Those who survived were brought to a drum-head court-martial; and on three, but just condemned, the penalty of the law was now in execution.

“The Provost-marshal and his guard had erected a temporary gallows, and as we came up, the criminals were turned off. My companions took an interest in the passing scene, for one of the sufferers had deserted from their own regiment. I witnessed the execution with indifference—a far more horrible sight had been reserved for me.

“We had halted beside the ruins of a burned house; and as a detached wing had accidentally

escaped the flames, some of the inhabitants were employed in removing portions of the furniture which had been but partially injured. A cry of horror was heard within, and two of my escort sprang into the house to ascertain the cause. In a few minutes they returned with several town's people carrying a heavy load. It was wrapped loosely in a cloth, and at my feet they laid it down.

“Whatever it was, it seemed to have a power of fascination. I could not withdraw my eyes, and yet I dreaded to make inquiry. A minute passed—a man came from the crowd and directed the cloth to be removed. He was obeyed; and never did the blessed light of day witness a more horrible spectacle.

“There lay the bodies of two females: the heads and trunks were perfect, but the lower extremities had been consumed by fire. They were locked in each other's arms; and so rigid was death's embrace, that it would have required force to sever it. How destruction could have been so partial, it is difficult to conceive. The faces were uninjured, and the long black hair un-

scorched. The features of both preserved their living beauty, but they were horribly distorted; and the frightful expression of agony that convulsed them, told under what exquisite sufferings the spirit must have passed away. Need I tell you they were my victims?

“When I reached the hospital, decided fever had set in; and in an hour or two I was delirious. I raved incessantly of mutilated women and bloody wine. No one attended to it. It was supposed that my brain had become unsettled by injuries sustained in the assault; and on recovering, I was sent to my regiment, and for gallant conduct at the storm, noted for promotion—but that never came.

“From the moment I viewed the scorched and mutilated bodies of my victims, hell was in my breast, and the curse of heaven followed in my footsteps. I, who had been the crack soldier of a flank company, became as notorious for dirt and inattention. Military pride was totally extinguished, and half my time was consumed in drunkenness, or the confinement inflicted for its punishment. When in the immediate presence

of an enemy, my former spirit for a time revived. At Salamanca I did my duty like a man, and gave you, captain, the Frenchman's flask, whom a few minutes before I had killed in fair and single fight. The prisoners said afterwards he was the finest soldier in Spain, and reckoned the ablest swordsman with the army. Well, I must be brief, and bring my military history to an end. It closed where people thought I died—in carrying the village of Arinez.

“Many a better man than I, left his colours on the evening of the 21st of June, to plunder the French baggage at Vitoria. Some returned to their regiments—others never rejoined them—and I was among the latter. With an hundred marauders like myself, I went rambling through the mountain villages, devastating property, and maltreating the inhabitants. Our plundering career was short; violence provoked retaliation; we used the bayonet unsparingly, and the Spaniards resorted in secret to the knife. The account on both sides was kept tolerably square. If we murdered half-a-score of peasants through the day, at night a dozen of our comrades

disappeared; and if we found them afterwards, it was always with a gashed throat. I seemed to hold a charmed life, and escaped assassination; but, while in brutal inebriety, was tied hand and foot by some peasants, delivered to a party of French foragers, and carried into San Sebastian a prisoner. My state of captivity was brief: the first overture to enter the French service was accepted—and in the first sortie from the garrison, I headed the party, got wounded, and was sent from the fortress by sea to Passages, and thus escaped the halter I had earned by desertion.

“Through the remainder of the war I continued with the French army of the Pyrenees, and was present at Sauroren, Orthez, and Toulouse. I fought with a halter round my neck, and, need I add, fought with reckless desperation. In every one of these battles, by a strange fatality, I was opposed to “The Fighting Third”—and more than once I felt an impulse, nearly irresistible, to rush from the French ranks, rejoin my own conquering division, and die at the head of that noble company, of which, by turns, I had been the pride and shame.

“ War ended; Napoleon was deposed; and I spent a wandering life among the Pyrenees, half brigand and half beggar. I could narrate a volume of adventure—let it pass. Napoleon returned; I joined the French ranks again, and was drafted from an *élite* company of the line, into the Imperial Guard.

“ At Waterloo I was wounded severely; sent without suspicion to a French hospital; and, when recovered, obtained a passage to Cuba. In the new world, I commenced a new career.

“ It was one for which a spirit like mine was best adapted. No honest calling was fitting for an outcast—a man steeped in guilt, and familiarized with bloodshed. I sought out ruffians like myself, and found them readily; chose another element as the scene of criminal exploit; joined an atrocious confederacy, and became a rover of the sea.

“ You have been wearied with details of villany. Those, in my new vocation, I shall pass over, and only say, that on leaving Europe I might have been accounted inno-

cent, were comparative crime estimated then and afterwards.

“ For five years I lived an ocean robber—passed through the thousand dangers which peril a lawless life; gained, at last, the summit of ruffianly ambition, and became the captain of a pirate crew. In the history of these years, there is no villany which man imagines, that I had left uncommitted. Many a rich bark was plundered, and yet no tongue betrayed the secret; for sunken ships and murdered seamen followed each deed of rapine; and that they never reached a port, was falsely ascribed to storm or some maritime calamity. Would you believe it? stained with blood—guilty of incredible atrocities—dead to every impulse of humanity—with the disposition of a vampire, and the malignity of a fiend—in the remembrance of one foul deed, an hundred fouler, if possible, were forgotten. The night when Rodrigo was carried by assault seemed branded on my memory. When I caroused with my ruffian comrades, every glass seemed

bright; but in mine, blood drops were floating on the surface; and at midnight, whether I watched beside the helmsman, or rested in my cabin, two mutilated women, with long black hair and features writhed in mortal agony, lay on the deck plank where I stood, or swung at my feet with every movement of the hammock.

“At last, crime and cruelty appeared to lose excitement; a strange fancy crossed my brain; a longing after home suddenly returned; and I determined to take an early opportunity of abandoning a rover’s life, and try whether in scenes of quiet, there was any peace reserved for me. I had amassed ample wealth; for all the more valuable portions of our booty, gold, plate, and jewels, were intrusted to my keeping; and it was easy, as commander, to concert some plan by which I might appropriate all to myself, and desert the ship and crew without suspicion. Accordingly, I packed the whole in parcels of convenient size, directing the schooner’s course for Cuba, to water and refit, an order joyfully obeyed; for my companions, surfeited with plunder, were only anxious to obtain the power

of dissipating it, as recklessly as it had been collected. Such were their intentions; mine were different; and fortune marred both.

“ It was a calm, dark night; at sunset we had got soundings, and before the next evening should come on, we calculated on making land, and in a few hours afterwards, moor the schooner in an unfrequented creek, where we generally overhauled the vessel and refitted for a cruise.

“ Many a scheme relating to future life was contemplated, but always some damning doubt arose, and conscience whispered that in this world the murderer seeks rest in vain. Dark forebodings crossed my mind—the harbingers of coming evil. I drank deeply, but they were not to be drowned in wine. I strove to sleep; an hundred corpses danced around the cot. I sought the deck, to try if the night breeze would cool the fever of my brain; but wherever I moved, the mutilated victims of Rodrigo were ever at my side. At last, the darkness began to yield to day. Oh! how interminable that short night appeared. Morning dawned gloomily, and a dense mist hung over the ocean and shrouded the ship in vapour.

The thickness of the weather alarmed me; we were now in the track of British cruisers, and safety required that on our part a bright look-out should be kept. I determined, therefore, to remain on deck myself until the fog should clear away; and lighting a cigar, took my usual stand beside the helmsman. Suddenly, faint sounds, like strokes on a ship's bell when the watch is changed, came stealing over the water. I started, and asked if any but myself had heard them; but all answered in the negative. The mist began to disperse; the sun shone out; the morning breeze freshened; for a mile around, the sea was clear—the vapour, in huge fleeces, rolling off before the wind. I swept the horizon suspiciously with my glass, and within a cloud-bank to the southward, fancied that I discovered something darker than the mist. In a few minutes, another portion of the fog rolled off, and, by heaven! not two miles distant, and dead to windward, a brig was under easy sail, and her low black hull and raking masts told that she was any thing but a trader.

“The alarm was given: in a minute every man

was on deck, and sail was made upon the schooner. We hoped at first that, owing to the thickness of the weather, we had escaped the stranger's observation, and might yet steal off to leeward. But that hope was vain; our helm was scarcely up till the stranger changed her course and bore down upon us—and the rapidity with which canvas was crowded on her to the trucks, told that her crew was numerous. No mist remained; the sun poured a glorious flood of light over sea and sky—not a sail was on the ocean far as sight could range, except the stranger and ourselves. The breeze freshened; she brought it down, and overhauled us rapidly: half an hour would bring her alongside—for two feet we sailed, she went three.

“As yet neither vessel had showed their colours. We hoisted the Colombian flag, but the stranger did not notice it, but held a steady course. Our situation seemed hopeless—certain death if captured, and scarcely a chance of escape. Still it was possible that we might cripple the stranger and get off; or, he might be a rover like ourselves, for we heard that under the title of privateers and

slavers such were common in these seas. We took a desperate resolution, hauled down Colombian colours, and sent aloft the skull and cross-bones. All eyes were now turned on the stranger. In a minute 'the meteor flag of England' was flying at his mast-head! and we felt that our doom was sealed.

“ There was but one chance of escaping left—to cross the stranger's bows, and trust to our superior sailing on a wind. The manœuvre was tried—the brig as promptly bracing up three points to cut us off. We commenced firing from our traversing-gun, but the stranger did not return a shot. We sent a two-and-thirty through his foresail, and splintered his quarter-boat with a second. A third passed harmlessly between his masts. It was the last shot we fired.

“ He was now well on our starboard-bow and within good pistol range, when, luffing up, he delivered his broadside with beautiful precision, as every gun was brought to bear. His fire was directed at spars and sails, and his grape completely unrigged us. Shifting his helm, he ran his jib-boom between our mast and fore-stay,

threw forty boarders on our deck, and cleared it in three minutes. Some of my scoundrels fought hard ; more of them cowed and ran below. Twenty were left upon the deck with cleft skulls—and the remainder, chained two and two, were carried to Cuba, and delivered to the Spanish authorities.

“ There the judicial process was short. Little proof was required of our guilt—as we were taken fighting under the black flag, and several scoundrels had saved life by becoming approvers. We were all condemned. Half were sent to the mines for life, and the remainder were doomed to undergo a capital punishment.

“ Manifold as our depredations had been, they were represented as being ten times greater than they were, and every vessel that had foundered at sea for years before was asserted and believed to have been destroyed by the crew of the pirate schooner. As a terror to malefactors, it was arranged by the proper authorities that the scene of punishment should embrace the chief towns and seaports ; and accordingly we were sentenced to be hanged in detail, and the relative numbers fur-

nished to each place were nicely apportioned with a fitting respect to its extent and importance. We started on our last tour under the escort of a military guard; and as every sinner had a priest allotted for his especial consolation, the clergy formed a striking feature in the *cortege*; and, indeed, our general appearance was admitted to have been respectable. As this itinerating assizes was to terminate with three executions at Carthage, the lions were reserved to the last; and while the smaller fry were strung up in villages and fishing-towns as we went along, the greatest villains—namely, the mate, the gunner, and myself—were retained, out of compliment to the city, as well as to give to the finish of the affair the eclat it so well deserved.

“ On the last night of my earthly sojourn I was flung into a dungeon in the public jail, loaded with irons, and tormented by the exhortations of a drunken priest. In the plaza before the building a gang of negroes were at work erecting a lofty scaffold; and the task appeared a pleasant one, if one might form an opinion from their merriment and songs. On a sudden the stroke of axe and

hammer was suspended—a wild din arose—shots were rapidly discharged—men huzzaed—torches flared—and all seemed hurry and alarm. Presently, the populace surrounded the prison, massacred the guard, and, in the true spirit of mob justice, executed half-a-dozen political offenders on the gallows intended for our accommodation. They were also graciously pleased to make a general jail-delivery, in which act of clemency we were duly included; and while the mate and gunner became a valuable addition to their body, I slipped away towards the harbour, stole the bundle of a drunken sailor, dressed myself in his clothes, launched a canoe, and rowed on board an American ship, already under weigh, and quitting the anchorage in alarm. I afterwards learned at New York, that the popular outbreak had been suppressed next morning, and that my companions were retaken and hanged; and all they had profited by the intervention of the mob was the enjoyment of a night of drunken liberty, during which they demolished fifty houses, and murdered the proprietors for daring to assert that a Don Jose somebody would make a better president than some Don Pedro with a longer name.

“My history draws near a close. I came to England as a man before the mast; and I, who had expected to have landed possessor of ten thousand pounds, debarked upon the pier at Liverpool owner of just ten dollars. That sum carried me to the metropolis; and two years since I found myself in London—my kit, comprised within the folds of a pocket handkerchief—my cash, a solitary shilling.

“To find some scoundrels like myself was a first endeavour, and he who seeks for such in London will rarely lose his labour. I had herded with outcasts half my life—none knows the gradations of crime better—and I have no hesitation in saying, that in villany my new associates, three in number, belonged to the highest order of the felonious. They had been originally cracksmen and pick-pockets, but exchanged burglary for a safer and more lucrative employment. They were now purveyors to the hospitals—professional resurrection-men.

“I had long been the robber of the living, and I had no compunction in now becoming a despoiler of the dead. The churchyard, indeed, proved an

El Dorado, and from it, for eighteen months, I obtained ample resources to support my low debaucheries. I easily obtained a mastery over the gang—for all were sneaking scoundrels—fellows who would drug a man to death, or stab a sleeper in the dark. One and all had felt my arm by turn; and once, when in a drunken broil, the whole attacked me, in a minute they were spread across the floor, and one of them all but qualified for the surgeons. They swore vengeance, and whatever oaths the villains broke, that one they kept religiously.

“The darkest hour of my varied fortunes remains only to be told; for compared with it, every suffering I had endured, and every calamity which befel me, were trifling. Many a scar upon my person attest that I did not pass unscathed through perilous adventures in which hundreds of my comrades perished. What were they all? mere scratches on the bark of a tree whose sap and strength were sound and vigorous as it had ever been. I had no reason to complain. From my filthy calling all but the lowest in the grade of guilt turned in disgust. I trafficked in the dead;

what then?—the trade was lucrative—I was a monster not a man—and although it was the produce of human carrion, I cared not; it served the purposes of vulgar dissipation as well as money more reputably obtained.

“The twilight of a January day had set in—the lamps were lighted—and I was sitting at the tap-room fire of a low pot-house, which none but thieves and vagabonds frequented. Here my companions and I generally met to concert our churchyard robberies—and I had been but a few minutes in the place, until my three confederates entered the apartment.

“‘Sailor,’—the name by which I was always addressed—‘we have been in search of you; a nice job for to-night! I met the chap from Guy’s, in the Borough-road this morning, and he offered to stand twelve pounds for a fresh stiff-un, and gave me these five bob earnest.’

He threw the silver on the table, called for drink, and when the bar-maid left the room, he thus continued—

“‘Luck’s with us, too. *The smasher* met a parish funeral, followed it unobserved, and marked

the grave to an inch. There's not within thirty miles a ground so easily worked in; d——n me, I have got three of a night there, as readily as I could pick up stale fish in Billingsgate.'

“He named a village churchyard.

“ ‘Sailor, we'll start at ten. You'll find us with the cart and tools in Smithfield. Now, mind the hour; don't lush too heavy—and be sure not to keep us waiting, and when we deliver the goods, why then we'll drink till daylight.'

“My ruffian comrades left the tap, and I smoked and slept, and drank, until the clock chimed three quarters, and told me the hour of meeting was at hand.

“In Smithfield I found my companions and a tax cart. I jumped in, and away we drove. The night was dark as pitch; and as it was windy, with a drizzling rain, there were few persons out of doors as we passed through the outskirts of the metropolis. One of the gang stopped with the horse and chaise in a lonely lane; we took the implements for digging, a dark lantern and a tarpaulin to wrap the corpse in, and crossing a field, scaled the churchyard wall, and instantly

commenced our work. *The smasher* found his marks—and a hole was sunk at the head of the grave, by which the body was speedily extracted from the coffin.

“The remains thus violated were those of a female, for as the shroud was rudely torn away, a quantity of long black hair fell loosely over her neck and bosom. As we wrapped it in the cloth, the faint light that streamed from the narrow aperture of the lantern fell for a moment on the features of the dead. Great God! the lineaments were the same—she, too, had died in agony—and there lay, if face and figure might be credited, the younger lady of Rodrigo, just as twenty years before she had breathed her last—and, stranger coincidence! that night was the 19th of January—the memorable anniversary of the storm. I started back in horror.

“ ‘Hush!’ said one of my companions, ‘I thought I heard a noise.’

“ He listened for a moment.

“ ‘By —— there’s some one near us; up with the body, sailor—and *the smasher* and myself will see that all’s right behind you.’

“ ‘That corpse shall never touch my back,’ I replied doggedly. ‘Off, you miserable cowards—I will remain behind.’

“ They raised the body and moved a few paces towards the wall, when suddenly a voice shouted, an alarm was given, and a prompt discharge of fire-arms answered it. My comrades dropped their prey and fled. I followed more slowly; for the whole charge of a gun loaded with slugs, had penetrated my breast and shoulder. I reached the lane only to find that the scoundrels had left me to my fate; for I heard their chaise-wheels on the high road.

“ I struggled on—and at last, faint with loss of blood, I reached the hospital, where the porter was in waiting to receive the expected corpse, but in place of a dead subject received a wounded patient. I was undressed; the injury declared most dangerous; many of the slugs could not be extracted, and in the morning it was decided that my arm must be taken off, and accordingly, it was amputated at the shoulder.

“ On my recovery, I felt that the curse of heaven had overtaken me at last, and that the

hour of retribution had arrived. Through many a perilous trial, my personal superiority over common men had carried me in safety—while meaner villains, dreading my herculean strength, feared and submitted to my will. But now that mastery was lost—I was a maimed wretch—one who might become an object for contempt, but never could excite apprehension, not even in the mean cowards with whom I had lately herded, and with whom, from necessity, I must for the future consort. When I crawled from the hospital, and sought to renew my connexion with the gang, they rejected me with scorn, laughed at my misfortune, told me to turn beggar, and flung some coppers in derision on the floor. They showed me gold and bank notes—boasted that their trade was now indeed worth following—and hinted that they had found a method by which their foul traffic could be carried on, without that personal risk which formerly had attended it. By heaven! a dark suspicion crossed me at the moment. I made inquiries at the hospitals—I coupled facts with circumstances—and my belief is

fixed, that the *living* and not the *dead* are *now* the victims. I am on the trail—and before many hours elapse, I will know the truth; and then—will I not avenge myself? But I have detained you, gentlemen, too long—it will be my last trespass. In this world, we are not likely to encounter each other; and as to the next—but no matter—we must not speak of that.”

We were, indeed, sick of the felon revelations we had listened to, and offered the outcast some silver, which he received and pocketed.

“Well, I suppose the sweeper is by this time sober, and I must return his tools—and then for vengeance. Oh! that I could but see those villains strung up before I went myself! Now for their haunt.”

The outcast threw the besom across his shoulder; bade us good night; and strode across the square; and we proceeded to the tavern, marvelling how immeasurably the romance of real life outstrips the wildest creations of the fancy.

Months passed; my friend and I often crossed

Leicester Square—and never without recalling our singular adventure with *the outcast*—but never met him afterwards. We inquired of the sweeper—he could give us no information, except, that one evening when he was drunk, a one-armed man took his besom and supplied his place for an hour or two. It appeared, also, that he was a nameless man—and the few who knew him, described him merely as “the sailor.”

A year rolled over, and England was astounded by horrible disclosures which proved that crimes unknown before had been perpetrated extensively. The discovery was accidental; and a mystery hung round these foul deeds, which occasioned more absorbing interest. Rumour was rife—exaggerated statements circulated through the metropolis—and it was reported, that in the anxiety of scientific research, professional men had been careless regarding the persons they employed, and, blind to appearances which should have produced alarm even in the ignorant. It was impossible to hazard a conjecture as to the extent to which this trade in blood had been

carried. Outcasts from society—the drunken and the dissolute—were generally believed to be the victims. They came freely at the murderous invitation—they drank—were drugged—and done to death—they disappeared—and none inquired after them—for crime had left them friendless. It was said, however, that others, and more to be lamented, had fallen into the snares of those monsters and perished in their filthy den; and there is, unfortunately, much reason for believing, that the rumour was not without foundation.*

Happily for society, the detection of the criminals was followed by capital conviction,

* A widow lady connected with families of high respectability in Ireland, had removed to the neighbourhood of London, a few months before the Burking atrocities were discovered. Her eldest child, a boy of excellent promise, suddenly disappeared, and every effort to discover him, dead or living, proved unavailing. He had been observed looking at the window of a print shop at an early hour of the day; and no eye had seen him after. The most extensive inquiries were set afoot—but what his fate was still remains a mystery. When the horrible traffic of Bishop and his associates was afterwards revealed, the distracted mother felt assured that her child had been among their victims; and within a twelvemonth, she died broken-hearted, under a settled conviction that her beloved one had been slaughtered by these monsters.

and the wretches were executed at the Old Bailey. It rarely happens that a malefactor undergoes the extreme penalty of the law without obtaining sympathy from some. It was computed that thirty thousand persons witnessed the Burkers' death—and from that mighty mass, every sound that issued was an execration.

It may be supposed that this criminal occurrence with me excited an unusual interest, when I recalled to memory the singular adventure with the outcast in Leicester Square. I saw the ruffians hanged—and witnessed it with satisfaction. I am not naturally indifferent to human suffering. I hate to see death deliberately effected. I remember being present at the execution of a deserter, and for several days afterwards, I felt myself uncomfortable; and yet, within that week, I saw an hundred comrades fall at my side, and slept on the battle-ground surrounded by the dead—ay—and slept soundly too.

Two or three days after the murderers had undergone the penalty of the law, some trifling business brought me into Lambeth, and a heavy rain unexpectedly came on, and obliged me

to seek shelter. I entered the first public-house that presented itself, and the landlord, observing that I was of better appearance than the ordinary frequenters of his tap-room, politely introduced me to his parlour. There I found several young men indulging in comfortable liquids, and in a learned disquisition upon a subject which then engrossed every order of society, namely, the death and delinquencies of the wretches who had murdered "the Italian boy." From the professional style of their conversation, I easily ascertained that the party were medical students.

"What a devil of a hurry, Tom, your friends were in last Monday"—said one. "Egad, they seemed more anxious to have the job completed, even than Jack Ketch himself."

"Faith, no wonder," replied the second; "their reception was any thing but flattering. I never can forget the savage yell, which the mob raised the moment that Bishop showed himself."

"It was some satisfaction," observed a third, "to see the scoundrel choked. He did me out of half a sovereign."

"Well, I took care he should not *do* me.

When he brought the one-armed chap to the hospital, I stopped a guinea from the price, as an equivalent for the sailor wanting a claw."

"The rain seems lighter," remarked another; "let us be off."

All rose and took their hats but one. Observing to his companions that he had 'neither coat nor business,' he said he would continue where he was—and, in another moment, the student and myself were left *tête à tête*.

Short as the strangers' conversation had been, I heard enough to rouse suspicion. 'The sailor,'—'the one-armed,'—could these remarks have allusion to the outcast? I addressed the student, and little prefatory explanation was required until he set every doubt at rest. His narrative ran thus:—

"Shortly before the murders perpetrated by the Burkers were discovered——" he stopped, and looked into a memorandum-book—"in fact, it was upon the night of the 19th of January."

I started. By heaven! the anniversary of the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo!

"He had been returning," he said, "to his

lodgings in the Borough at a late hour, when he was accosted on London Bridge by one of the criminals, who, addressing him by name, told him he could be supplied with a subject immediately. A price was proposed, and agreed to; and, within two hours afterwards, a body was delivered to the porter of the hospital—the money was paid—and the man who brought it hurried off.

“ I went,” continued the student, “ early next morning; and found that the singular appearance of the corpse had excited as much curiosity, as the circumstances attendant upon its delivery, had caused suspicion. The scars of numerous wounds were visible. The right arm had been recently removed—and livid marks appeared upon the throat, as if the deceased, immediately before death, had been engaged in some struggle or affray. The porter remarked that the body was warm when the ruffians brought it in, and yet *the hair was wet*. It was quite apparent that the corpse had never been inhumed—and, on a more searching examination, laudanum was detected in the stomach.

In a word, sir, *the man was burked*—and from many reasons, with which it is unnecessary to trouble you, I believe that at the time I met the scoundrel on the bridge, his victim was *then a living man*, but buried in drunken sleep, and ready for the murderer.”

As he concluded, one of his companions returned, whispered him, and both retired, leaving the apartment to myself.

“Great God!” I ejaculated—for I was thinking aloud—a foolish habit, by the way—“Did that fearful man, before whom the boldest spirits quailed—the fiercest on a rover’s deck—the first to mount the flaming breach of Ciudad Rodrigo—he, whom I had seen heading the grenadiers, when the eighty-eighth burst through the village of Fuentes, *derouting* the French guard, as they would have scattered rabble in a fair—*did he die thus?*—smothered in drunken insensibility by a sneaking murderer, whom, mutilated as he was, he could have crushed to annihilation, as I splinter this fragile glass.”

“Stop, sir, for God’s sake,” exclaimed the barmaid, who, unknown to me, had entered the

parlour, and was listening to my soliloquy—"That glass will require a shilling to replace it."

The warning came too late; for, shivered in a thousand pieces, it was already sparkling on the hearth-rug. I satisfied the maid amply for the damage,—she handed me my hat and cane—bowed me out—and I went slowly towards my hotel, "wrapped in melancholy musing."

"Strange," thought I, under what shapes and circumstances death will at last surprise us! I have read that men, after circumnavigating the globe, came home and perished in a rivulet. But to be smothered in a water-cask—done to death by a dealer in human carrion—a vampire—a wretch—a monster—to be *burked!*—villain as *the outcast* was, his fate was horrible."

"Your narrative, colonel," observed the lawyer, when the commander had concluded his story, "is indeed a startling detail—a pointed example of crime followed, slowly but surely, by retribution—a demon life ending in a death

of violence, and under circumstances the most disgusting. How fearfully the wretched existence of that sinful man must have been tormented even by the imaginary terrors attendant on the memory of his guilt! And yet, I fancy that conscience imposes more punishment on the brave, than superstition inflicts upon the ignorant. Accident placed me beside the death-bed of a secret sufferer—I witnessed the scene that closed upon a broken heart—the parting of a spirit too proud to own the agony that seared and withered it. Were the hour not too late I would briefly relate an adventure.”

“Late!” exclaimed the colonel; “why it wants a full hour of twelve—and who, upon a night like this, would think of bed before he borrowed largely from the small hours? Jack, stick to thy vocation. The bowl requires replenishing—and now, sir, we are ready for your tale.”

The lawyer bowed, and thus proceeded with his story:—

THE UNKNOWN.

“Is there no remedy?”—SHAKSPEARE.

I KNOW no greater luxury on earth, than a temporary retreat from the noise and hurry of the town. The mind, harassed by the cares of trade, or the difficulties of an arduous profession—the eye wearied by the eternal sameness of a crowded street—the ear dulled with ceaseless turmoil—all predispose the man who “steals from the world,” to enjoy with exquisite sensations his brief season of relaxation.

To me, the denizen of an Inn of Court—the occupant of gloomy chambers—the “doomed one” to a profession for which I have no fancy—this occasional retirement is delicious. To refresh the eye with field and forest—to rest the ear with rustic quietude—to lose care and thought for a season however short, have proved the sunniest periods of a life, fevered as mine has

been, by the difficulties attendant on a profession so embarrassing and exhausting as the law.

Among the scenes I loved to visit, the little inn at Everton has been a favourite retreat. The picturesque appearance of this secluded hamlet—its antique church and modest cemetery—its green hedge-rows and sparkling rivulet, all seemed to invite a wearied spirit like mine to seek and find there the repose it panted for.

But there were charms other than those of rural solitude, which attracted me more warmly to The Woodman. Annette's smile welcomed me when I left the city—Annette's voice fell like music on my ear—her hand, I fancied, smoothed my pillow—her form flitted around me as I dreamed—and I, cold and reckless of adventitious charms as I was, thrilled with sensations hitherto unfelt, when gazing on the unconscious beauty of this gentle and unsophisticated girl.

It was late in spring when, after a long absence, I revisited The Woodman. The delighted smile and gentle reproach that welcomed me,

proved that Annette was gratified at my return. I regretted that my sojourn was limited to a night—and when evening came, and I set out for my favourite haunt, I entered the village churchyard with feelings that required its soothing influence to compose. But what was the beauty of the inn to me? I had no time to waste on woman, for years of anxious and sustained exertion must elapse before I should be enabled to retire from the drudgery of my profession. 'Twere worse than madness to encourage dreams which never could be realized—and I determined to conquer my latent love, and fly from Annette and The Woodman.

The sun touched the verge of the horizon, and the yew trees flung their shadows over graves whose simple memorials told of the humblest of the villagers. At some distance from the rest, I observed one little mound, and no stone recorded who the being was whose ashes rested underneath. Doubtless it was the grave of a stranger, and I fell into a train of thought, which the approach of an old man and interesting child disturbed.

“And why did they bury her there?” said the youthful querist.

The old man’s reply was inaudible.

“And are people who die for love, placed thus apart from others?” she continued.

The old man smiled. “The disease, my child, is unfrequent; and few have been so unfortunate as the lovely being who sleeps under yon green turf.”

My curiosity was excited—and while the child turned aside to pull the wild flowers with which the graves were thickly sprinkled, I learned the melancholy story of her who occupied this solitary resting-place.

She was young, beautiful, gifted, and born to fortune, but accident robbed her of that wealth, to which, from infancy, she had believed herself the heiress. She bore the visitation patiently, and sought the humble occupation of a governess—and talents and accomplishments which had been cultivated for amusement, were exercised to obtain an honourable independence.

Unfortunately, a young officer was a relative of the family where Emily resided, and conse-

quently, a frequent visitor at the house. He saw the beautiful girl—he loved her—and he was beloved. Favoured by the circumstances of his intimacy, he pressed his suit with ardour, and when the regiment was unexpectedly ordered to the Continent, that incident produced a full disclosure of Emily's attachment. Their vows were solemnly interchanged—and on the last agonizing evening before he sailed, Emily, yielding to his passionate request, granted him a midnight interview. Alas! that meeting proved to her a fatal one.

He went—four months passed rapidly away—Waterloo was fought and won—and among those who fell was Emily's lover.

Many a heart was agonized when the fatal death-list reached England—but she, the lost one, had a double grief to mourn. The consequences of her hour of indiscretion would shortly become apparent, and shame and sorrow were too much to bear together. Maddened by blighted love and an inevitable exposure, in her frenzy the means of self-destruction were procured, and Emily, the young—the beautiful—the

gifted being—perished miserably by her own hand.

“They placed her here,” said the old man; “and while yonder costly marble is raised above a mass of age and deformity, the green turf alone covers the mortal remains of that lovely and ill-starred girl.”

He wiped away a tear, took the child’s hand, and bade me a courteous adieu. I staid for a short time beside the grave, and left the scene of death filled with pity for the beautiful victim of imprudent love.

Months passed, summer succeeded spring, I began to feel my resolution waver, and wished to see Annette once more. Annette was not to be easily forgotten. Hers was not the florid comeliness that distinguishes a vulgar beauty—every look and movement were feminine and elegant, and nature had moulded her a gentlewoman, although the sphere she occupied was humble. The witching smile that played about her mouth, the soft expression of eyes of darkest hazle, the silver voice, that excellent thing in woman, all haunted my imagination; and while

prudence whispered me to avoid her, resolution failed, and on a fine June evening I drove once more to The Woodman at Everton.

When Annette heard my voice, she came forward to welcome me.

“ Ah! Mr. Mowbray—how did I offend you? You stole away without bidding me good-bye.”

I held her hand in mine—I saw her eye sparkle, the colour flash upon her cheek, and muttered a confused apology.

“ Well, I am so happy to see you,” she continued; “ and it was but this morning, that I spoke of you to the captain.”

I started—a thrill of jealousy shot through my breast.

“ *The captain!*—who is he, Annette?”

“ Oh! you will so like him,” said the blushing girl; “ that is, when you know him—for he appears cold and haughty at first, but he will not be so to you.”

“ To me, Annette! I have no ambition to obtain the acquaintance of a stranger; and believe me, I shall not unnecessarily expose myself to the *hauteur* of any man.”

“Well, well—invalids are always irritable, and he is very, *very* ill. You must know him. There is something about him so noble and interesting when he chooses to be so, that none can be near him without liking him.”

The animated expression of her face while she spoke of the Unknown, made me miserable. I cursed “the captain” in my heart, and determined, that in coldness and repulsion I should be at least his equal.

The day passed over; my rival did not appear; and when I left The Woodman for my evening walk, he had not left his chamber. The churchyard, of course, was visited—I stood beside the grave of the unhappy lady, and her melancholy story afforded me a theme for sad reflection.

It was evening when I reached “mine inn,” and as I passed the parlour window a sight met my eye that brought the colour to my cheek. Upon a sofa, a tall and noble-looking man was extended, while Annette leaned over him, and with marked assiduity placed cushions for his head, and arranged his military cloak. I could not see his features, as his face was turned from

me, but he held her hand in his, and she seemed in no hurry to withdraw it.

I was tortured with rage and jealousy. Should I fly at once and leave Annette to my rival? No. She was but a woman, and why should she have power to make me wretched? I must—I would subdue my feelings—and absence should teach me to forget her. Pride urged me to be resolute—but still I felt a weakness of the heart that told me it were better to avoid her, and I waited till she left the room before I entered it.

The opening of the door caused the stranger to look up; he scarcely, however, noticed my entrance, and his eyes fell quickly on a paper he had been perusing. I sate down at the window—a quarter of an hour elapsed—and we did not exchange a word.

While this unsocial state of things continued, a third personage joined us; a forward, self-sufficient, over-dressed young man, who seemed to stand on excellent terms with himself. He stopped beside the stranger, and asked, in a drawling and affected voice, after “the last night’s debate.” The invalid slowly raised his eyes, bestowed a look of

supercilious indifference on the inquirer, and, without deigning to reply, resumed his investigation of the newspaper.

Again we were left together. Presently Annette came in to ask what the captain would have for supper.

“This is the gentleman I spoke of,” she said in a whisper, directing her expressive eye towards me.

Instantly the stranger threw aside the paper—“Mr. Mowbray,” he said, “must pardon my inattention—I was not aware my pretty Annette’s friend was in the room. That forward puppy chafed me. We, invalids, are somewhat testy, and ‘to be pestered by a popinjay’ would flurry a philosopher. Will you permit me to share your supper?”

I was astonished. The cold and withering look with which he repelled the advances of the citizen, had given place to an expression of singular urbanity. His voice was soft as woman’s; his manner, bland and winning; I felt irresistibly impelled to meet his advances, and encourage an intimacy with a man, whom but five minutes since I had looked on with aversion.

Our *tête-à-tête* confirmed the feelings his first overtures had given rise to. The stranger's conversation was brilliant and intellectual. He had been much about the world, and in his wanderings he had found no barrenness. I looked upon his countenance—once it must have been strikingly handsome, but the face was faded and care-worn, and its varied lines betrayed the workings of a bosom, where pride, and grief, and many a stronger passion, had for years careered. At times, however, the brow unbent, the eye flashed with intelligence, a smile of exquisite sweetness played around the mouth, while the perfect intonation of the sweetest voice I ever listened to, rendered his conversation fascinating.

One thing struck me as being unaccountable. The Unknown was professedly an invalid, and yet he drank freely as if his health was perfect. As night advanced, a hectic overspread cheeks hitherto so wan and colourless; and when I took his hand at parting, I found it burning in my grasp.

I staid two days longer at The Woodman. The stranger expressed his pleasure at my sojourn—and although he never rose till evening, we passed

many hours together. With me he seemed to throw aside his coldness, as supported on my arm we walked slowly through some of the rustic avenues which issued from the village. These excursions were necessarily short. Notwithstanding his erect and easy carriage—probably a result of military habitude—his limbs could scarcely bear him through; and it was too evident that an unbroken spirit contended vainly with an exhausted constitution.

I had scarcely been a week in town before a note with the Everton post-mark reached me. It was from the stranger—and contained a pressing request that I should dine with him on an early day. The billet bore no name, and was merely subscribed with an initial. I required little inducement to visit The Woodman; and accordingly, the invitation was accepted.

Annette received me with her customary kindness; but when I named the stranger, her eyes filled.

“ Ah! Mr. Mowbray, the captain’s dying. Since you left Everton he has declined rapidly. I have often pressed him to call in a physician,

but in vain. Hush! I hear his step upon the stairs, and you will no doubt perceive an alteration for the worse."

While she was still speaking the door unclosed, and the stranger entered. Oh God! how changed. The ravages of disease in one short week were frightful.

Dinner was served, but the stranger scarcely tasted it. The bottle passed rapidly—the dessert was placed upon the table—and we were left to ourselves. Filling a claret glass to the brim, "Come, Mowbray," he said, "know'st thou this day?"

I replied "that I had no particular recollection of it."

"Dull slave of law!" he exclaimed with a smile, "has Waterloo faded from the calendar already?"

It was the anniversary of that battle—we drank to the memory of the brave—and warmed with the wine, the stranger's spirits became excited. He had been there—had been wounded—left upon the field—and returned in the list of the slain. He spoke with enthusiasm of that

glorious fight—his descriptions became more vivid—his anecdotes, more racy and interesting. The pale cheek flushed—the dim eye brightened—but the exertion was too great to be sustained: he soon became exhausted—and, at last, obliged to own his feebleness, accepted my assistance to reach his chamber.

Business imperatively required my presence in London, and early next morning, I left The Woodman. Four days passed, and from Annette I learned that hourly the Unknown grew worse, and that the fatal crisis was approaching.

I had already determined to visit The Woodman on the following day, when a note from the stranger caused me to set off immediately. Like the former, this note was without subscription, and the few lines it contained were almost illegible. I compared the notes—and the altered hand-writing sufficiently attested the awful change which a few days had brought about.

I found him sitting in the parlour, where, as Annette told me, he had been occupied in burning papers. I stood beside him—and one look told me he had not many days to live.

My arrival, however, seemed to give him unfeigned pleasure, and pressing my hand within his feverish grasp, he thanked me for attending so promptly to his letter. "Is the evening warm, Mowbray?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the stranger, with perfect calmness, "you and I will take our last walk together. I have been destroying papers of some moment, and I shall finish my task while dinner is preparing."

He took a small packet from his writing-desk, and unbound the blue ribbon which encased a number of letters, whose beautiful and delicate penmanship at once discovered them to be a female's. One by one his eye passed over their contents, and with an effort which seemed to require some determination, he flung them into the fire. "'Tis the last relic but *one*," he murmured, "and that lies *here*," and he laid his hand upon his bosom. Just then dinner was served: he ate little, drank a glass or two of wine, and then rising from the table, requested me to accompany him.

There was one shaded avenue that had been his favourite walk—we passed it, however, and turned our steps towards the church-yard. Entering through the wicket, we stopped beneath the huge yew tree which overspreads the gate.

“I have been fortunate, my dear Mowbray,” said the invalid, “in meeting with one so kind as you, to cheer the parting hours of my earthly pilgrimage. I am grateful—and as hitherto you have never asked a question touching my name or history, I would entreat it, as a last request, that you will never demand an explanation of my evening visit to this place. I will briefly state my wishes—and I feel confident that *you* will see them effected when I am at rest.”

He led me along the walk until we reached the extremity of the burying-ground, and to my surprise stopped beside the grave of the beautiful suicide, whose fate had so often excited my warmest sympathy.

“Mowbray,” he said, in a voice which betrayed the workings of an agonized spirit! “will you recollect this spot? Lay me here—*here*—close to that solitary grave. Mark the place

well, and promise that my last request shall be attended to." I gave him a solemn assurance that his wishes should be obeyed. He was fearfully agitated: his strength failed—and with considerable difficulty he was enabled to leave the church-yard, and reach The Woodman.

He threw himself upon a sofa—and whether fatigue, or the place we had visited, affected him I know not, but his once fine face was clouded with an expression of the deepest sadness. Once I observed a tear glisten on his cheek.

"I must give in, Mowbray," he murmured feebly; "the machinery of this poor frame is nearly worn out; assist me to my chamber."

I did so—partially undressed him—laid him on the bed—and at his earnest request, then left him to himself.

The evening wore heavily on—midnight passed, and the occupants of the inn retired to their respective chambers—but I felt for the sick man a feverish anxiety that banished sleep. I rose and unclosed the lattice—the air was chill, the night dark and moonless—a torturing presentiment of coming evil oppressed me, and I

stole quietly to the stranger's apartment. A stream of light issued from beneath the door, but all within was hushed. I feared to enter lest I should disturb him, and was about to retire, when a faint sigh startled me. An impulse beyond control urged me to enter—the door yielded to my touch—I stood beside the bed—a fixed and glassy stare met my inquiring look—I snatched a candle from the table, and one glance told me that the stranger was a corpse, and the sigh I overheard had been the parting struggle of a disembodied spirit!

I leaned over the departed soldier, and the marked expression of the countenance told that he had not passed quietly away. One arm was extended above the coverlet, and a prayer-book that had dropped from its hold, was open at the beautiful petition “for persons troubled in mind, or in conscience.” The breast was uncovered, and two remarkable objects met my eye—the cicatrix of a gun-shot wound, and the miniature of a beautiful girl. Other tokens of “foughten fields” were visible—and the wasted arm, scarred deeply by a sword cut, bore silent

testimony that the Unknown had been engaged “where death was busy.” We laid him in the grave he wished for—and the haughty soldier sleeps beside the fair unfortunate.

Who was he? Some posthumous document might tell—and on the evening of his funeral, we opened his writing desk in presence of the village pastor. Within, letters and trinkets, perfumed billets, ringlets of hair and other “mementos of lady-love,” were discovered—but they bore no superscription. One sealed packet was addressed to me—it conveyed a large sum in bank notes to Annette, with an earnest request that I should marry her; and like the rest, it too was without a signature. We found a Waterloo medal—the name and rank of the possessor would of course be engraven round the edge. I snatched it from the clergyman; but every letter had been carefully filed out, and the word “Dragoons” alone was traceable.

“*Who was he?*” exclaimed the host.

“Colonel, I cannot tell—his secret perished with THE UNKNOWN.”

“Death came to the Unknown,” said the commander, with a heavy sigh, “a welcome visitor; and whoever the sufferer was, you may rest assured, poor fellow, he had been once a splendid soldier. The sick-bed, gentlemen, tries men more severely than the battle-field. During the glorious hurry of a conflict, the marvel is where cowardice finds leisure to creep in. But sickness—and if the malady be mental, the worse by far—that shatters the nerve, and saps the courage of the boldest. Is it not also singular, that men of the most opposite habits and pursuits occasionally contract strong friendships? Yours, sir, with the stranger at The Woodman, affords a striking instance.”

“Many of mine, colonel,” replied the lawyer, “have been as warm and as accidental. I formed a lasting friendship by sharing a prayer-book in St. Paul’s; and another commenced in Oxford-street, from a passenger communicating the pleasing intelligence that my purse had been just abstracted by a pick-pocket. A man who holds out for formal introduction before he ventures to bandy a

civility, goes to the grave, leaving an unregretting clique behind, who do not value his demise at a pin's fee; while he who takes mankind as they come, rough and smooth together, will find ore and dross combined, but, with a little discrimination, he will not be frequently puzzled in making his election between the two. I account my acquaintance with 'the Unknown,' as the most important incident in life, for its ultimate consequence was—matrimony."

"An important consequence, indubitably," observed the Irish gentleman with the unpronounceable address; "I too, sir, am of the order of Benedict; but faith, the means by which I gained 'my lady-love,' were somewhat different."

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you have touched upon a subject of deep interest to me. I may as well make a clear breast at once, and own that at times, '*suadente diabolo*,' I fear—I feel 'a longing after' matrimony. Prudence, however, jogs me on the elbow, and whispers—'Denis O'Flagherty, remember you are on the wrong side of forty-five; and even in your best days were never reputed to be a lady-killer.

Ceylon does not operate like milk of roses on the complexion—and the next time you are shaving, just look in the glass, and observe that interesting Badajoz memento which ornaments your nose, and say if it be an improvement.’ But still, gentlemen, I might muster a desperate resolution. They tell me that the ways by which women may be won are manifold. Some are slowly taken by sap, others carried off-hand by storm. By which method, if it be no secret, might I inquire how your success, sir, was achieved?”

“By neither, colonel,” replied Mr. O’Donel; “I won my wife on horseback.”

“Then, alas, may I despair. If I must ‘witch the world by feats of noble horsemanship,’ I shall go to the tomb of the Capulets unmated. But Jack, my kinsman, will listen with the deepest interest; some of his equestrian exploits have not been exceeded since the days of Mazeppa.”

The gentleman from Ballamascanlan having received *a refresher*, as the lawyer termed it, from the punch-bowl, immediately commenced his story.

MY FIRST STEEPLE CHASE.

“ Had Diana been there she'd be pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess for wife.”

OLD HUNTING SONG.

YEARS—*eheu fugaces!*—have passed, and yet how vivid is the 16th of October, 181— in my memory. The larger portion of my web of life is spun—and mine, to say the truth, has been one of mingled yarns. Well, it matters little now. I can remember calmly the sunshine and the shadow—and the gloomiest retrospect has many a lightsome day and merry night associated with its recollection. Mine was indeed a careless career—for fancy led all through, and prudence was double distanced. Like wiser men, many a wrong cast I made; was “stabbed with a white wench's black eye”—consorted with “Ephesians of the old church”—and

listened too often to "the chimes at midnight." But, like old Jack, I leave the blame upon "villanous company," and say with him, "I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need be."

It was the first week in July, when having taken the honours of a graduate, after a five years' sojourn within the classic courts of Alma Mater, I strolled into the Repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H——, who for thirty years had horsed "us of Trinity." It was sale-day, and a blank one too. The world was out of town—and there were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A hack, not worth a hay-band, was knocked down to an aspiring linen draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to *dust himself* occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors,—I had broken his windows upon the evening I paid his bill,—that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped

then beneath the hammer, which had even escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horseflesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the "Evening Post" soon afterwards announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the Rock Road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting-car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors de combat*.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime minister to the Repository, jogged me on the elbow.—"Stop a minute—it's worth while, sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; and here he is." While he spoke, a rattling thorough-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables. He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but,

notwithstanding his poverty, he seemed the ruin of a noble animal.—He was far from handsome—the head was coarse—the shoulder thick—but he embodied some good points, and, though cross-made, to an experienced eye, his *ensemble* was excellent. Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever wore livery—whispered, “if he had not *the go* in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy”—and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he gained the vantage ground. “There, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, “there’s what I call youth and beauty. There’s the making of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse any thing to a man with such a daisy-cutter under him, would be hard to please indeed. Run him down, Lanty—that’s action and elegance—Come, sir,”—to a tall raw-boned young grocer—“that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure should never cross any thing but blood—this here horse is young Selim—own brother to Mousecatcher—cousin to Morgiana—and up to

fourteen stone with any fox hounds in the kingdom." But Selim appeared likely to profit little from his respectable relationship—he had a *ree look*, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain—for he had, as it transpired, run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame-work of the stable door. Now, in a company of sober cits, requiring "steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favour—and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty*," said he of the hammer. "No reserve in this case—none, upon honour—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute—Selim is a beautiful charger—steady with arms"—and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry—"He would carry you upon parade, delightfully—his courage is only equalled by his training—his late master would ride him at a battery."—*A battery!*—may heaven forgive him!—Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life—a cracker

would rise him sky high—and a squib, send him across the broadest part of Sackville-street. Still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—“ gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory—say *forty*, for this beautiful and gentle animal.” “Gentle,” ejaculated the grocer, “and he after killing a groom.” This was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—“hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say *thirty*, gentlemen—*twenty—ten*—do give me a bid”—“*Five*,” roared a jingle owner—“*Ten*,” said Archy—“*Fifteen*,” shouted the puffer—“*Twenty*,” cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mousecatcher was mine!

Now I verily believe that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy.—In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would but carry the baskets.—We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, all *secundem artem*—turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him to “fulfil his destinies.”

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Doagh, the Newtownbreda Hunts, were all in full force ; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of ‘The Rangers’ was in its zenith,—their country and members were alike extensive—and no gentleman attached to field-sports, within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in that celebrated club. The members met annually in the county town, attended by a pack of fox-hounds and “a gallant following.” They lived like “Irish Kings”—played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze for weeks before and months afterwards.—Alas ! all this is over ; the club is no more ; the pack is scattered ; the kennel, a ruin ; most of the “Rangers” fill “the narrow house ;” and where, in Ireland, could rank, and wealth, and influence be congregated now ?

Into “The Rangers” I had been recently

admitted: their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the Cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The Cup had excited unusual interest, it having been challenged by a dozen members, "good men and true," and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles over, *Hibernice*, a sporting—*Anglice*, a break-neck—country: the weights, thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses,—good, fast, honest, weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured, at a large figure, celebrated racing-hunters "for the nonce."

"What will not young ambition?"—and in spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in such a match was an honour worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condi-

tion; and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing-stable, and the experience of a life, while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these visions were rudely dispelled — for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable. She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse, this was a sad disappointment. I betook myself to grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy—in the hours of business he was but after all an indifferent Catholic, for the priest declared that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never “darkened a chapel door.”

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as it was feared that Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me; I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress—gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times,

when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to—and an ill-concealed satisfaction betrayed that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment—and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex, she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story from my father, and was musing over the misfortunes of my mare, when Archy popped in his head, to ask “if I would look into the stables.” I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed rapidly over the stalls and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new-comer, and the brother of Mousecatcher was before me. And could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound!—The mystery was quickly solved:—Archy had visited the salt-marsh—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognised; took

him up and got him through physic and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time ; but Archy swore that “slight training was best for a half-bred,”—and Archy was right.

For my own part, I could scarce believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared ; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible ; he was now a sporting-looking horse, and as Archy swore, “better than he looked.”

Time flew, and every thing increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Any thing we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were for obvious reasons avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had already covered himself with glory, and with reasonable hopes of success, I awaited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought—for with the lameness of Miranda, it

had pleased them to conclude my racing history. They heard accidentally that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man, and had been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were below consideration. I kept my own counsel—and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our *incognito* was as perfect as if we had never quitted our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent—and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness she had sympathized in my disappointment. She knew my secret—for ours were young hearts—and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room to exchange the jargon of the field for a *tête-à-tête* with my pretty mistress. "Hot with the Tuscan grape" I urged

my passion with more than common ardour, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! my rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay, with a broken arm at a country inn, some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation; “Is there any thing wrong, Arthur?”

“Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier: K—— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider?”

“And will he not run then?”

Half a minute determines frequently, as well as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I formed my resolution. “*He will run*, Rosa: but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?”

“But the danger, *dear* Arthur.”

“Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a-week.”

“And is there really no more?”

I assured her there was not, and shortly

afterwards bade her a good-night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all my studied efforts ; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety and success.

Whether it was that unforeseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or a consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would have sacrificed a world, that roused the ardour of my spirit I know not, but I entered the crowded club-room with buoyant and excited feelings. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere—from others, ironical condolence.

“I hope, notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run,” said the president.

“The *homicide*, as you are pleased to term him, will run ; and for want of a better horseman his owner will ride and win—if he can.”

My tone and manner were not unmarked ; and while some were recommending me to effect a life-insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued, till every gentleman inclined to bet them, had been heartily satisfied. The

joking at my expense, subsided fast — people began to look suspiciously—and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbour, that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being according to his parlance, “very like a lad who would make a spoon, or spoil a horn.” Having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman; left the club; visited the stable; and went quietly to rest, to be fresh and ready for the morrow.

Morning came and I felt rather queer. I began to discover that it is no joke for nervous gentlemen to ride steeple chases for the first time, under the critical examination of thirty thousand spectators—but an incident restored my *hardiesse*. At breakfast a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter—it contained a beautiful pink and yellow jacket—no note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing in a female hand, the motto “*May this be foremost.*” Whose might the faery favour be? My heart whispered the name—and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen

with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an uninterrupted view of the race from its commencement to its close. From a circular valley the surface undulated gently—and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched along the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed. This was the favourite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it; ladies were there “thick as leaves in Vall’ombrosa,” for every thing *distingué* and beautiful for counties round had congregated.

At twelve o’clock a warning bugle was heard, and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point—and each as he entered the field, was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate. With short intervals, a grey, a brown, and two bays passed review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, for expectation “was still on tip-toe.” Presently a buz was heard—a horse approached, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon appeared. He looked to be

in capital condition, and from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly high.

“But louder yet the clamour grew,” as the pet of the day, the far-famed English horse Comet, appeared. He was a splendid thoroughbred chestnut, full sixteen hands high, and “looking every inch” a racer. I felt my cheek blanche as I examined him. He was indeed a formidable opponent—and as his late owner, Captain M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was presently led off—and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his *entrée*, I and my *man-killer*, were subjected to many a sporting jest. At length the brother of Mousecatcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy. Closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated; the knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jemmy Joyce swore with a grin, that he seemed “mighty like a Tartar!”

While the horses were leading to the starting post, I galloped up the rise to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage.

“Tell me, I pray you,” said her cousin, “what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of her roses?”

“Shall I restore them?” I replied; and unclosing my top coat, I displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and I was left at no loss to conjecture whence my “faery favour” came.

Again the bugle sounded—Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee. To assume my gay cap, and doff my coat was but the business of a minute. My competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, and promptly from behind the tent, a dashing horse, and gallant rider issued. Our appearance elicited a murmur of applause: the owners of Comet and Firebrand, looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English

racer appeared not to be in full force; but the determined countenance of his inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming. Nor was Firebrand without his friends; and *the green cap* was offered fully against every thing but Comet. As to me, people seemed afraid to back, or bet against me; and those who had laid the odds last night so heavily, were hedging now as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch; the bays, brown, and grey, making the running. I saw at once that the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *Man-killer*—and after a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the paddocks, we increased the speed and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I

was up to it well. The race was indeed beautiful—for the next mile a sheet would cover us—the fences were taken in line—and none could tell, whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home, there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the face that we approached was *stockaded* with stumped thorns. It was in truth “a regular rasper,” and distinguished by the country people, “*par excellence*,” as the *big leap*. As we neared it, my companions gathered the energies of their horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half persuaded to decline it. For the first time, he felt the steel; and with a glorious effort cleared this formidable barrier in a style that drew down from the multitude a thunder of applause. Not so my rivals; Firebrand fell, and staked himself—while Comet, by his rider’s horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake, lost ground he could never recover. During the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to



THE BIG LEAP.—Page 108.

pull up; but it was vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the scales in triumph. I was declared, even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *Man-killer* pronounced the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral, and so has mine. Never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle; and in return he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons, as I was never carried afterwards. Nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to "my bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and I a younger son. A rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form. I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her faery favour *foremost in the field*. At the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit; and to end uncertainty and save her guardian future trouble, we eloped next morning to Gretna, and there became one flesh.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate that union was; and if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple chase—and the evening that made Rosa mine.

“Mr. O’Donel, your story-telling is equal to your horsemanship—both admirable,” exclaimed the colonel; “but alas! I must despair; no hymeneal fortune is in store for me, if an heiress must be won by crossing a stiff country at break-neck speed, and upon a horse that has already finished a stable-man. Jack, ‘an thou be a man,’ to thy bowl again! One round more ere we beat a retreat for the night. I have kept Captain Bouverie in reserve, to tell us a parting story before we seek our pillows.”

“Nothing, my dear sir,” replied the gallant

captain, “ would give me greater satisfaction, than to contribute to the ‘ joint stock’ of this goodly company ; but in truth, mine are only the reminiscences of ‘ a man about town ;’ or duller yet, those of a soldier whose services have never extended beyond that arch deceiver’s, ‘ Captain Smith,’ who drove Miss Bailey to desperation. Like him, I have dwelt ‘ in country quarters,’ escorted a gauger with a captured still, and even commanded a baggage-guard. But stop ! may I not become ‘ a retailer of other men’s wares ?’ An incident occurred to a kinsman of mine which he noted down, and which, at the time, appeared to me to possess some interest. In you, colonel, the tale will find a partial listener, for my cousin is a Tory of the first water ; a man with whom, after a preliminary embrace, you might swear an eternal friendship ; and to other gentlemen, of ‘ liberal principles,’ I shall only observe, that manifold as my sins are, I am guiltless, thank God, of authorship. I will read the manuscript—and it is not of the clearest character—as it came into

my possession—and with the best ‘emphasis and discretion’ I can command.”

The captain smiled — unlocked his writing-case—extracted what Tony Lumpkin would call “a d——d crabbed piece of penmanship,” and thus began :—

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A
DECEASED PLURALIST.

“ Pshaw ! let him starve—
The fellow’s old—no matter when he dies.”

OLD PLAY.

It was the last week in April, when my leave of absence had expired, and I was hurrying to the village of —— to join a detachment of the Rifle brigade, to which corps I was then attached. The morning had been sharp and gusty, but as evening came on, the wind dropped, and a small thick rain succeeded. We stopped at the Red Lion for dinner—and for the first time, insides and outsides, with one exception, united round a well-covered table.

None of my fellow-travellers were in any way remarkable, except the individual who declined to join the company, and beyond a first

look, I scarcely noticed them. To judge from their conversation, some were in trade, and others were cattle-dealers. They ate with the despatch of men accustomed to discuss a travelling meal — comforted themselves with a strong infusion of “real Roscrea” — assumed their coats and cloaks, and, as the rain now fell heavily, every man protected himself against the inclemency of the weather as he best could.

I have already said that one personage kept aloof from the remainder of the company, and while they were occupied at the dinner-table, he gazed listlessly from the window. I looked at him with attention. He was tall, thin, stricken in years, dressed in shabby mourning, but “every inch” a gentleman. I never witnessed such settled melancholy as his care-worn face presented; while deep and ill-suppressed sighs occasionally escaped from a bosom evidently surcharged with sorrow. To look upon that pensive countenance unmoved, was impossible. I felt intensely for his sufferings, although ignorant of the cause from whence they sprang—and, when the guard announced that

the coach was ready to proceed, I would have given "a Jew's eye" to have known the old man's history.

The rain came down in torrents—the out-sides mounted to their places—the object of my curiosity prepared to follow them, when the coachman advanced and touched his hat respectfully.

"You had better get in, sir—there is but one gentleman—I'm sure he won't object."

Object! he would be a brute indeed, who would not submit to personal inconvenience to accommodate that meek and heart-broken stranger. The old man hesitated, looked upwards at the thick and murky sky, then at his own threadbare surtout, bowed gratefully when I seconded the driver's invitation, and placed himself beside me. The door closed, the horn sounded, "all right," said the guard, "chit-chit," returned the coachman, on rolled the mail, and the stranger and myself were left together.

Our *tête-à-tête* was but a short one. Four miles onward the coach pulled up, and my

companion announced that his journey had terminated. He bade me a polite good evening, and once more I found myself in lonely occupation of "the leathern conveniency."

I watched my fellow-traveller from the window, and remarked that both the guard and coachman declined the small gratuity he offered them. The old man passed through a ruined gateway into an avenue overrun with weeds, which led to a dilapidated mansion. Suddenly a turning of the road shut out the stranger from my view—next moment the building disappeared—and I flung myself back in the vehicle, and strove to sleep.

The effort was idle; the old man could not be readily forgotten; for, short as our interview had been, his conversation and address had fascinated me. He was unquestionably a man of sorrow, but at times he endeavoured to be cheerful, and succeeded. Alas! "the sunshine of the breast" was with him a transient gleam—sad reality returned, the smile sickened on his furrowed cheek—and deep, heart-sinking despondency overspread a countenance that once

had glowed with intellectuality and benevolence.

Three stages more brought me to my destination. My servant was waiting the arrival of the mail, and to him I consigned the charge of my baggage, and entered the parlour of the King's Arms, which I had selected for head quarters, during my military occupation of the village where my party was cantoned.

The coach proceeded on its route, my portman-teaus were safely deposited, and Hall, my best man, then delivered me a small book which the driver had found in the carriage, and concluded that it was forgotten there by me. One glance told that it was no property of mine. It was a memorandum-book, written closely in plain and old-fashioned characters. Whose could it be? The old man's certainly. I turned to the fly-leaf—there was a clear and remarkable autograph—the name was “Edmund Harley,” and underneath, “Dunlow Rectory, 1830.”

Was Edmund Harley then, the melancholy stranger? He was. The landlord confirmed my conjectures, and favoured me with all the particulars of his sufferings that he knew.

For forty years he had been in possession of two adjacent parishes, and the income they produced was considerable, although, from the studious habits, and easy disposition of the incumbent, scarcely a moiety of what he might have conscientiously demanded, was obtained. He was generally respected—for a blameless life and gentle manners had rendered him deservedly a favourite. Harley was not the man to amass wealth—and when a lawless combination against the Irish clergy, fostered by the passive endurance of an executive which should have crushed it in its birth, carried misery and desolation into many a happy home, the aged rector of Dunlow was prominent among the sufferers. He had not laid past a guinea; for confident in the stability of vested rights, he was content with forwarding the professional interests of his son, and securing, by a life-insurance, an adequate maintenance for his wife and daughters, if they should survive him. Alas! to a certain extent that precaution was unnecessary. His son died in a foreign land—his favourite daughter survived her brother but a twelvemonth—indigence

followed affliction—his income was withheld, and his carriage, plate, and books, were all gradually sacrificed to meet demands which every day became more pressing. His wife, a woman of high sensibility, was unable to sustain the loss of her beloved ones, superadded to unexpected and unmerited penury—and in a few months she, too, was where the weary rest.

The old man bore his trials as the follower of a meek Master should bear them. He was destitute and bereaved—he had outlived those who should have closed his eyes—he had been stricken with poverty—but no complaint escaped him, and in an unfurnished and half ruined house, once a home of happiness, he was patiently wearing out his appointed days, and waiting for “death, the deliverer.”

“And was he abandoned by all? Oh, no! one there was who never left him. Ellen Harley—she, the young, the beautiful, the gifted—she on whom, in the brilliancy of the ball-room, the eye would turn with delight—she tended the sufferer with that love that woman only knows. She shared her parent’s indigence without a

murmur; and, while a once proud heart was breaking, the sigh was hushed, the tear repressed from starting, lest any indication of the misery she endured should add to the wretchedness of her father."

I listened in agony to the landlord's narrative. What are fictitious sorrows to the sad realities of life? I never regretted that Fortune had not loaded me with her gifts till now. I unlocked my writing-case; and the few bank-notes it contained were quickly under an envelope, and directed to Harley's address.

"Heaven will reward you, sir," observed mine host. "I will bring the letter to the office, and pay the postage, or the old gentleman would not, most probably, be able to release it."

Great God! a scholar and a gentleman so destitute that the possession of a few pence was questionable! It was indeed too true,—and the landlord's precaution was not an unwise one."

Night came on,—torrents fell from the sky, the wind rose, the doors rattled, as every gust

with increasing violence, swept the sleet and rain against the windows. I never felt myself more wretched and depressed; and yet, why should a tale of individual suffering touch me deeply? Is not misery entailed upon existence? and, sooner or later, every heart must bleed. I snuffed the candles, drew my chair closer to the fire, and opened the churchman's diary. But was I authorized to read that record of affliction? I paused, and laid aside the book. I taxed the motive that influenced my wish to learn more of the old man's history. It was sympathy for his misfortunes, and a determination to relieve them if I had the power. I opened the manuscript again, and read the following extracts :*—

* * * *
 * * * *

“ 1830.—The *fortieth* anniversary of my marriage, and Elizabeth and I have gone smoothly hand-in-hand through life. They told me, when I resigned my fellowship and married my beloved, that I undervalued my talents and had no ambi-

* The extracts are loosely taken from the manuscript.

tion. They were wrong. I knew I had within myself means to command worldly or collegiate honours : but they were right—I had no ambition beyond competency and a virtuous woman. Was I not wise, and Heaven too bountiful? My attached companion—my brave boy—my innocent and beautiful daughters—the luxury of a quiet life—my books—my happy home—would lawn sleeves, or a provost's chair repay them? No, no! Edmund Harley—thank the Dispenser of all good for the happy lot assigned thee!”

* * * *

“ 1831.—Tithe resistance increases, money comes in tardily, and my wife urges me to lay down my carriage; but to her declining health gentle exercise is necessary, and I must not deprive her of the means. Surely the government will check these outrages! If suffered to continue with impunity, it is hard to say where the mischief will end.”

* * * *

“ 1832.—Matters grow worse. They have posted threatening notices on my gate. Not a shilling to be had—my life insurance falls due

within a month. Where is the money that shall pay the policy to be obtained? I fear the carriage must go. Poor, dear Elizabeth! when I hinted at parting with my library, never was distress like hers. She solemnly declared against entering her carriage again, and I know her determination. Well, well—we must wait a week or two before we sell it.”

* * * *

“My equipage is laid down. Thank God, a provision for my dear wife and daughters is safe for another year.”

* * * *

“1832.—Alas! the mischief is but beginning. They have murdered my tithe-proctor, to prevent his proving what debts are due me. He was an honest and inoffensive man—and his only fault, fidelity to his employer. I must provide for his family. Alas! I can hardly provide a sufficiency for my own.”

* * * *

“1833.—A letter from Frederick. He has heard of my embarrassments, and what a sacrifice does he contemplate! To leave the army,

quit the profession he glories in, and sit down in degrading inactivity at thirty-two! No, Frederick—thy father shall never shorten a career commenced so brilliantly. I have written and implored him to abandon his design, and assured him I had a present supply. There is not a shilling in the house; but surely, the falsehood is excusable, for a few days will bring us the amount of the plate I have sent to Dublin to be sold.”

* * * *

“—— I have ended my distressing task, and sent a catalogue of my library to the bookseller. Heigh-ho! the work, or rather the amusement of fifty years is gone! I have kept a few duplicates—and I should be thankful that I had the means of averting want for a season. Emily looks ill—my altered circumstances are preying on her in secret.”

* * * *

“—— The last Protestant family has departed. The murder of their neighbours, the Gilmores, has terrified them into a resolution to quit the country altogether, and they set off this morning

to embark at Limerick for the States. My congregation is now confined to a few policemen. Ten years since, I have reckoned one hundred in my church; but terror has gradually driven them from a place where life and property is not worth a pin's fee!"

* * * *

“ — A sealed letter with black, and bearing the Jamaica postmark. My God! I dare not open it!”

* * * *

“ — He is dead! my brave—my only boy! For the last three days excess of misery has stupified me, and I have only awoke now to the full consciousness of my loss. Frederick! Frederick!—my son, my son!”

* * * *

“ — Another day has passed, and I am nearly frantic. Now do I feel the bereavement I have undergone. Oh, God! in what have I offended, that the phial of thy wrath should thus be poured on my devoted head? Peace, sinful man! To your closet, and there seek humbleness of spirit to bear thy Maker's visitation.

My brain is burning. Oh, God! preserve my senses, and teach me patience under thy decrees.”

* * * *

“1834.—I have risen from the bed of sickness—ten weeks of suffering—but the Lord was merciful, and the hand of death was stayed. I am spared, alas! for fresh misery. During the period of my insensibility, the time allowed for claiming relief from the million loan expired, and we are destitute. We must sell the furniture.”

* * * *

“—— Emily’s cough is unabated, and I see a hectic flush redden her pale cheeks occasionally. Merciful Heaven! spare me — spare me my darling child!”

* * * *

“—— I dread to ask the fearful question. Dr. Edwards is most kind, and redoubles his attention. I have nothing but gratitude to offer. May the Lord reward him!”

* * * *

“—— Ellen has procured some money, for she showed me bank notes, and with a smile

told me we were wealthy still. Where could that supply have been obtained? The produce of my jaunting-car, I know, has been long since exhausted."

* * * *

"—— The secret is discovered; Ellen has sold her harp. Her harp! the parting present from our lamented Frederick!"

* * * *

"—— Emily is dying. The doctor has told the worst, and hope is extinguished. Merciful God! support her unfortunate mother! Could I but procure the means of removing her to the Continent, a milder climate might save her yet. Will the executive of Ireland suffer the rabble and their leaders to outrage the law of the land openly, and establish a reign of terror? I entreated a trifle, almost as alms, from a man indebted to me some hundreds; and his reply was, that 'if he paid me a shilling, his house would be burned, and his cattle houghed.' Is this a Christian land, and what rulers have we? God pardon them the misery they have wrought to me and mine!"

* * * *

“ — ’Tis over. The grass is withering on the grave of Emily — Emily, the beloved and beautiful; and her mother, like Rachel, refuses to be comforted. I cannot weep, although my brain is burning. Oh, my God, keep reason in her seat, and send thy comfort to a mourning mother.”

* * * *

“ — Mr. Jones, the neighbouring curate, murdered in open day for attending the sick call of a dying pensioner.”

* * * *

“ — Attempted to bury the pensioner, but was assailed and hustled by the mob, who swore they would throw me into the grave. Obligated to leave the church-yard to save my life. The priest, I am told, performed some ceremonies after I was ejected.”

* * * *

“ — My wife suddenly attacked. It is cholera. Her enfeebled constitution will render her a certain victim.”

* * * *

“ — The struggle is ended. Elizabeth, wife of my love! thou art at rest, and in a better existence, united to your darling ones! Oh, that I were with you! But not my will, Lord, but thine be done!”

* * * *

“ — The monument to my son, erected by his brother officers, has been placed above the altar. It pays a noble tribute to the virtues of my gallant boy. I read the inscription with pride. How dear to a father is a dead son's fame!”

* * * *

I hurried over several pages. The melancholy detail of continued suffering was harrowing. I turned many leaves, and threw my eye over the last entry in the book, which, as it would appear, from the date, had been made only on the preceding day.

“ — The only shilling I possess has been sent to buy a loaf. Ellen confessed our destitution—and for the first time, her reliance on Providence seems abated. I strove to banish

her despondency, and assured her that I would obtain fresh relief. I will try a friend — one whom I once saved from ruin by becoming his security. Surely he will relieve me.”

* * * *

The last extract ran thus:—

“I am refused, and coarsely too. Alas, alas! how shall I tell Ellen that I return as penniless as when I left home this morning!”

* * * *

I was called off suddenly to give evidence before a court-martial, and three weeks elapsed before I rejoined the detachment. Anxious to visit Mr. Harley, I mounted my horse early next morning and at noon reached the public-house that is contiguous to the church-yard of Dunlow. A funeral had entered it—and while the service was proceeding I strolled into the church to shelter from a shower. The interior of the building was ruinous—the seats were dropping to pieces, the pulpit door fallen from its hinges, while, forming a singular contrast to the desolation around it, a beautiful tablet of white marble had been recently erected over the com-

union-table. I looked at the inscription—it was headed—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MAJOR FREDERICK HARLEY,

A brave Soldier, and an accomplished Gentleman.

And a nobler eulogy I never read. It was a just one; for the deceased had been a gallant soldier, and bled at St. Sebastian, Orthez, and Waterloo. The funeral soon was over—the rain ceased—and I left the church to visit the rectory.

I found the white-headed sexton closing the broken gate with stones, and asked him “if Mr. Harley was at home?” He stared—and I repeated the question. The old man burst into tears. “He is dead, sir—we have just buried him.”

“Good God! was his death sudden?”

“No, sir; his heart for years was breaking. He’s gone—the best of men—the best of masters!”

“And his daughter?”

“A kind lady, and one quite a stranger to the family, heard of Mr. Harley’s death, and took Miss Ellen away yesterday.”

“Then,” I said, half aloud, “I need go no farther.”

“No, sir; at the rectory there is nothing but bare walls. The few articles of furniture which remained, were removed, under a decree, by a tradesman, before the old gentleman was cold.”

“Gracious God! and was this the end of a Protestant dignitary?” exclaimed the colonel.

It was—but, good my Lord Morpeth, let not this old man’s martyrdom excite your sympathies too powerfully. What boots it, that a community of educated and unoffending gentlemen were sacrificed, who, trusting to the sacredness of their properties, dispensed with a liberal hand the income they received, nor dreamed of the destitution that awaited them. Pshaw! my lord—it was their own obstinacy after all. You extended your tender mercies to them, *for a consideration*—and they refused to prostitute their principles for a mess of pottage. Have you not gained your object? and in Whig

morality the end, you know, justifies the means. Yes, for a few brief years* *it is possible* you may hold office. You have propitiated the agitator, obtained the sweet voices of his tail, and with the co-operation of some wretched Protestants—men who, if the foul fiend tendered the bribe, would barter their salvation for a borough—you have for a time paralyzed the power, and defeated the wealth, and talent, and respectability of Great Britain. Is not this a glorious boast for you and the homunculus of Stroud? Go on—but, as the Scotch say, “bide a wee”—and if the degradation of your slave-directed party be not commensurate with its deserts, then is there, good my Lord Morpeth, on this earth no political retribution.

The following day brought no improvement in the weather. The rain fell still in torrents—the wind blew with increasing violence—and at night-fall the same good company encircled the

* This was written in 1835.

colonel's ingle-side. The fire was heaped with wood—the curtains drawn—the candles lighted—the decanters placed on the retired list—and the toddy-bowl, in solitary dignity, once more occupied the centre of the board.

“What a gale it blows!” exclaimed the commander as the big rain drops smote the casement, and the gusts in quick succession came roaring through the pine trees. “He would be a bold man who would venture to cross the moor to-night.”

“He would, indeed,” responded the lawyer. “I hold myself the boldest of the company—and faith I would not, even for ‘a Jew’s eye,’ make the attempt.”

“A startling declaration,” returned Captain Bouverie. “‘The boldest in the company!’ See you not, sir, how bravely your chair is flanked? On one side, a Companion of the Bath; and on the other, a redoubted *Die-hard*.”

“To both,” observed the lawyer, gravely, “I will concede the gallantry their deeds deserve. But although I have never figured in the ‘im-

minent deadly breach,'—nor careered across the red field of Waterloo, 'seeking the bubble reputation'—yet I account myself 'the bravest of the brave.' I once travelled for four weeks, in company with *a gentleman from Connemara*. Have I not, colonel, as we say in Fig-tree Court, made out *a clear title*? Dare man do more?"

"After that deed of desperation, your courage must pass unquestioned. No doubt, sir, it was an ordeal, through 'perilous adventure,' and moving accidents by flood and field.' "

"We lawyers," replied the little gentleman in black, "carry our professional habits into the more ordinary occurrences. I note down every important event; and surely that most adventurous epoch of my life would not escape unregistered? Here, sir, my tour is journalised; and if the colonel will permit me, I will submit my wanderings to this company."

The proposition was willingly received; and after the candles had been carefully snuffed, the lawyer unclasped a red memorandum-book, and thus detailed his adventures—

A TOUR—NOT SENTIMENTAL.

BY ONE WHO TRAVELLED WITH A GENTLEMAN FROM CONNEMARA.

“Don Juan bade his valet pack his things,
According to direction; then received
A lecture and some money * * * *
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed;
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.”

BYRON.

It was in a saloon of the Palais Royal that I first met Arthur Mac Dermott. The night was wild, tempestuous, and disagreeable—the wind howled, and so did the dogs—the rain splashed, and so did the passengers—I was heart-sick of Paris—tired of sights—abominated theatres—discovered that my valet was a rogue, and my mistress a *roué*—had been jockeyed in the morning, and jilted in the afternoon—and not

knowing how else to kill a dreary hour, as a last resource, dropped into hell itself.

Every body plays *Rouge et Noir*, had they but the honesty to acknowledge it; and therefore, every body knows the *locale* of the table, and the character of the company. On this night there was the usual *family party*, with some *legs* and some *soft ones*. A few small merchants were peddling cautiously, and the only dashing player had just been regularly done up.

“May the curse of Cromwell attend you, red and black!” ejaculated a tragi-comic voice, which issued from the moustached lips of a strapping Emerald. I looked at the plucked one—he was a fine, stout, dark-haired fellow of six feet high. “He will be in the *morgue* tomorrow,” whispered a lemon-coloured dwarf, with a nondescript ribbon at his button-hole, “he has lost five hundred Napoleons.” I examined the sufferer again. The Frenchman was wrong—the careless dare-devil *insouciance* of the man, showed that he possessed the true mercurial temperament indigenous to the land

of potatoes, which rises while fortune sinks, and sets calamity at defiance.

While I still gazed at the unlucky gambler, who had assumed his hat and gloves preparatory to leaving the scene of his defeat, a sudden thought struck me, that even yet luck might change, and the poor fellow retrieve his losses. I took ten Napoleons from my purse, called him apart, and whispered my wishes. A broad suspicious stare from the stranger was succeeded by an inquiry of “whether I was serious?” On this point I satisfied him—and next moment he took out his ticket case, begged me to interchange cards, and returned as merrily to play, as if he had already netted a thousand.

“The devil’s in the fellow’s carelessness,” said I, “the *Naps* are gone for ever;” and the very first movement at the table, demolished a moiety of my subsidy. In silence I cursed my own folly—and determining not to witness the result, left the Palais Royal, and hastened to my hotel, reprobating mankind, the elements, and *Rouge et Noir*.

Some hours passed — every lodger in the

house was sleeping but myself, when a thundering knocking threatened destruction to the door, and the drowsy porter muttering curses “deep, not loud,” rose to parley with the untimely visitor. A colloquy in broken English ensued. My name was mentioned—“Monsieur is in bed—Monsieur is not *visible*.”

“*Bedershin*, my jewel!” returned a voice whose tones I began to recollect—“visible or not visible, I’ll see him. I will, by every thing that’s fortunate;” and in the briefest space imaginable, the black-whiskered adventurer of the Palais Royal bore down all opposition, and was standing at my bed-side.

“We have been lucky, my darling boy,” exclaimed the excited Milesian, as he flung a handkerchief filled with notes and gold coin upon the coverlet. “The old girl of the wheel proved herself a gentlewoman, and stuck to me like bird-lime, ’till by St. Patrick, I cleaned out the company—broke the bank—and now for a division.”

“A division—I have no claim beyond a return of the sum I lent you,” said I.

“No claim! arrah *naboclish*; were we regular

co-partners in trade," replied my loving countryman. I denied altogether the existence of the firm—and after a stout demur on his part, received my ten Napoleons, with a squeeze of the hand that left mine aching for an hour afterwards. Taking up his hat, Mr. Mac Dermott rolled up his treasure in the handkerchief, secured it with a knot, and promising that he would see me early next day, was in the act of taking leave, when the porter knocked and was admitted. He came up to say that he had observed two men, of very suspicious appearance, loitering before the hotel, and had no doubt but that they had dogged the stranger thither, with evil designs against his person or his purse.

The windows of my sitting room commanded a view of the street, and leaving the candles in my chamber, to prevent our being discovered by those without, we peeped cautiously abroad. The light was variable, as the clouds careered across the moon, but presently she shone brilliantly for a moment, and in the passing gleam, we saw two figures such as the servant described, lurking in the opposite *porte coche*.

The truth was evident. The successful gambler had been pursued from that sink of villany, the Palais Royal, and the ruffians outside were waiting his return from the hotel to rob and most probably murder him. I shuddered when I thought how narrowly the unconscious victim had escaped assassination.

“Now what the plague can these fellows want with me?” inquired my countryman, with provoking indifference.

The porter grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and replied with a polite bow, “nothing more than to qualify Monsieur for the *morgue* in the morning.”

“Phew!” said the Milesian with a peculiar whistle, “and is it that they’re after? Well, I have the luck of thousands to-night. I saw a very dacent looking pair of marking-irons on your table. I’ll borrow them if you please. Just when I go out, do you lift the window, and if in the course of your travels, you ever saw a couple of private gentlemen more beautifully taken in, never trust me with the tools in future.”

“Now, would it not save you some trouble,

and me a charge or two of powder, if you would not interfere with the executioner, and remain contented for a few hours where you are? There is an excellent sofa, wood enough in the grate, candles, wine, and you can make a pillow of your property, and sleep upon Napoleons and bank notes."

"Egad you are right, but ——"

"You are dying for a row," said I.

"Why, faith, I would give a few pieces to accommodate the scoundrels with the wrong metal, and while they expected gold, make lead answer."

"Well, I have no doubt, that finishing a brace of cut-throats would make a pleasant wind-up to a night of play; but still I recommend the sofa to you, and them to the hangman."

"You are right," said Mac Dermott, "but it is unfair to let the honest men without waste time in useless expectation." He opened the window. "Gentlemen of the *pave*! the top of the morning to ye, as we say in Tipperary. Toddle off if ye please. I'm going

to practise at the post beside you, and as the light's but indifferent, I might mistake the mark, and shoot into the gateway."

The address of Mr. Mac Dermott was understood—and indeed it would be surprising had it not, as he delivered it in three languages, namely, English, Irish, and French. A shuffling of feet, a muttered *sacre!* and a momentary glimpse of two persons stealing round the corner, showed that the hint had been attended to.

In a little time my unexpected guest had arranged the sofa to his perfect satisfaction, heaped on a blazing wood fire, fortified his stomach with by far the larger portion of a bottle of Lafitte, and long before I could compose myself to sleep in the inner chamber, a heavy breathing in the outer one, told that he was "fast as a watchman."

I could not rest, thinking of the wild and reckless personage to whom I had been so singularly introduced, and had been providentially so serviceable. By my assistance he had retrieved his shipwrecked fortunes; and but for

me, he would have been at the bottom of the Seine, or lying in some gloomy by-street, with a gashed throat. I half regretted, on his account, that I was to leave Paris next day, as the chances were great that he would be ruined in a week or two. I fell asleep at last, and when I awoke late in the morning, the first sound that met my ear was the voice of the fortunate gambler croning an Irish ditty in the next apartment. I rose, dressed, joined him, and we sat down to breakfast.

The stranger thanked me heartily for all his recent good fortune. He seemed, on a longer acquaintance, to be a very curious medley—brave, thoughtless, generous, silly, and acute. I felt some anxiety about him—and regretted that I must leave him to the tender mercies of the world; and these feelings I expressed.

“And *why* do you leave Paris—and *where* are you going?” said the Irishman.

“God knows where,” was the reply.

“I wish you would take me with you!” said he of the Palais Royal.

I smiled. "You do not know where I am bound for."

"Pshaw! no matter for that; Peking or St. Petersburg—Milan or Mexico—no matter; any place but Ireland."

"And wherefore is Ireland objectionable to so disinterested a tourist?" I inquired.

"Why simply because there I am *a dead man*—and it would be a great inconvenience to a large and affectionate family like mine, were they obliged to suddenly discard their mourning."

"Really," said I, "you are a little incomprehensible."

"Well—take me with you, and some wet day I'll tell you every thing concerning my life, death, and resurrection."

I declined the offer as delicately as possible—but Pat was no man to be easily discouraged, and so very ingenious were his arguments, that I demanded an hour for consideration, while he adjourned to his hotel and dressed.

Leaving his effects, handkerchief and all, in my safe custody, he departed, made his toilette, and in good time reappeared.

I had in the interim weighed his proposition. I might, probably, save him from ruin—but I might, as probably, greatly inconvenience myself in doing so. My tastes and habits were formed—he was the weather-cock of the moment. I was ten years older, and past the hey-day of life—he had not touched its meridian. All this considered, I felt as much perplexed to refuse his request as I was fearful in acceding to it—and in this uncertainty he found me.

“Come, my dear friend,” he exclaimed, his dark eye sparkling with pleasure, “I know you’ll take me with you. I told them at home I was preparing for a start, and desired the rascal who robs and dresses me to have all packed. Say but the word, and in the snapping of a flint I’m ready for the road. Land or sea—hill or valley—all one. Come, say yes—I know you will!”

“Mr. Mac Dermott—I have considered your proposal. On certain terms *I will consent* to our becoming fellow-adventurers on the road, and sign articles of copartnership in a calash.”

“Arrah, name them, and I say, *done.*”

“Attend,” I replied. “*Imprimis*—You are to fight no duel during the expedition, unless that I carry the message.”

“Beautiful,” said Mr. Mac Dermott.

“*Second*—You are not to quarrel when you can avoid it.”

“Nothing fairer!” was the response.

“*Third*—You are to pledge your honour, as a gentleman, that during our confederacy you will not play, *directly or indirectly*.”

Pat placed his hand upon his bosom, and nodded an affirmation.

“*Fourth*—You are not to carry off any man’s wife or daughter, without giving me six hours’ clear notice, to enable me to run away in an opposite direction.”

“With all my heart.”

“And *lastly*—All moneys are to be deposited with Lafitte, save one hundred pounds as a moiety of common expenses, over which I am to be absolute, with fifty Napoleons for the privy purse, to be expended by Mr. Mac Dermott, *ad libitum*, in gingerbread, *bon bons*, or for any other proper consideration.”

“Arrah, my dear friend—do make it *the hundred*;—Fifty’s a crooked number; and even money, they say, keeps the devil out of one’s pocket. Say, *the hundred*—and take my blessing.”

“Well, well, I must consent,” said I, “and now let us be off, to bank your money and get the passports.”

All was done accordingly, and next morning we passed the barriers of Paris, and turned our faces to the Rhine.

I firmly believe, that no man had ever undertaken to become bear-leader to a more untamed personage; nor did a more unpromising pupil ever fall to the lot of a philosopher to reclaim. It is true, that in him there was no deception—no duplicity in word or action. Eye, look, and bearing—all put one on their guard—and like a board upon a garden, his face gave legal notice that the premises within were dangerous.

I hate your smooth and oily moralist. I had once an acquaintance of the class who used the commonest business of life to point some adage for the benefit of the listener. He had the most sympathetic sigh imaginable, and

drew upon tears at sight. After a ten years' intimacy, he accommodated me with a spavined horse, and took away a nursemaid from a family to whom I had introduced him as immaculate. Since then, I have eschewed professed morality, and exclaim, with Sir Peter Teazle—"Rowley, if you regard me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment. I have had enough of that to last the remainder of my life!"

* * * *

We had delightful weather—passed Chalons sur Marne, and St. Diziere; halted at Nancy, and established ourselves in the Place Royal. The ancient capital of Lorraine is indeed a charming town; wide streets, well built houses, and good hotels.

King Stanislaus, to whom the French ascribe the beauties of the old, and the founding of the new town, is buried in the Fauxbourgh St. Pierre. We visited, in company with a learned guide, the library, which contains forty thousand volumes, and a few manuscripts. Of the latter, the most interesting showed to us was

an autograph letter of Henry IV. to a favourite general. I regarded, of course, the royal hand-writing with fitting reverence. *Mac*, however, brusquely observed, that “it was a cursed cramped piece of penmanship, that even an apothecary could not read;” and resumed his station at the window, to watch the progress of a bargain which a very pretty *soubrette* was driving with a fruitwoman in the street.

Dined; wine excellent—of which *Mac* carried off two bottles; went to the theatre; play, *Othello*—nearly a translation from our own, only that “the old man’s daughter” clears her character, and escapes strangulation. *Mac*, at the conclusion, “*non est inventus.*” Found him, however, ready for the road next morning. Lest he should oversleep himself, I suppose, he had prudently sat up all night. Made up for lost slumbers on the road. I’ll sleep him in a carriage for a hundred, against any body produced—*barring* a watchman.

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I have been amused with my companion’s predilection for the “ould country.” Every

thing we see is tested by a native standard ; for, according to *Mac*, Eve was an Irish-woman, and Eden situated on the banks of the Shannon. Excepting Mr. Daniel O'Connell, I have never known so enthusiastic an admirer of the Emerald Isle, or one who gives his countrymen a better character. The only difference between the parties is, that Daniel says what he does not think, "for a consideration"—while *Mac* thinks what he says, and does it gratuitously.

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From Nancy to Strasburgh, the route not very interesting, but some views from the heights of Saurne very picturesque ; the road approaching Strasburgh fine, and planted with walnut trees at equal distances, which afford the traveller a grateful shelter from the sun. I was lavish in my praises—but *Mac* compared it with a certain line in Connaught, "where even a drunken postboy could not find a jolt for you in a day's drive ; and in a dozen miles you could not pick up a pebble large enough to smash a window with." I never had the

luck to travel the line in question. I wonder where it lies?

* * * *

Strasburgh. — Cantoned at the Hotel de l'Esprit, very comfortable; and here we will abide until we examine this ancient city.

The first thing generally pointed to the traveller's attention is that *chef d'œuvre* of Pigalli—the marble monument of Marischal Saxe, standing in the church of St. Thomas.*

My companion listened more attentively than usual to the guide as he enumerated the beauties of the monument; and after a heavy sigh, remarked—

“ I knew him when I was a lad, and a

* The design is chaste and beautiful. On one side a weeping figure is contemplating the hero, holding a reversed flambeau beneath exalted trophies; while just below, a female, representing France, endeavours to retain the marischal, and repulse death. The latter, a well-conceived figure, most of whose skeleton and hip is concealed by a finely executed drapery, holds in one hand an hour-glass and with the other points expressively to the tomb, to which the marischal, with firmness and dignity, approaches. Beyond, a Hercules in tears is seen. The whole is nobly executed.

better soul never stretched his legs below a mess-table !”

“ Knew whom ?” I exclaimed in astonishment.

“ Why him there—Marischal Saxe.”

“ *Pardonnez,*” said the guide, “ Monsieur must be in error.”

“ The deuce an error,” replied Mr. Mac Dermott. “ But what an expense the family must have gone to ? and he would have lain just as snug and warm in the old church of Clonmel.”

The guide stared ; I was horrified ; and *Mac* continued—

“ Poor fellow—he could never stand a joke ; and that, you know, is the sure way for a man to keep a nick-name. May be you never heard how he came by it, sir ?” and he addressed the guide, who grinned, and bowed to the ground.

“ You must know,” said *Mac*, “ that the old man, his father, was a miller, and made his money in the grain trade. Well—he bought property in the county, until at last he got the Tipperary militia for his son. The first

day the colonel appeared in regimentals—that's the son, I mean—at the head of the corps, says a blind aid-de-camp to Major O'Callaghan — 'Arrah, who the devil's that?' 'Who should it be,' says the major, 'but Marshal *Sacks* (Saxe), with the *flour* (flower) of Tipperary at his back.' How a name sticks! I wonder what made the family plant him here, though; but, faith, they did the thing decently. Lord, what money it must have cost! Many a tenant was driven to pay for old Father Barebones there."

Was there ever such a villain? To confound a departed hero with a dead militia man!

From St. Thomas's we proceeded to visit the cathedral, whose celebrated spire is said to be the highest in the world. Half way up, we reached a platform commanding a magnificent view of the Rhine, the plains of Hohenlinden, and an immense expanse of most interesting scenery, terminated on one side by the German mountains, at whose feet the river serpentine from south to north; and on the other, by Hohenlinden and the heights of Alsace. Never were travellers rewarded with a more glorious

prospect than this diversified landscape and "battle-plain" presented.

"Is it not worth a pilgrimage?" I rapturously exclaimed to my companion.

"Faith, it's a pretty view enough," he replied; "but then to mount three hundred and forty steps, for I counted them—Och, if you were only, of a bright summer's day, on the top of Carrig-a-binnioge! But that beats the world, and there is no use in talking of it now."

I could have knocked my pupil down, had I not feared that in the hurry he might have forgotten that I was his Gamaliel, and retaliated to the danger of my person.

The whole appearance of Strasburgh will rather disappoint the traveller. It has all the inconveniences of a French town—narrow streets, bad pavements, and no flagways. It is (or was) a great place of trade—a depot for that of France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. All now looks dull—the theatre is badly attended—and Mr. Mac Dermott, after a patient investigation, declares he saw but five pretty women

in Strasburgh—this is astonishing, for I have no doubt that his researches were extensive.

One of the greatest curiosities here is the fish-market. The fish are offered to purchasers *alive*, being preserved in large water-tanks. I am assured that upwards of fifty kinds are occasionally exposed for sale, embracing every variety from a sprat to a sturgeon! Mr. *Mac* acknowledged “the thing was very pretty-looking. But, for eating, God help him! he had no ambition. He was easily pleased. Give him a Galway turbot, a Boyne salmon, a Toom eel, or even a Bann trout, and he could live for a day or two with a Catholic family—but then he was no epicure.”

The fellow’s intolerable—he hits me now and again, and pretty hard, and here he had me confoundedly. If Apicius himself were choosing a fish dinner, where could he match Mr. *Mac Dermott’s* selection?

A great quantity of wine is annually produced in this part of France. The “*vin ordinaire*” at dinner—and very excellent it was—cost but twenty sous the bottle—the very oldest and

best "*vin du Rhin*," only six francs. Indeed, as Mr. Mac Dermott remarked, "it was just the place where a prudent man could drink himself rich."

* * * *

We proceeded on our route, reached Basle in the evening, and established ourselves at the Crown Inn in full view of the Rhine, and only distant from it by the length of the street.

Having hired a guide, we set off to view the cathedral. Our cicerone was an old man, who spoke English remarkably well. He had lived in the household of Cardinal Fesch, whose family, he says, were originally *fishmongers*. A lucky trade to produce such men as Crockford and the cardinal!

From the cathedral we adjourned to the panorama, which gives an excellent idea of Basle. The artist obliged us with a view of two originals of the old masters, "A Virgin and Child," a sweet painting by Raphael; and "A taking down from the Cross," one of Holbein's best pictures. By a fanciful conception of the artist, the devil is introduced in the act of carrying off

the *unbelieving* thief. Mr. Mac was rather chary in his commendations of honest Hans' *chef d'œuvre*. "The painting," he admitted, "was well enough, if he had left the devil out—but where was the use in frightening people?" The artist listened to my friend's critique with all the "*politesse*" of a Frenchman, but shrugged his shoulders, and I suspect, were he employed to collect a gallery, would not select Mr. Mac Dermott as a coadjutor.

We spent the remainder of the morning in the public gardens, which are beautifully ornamented with waterworks, Chinese bridges, &c. At four we dined—discussed two flasks of exquisite "*vin du Rhin*," when Mr. Mac Dermott requested to be accommodated with a third one, pleading in excuse, his great exertions during the morning. It is astonishing how many good and sufficient apologies he discovers, when an extra bottle is required—and indeed, since we left Paris, he appears, as poor Lord Louth used to say, to have "an unquenchable thirst upon him." We start in the morning for Schaffhausen to view the Falls of the Rhine.

We passed in our route the interesting village of Angst—the *Angustu Rauracorum* of the Romans. Here many antiquities of great value have been, from time to time, discovered. I purchased some ornaments in bronze, with a few coins, and examined the ruins of a temple, bath, and theatre. Mr. Mac declined to accompany me in these researches. He had established a smart flirtation with the hostess of the Black Eagle, and to every antiquarian inducement sported “deaf adder.” “What novelty was a Roman village to him? Within twenty miles of his father’s, there was but one Protestant, and that was the parson. His assistant was a Catholic, and like ‘the clerk of Ballyhain,’ when he finished at church, he ‘served mass afterwards.’ Roman villages! he would be glad to know where there were any else, from one end of Connemara to the other?”

We crossed to the left bank of the river, by the wooden bridge at Rhinfelden, and four leagues farther recrossed at Lanffenburgh, near the salmon fishery. We were now within two miles of Waldshut, but the rain fell with such

violence that we halted for the night at a small and unpretending inn, where, notwithstanding, our supper, wine, and beds were excellent. The bill was moderate enough: for all these, but eight and a half francs!

We resumed our journey under, it appeared, fortunate auspices, as the guide acquainted us that in the morning he had lighted his candle at the Virgin's lamp, which is kept burning all the night. Our route lay partly through the Black Forest, and it was wild and gloomy enough. Near Waldshut the Rhine is prettily studded by numerous islands—and, with its forest scenery and picturesque mountains, forms altogether an interesting scene.

It was evening when we reached Schaffhausen, and immediately proceeded to view the celebrated Falls of the Rhine, which are about two miles from the town. The cataract, the broadest in Europe, presents one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. The castle of Lanfen stands on the rocks above it, and from beneath we viewed the Falls, till the spray had penetrated our clothes, and obliged us to take up another

position. The noise is astounding, and as *Mac* remarked, "a man could not hear his own ears." Huge fragments of rocks divide the sheet of tumbling water into four parts, which hurries "in foam and fury" into the deep basin at the base of the ledge. The height of the fall varies considerably, and it is said to be greatest about the end of June. It appeared now to be about seventy feet, but formerly it was much higher, for the ledge has been progressively washed away by the violence of the water. I think the best point to view the Falls is in front, and from the castle of Innwhat.

We proceeded by the right bank of the river to Constance, and on our arrival, procured a guide, and set out to visit its celebrated hall. Here in 1414, the famous council was held, which condemned to the flames John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and ordered the bones of Wickliff, then thirty years dead, to be exhumed and given to the fire. The chairs which the emperor and the pope occupied during the trial, are preserved and exhibited. This hall was built in 1348, and is now used for storing merchan-

dize, brought to the city for sale at the fair. A wretched little house is shown near one of the gates, where Huss was apprehended: his bust is placed above the door, with the date beneath it, 1414. The convent in which he was confined is now turned to a better purpose, and used for a manufactory.

We left the “Aigle d’or” at Constance, and passing the beautiful village of Franenfield, found ourselves comfortably seated at dinner in the auberge “L’Epee,” in the town of Zurich. The house in which Lavater resided, and the church in which he officiated, were close to our hotel. In the evening we visited the library, which contains forty-five thousand volumes, and among other literary curiosities, some original letters of Lady Jane Grey. Although very anxious, I was unsuccessful in my endeavour to get a sight of these interesting manuscripts, and expressed regret at my failure. Mr. Mac Dermott, however, exhibited no sympathy for my disappointment. “For the life of him,” he said, “he could not imagine what fancy I had for such things. Sure nobody wrote letters but tailors, attorneys,

and old women ; they were all to one tune—duns and good advice—and no gentleman minded either. Many a time his poor father had bid ‘bad luck to the music,’ when he heard the mail-horn—for, as he said, ‘there was nothing but botheration in the bag.’ God be with the time, when in Connemara the post came in but once a fortnight, and the king’s writ was not worth a *traneen*.* He, Mr. Mac, had not the honour of knowing Lady Jane ; he supposed she was sister to Lady Morgan, and if she wrote Greek and Algebra like her, her letters would be a small loss, for none but a priest could make them out.”

After this lecture upon letters and ladies, we continued our ramble over Zurich. The streets are narrow and ill constructed—the churches not worth attention—the arsenal, to one who has seen the Tower, contemptible. It contains, however, one relic worth all its arms besides—the cross-bow of William Tell.

The last thing we visited was the observatory.

* Anglice—a *straw*.

The situation of the building is good, and commands north and south, an extensive prospect—but it is otherwise a wretched affair. It contained a transit instrument of clumsy workmanship, a bad clock, a bad telescope, with a tolerable repeating circle, of English make—and these comprised its instruments. We learned, however, one very interesting fact: the astronomer dines at noon, and the sun himself is not more regular in his movements, than the professor in his meals!

To-morrow we shall bid this beautiful town farewell. Mr. Mac Dermott has made an acquaintance with an Austrian colonel, a pleasant fellow enough, whom we met here, *en route* to Paris, with his lady. *Mac* and the commander have vowed an eternal friendship, over a “stoup of Rhenish,” and I suspect that *Madame* is a contracting party to the treaty. Our respective courses, thank God, are very opposite — were they not, agreeable to article *four*, I fancy Mr. *Mac* would favour me some evening with a six hours’ notice to be off. There they go, arm in arm! Well, if the colonel is contented, what right have I to complain?

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The sun was shining gloriously as we toiled up the mountain road that leads from Zurich to Zong, a distance of about fifteen miles. We halted on the summit of a hill, and breakfasted at a small auberge, which commands a beautiful view of the lake and town. Passing through Baur, we reached Zong at noon, took up our quarters at the "Cerf," and accompanied by "mine host," a remarkably fine young man, set off to visit the nunnery.

From the inmates of the convent we received a polite reception. We found them instructing a number of interesting girls in French and music—and, to judge from sundry articles of female workmanship which we purchased, the pupils were proficient in painting, and the fabrication of those little elegancies of art, in which the fairer sex excel. It was astonishing how soon Mr. Mac Dermott, who had been rather dolorous since he parted with the colonel and his lady, recovered his spirits. Of fancy works he declared himself an admirer—and in pincushions, a perfect connoisseur. As he seemed

likely to prove a profitable customer — his wants being many—he found favour with the sisterhood, till alas! a lynx-eyed *religieuse* detected him pressing the hand of a novice, with whom he was bargaining for a pencil-case. Such sinful proceedings on the part of a good Catholic were deplorable—I felt my face redden—while my companion, with unblushing assurance, looked innocent of guile, as if he had been offering up an “Ave Mary,” instead of making unholy advances to the very prettiest of these “maids of heaven.”

From this blessed bazaar we proceeded to the chapel, where there is an extensive ossiary, every skull bearing the name of the quondam proprietor. The tombs in the burying ground adjacent are decorated with metal crosses, prettily gilt and painted, on most of which an epitaph is inscribed, together with a miniature of the departed. Here is a very curious piece of sculpture. The design is taken from the book of Revelations, and represents the angel coming down from heaven with a chain to bind Satan for a thousand years, when the Millennium is to com-

mence. The features are beautifully executed. Mac declared, however, that a worse tempered man than the devil looked, he had never met with in his travels; "but it was no wonder since he was to be strapped up neck and heels like a deserter, and that too by an old acquaintance."

Berne is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, at the base of which the river Aar winds. The houses are built with cut stone, the streets wide and clean, the pathways flagged and arched over, which renders them a dry promenade in all weathers, and in sunshine particularly agreeable. The Gothic cathedral, with its admired steeple, the hospital (Eglise du St. Esprit) rebuilt in 1722, the library of thirty thousand volumes and fifteen hundred manuscripts, the small museum of natural history, and the botanic gardens, are all exceedingly interesting, and Berne is reckoned one of the most desirable residences in Switzerland. Our guide acquainted us that here Haller was born, (his picture may be seen in the museum,) and the best gunpowder in Europe was manufactured near the town. Mr. Mac doubted whether Hall

or Harvey were not as good ; but as he recommended it, he, Mac, would try a canister or two of Haller's." Was there ever such a Vandal ?

We left for Lausanne next day, and reached Morat for dinner. The town is situated on a lake of the same name, but wants those charms of Swiss scenery, wood and mountain. It is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476 ; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those that fell, bears this pithy inscription :—" The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat, left this monument of its passage." Mr. Mac Dermott observed that " they might call him ' bold ' here ; but he was too timid in London, or he would never have popped his head out of Lord Melbourne's middle window to lay it on the block. Many a time he had looked at it (the window) while kicking his heels at the Horse Guards." It was useless to explain ; *Mac* confounded the martyr of England with the daring Duke of Normandy—*N'importe*.

We reached Geneva early next morning.

The town stands on a rising ground above the lake, and is divided by the "dark blue waters" of the Rhone. Excepting the library there is little to interest the tourist, although the trader will have much in its extensive manufactures to admire. At the distance of a league from Geneva, stands Byron's favourite chateau. When here in 1816, I visited him in company with a friend. Unfortunately his lordship had been severely indisposed, and obliged for several days to keep his room. He sent us a kind message by his servant, regretting his inability to receive us, accompanied by the key of the garden, and a request that we would cut some fruit, and walk on the balcony, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake as far as the castle of Chillon. As we passed one of the windows, we saw the poet lying on a sofa, and he saluted us. He seemed as if in pain; and one momentary glance at his fine and intelligent face plainly told, that he suffered from bodily ailment far less than from the agony of "a mind diseased."

We left Geneva to visit the interesting valley of Chamouni, in a small and coarsely-built four-wheeled carriage, drawn by a pair of mules. The narrowness and roughness of the road render it impracticable for more comfortable vehicles. On our route, we stopped to view the cascade of Chede. As the water was abundant, and the fall is computed at three hundred feet, it forms an interesting object. The morning was remarkably fine, and the sunbeams falling on the spray formed the most beautiful iris I ever looked at. While I was gazing with delight upon this splendid bow, Mr. Mac Dermott had discovered a more engrossing feature in the scene—a very pretty girl, employed in sketching the cascade.

For the soul of me, I cannot comprehend by what freemasonry the fellow manages to slip into society with persons from all corners of the earth, and with whose very existence he had been previously unacquainted. Surely that look and brogue of his are sufficient to alarm an Amazon—and yet, before I had completed a hasty survey of the rainbow, he

was pointing pencils for the fair artist, and basking in the sunshine of the brightest blue eye that ever undone a traveller! But the old man, her father, approaches; he will bring pencil-cutting to a close, and mar the *tête-a-tête*. God help me! never was I more astray. There is an interchange of smiles and snuff between the parties. *Mac's* "Masulipitan" is requited with the stranger's "Strasburg"—and in five minutes I expect to see the whole group contract an eternal friendship, and register it in heaven upon all the beauties of the cascade!

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As I anticipated, the mischief is done. The old man and his daughter are bound for Chamouni—and *Mac* has made it exceedingly plain, that the interests of all require us to occupy the same inn and table, and establish a sort of travelling copartnership. The father, of course, will be turned over to my attentions, while my worthy companion superintends the lady and her portfolio.

Well, no matter for a day or two—the old man looks intelligent—and I'll submit.

Proceeding on our route, accompanied by the strangers in a small caleche, we ascended the hill and reached the lake, which bears the same name of the fall we had been viewing. Still toiling on, we gained Lezouche, to which the glaciers of Mont Blanc approximate. Short as the ascent was, the changes in atmospheric temperature were most rapid. At the fall the thermometer stood at seventy-eight degrees; on the hill above the lake it sank to seventy degrees; and on the highest level of the road, where we turned aside to gain a better prospect of the glaciers, placed upon the snow, it fell to thirty-two degrees. A cold shower hurried us on to Chamouni, and we were happy to find ourselves safe from the weather at the Hotel de Londres.

The village is very small. It contains but the priory and a few houses. The museum of minerals, however, is worth attention; and the old gentleman, after dinner, accompanied me to visit this cabinet. The *demoiselle*

proceeded with her sketch, and Mr. Mac remained with *madame*, to aid, comfort, and point the pencils.

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At seven o'clock next morning we commenced the ascent of Montauvert, elevated two thousand six hundred feet above the valley of Chamouni. Our mules carried us about half way, when the steps became so frequent and abrupt that we were obliged to dismount and send the quadrupeds back. The road, or rather pathway from the valley, is rapid in ascent, but not dangerous, and runs through a forest of pines and larch trees. Three hours' toil completed the journey, and placed us before the temple on the summit.

The view from this is grand beyond description. To the south we saw the Noir Aiguille of Charmay; on the north, the Rougeatre de Dru, six thousand feet higher than the spot whereon we stood, from which it is separated by the Mer de Glace. Many other mountains of extraordinary shape are visible from Montauvert. Underneath, the valley of Chamouni appears—while the glaciers, and more particularly the

Mer de Glace, resemble a sea suddenly frozen in its most violent agitation, over whose surface sharp and savage rocks protrude, casting on the lighter ice a tint of variable blue.

Next day we set off for Martigny. Our fair companion was too much fatigued by the exertions of her late expedition to attempt the Col de Balme. She therefore preferred accompanying the baggage, which made a *detour* by Valorsini and the *Tete Noire*. Mr. Mac Dermott conveniently sprained his ankle when we were about to leave Chamouni, and the old gentleman declared himself anxious to be my companion. Mr. Mac, though “*hors de combat*,” offered his protection to the lady and our effects. Of course it was accepted; and we accordingly took different routes, I having first intimated to my worthy camarado that if he did not intend to re-appear, he would oblige me much by leaving my portmanteaus at Trient, and, agreeably to article No. Four, notify his designs, if any, upon the fair *artiste*, to enable me to bolt in good time before the catastrophe occurred.

It would appear that women recover from fatigue rapidly; for on our descent to Trient, I observed through a telescope a lady and gentleman walking in front of the *auberge*, in whom I recognised my disabled friend and “the old man’s daughter.” Mr. Mac’s convalescence also, appeared miraculous. At Chamouni he was lame as a Greenwich pensioner, but a drive in the caleche had restored the infirm member, and he moved as jauntily about as if he had been receiving a lesson from *Coulon*. Indeed I was delighted to assure myself of his identity at a mile off. I know him to be “an honourable man;” but, Lord! in the hurry, he might forget *No. Four*. From the miserable appearance of this Alpine hostle, we only waited to take a hasty lunch, and proceeding on our route, and crossing the Col de Forclas, reached Martigny for dinner.

We recommenced our journey very early next morning; passed through St. Lionhard, and, crossing again to the left bank of the river, saw the village of Leuk on the opposite side, perched on the brow of the mountain. A

league farther, at the hamlet of Gemmi, the celebrated baths of Leuk are situated, environed by scenery of the most romantic character. At Visp we breakfasted, and went afterwards to visit the fall, which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the auberge. It is worth the traveller's notice, and I think not inferior to that of Martigny. The height of this cascade is probably a hundred and fifty feet, and as there is always an immense body of water discharging itself over the ledge of rock, the noise is deafening. The fair artist made a hasty sketch—*Mac*, of course, in charge of the portfolio. I think the old citizen has taken the alarm—if he has not, the man must be blind as a beetle. At five we reached Breig or Bryg, the first village on the great road leading over the Simplon into Italy.

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We have parted with our fellow travellers rather unexpectedly, who decline crossing the Simplon, and return to Lausanne to await the arrival of a relation, who purposes accompanying them to Italy. I am glad of this for

every reason. There is a mystery about Mr. Mac Dermott that I have been unable to penetrate. At times he seems unhappy, and recollections obtrude upon his gayest moments, which cloud his brow, while still his efforts at concealment, indicate a spirit struggling by native elasticity, to overcome thoughts that rack its quietude. His attentions to Miss Selwyn are not like those of the fugitive flirtations in which I have seen him indulge; and she, I suspect, has not heard him with indifference—but time will show. The old gentleman is a retired trader; wealthy no doubt. His daughter appears gentle and affectionate. If I am not astray, after we retired last night, there was a farewell interview. I saw a tear fall from beneath her veil this morning as *Mac* handed her to the caleche; and since her departure the swain looks *triste* and dejected, while frequently he contemplates a ring which I never remarked before upon his finger. But, what are their follies to me? He'll forget her before we see St. Peter's!

Although we had intended to start for

Padua this morning, Mr. Mac Dermott, for some unaccountable cause, insists on waiting for the post; and, as a day must be lost, I have left him in the hotel, and set out for Monza, some eight miles distant, to visit the *palais* of the Viceroy of Italy, and, if possible, see the "iron crown." I succeeded but partially. The gardens and park, both beautifully kept, were opened, with a portion of the palace. Unluckily, one of the archdukes was then the occupant, and the greater moiety of the building could not be exhibited.

The iron crown is safely deposited in a chest of the same metal, and secured by three locks. But in the same place, there is an object of greater value. This is a large gilt cross, having in its centre a crystal, containing a portion of the sponge saturated with the identical vinegar presented to our Saviour while crucified, and by him rejected! This, of course, is an inestimable treasure; but this favoured church is rich in relics, and contains one, worth sponge, crown, and vinegar—to wit, a vial containing a small quantity of the

blood that flowed from the Redeemer's side!! Heretics may cavil—but is there a true believer who ever doubted these acknowledged truths?

The post has brought a letter—at least I suspect this to be the case—as *Mac* has started willingly. There never was a lovelier day for travelling, and we have passed some interesting places—Colomba, Cassano, and Carravagio, with Cheari, celebrated for its silk mills, and arrived late at Brescia.

This we found a very considerable town, and if the population returns be correct, judging from its size, the last place upon the Continent that Malthus or Miss Martineau would patronize. It looks less than Belfast, but contains one-fourth a greater population! The cathedral is modern and very fine, and there are some good paintings to be seen. But Brescia is famous for its trade, and appears to be a place of unusual bustle. Fire-arms are the chief manufactures; and about a mile from the town, on the Verona road, stands a foundry and arsenal, nearly completed

by Napoleon. Turn where you will in France and Italy, you find mementos of that extraordinary spirit—that “illustrious unfortunate.”

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Late on the following evening we reached the ancient city of Verona, the scene of so many of Shakspeare’s loveliest creations. The place is truly classic—for no city contributed to Roman literature so many venerated names. Catullus, Macer, Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Secundus, Vitruvius, and the elder Pliny, form a constellation of the first magnitude. Our own “master of the heart” has immortalized it in several of his dramas. Here is the scene of the luckless loves of “Romeo and Juliet,” and we cannot forget “The Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

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Whether my worthy companion has received a despatch from the pretty *artiste*, “blighting his hope,” or that tender recollections have arisen over the tomb of the “gentle Montague” which we have just left—certes Mr. Mac Dermott is melancholy as “an old lion, or a

lover's lute." I am dying to discover "what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours"—and after dinner will dissolve the mystery and conjure him

"By Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip."

If Verona hold a stoop of Burgundy I'll unlock his tongue—and between love and wine, if he retain his secret, I'll believe that there is constancy in man—faith in a kept mistress—honesty in a Jew—and no virtue in the bottle!

"Lord! what a sigh. That sprain will come against you, *Mac*. I fear you have overworked yourself to-day."

"Why, faith, my dear boy, I am but a dull companion. I wish somebody would assist me to break article *No. One*—and I'd call the man my friend who would blow out my brains genteely. Zounds! I could jump into the Adige, burn a church, turn methodist—for I am in most villainous humour with the whole human race."

"Come, pass the bottle, *Mac*; one or two

bumpers like that honest one you filled, and all will be '*colour de rose*' again," said I.

"No, no—my peace of mind is over—and though now and then I may drown recollection in the goblet—still memory jogs one's elbow, and whispers what a fool I have been." His eye glistened. Burgundy is, after all, the touch-stone to the heart—and I called for another flask.

"Come, *Mac*—rally and fill me a brimming bumper—this is Miss Selwyn's health."

My pupil started—but I had no reason to complain that he did not fill fairly, and the spirit of the rosy grape was not allowed time to evaporate.

"What the deuce was that midnight divan you held with Mademoiselle at Breig, after you had seen the old cit and I retire?"

"Nonsense, you only jest," returned Mr. Mac Dermott.

"No, faith: I heard enough to inform me who the *dramatis personæ* were. How were you engaged, *Mac*—pointing pencils or making love? Was Chloe cruel, or are you fed on

hope, and like a cameleon, air-crammed? Come, you are an excellent Catholic and know the value of a clean breast; and believe me you'll find yourself all the better of confession. Surely you once threatened me with a narrative of your adventures."

Poor *Mac* was agitated—his eye flashed, his cheek reddened, as with much bitterness, he replied—"If you are curious to hear the confessions of a fool, ask *but* a detail of my career."

"No, *Mac*—you are chagrined. Many a man has made a wilder cast and redeemed it gallantly afterwards."

"In my case, that is impossible," said my pupil.

"Nothing to the determined is so—and so far as breaking heads, and drilling a man's carcass go, you're not amiss."

"That may be so," said Mr. *Mac*. "But what the devil can I expect in life, when I am dead already?"

"That is, indeed, a puzzler—and yet for a defunct gentleman, you have the sweetest swallow imaginable."

“But I’m worse than dead,” returned Mr. Mac Dermott, as he laid down the empty glass.

“Indeed!”

“Yes.”

“How pray?”

He fetched a desperate sigh. “*I’m married!*”

“There is no disputing your assertion, my friend. Where may the lady be at present?”

“Heaven only knows,” responded Mr. *Mac*.

“When do you expect to see her?” I inquired.

“Never—if I have any luck.”

“Have any pledges of mutual attachment blessed this auspicious union?”

Mac smiled, as he replied, “ladies of three score are not generally prolific.”

“Alas! my friend, you must pardon me. I knew not the extent of your misfortunes. To be defunct was bad enough—but what was that to matrimony? Come, out with the tale while I order a fresh bottle.”

“Make it *two* if you love me,” said Mr. *Mac*, “or I’ll choke in the middle of the narrative.”

The wine appeared. Mr. Mac Dermott having “screwed his courage to the sticking place,” by the agency of a second bumper, gave a preliminary cough, and thus began——

MR. MAC DERMOTT'S STORY.

ANT. S.—“There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.”

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

“SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,” says the song—they should—and would to God that mine would forget me! My friends, alas! are “faithful to the tomb.” Men who have seen me for a second at a crossing, would remember my person if we met by accident at Timbuctoo—and, though blind to all the world beside, recognise me at the distance of a street. Confound their memories!—they have marred my fortunes when the tide seemed “taken at the flood.”

Mine shall be a brief history. My father was a wealthy stockmaster in Roscommon, who prided

himself on the antiquity of his lineage and the pedigree of his horses; and there was not a more hospitable house within the Shannon than his own. There, the stranger was sure to find a good dinner—a heavy drink—warm quarters, and a hearty welcome. Wanderers to wakes and markets made Kiltycormack their abiding-place—friars and physicians infested it by the dozen—drinking and dancing was the order of the day; for my father, to do him justice, lived like an Irish king—sporting a rattling stud, and a pack you could cover with a blanket—kept a priest in the house, and two pipers into the bargain.

On my education and earlier life it is unnecessary to dilate. At twenty I could read, write, and serve mass in Latin, when my mother and the maids confessed their peccadilloes to Father Anthony. I knew a blemished horse with half an eye—won a steeple-chase at Knockcroghery—bullied a fire-eater at Ballinasloe—and entered the Galway militia a captain; but then, if the truth be told, commissions were at a discount.

Three years passed; and without vanity I

may acknowledge that my outward man was generally admired by the softer sex: I was a clean-timbered strapping fellow—tall enough for a flanker—with a merry eye, and a devil-may-care swagger—rode hard, talked flippantly, copied the elegancies of a sprig of fashion, with whom our corps was fortunately ornamented—and passed currently in park and ball-room, as if I had never blistered a broken knee, nor danced “apples for ladies,”* with my mother’s maid, at the pattern of Knock-buoy.

It was in the middle of January, 181—, that we got the route for Dublin; and no order ever caused more pleasure and dissatisfaction to a marching regiment, than that which summoned us from out-quarters for garrison duty. The young and single were delighted with the change—the old and married horrified at the bare idea of dear lodgings, and the immediate *surveillance* of a commander-in-chief. Indeed ours was not a “crack corps,” but

* A musical composition of great merit, although, as I am informed, not generally danced at Castle balls.

as slow a battalion as ever figured in the Phoenix-park. Most of the officers had passed their climacterics, and were provided with families that would astonish Harriette Martineau. Freeholders, not fitness, were passports to commissions; and I verily believe that the service could not produce a stranger sample of soldiers, than the honest gentlemen who led the gallant Galway to the field.

Of those most overjoyed at our removal to the metropolis, I may place the commander's lady foremost. She was a fine woman of high fashion, to whom the country was intolerable. Nothing, therefore, could exceed her raptures when the route for Dublin was received. Great were her preparations for the spring campaign. A house was taken in Merrion-square—a new barouche turned out by Hutton—liveries were renewed—footmen multiplied; and before a month, the name of Mrs. Colonel O'Dogherty was foremost on the Castle list.

It was the end of March—the Patrick's night ball had brought every body to town—Dublin was full, and the season was at its zenith.

Some regimental affair obliged me to call upon the colonel. I was shown into the front drawing-room, while the commander and his lady were in conclave in the back one, and, in the heat of argument, they forgot that the folding-doors were ajar.

“Well, my dear,” said the fair one, “be sure you get the box next Lady Asgill’s. Don’t lose time, or that vulgar city woman, Mrs. Sheriff Sullivan, will be sure to pick it up.”

The colonel promised to be expeditious.

“Who shall we have, my love, to meet the Lorimers? Unfortunately the staff are obliged to attend the Castle dinner, and every thing decent beside is secured by Lady Melvyn.”

“Could you not have some of our own people? of late we have rather overlooked them?”

“Heavens! colonel, don’t mention it! Wherever you contrived to pick them up, there is not such a collection of scarecrows in the service.”

“True, my dear; but you know one’s county interest must be looked after—and

there is not one of them that has not a *fodeein** and some freeholders.”

“Hang their *fodeeins*! Heaven knows how dearly county honours are purchased. With one or two exceptions, is there a presentable man among the gang? And now, colonel, *who would you ask?*”

“Hem—hem!—Why, my dear, Major Grogan has never been here since he joined us in town.”

“Good God, colonel, you would not, surely, introduce that overgrown monster to the Lorimers?”

“Certainly, Grogan is singular both in manners and person; but there is Captain Demsey.”

“A second Punchinello, with a civic paunch and bandy legs.”

“What do you say to Captain Joyce?”

“Nothing—only send him a clean shirt with the invitation. The man, I fancy, imagined that linen was included in his allowances—or supposed that our corps was like Falstaff’s, and that he would find ‘enough on every hedge.’”

* *Anglice*—a small estate.

“ Oh, my love—indeed you are too severe. What say you to Captain Cormack?”

“ Worse and worse! He speaks to the servants in Irish, takes soup a second time, and calls the knave of clubs ‘ Jack my jewel.’ ”

“ Lieutenant Corcoran——”

“ Has no clothes.”

“ Lieutenant Daly——”

“ Wears a home-made wig, at total variance with the colour of his whiskers.”

“ Well, in Heaven’s name, is there any of them producible?”

“ Ye—s. Conyngham is a good style of man; and Mac Dermott—he dresses well, and would pass current enough, if he did not say ‘ arrah!’ and ‘ ah now!’ ”

This flattering notice of my merits was delightful—and that, too, from a first-rate authority like Mrs. Colonel O’Dogherty, and the observations I had overheard were not thrown away. I did not play deaf adder—but firmly resolved to abandon “ arrah” and “ ah now” for ever. Determined to support my well-earned reputation, although deeply

registered in my tailor's leger, I decided on giving the unhappy man further instructions in book-keeping, and ordered for the nonce, a full-dress jacket, with the largest wings procurable from Brady. To be seen with "the Lorimers" in public, would stamp me at once a denizen of the world of fashion. Among the leaders of the *beau-monde*, the Lorimers were most *distingué*; bonnets being nominated after Lady Jane, while the *contré-danse* at the last Rotunda ball had opened with "Lady Mary's Rant." No wonder that I waited impatiently for the promised invitation. It duly came—and on the appointed day I drove to Merrion-square, in full feather, to partake of an early dinner, and afterwards escort the ladies to the theatre.

I was first of the company—and had time to take a full-length peep at my outward man in the tall pier-glass between the windows—and, faith! nothing could be better. My lower extremities—my legs were reputed to be good ones—in short kerseymeres and white silks, might have passed muster at a drawing-

room. My hair was critically curled—but the new jacket—that beat all—Phil. Costigan, my valet, averred upon his conscience, that my own skin was not a closer fit; and indeed, the garment was so generally correct, that, in a burst of gratitude, I almost registered a vow to pay the tailor at some future day; but, as rash promises should be eschewed, mine was conditional upon getting a prize in the lottery, or succeeding to some estate, of which the right owner at present kept me from possession.

While I was still engaged in personal admiration, Mrs. Colonel O'Dogherty entered in full dress, just as a splendid carriage stopped, and a thundering knock, loud and long as the *feu de joi* of a battalion, succeeded. The steps fell—the drawing-room door was thrown open—and a powdered functionary announced “the Ladies Lorimer.”

Our small party was quickly assembled. General and Mrs. Cameron, and a dashing major of Hompesch's dragoons, completed the company. In a few minutes the butler sum-

moned us to dinner. Down we filed to the eating-room—and, in the hostess' arrangements, the Lady Mary fell to my lot. She descended, leaning on my arm, and at table I was placed next her.

All were in glorious spirits—the ladies beautiful as eastern sultanas, and brilliant as jewels and ostrich plumes could make them. The Lorimers seemed determined to be agreeable—and Lady Mary listened to me with so much pleasure and condescension, that, when she left us for the drawing-room, I was half persuaded the foundation of a conquest had been laid, and that I was fated, on some blessed morning, to astonish the establishment at Kiltycormack by the introduction of a titled bride. God knows when I did accommodate them with a daughter-in-law, the one I presented was of a different description!

Dublin was once remarkable for the purity of its dramatic taste, and no where did histrionic talent insure a more enthusiastic reception. A visit from some London stars had, of course, created a sensation; and, as

the world of fashion had agreed to congregate on this eventful evening in Crow-street, the dress circle, when we entered the theatre, presented a blaze of beauty. From the floor to the ceiling, the house was crammed; in the gallery there was no "room for standing, miscalled standing-room;" and into the pit you could have scarcely introduced a walking-stick. For a week boxes had not been procurable: the tears of beauty could not obtain a second seat; and happy was the man who, by the urbanity of a proprietor, achieved an occasional glance at the stage, over a tier of turbans and a forest of feathers. What were my feelings then, when, by the gracious pleasure of the colonel's lady, I occupied a position in the front row! I was flanked by Lady Jane and an aid-de-camp of the viceroy's; and, happier still, "lovely Thais"—I mean Lady Mary—"sate beside me!"

It might appear an unusual stretch of good nature on the part of Mrs. O'Dogherty, to veil, in the interior of the box, the splendours of

her diamond tiara. But the colonel's lady was a sentimentalist in a quiet way—flirtation *a decouvert* is not the thing—she and the Hompescher were far more comfortable in the rear—the Lorimers better seen in the front—the aid-de-camp could exhibit his aiguettes—I parade my wings—all and every were therefore judiciously placed, and that to their perfect satisfaction.

Never was a lady in her own right more affable than Lady Mary. She saw I was anxious to be agreeable, and she condescended to be amused. She was, if Debrett could be believed, verging upon thirty—consequently a little *passée*—and, in *affaires de cœur*, as it was hinted, she had been particularly unhappy. She had been jilted by an earl—lost a lover before Saint Sebastian—and been abominably ill used by an Irish baronet, who, after naming the happy day, had broken his neck at a fox-hunt. Her fortune was never mentioned; and even her enemies admitted that she professed no fancy for a life of celibacy. Was it wonderful therefore, all things considered, that young ambition

should whisper what grave reflection would smile at as impossible? Love, like death, levels all distinctions; and why should I be so unfortunate as to falsify the proverb? I determined, *coute qui coute*, to make the essay—and who could tell but a scion of the house of Lorimer might yet astonish the inmates of Kiltycormack, when she came down, a dutiful daughter-in-law, to claim my mother's blessing!

The play was over—the curtain rose again, and *Love in a Village* was substituted for the afterpiece. No opera could have been better selected. I seized on several passages which seemed apposite to my situation—and my sighs might have been heard distinctly in the third row. It was marvellous how rapidly I got on—"I never regretted want of nobility till now—and had I a title and estate, I knew at whose feet both should be laid!" Did a frown annihilate my hopes, and punish my audacity? Ah, no—a smile, bland and benignant as that with which angels "view a virtuous deed," was turned for a moment upon my face. I was transported to the seventh heaven; sublunary

concerns were forgotten; I had built a fairy edifice; when suddenly, my celestial reveries were dispelled by an infernal uproar in the pit.

The noise was indeed astounding—and, as the row occurred nearly beneath the box we occupied, Lady Mary was, or affected to be, desperately alarmed. The opera could not proceed, for “Young Meadows” was unheard in the stage-box, and there seemed to be a rivalry between pit and gallery as to which should deafen the audience by bellowing “turn him out!” The cause of all this clamour was a short personage, whose sustained attempts to force his way across the pit had occasioned this general *brouillerie*. All I could observe was, that the offender was devilish troublesome, had a fiery-red head, and endeavoured to make fight with a brass-handled thong-whip, which effort on his part, the denseness of the crowd rendered perfectly abortive.

It was amazing with what pertinacity of purpose, amid kicks, cuffs, and imprecations, *Redhead* persevered, struggled across the *parterre*, and fairly established himself below me.

There he stood gasping for breath—and a worse-received gentleman I never witnessed.

“The curse of Cromwell light upon ye!” exclaimed a stout dowager from Ormond-market, whose toes, *Redhead*, in his transit across the pit, had invaded. “Couldn’t ye have remained where ye were, ye ill-visag’d keout!”

“Divil speed ye, darlin’,” rejoined a second sufferer, whose bonnet, in the scuffle, had sustained a mortal injury. “None cried God bless him”—and while one moiety of the infernals were applauding “Rosetta” to the skies, the other were heaping maledictions on the short gentleman with the red head.

I looked at the delinquent, and at the same moment he turned his face towards me. Alas! the snub-nosed and rubicund countenance could never be mistaken; and, as he leered upon me with a small grey eye, coruscant with recent excitement and whiskey punch, I recognised Ned Flannegan of Ballinagran. Curse upon him! I wished him astride upon the apex of the Reek, or “five fathom under the Rialto.”

Ned was a jobber by profession—and living in a country where the gentry were mostly cattle-breeders, he, of course, was in constant collision with them, and no stranger to the house of Kiltycormac. He had an extensive stock of natural assurance, and was now in that comfortable state of inebriety, when the steam was sufficiently up to overcome any diffidence, had he possessed it, without impeding his articulation. But with all his audacity, surely the devil would not tempt him to claim acquaintance with me in such a place and such a presence? Nevertheless, I was not on a bed of roses—and I would have given a month's pay for an exchange to a back seat—or the best bullock he ever bought from my father, that Mr. Flannegan was up to his neck in the Shannon.

For some time I hoped I might escape the threatened danger. It was an idle expectation. Ned, without a strong inducement, would never have endured the personal damage he had sustained, to which the bastinado was a trifle. Accordingly, I heard his voice in a few seconds,

first piano, but gradually increasing in volume until the scoundrel was more audible than "Justice Woodcock" himself.

"Master Arthur—Arthur *astore*—Captain Arthur—*arrah, bedershin*—how deaf ye are!"

A roar of laughter followed; and every body in the adjoining boxes, myself excepted, bent over the front rows. From Mr. Flannegan every eye was turned to me—and although I looked daggers at him, the villain resumed the conversation.

"Och, murther! I'm kilt wid the hate. There you are, snug and comfortable, while here we're throng as three in a bed!"

Another roar from the pit—Lady Mary red as a peony.

"I have a token from your mother;" and the infernal scoundrel closed his left eye knowingly. "She gave me the wink, and tuck me aside, after I had settled with your father for the heifers. 'Ned,' says she. 'Madam,' says I. '*Tiggun thu*,'* says she.

* *Anglice*—Do you understand me?

‘*Tiggum,*’ says I. ‘This is the back-hand, ye know,’ says she, and she slipped me a ten-pound note. ‘Give that to Artur wid my blessin’,’ says she; ‘an’ tell him I haven’t a majesty to bless myself upon, but the owld goold pocket-piece, till Eney Moraghan pays in the wool-money; and you know, Ned, I sould it upon time,* and gave him until little Lady-day.”

Ned had now fairly divided the attention of the audience, and his monologue appeared far more attractive than the opera. I thought I should have expired on the spot. “Wreathed smiles” had long since deserted Lady Mary’s face, and ill-concealed anger told how deep was her mortification at the ridiculous position in which my pit acquaintance, Mr. Flannegan, had contrived to place us both. He, honest man, seemed amazingly gratified, that one lately selected to bear a general assault and battery, should have changed to a lion of the first order, whose every sally told, if uproarious mirth were proof.

* *Time*, in Connaught, means *credit*.

“Honor Brady’s off, and your mother’s lookin’ out for a dairy-maid. They said, the divils, that Honor lost her place through you;” and he closed his left eye, and touched his nose significantly; “but Doctor O’Dowd swore he would take the vestment it was nothing, after all, but the jaundice.”

Another screech succeeded. To remain longer was impossible. Up rose the Ladies Lorimer, and Mrs. Colonel O’Dogherty led the way, her eyes flashing with indignation. But suddenly as the retreat was planned and executed, Ned Flannegan observed it.

“Artur dear—arrah, death-an’-nouns—stop, man, stop. Won’t ye come to ‘the Carlingford’ when you’re done wid the ladies?”

Two or three college jibs mimicked my tormentor’s voice, and repeated the invitation. A roar of laughter followed; and our exit from the box, if not quite as agreeable, was certainly far more *eclatté* than the *entrée*.

Need I mention the result? Lady Mary cut me dead next morning in Sackville-street—and I was quizzed by the women, and

worried by the men, until I hipped a pleasant gentleman in "the Fifteen Acres," and gave Philip Crampton the most troublesome job he had met with for the season. During the sojourn of the gallant Galway in the metropolis, I never stretched a silk stocking under Mrs. O'Dogherty's mahogany; and the brilliant hopes I had cherished of quartering the bearings of the Lorimers on the escutcheon of the Mac Dermotts, were thus for ever blasted by the recognition of an "old acquaintance."

"It really was too provoking," I observed, as I smiled at the unhappy consequences that Mr. Flannegan's visit to Crow-street had produced. "But for that rascally cattle-drover, you might now, *Mac*, have been son-in-law to an earl. To lose a wife was intolerable——"

"Ay—but not half so bad as to recover another."

"Indeed—I cannot comprehend you. Will you favour me with the particulars?" I replied.

"No, no; two melancholy reminiscences would

be too much for one evening; and, therefore, I shall reserve the narrative for our first computation at Florence.”

It was late—we separated for the night, and sought our respective pillows.

* * * *
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Once more embarking on the Brenta, we reached Padua next morning—hired a voiture for Bologna—started immediately after breakfast—slept at Rovigo—and on the following day passed the Po, on a raft formed of two boats fastened to each other. The river here is of considerable size, and in breadth appears to be double that of the Thames at Westminster. Having entered the Pope’s dominions, our passports were examined, and our baggage subjected to a strict investigation. This concluded, we pushed on and reached Ferrara for breakfast.

* * * *

The route from Ferrara to Bologna, exhibits much pleasing scenery—the roads are good, and

the plains highly cultivated. The city is situated at the foot of the Appenines, and is in circuit apparently about five miles.

Leaving Bologna in the evening, we slept at Sienna, and next day commenced our ascent of the Appenines. From the upper ridges of this magnificent chain of hills, the Adriatic Sea is visible. We were belated not far from Pietra Mala, and witnessed a very singular appearance.

On a mountain to the left of the road, over a portion of the surface of the high ground, a bright phosphoric light was emitted. As night had set in, the effect was extremely curious; and on inquiry from our postillion, we were informed it was called *Foco del ligno*. It is a strange natural phenomenon, touching which men of science are divided. Harmless in its effects, it is not perceptible in the day; but at night, it spreads a soft and mellowed light around, and partially illuminates the dreariest solitudes among the Appenines. Giogo is the highest of the mountains. The roads are excellent, and scarcely inferior to the Simplon. We descended the last hill at nine o'clock,

and took up our quarters at the *Aigle Noir*.

* * * *

Florence is beautifully situated at the foot of the Appenines, and on the river Arno, which divides the city into unequal parts, connected by four bridges. It is about six miles in circumference, and has a population of eighty-five thousand.

This city is a place of considerable importance, in both ancient and modern history. It was originally colonised by the Romans, and its founders were, as it is believed, Cæsar's veteran soldiers. Like the other Italian cities, it was exposed to the aggressions of the barbarians; was taken by the Longobardi; fell into decay, and for years remained a mass of ruins. It was again restored by Charlemagne, and acquired additional celebrity, from being the residence of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici.

Florence with great justice is termed the Athens of Italy. Indeed, the industry of its inhabitants is apparent to every stranger. The

men are active and employed, the women remarkable for beauty and politeness—and of all the Italian communities I have observed, I should pronounce that of Florence to be, certainly, the most prosperous and happy.

* * * *

A more brilliant assemblage of the dead will be found in the church of Santa Croce, than in any cemetery of classic Italy. In a tomb, the work of his own pupils, the painter, sculptor, architect, and man of letters, Michael Angelo lies. Here rests Galileo, persecuted for unfolding “the secrets of the skies.” A little farther Machiavel and Aritian repose. In place of a tomb, the Florentines have substituted a picture in honour of their distinguished poet, Dante—and boast of the glory of that bright spirit, whom they permitted to perish in penury and exile. After his death, they sent a deputation to Rome, to request that his remains, which had been interred at Ravenna, might be restored; but the pope refused the request, observing that “the land that receives the exile becomes his native one.”

We reached Florence in time for the opera. The house is large and beautiful—the orchestra admirable—and the dancing second only to what one sees in Paris and London. Torelli and Monticini were first among a very superior *corps de ballet*. The Signora is a beautiful *artiste*, and I thought Monticini a better figure and a better dancer than Paul, whom we had left delighting the good citizens of Paris.

To-day is the fete of Lorenzo. In the morning we were enchanted with “the misere,” sung, as it can only be sung in Italy; and in the evening there were pony races in honour of the saint. The horses ran through the streets without riders, to the winning post at the Duomo. It was late when the gay crowds began to disperse—and we returned to the *Aigle Noir* to discuss a flask or two of “Rhenish,” and talk over the occurrences of the day.

“You are rather melancholy, Mac Dermott.”

“I am, indeed,” he replied with a heavy sigh.

“Still brooding over your mischance, and

inly mourning for the loss of Lady Mary. But, courage, man! *Redhead* will never mar your fortunes a second time; for the sea separates you from your too affectionate acquaintance, Mr. Flannegan. Shall I tell you how to win a wife?"

"I should be much more obliged by your telling me how to lose one," returned Mr. Mac Dermott.

"What!—can it be possible? are you Benedict——"

"The married man?"—"I am—by every thing connubial!"

I stared at my disciple. "You puzzle me—not long since you hinted that you were defunct; and now affirm that you are worse off—married!"

"Dead, I am," returned Mr. Mac Dermott; "if a family, in second mourning for my demise, be any proof; and I am lawfully married, if the clerk of Saint Pancras can rivet the bonds of Hymen."

"Go on—*Mac*—I am prepared to pity you."

“I am obliged to you—but extract another cork—one flask of Rhenish is worth a shipload of sympathy.” He filled a bumper. “Come—I may as well get rid of an unfortunate confession—and here goes:—



MR. MAC DERMOTT'S STORY CONTINUED.

FALSTAFF—"What is the gross sum that I owe thee?"

HOSTESS—"Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too."—HENRY IV.

WHEN the militia were disembodied, a number of meritorious soldiers like myself were permitted to exchange the sword for the ploughshare, and become members of that respectable portion of the Connaught community, usually designated "walking gentlemen." My campaign in the gallant Galway had unfitted me for any honest calling—and now, "my occupation gone"—after the hunting season ended, I tired of the monotony of Kiltycormack, and the *ennui* of a life of idleness heavily oppressed me. My father, as a panacea for my complaint, recommended farming; my mother proposed matrimony; and the domestic confessor,

as in duty bound, averred upon his conscience, that there was no cure for a case like mine, but “rum and true religion.” To the use of all and every of these remedies, I felt disinclined, when the opportune arrival of my maternal uncle, Captain O’Flagherty, to spend the Easter holidays, decided my fate.

It was after dinner, and I had strolled out into the garden, leaving my honoured parents, their worthy guest, and Father Denis Boyle in close divan. My father extracted a fresh cork. “Dick,” he said, addressing the gallant captain, “I dont know what the devil to do with Frank. It’s a mortal sin to see a strapping fellow like him, idling about the stables. I offered him the farm of Durneein, and to stock it into the bargain—but he won’t have it.”

“And I wanted him,” said my lady-mother, “to marry Judith O’Brien. He can have Judy for the asking; and she has two thousand pounds, and that ready.”

“Two hundred a-year when her grandfather hops the twig,” added the commander.

“And the devil a soul her uncle has to give a rap to, as every body knows, but her own four bones—and Father Bradley will leave a churn-full of half-crowns behind him,” quoth the confessor.

“And what objection can the boy have to the match?” inquired Captain O’Flaherty.

“He can’t abide poor Judy,” replied my mamma, “because she has a turn in her left eye.”

“Nonsense,” said the captain, “let him always look at her steadily in the right one.”

“The family is objectionable,” rejoined my sire. “Her grandfather was a brogue-maker—and her aunt went off with a recruiting sergeant.”

“Well, you know that Frank would have no fancy to claim kindred with Father Bradley; and there’s a prejudice against priests’ nieces in general. It will never do,” observed the captain. “But I have it; send him to England. He’s a tearing-looking fellow—let him but play his cards decently, and he’ll bring home an heiress in half a-year.

Nothing goes down there but an Irishman—and the more brogue the better.”

After what is termed in parliamentary language “an animated debate,” it was decided that I should proceed directly to the British metropolis, put myself in the way of fortune, and conquest was a matter of course; while my mother, honest gentlewoman, lost half her night’s rest in determining which of “the best bed rooms” her daughter-in-law should occupy—the blue or the buff one.

On this excellent errand of fortune-hunting I bade adieu to home, and reached London safely. All was strange to me in that

Mighty mass of brick, and stone, and shipping.

I took lodgings in a private street near Russell-square; and spent—as fresh ones generally do—a whole week in looking for and at “the lions.”

Before I had occupied my quarters many days, I could not avoid noticing the marked attention with which my movements were observed by a stout gentlewoman, my oppo-

site neighbour. I inquired from my hostess who was the person under whose *surveillance* I found myself; and learned that she was the widow of a tradesman, and had been left extremely wealthy, to the great annoyance of his kindred, even to the third and fourth generations. They had disputed the validity of the will; failed in the attempt; incurred the eternal displeasure of the dowager; and lost every hope of inheriting a sixpence from the irritated relict of the departed sugar-boiler.

A month passed: no heiress presented herself; and all I had to comfort me was the increased admiration of my fat friend and neighbour, Mrs. Green. The Ascot meeting came, and thither, of course, I hastened; for there beauty would be found—and to one so deep in the arcana of the turf as I, the trip, no doubt, would prove profitable as pleasant. The week passed over on which I made my *debut*; and its history shall be a brief one. Of my favourites, one *fell*—the other was *hocussed*; and on the *wind-up*, I found myself

a “cleaned-out man,” and master of a solitary guinea!

Never was an Irish gentleman in more uncharitable temper with the human race than myself as I crossed Russell-square on the way to my own domicile. It was evening—and I remarked a young lady issue from a house, leading a Blenheim spaniel in a ribbon leash. She was scarcely twenty yards before me, when a vulgar, over-dressed, fellow accosted her, to her evident annoyance. The lady quickened her pace, and so did her persecutor. He whispered something, and she averted her head; but, with intolerable impudence the fellow seized the ribbon and took possession of the favourite. I hurried up. The girl, with tears running down her pretty face, was vainly remonstrating with the scoundrel—but I took a shorter and more successful method—kicked him off the pathway—restored the spaniel to his mistress—and offered my protection, which was promptly and gratefully accepted.

We traversed several treet, and stopped

at a handsome residence, which the lady informed me was her father's. She thanked me, and bade me good evening. A footman admitted her; the door closed—I lingered for a minute—ascertained the number of the house—and read upon a brass plate the name of “Mr. Selwyn.”

As I walked home, my head was in a whirlwind—one while brooding over my losses at another dreaming of the pretty girl and her dog. I threw myself on the sofa and commenced castle-building, when my reveries were broken by the maid, who handed me a sealed note. I opened it. For the life of me I could not but laugh—it was an invitation to tea, from Mrs. Green, the stout gentlewoman opposite. Should I accept it? Pshaw! the thing was too ridiculous: she was older than my mother. I hesitated: that evening I had nothing to do: hang it! it would kill time for an hour. I took my hat, crossed the street, and found myself in the presence of the sugar-boiler's widow.

Mrs. Green was a comely dowager, now fall-

ing rapidly into flesh and years, but who no doubt, some twenty summers since, was of that class of vulgar beauty that one so frequently meets within the sound of Bow-bell. She was as much over-dressed as her drawing-room was over-furnished. I was introduced by a piquant and pretty-looking spider-brusher to her presence; and, for some minutes, I never saw a hostess and her guest more grievously embarrassed than the widow and myself.

I shall abridge the interview. Mrs. Green recovered her self-possession first, and came at once to business. She had four hundred pounds a-year; ten thousand pounds in the three per cents; her house was freehold property; and all was in her own power, to dispose of as she pleased. “She was a lone woman, God help her! her relatives were worthless and undutiful—she wanted a husband and an heir—and the *finale* was, that her hand and fortune were at my disposal.

“Odds wrinkles!” here was a confession! What the devil was I to say or do? I stam-

mered out my thanks; told the old story—not a marrying man—but, of course, eternally obliged by the preference—took a polite leave of the dowager, and kissed the maid as she let me out. When I found myself in my own apartments, I could not but smile at the singularity of the matrimonial proposition I had received. Here, indeed, were a wife and fortune, and both unconditionally offered. I fancied the astonishment that the production of such a consort would create at home: smiled at its gross absurdity; and yet before three suns set, Mrs. Green had legally become Mrs. Mac Dermott!

“It may be recollected, that after the downfall of Napoleon, the depreciation of agricultural produce, occasioned by a rapid transition from war to peace, ruined multitudes of the Connaught landholders and their dependants. The local banks stopped payment; cattle fell one hundred per cent; rents were not to be collected; and thousands of farmers, great and small, consequently became insolvent. The occurrence was un-

foreseen, and the ruin was sudden as unexpected. My father, of course, was involved with banks and bankrupts; and before I had an intimation of his danger, his affairs were on the eve of destruction.

I awoke next morning possessor of a guinea, and deeply enamoured with the mistress of the pretty Blenheim. London, without supplies, is, as everybody admits, a less endurable place than purgatory; though the latter has certainly a bad name. I breakfasted—sat down to write a penitential letter, and request an immediate remittance. But before I had proceeded with my epistle, the postman's knock was heard, and a letter, in the well-known handwriting of my worthy father, was duly delivered by the maid.

I broke the seal impatiently. Heaven and earth! what a detail of adverse fortune that brief despatch contained! It is needless to particularise; but unless one thousand pounds were immediately procured, he, with ample means, must yield to the unexpected pressure of the times, and become, like hundreds of

others, an insolvent. The chief object of this communication was, to desire me to visit a cousin of ours, a retired physician. He lived in the vicinity of town; was wealthy, childless, a widower, and a man of no expense—and consequently the likeliest person, on this distressing emergency, to contribute the required loan.

Nor was there any indelicacy on my father's part, in applying in his hour of need, to this his opulent kinsman. He had been an orphan—during his struggles to advance himself in life, my parent's roof had been his shelter—and for three years my father's purse had borne the expenses of college terms, and supplied the means of starting successfully in the metropolis.

I sent for a post-chaise—left a billet from the dowager unopened—drove six miles from town—found out my relative—told him my business—beggd the required loan—and offered to join my father, (a tenant for life,) in any security he would demand. He listened coldly, replied, that through life he had neither lent

nor borrowed—and remarked that he could not be expected *now* to deviate from a general rule. He lied, the scoundrel! But for my father's assistance he never could have obtained a diploma. I left him, with a look of scorn and a smothered curse.

I reached my lodgings before two, and when I had discharged the post-boy, was owner of a “splendid shilling.” I strode through the room like a maniac. It was a rascally world after all. My kind and noble-hearted father, for lack of a miserable thousand, must sink; and he, the scoundrel, whose fortunes he had founded, had refused that paltry sum. I knew my parent's temper: his proud heart would break. What was to be done? I flung myself in bitter agony upon the sofa, as Mrs. Green's maid came a second time, to ask me to see her mistress for five minutes.

Why need I dwell upon it. My father's difficulties had driven me desperate. I listened calmly to the dowager, and told her frankly how I was embarrassed. The interview ended

in my giving an assurance that I would marry her next day, and in her transferring eleven hundred pounds to me; of which sum I remitted a thousand to Ireland by that night's post.

I redeemed my promise faithfully — and wedded a woman whom I could not but despise for this last act of most egregious folly. So improvident—or rather I should say insane—was her conduct, that she did not reserve a guinea from my control. The jointure was certainly in her own power; but I could have sold out her stock, and left her a second Ariadne.

To remain another day in London was insupportable. I pleaded indisposition—obtained leave of absence for a week to visit Cheltenham—and left my blooming bride on the evening of the same day which made her mine.

Never was man more superlatively miserable. I had rescued my father, but wrecked my own hopes of happiness for ever! Still *one* thought was consolatory: I had averted ruin from my home—and by sacrificing myself, had saved my parents.

I was far too early for the coach. Where should I turn my steps to? To my own house?—for I was now absolute master of a dwelling. No, no—any place but that home for me. I walked rapidly to the square; and from the same house, the sweet girl whom two evenings before I had rescued from insult, issued with her favourite—the little Blenheim.

I advanced—God knows why. She recognised me, and with smiles, bade me a good evening. With all the artless warmth of a young heart, she thanked me again for protecting her—told me that she had mentioned the occurrence to her father, who regretted that she had not permitted him to acknowledge the obligation in person. She was returning from visiting a sick relative; her parent was at home; would I accompany her, and allow her to introduce me? O God! how deeply every word stung me to the soul. Here was a being—young, artless, and beautiful. I could have loved her—worshipped her. But I was bound to one from whom I could expect no congenial feelings. I was

a victim at the altar—an isolated and devoted wretch—doomed to see happiness within his grasp, and Tantalus-like, his heart's wishes were refused him.

Under some pretext I declined an introduction to Mr. Selwyn. To tear myself from London was impossible, and every evening found me walking with my pretty Marianne. I resided in a village near town; the week elapsed; I remained *perdu*, and postponed my return to the Greek kalends. The sugar-boiler's relict was not inclined, however, to become a consenting party to this arrangement; and on the very day my leave of absence had expired, she bundled off in the Red Rover for Cheltenham, to reclaim her truant lord.

Great was her mortification at finding my name unnoticed in the list of fashionables. A rapid search was made—it appeared that I had not favoured Cheltenham with my presence, and she set off for town, sadder but not wiser than she left it. What was to be done? A tender invitation to return

was inserted in the newspapers, and a Bow-street runner employed to discover my retreat.

It had so happened that one of "the finest peasantry on the earth" had honoured me with a call. Accident introduced him to the dowager; and Tony Magin undertook, for a consideration, to restore me to her longing arms. He averred that none could do it but himself; "he would know my skin upon a bush, and swear to my walk a mile off." Sure enough the scoundrel redeemed his pledge—popped upon me during one of my evening interviews—and having strong suspicions that a recognition would cost him broken bones, Tony prudently declined renewing our acquaintance in the street, but watched me home, and reported to the "lady gay" the exact spot where her errant consort might be discovered.

I, in the innocency of my heart, dreamed not of the agreeable surprise in preparation, and, wrapped in my dressing-gown, was drowning uneasy thoughts over a trial for murder



MR. M'DERMOTT CHECK-MATED.—Page 230.



in *The Herald*, and between the production of fresh witnesses was quietly sipping my tea. The door opened—no doubt “the maid of all work” with a fresh muffin. A pair of lusty arms enfolded me—I looked up—my “bonny bride” had locked me closely in her embrace! Behind, the villain Tony was standing; for, doubtful of the reception his employer would receive, he prudently enacted rear-rank man, keeping the door ajar, to secure a retreat on the first demonstration of hostilities.

I returned a captive; but the contiguity of my dear Marianne was, I suspect, the motive that influenced, on my part, this passive submission. Alas! I seldom saw her afterwards, as her father left London for the Continent. During our last walk I took leave of her, and the secret of both hearts was revealed. I loved her, and my passion was returned. To confess the story of my marriage, was an effort that I had neither virtue nor resolution to achieve; and all Marianne knew was, that at present a barrier to our happiness existed; and I solemnly promised,

that were it removed, I should make her mine.

To exist in town after that she left it was impossible; for, to add to my embarrassments, my consort every day became more tender and more troublesome. Tony, whose agency in my detection I had not yet discovered, was retained by my helpmate in the house; and wherever I went, the villain followed like my shadow. The truth at length transpired; I was no longer a free-agent, but under strict *espionage*—and that once known, decided me in the course that I adopted.

I levanted forthwith, and my adventures for the next three months would fill a volume. I hastened to the sea-side, and there Tony Magin apprehended me. I hid myself in the retirement of an inland village, but the villain discovered me in a fortnight. On every place where I sought concealment, he was sure to blunder. I obtained a situation as game-keeper—and had scarcely entered on my service when the eternal Tony appeared at the next public-house. I joined a party of strolling

players, and made my *debut* with considerable applause. But my career was short as brilliant; for on the third night, when eloquently defending myself before the Venetian senate, my wife claimed me from the stage-box, and “had her claim allowed.” She led me off in triumph; and as we left the barn, a roar of laughter accompanied our retreat; and one of the “grave and reverend signiors” whom I had been just addressing, exclaimed—

Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

I was nearly driven to desperation. If I expected to remain concealed in England, the assassination of Tony would be indispensable; and, wishing to avoid murder, I determined to seek shelter in Roscommon as a last hope. There, it was possible I might remain secure; the sugar-boiler's relict being desperately afraid of Ribbonmen and Whitefeet.

All this time my marriage was a secret to my family—and the thousand I had remitted home, was believed to be a contribution from our worthless kinsman, who had refused to

advance a guinea. Of course I determined to keep my own counsel, and not communicate the fact that I had ventured in "love's lottery," and drawn a prize. I was joyfully received at Kiltycormack—I had done "the state some service" — by timely assistance had averted the danger that was impending—and enabled my father to surmount difficulties and maintain his independence, while all around were ruined.

A month passed quietly; no attempt at re-capture had been made; and I began to hope that my fat admirer would not prove a Penelope, but allow time to abate her sorrow, and obliterate the image of her absent lord. My father spoke occasionally on "settling in the world;" and my mother dropped sly hints touching Miss Judy O'Brien. She was a greater catch, it would appear, than ever; for the priest had been gathered to his fathers, after bequeathing the produce of his clerical exertions to this his favourite niece.

It was a fine autumnal evening; Captain O'Flagherty had come over to shoot partridges, and a few friends were invited to do him

honour. All, save the parson, attended in good time; and he being a late man, it was resolved to vote him present. Dinner was ordered accordingly, when wheels grated over the gravel, announcing that the absentee was come.

“Step out, Arthur,” said the captain; “hurry the doctor, or he’ll take half an hour to *peel* in the hall, as he never ventures out in the evening without being swathed like a mummy.”

I obeyed the order—opened the door—and found myself in the close embraces of a female, while a well-remembered voice exclaimed triumphantly behind—“Arrah! didn’t I tell ye, mistress dear, that if he was over ground I would find him for ye?”

I was petrified with horror; but disengaging myself from my consort’s arms, I jumped down the steps; repaid Tony’s exertions in recovering me with a flush hit that left him sprawling on the ground; rushed madly to the stables—and leaping upon a visitor’s horse, which fortunately remained saddled, rode off at speed, and God knew whither.

I stopped at an obscure *shebeen-house*, and despatched a courier for Captain O'Flagherty. He came—and I learned from him, that the astonishment of my parents was only exceeded by the anxiety of my wife. I told him my hapless story—enumerated my various efforts at escape,—and confessed that concealment within the four seas of Britain was impracticable—that is, if Tony remained unchanged. The captain agreed with me, and we sat in judgment upon Mr. Magin.

“It can be easily managed,” said my adviser; ‘it is only to pass the villain for a bailiff—and, as a matter of course, the tenants will annihilate him on the spot. But I have a simpler scheme for your deliverance. You shall leave the kingdom, while we spread a report of your death, and thus enable the old gentlewoman to replace you if she please.’” The plan was agreed to. The commander replenished my purse—smuggled out my port-manteau—extricated me from pursuit by a forced march across the mountains—and after a safe and rapid journey I reached Paris undiscovered,

leaving Tony *at fault*, and my wife inconsolable.

But Captain O'Flagherty was not contented with present success—but wisely decided, that from such ardent attachment as the sugar-boiler's widow's there was no safety but in the grave. My hat and clothes were, over night, left upon the bank of the river, found there next morning, and announced the melancholy certainty of my having come to an untimely end. Deep was the general distress, and great the exertions of the peasantry to find the corpse, and lay me in the resting-place of my forefathers. But their efforts were ineffectual — although for miles the river was dragged and the ground turned up, no corpse could be discovered. It was decided, therefore, that I was inhumanly murdered—and that my body had been thrown into a limekiln, which happened to be contiguous to the spot where my garments had been found. Suspicion lighted on a travelling pedlar. He was apprehended, indicted capitally, and so much was I regretted, that, out of

compliment to my memory, although there was not a particle of evidence to criminate him, the jury determined to find him guilty; and, but for the interference of the judge, the dealer in hardware would have "spoiled a market," and ornamented a dissecting-room afterwards.

You know my story now. I have only to add, that my wife is erecting a tombstone to my memory, and that the obituary notices in the newspapers were numerous and flattering. Hitherto I have remained undiscovered. Captain O'Flagherty sends me the supplies—and I expect to find a letter from him waiting for me in Rome. I may as well tell all. Marianne was the magnet that brought me here. You have seen her, and may, before many days pass, have that pleasure again. Heigh ho! Why the devil do you keep the bottle there? Don't you perceive how much that confession has overcome me?

I could not, when we separated, but ponder on the madcap's history; and when I did sleep, dreamed that Tony had discovered us in the capitol, and that the disconsolate bride had

memorialized his Holiness the Pope for restitution of conjugal rights.

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We left for Rome next morning—slept at Arizzo — left Cortona on the left — crossing the mountain of Spelonca, and halted on the shores of lake Perugia, *olim* Thrasimene.

The adjacent plain is full of classic recollections. Here was the battle-field on which Hannibal defeated the Romans under Flaminius, with tremendous slaughter. The consul himself fell—and the blood of ten thousand Romans coloured the waters of the “Sanguinetto,” as the mountain stream was appropriately entitled.

The plain on which the battle was decided is small, and stretches between the lake and the heights of Gualandra. Two rivulets descend from the hills and unite their waters in Thrasimene. One divides the Papal from the Tuscan territories; the other (the Sanguinetto,) bounds the scene of bloodshed. On the heights upon the left, the ruins of a tower are pointed out by the peasantry, as being the place from which the Carthaginian general directed the

movements of his troops, and witnessed the slaughter of his enemies. Of the *locale* of the battle there never has been a doubt; and had there been any, the immense quantities of human and animal bones disinterred at various times, would have sufficiently denoted the scene of “foughten field.”

We crossed the Tiber soon after leaving Thrasimene, and travelled the valley of Perugia, esteemed the richest in Italy. Passing through several pretty hamlets, and a rich landscape interspersed with several interesting remnants of antiquity, we stopped for dinner at Spoleto, the place where Hannibal was repulsed after the battle of Thrasimene; at least, so says an inscription on one of the gates.

The aqueduct across a deep dell—the ruins of an amphitheatre—a temple of Diana now converted into a church—and the beautiful waterfall, the “*Caduta del Marmora*,” formed by the Volino precipitating its stream from a ledge four hundred feet high into the river Var, occupied us next day. Resuming our route, we passed Narni and its magnificent

aqueduct ; and leaving the Via Flamminia, took the road by Nessi, Mount Rosi, and Baccano ; and, without interruption from brigands or breakdowns, reached “ the immortal city ” safe in purse and person.

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On entering Rome, gloomy and dirty streets, splendid palaces, with dung heaps built against them, ugly churches without number, and a population squalid and beggarly in the extreme, are the first objects which meet a stranger’s eye. And was this expanse of ruined buildings the once famed mistress of the world ? Were one inclined to moralize on the vicissitudes of “ things below,” here would be a fitting place. There one would learn that time spares neither man nor the noblest of his works—that a common grave awaits the founder and the city—and in proportion to the pride and pomp of human greatness, the fall will only be the more marked and the more miserable.

“ Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O’er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And by the steep, barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the Capitol : far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins ! Who shall trace the void ?”

CHILDE HAROLD.

We were not many hours in Rome until we visited St. Peter's. Having entered “the eternal city” by the Porta Angelica, we passed in front of the church, and our curiosity was too strongly excited to allow a delay before we had inspected the interior of this “wonder of the world.” Provided with a cicerone and a guide-book, we crossed the Tiber accordingly by the bridge of San Angelo, and, turning to the left up a narrow and filthy street, entered the Grand Piazza. Much as the stranger may be prepared to admire, his imagination will fall infinitely short of the scene that there presents itself. A splendid colonnade with quadruple columns, forms a semi-circular sweep, and nearly incloses the vast area. In the centre stands the Egyptian obelisk of red granite, between two exquisite fountains,

which throw their waters to a height of forty feet. Under a covered portico, surmounted by equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne, we entered by the middle door. Suddenly, the curtain was withdrawn—and the interior burst upon us with a magnificent beauty, that even a poet's fancy could not create.

To describe St. Peter's is impossible. On every side the richest marbles present themselves, so elaborately beautiful, that the eye can hardly rest upon any individual effort of the chisel sufficiently long to find out half its charms. The mosaic-work is so exquisite, that it seems for a time to have been produced by a pencil; while through lofty arches, chapels, and tombs, and altars, crowd upon the gaze, offering a *coup d'œil* that produces a mingled feeling of astonishment and delight.

And yet upon this grand and wondrous display my companion looked with indifference! I gazed around with rapturous surprise, as, advancing up the nave, the altar in our front by a curious optical illusion appeared receding as we approached it. Passing the bronze image of the patron saint,

once the Jupiter of the Capitol, our guide, while enumerating its beauties, directed our attention to the toes, which, as he averred, were polished by the kisses of the faithful. Mr. Mac Dermott, with an irreverence that startled the cicerone, observed that “were feet to be saluted, there were ancles before him that he would prefer to every saint’s in the calendar”—and he pointed to a kneeling devotee. Although my excellent friend did not speak the purest Tuscan, the lady appeared to understand the compliment, and, lifting her dark and sparkling eyes from her rosary, requited it with a gracious smile—while, shocked at the desperate impiety that would compare sinful flesh with sainted bronze, the guide, like a true Catholic, crossed himself devoutly, and muttered an anathema against our heretical unbelief.

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The Capitol!—what recollections are associated with the name! Through filth, and wretchedness, and ruins, we reached its base, and by a lofty flight of marble stairs mounted to the church of Aro Cælia, situated on the

eastern summit of the hill, where the temple of Jupiter once stood.

Here an infinity of objects command the traveller's notice. Paintings, sculpture, and numerous remnants of antiquity, are abundantly collected in the museums adjoining the senator's house. On none of these, however, did Mr. Mac Dermott vouchsafe his observation, for all his attention was bestowed upon the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which occupies the centre of the piazza. But while the guide was extravagant in his admiration, my companion declared that the emperor was seated on a brood mare! A fiery altercation ensued, and often was my judgment appealed to. The cicerone eulogised the head and neck, and the Hibernian denounced the belly. Without being skilful in horseflesh, I must admit that justice lay with Mr. Mac Dermott—for the abdominal proportions of the steed are preposterous. The figure of the emperor, however, is nobly designed, and its beauty redeems the partial deformity of his charger.

Our last visit was to the Pantheon; by far

the best preserved temple of ancient Rome. The inscriptions in front of the building intimate its having been erected by M. Agrippa twenty-six years before the Christian era. The Pantheon is celebrated for the beauty of its proportions. It is ornamented with sixteen columns formed from single blocks of oriental granite, each fourteen feet in circumference, and nearly forty in height. There are no windows in the building, light being admitted through a circular opening in the roof. This matchless temple is now used as a church, and dedicated to the Virgin and holy martyrs. Around the walls are many busts of striking beauty, displaying a curious variety of likenesses; for there sculptors and monks, painters and cardinals, are singularly intermingled.

We happened to be present while mass was being celebrated. The priest was excessively ill-looking—and his audience consisted of a dozen of the shabbiest paupers that Rome itself produces. How we drew down upon us the ire of “his reverence” I never could discover; but attracted by his noise and gesticulation, we soon discovered that his discourse was directed at ourselves; and,

to judge from the manner of the orator, his remarks were any thing but complimentary. The ruffian auditory began to grin at us, and the guide hinted that it would be prudent to retreat. But Mac was obstinate in remaining—and swore sturdily that he would not quit the Pantheon for the pope! The storm momentarily lowered; the priest anathematized awfully; and my companion responded in an unknown tongue. The mutterings of the banditti that surrounded the preacher alarmed me—and I joined our cicerone in urging my companion to retire. He did so reluctantly. “What the devil were you afraid of?” was his first remark when we were safe outside the walls. “Do you think I cared for his curses, if he belovved till he was black in the face? Was I not ‘called out’ in the chapel at home? My name, indeed, was not mentioned; but Father Murphy described me to a hair. Ah, if you only understood Irish—for one blessing we got, the old mountebank had three!” Indeed I believe it was the case; for during the maledictory struggle, Mr. Mac Dermott’s volubility was astonishing.

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As a set-off against the anathemas of the monk of the Pantheon, we have received the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff, and returned to our hotel, delighted with the urbanity and gentleness of a most interesting old man. Having reached the palace, we found that our arrival was most opportune, for the pope was descending the stairs to enter his carriage, which was waiting at the door, and we were just in time to gain the end of the hall before he made his appearance. A servant politely directed us to kneel, and pointed out the best and most convenient situation to observe the person of his holiness, and secure his blessing. A buzz announced the pope's entrance; down we popped upon our knees, as a little figure, "clothed in purple and fine linen," advanced with great dignity.

Pius VII. appeared to have passed his eightieth year, but he was still a well-looking old man. He was dressed in a cream-coloured gown, lined with crimson, and bound round his middle by a sash. His hat was crimson silk, its broad brim looped up at the sides. Scarlet breeches

and stockings, with shoes of the same colour, and trimmed with gold fringe, completed his costume.

Perceiving that we were English, he advanced towards us, while we bowed our heads, and received his benediction. The ceremony was scarcely over, when our risibility was excited by a great over-fed, thick-winded devotee, waddling after his holiness upon his hands and knees, and kissing his toe devoutly. This piety was of course requited with a benison, and he was no doubt made happy. Accompanied by a number of gentlemen, the pope proceeded to his carriage; we joined the train; and as he drove off, he returned our salutation with marked urbanity.

Even this quiet scene could not pass over without my mercurial companion involving us in a scrape. As we were leaving the palace, a genteel-looking attendant came forward and intimated that he was a domestic of the pontiff. The best and most appropriate reply was to hand him a few pauls. A second, with a graceful bow, assured us that he, also, was of

the household; and another subsidy was presented. A third and a fourth succeeded—but when the fifth laid claim to our consideration, Mr. Mac Dermott's irascible temperature was directly in a blaze, and pushing the applicant aside, he consigned the whole establishment, in “one fell swoop,” to pandemonium! Fortunately his English was as unintelligible to the footman, as his Irish had been to the monk; and I ended the argument by removing my refractory companion.

A visit to St. John Latern concluded our perambulations over “the eternal city.” This church was erected by Constantine—and, as an object of interest to the traveller, it is considered only second to St. Peter's. It stands near the Porta Giovanni, and many have been the casualties it has undergone. Overthrown by an earthquake—rebuilt—burnt down—reconstructed and enlarged. In it the Corsino chapel is erected—where, in a beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, the ashes of Clement XII. are deposited. The curious in relics would be highly gratified at the interesting

collection exhibited to the faithful on Holy Thursday—for a more miscellaneous assortment never delighted a devotee. Here are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; a lock of the Virgin's hair; part of her petticoat; a robe of Christ; some of his blood in a bottle; the table on which the last supper was laid out; splinters of the ark of the covenant; the rods of Moses and Aaron; and the identical pillar on which the cock perched who crowed when Peter denied his Master!! But these are of small account compared with the holy staircase opposite the church, by which our Saviour descended from the judgment-seat of Pilate! None are permitted to ascend except upon their knees—and to *descend*, is totally prohibited. But if the task of mounting be troublesome, verily the reward is great—for an indulgence of three thousand years is granted to the operator. At the top of the staircase is the "Holy of Holies"—and a most uninviting place it looks. I recommended Mr. Mac Dermott to liberate himself from the load of his sins, as he never could effect it on easier

conditions; but, with heretical obstinacy, he rejected my advice, and chose the other staircase.

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My tutelage is ended—"Thanks to the gods!" Mr. Mac Dermott no longer honours Rome with his presence—and a new era has opened in his history.

Breakfast was over, and I had unclosed an English newspaper when a visitor was announced and admitted. The first look assured me that it was our quondam fellow-traveller—Mr. Selwyn! On being seated, I remarked that he was greatly agitated, while my excellent companion was not exactly on a bed of roses. After a few commonplace observations and a long pause, the old gentleman turned to my worthy disciple.

"I am come, Mr. Mac Dermott, on any thing but an agreeable errand; yet parental duty renders this duty indispensable. My daughter has placed this letter in my hand; and it is only necessary for me to add, that, from a perusal of its contents, Marianne and

I request that you will forget we have ever met."

So — the murder was out — and Mr. Mac involved in another *escapade*.

"I will not question your intentions, sir," the old man continued; "I will judge them charitably—and only inquire, was it wise or honourable to win the affections of an artless girl, whom, from your own admission, you never could have made a wife? Were it not impertinent, I would ask in what that difficulty consisted? Is it poverty? I have the means to remove it——"

My pupil shook his head—and Mr. Selwyn proceeded.

"Your rank I know not—but I presume that you are what the parlance of the world calls *gentleman*. I, sir, am the child of honest parents, and have realized independence with an unblemished reputation. Of Marianne I speak not; no tongue dare whisper aught to her dishonour."

Poor Mac Dermott was deeply affected.

"Mr. Selwyn," he said, in broken tones,

“I am incapable, even in thought, of injuring the only woman I ever loved or ever shall love. We *must part*—I will leave Rome this evening—I will fly from her whom I idolize—her whom I would give a world to call mine.”

Mr. Selwyn was affected, and *I* almost became a driveller; for there was a sincerity in Mac’s sorrow that none could witness with indifference. To conceal my feelings I caught up the newspaper, and glanced my eye over the columns of “*The Times*,” while my unhappy disciple continued,

“Yes, sir, a barrier divides me from your daughter. Alas! I am already married.”

“*Married!*”

“Ay, sir—in a moment of madness—to save a father from ruin, I obtained the means by sacrificing myself.”

“From my soul I pity you,” said Mr. Selwyn. “But my daughter’s peace of mind must not be perilled by a continued intimacy—it would be dangerous—indelicate. We part, sir. My poor Marianne sends you her best wishes——”

“Stop! stop!” I exclaimed, as my eye fell upon a paragraph that astonished me. Again I read it silently. “It is true, by H——n!” I ejaculated.

“True! What is true?”

I handed Mr. Selwyn the newspaper, and he read the passage I pointed out.

“‘Died suddenly, at her residence in Great Russell-street, Sarah, relict of the late Arthur Mac Dermott, Esq., of Kiltycormack House, county of Roscommon.’”

“And what was the result?” inquired the colonel.

“Pshaw, surely you can guess it!”

“You don’t mean marriage, I hope?”

“I do. Within ten days Marianne Selwyn, in the English chapel, plighted her vows to my friend Arthur; and the Irish papers corrected their obituary mistake, and declared that the heir of Kiltycormack was not *dead*—but *married*.”

“Well, certainly,” observed the colonel, as the little lawyer pocketed his morocco-bound memorandum-book; “my excellent countrymen are mortals of unique construction—wrong-headed beyond belief, but the heart in the right place after all.”

“You will admit also, with all your illiberality,” rejoined the kinsman of the commander, “that the tone and order of society, and especially those of the aristocracy, have undergone a striking reformation. The schoolmaster has been abroad.”

“And upon my conscience, the schoolmaster had an ample field on which he might display his abilities,” remarked the host.

“Have not the habits and manners of the gentry, even within your own recollection, become infinitely more civilized and enlightened?”

“Why,” replied the commander, drily, “men do not lock up their company for security, and drink six and thirty hours at a stretch—nor are inattentive waiters ejected from an

upper window, and directed to be included in the bill—and further still—I believe a gentleman will be received into society, even in Galway, who has not committed, or even attempted to commit honourable assassination.”

“That abominable propensity of your countrymen, I consider the most unpardonable of their failings,” observed the lawyer. “We, probably, colonel, look at it with different eyes. You, as a soldier, gloss the crime over, in accordance to the doctrines of a mistaken code, miscalled that of honour. I test it by the civil and the Christian law—and in both I read its condemnation.”

“Sir,” returned the commander, “I am not prepared to defend a practice, which has been so often and so lamentably abused. The duellist is generally a ruffian—a person of questionable reputation at the best—a man frowned upon by society—one whom the weak tolerates from fear, and from whom bolder spirits turn with contempt. But remember—never mind how paradoxical it may appear—to fight a duel

is not to be a duellist. It is an alternative to which many a high-minded gentleman has been forced—for there are injuries to which sensitive honour is exposed, over which the law can take no cognizance. I reprobate duelling as a practice—and a melancholy reminiscence, associated with my boyhood, made an impression never to be removed. One fatal duel, and the extensive misery it occasioned, taught me a lesson, which, more than once I believe, proved useful—the necessity, where strong passions exist, of guarding rigidly against their hasty ebullition. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses while I proceed.”

The colonel showed a laudable example to his guests, and thus commenced his narrative :—

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

“He now said, ‘Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life;’ saluted them with an air of cheerfulness, which drew tears from every eye but his own; and hastened to the scaffold.”

DEATH OF LORD BALMERINO.

IF the present times be chargeable with increase of crime, it will be admitted that there is a striking change in the grade and character of the criminals. A certain order of things has made state offences infrequent — enactments against treason are now a dead letter in the statute book—“the headsman’s axe” rusts in the armoury of the tower—“Noble Lords” and “Gentlemen of ancient descent” seldom appear at the bar of justice—and rarer still, does capital punishment fall upon any, removed by birth and fortune from the lowlier classes of the community.

That this change is attributable to any reformation in the principles of the upper ranks,

would be a questionable inference—and it is referable to a simple cause. In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law—and however the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honour, aristocratic delinquency is generally comprised—and loss of character and caste are the severest penalties incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, and within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals—and, as the well-being of society demanded, the impartial hand of justice visited their offendings with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, *one* may be remembered with lively regret.—For no crime were there more numerous apologists—for no punishment a more general sympathy—and while the sentence was accordant to the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the twenty-first Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, as it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed. Little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place—and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The twenty-first regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred, and, as senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade, and a hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately, that evening the mess

table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronized a play—and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged—and by the first fire, Boyd fell, mortally wounded.

The dying man was removed to his barrack-rooms, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion quickly subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental frenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife and surrounded by his infant family. Upon his knees the homicide supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit “that every thing was fair.” The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the

repeated entreaties of his opponent replied—
“ Yes—it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me,” and shortly afterwards expired in his wife’s arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him—and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment—and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial—and in due time he surrendered himself, previous to the summer assizes.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint—he occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen—and the hall of justice, dull at best, was rendered gloomier from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge —— was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him—for the fate of a fellow-creature was hanging upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal—what a subject the con-

trast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded and crossed upon his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that should seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure, thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, neither the twinkle of an eyelash, nor the motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with *a recommendation to mercy*.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and calmly listened to his doom. Slowly Judge —— assumed the fatal cap—and,

all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address which sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken only by smothered sobs—but when the sounds ceased, and “Lord have mercy on your soul” issued from the ashy lips of that stern old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers, who thronged the court, ejaculated a wild “Amen,” while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, a simple assurance that he would not escape was required and given; and to the last, Campbell enjoyed all the comfort and liberty which the prison could afford.

Meantime, the strongest exertions were made to save him. Petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of

Armagh, were forwarded to the lord lieutenant ; but the judge declined to recommend the convict, and consequently the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

For a time the agony of Campbell's wife was severe beyond endurance ; but, by a wonderful exertion, she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London, to throw herself at the queen's feet, and implore commiseration and a pardon. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain ; and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted, for a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side.

She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved were numbered—and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden ! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke outside the harbour—while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of

a fishing-boat, which, under close-reefed canvas, was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast-head; and frequently the vessel was shut from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed — the pier was weathered—and, amid the cheers of their companions and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment, the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate, even in that remote spot, had excited an unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired “if the weather was likely to moderate?” The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. “Oh God! he will be lost,” she murmured: “could I but cross that angry sea, *he might yet be saved!*” Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing-boat, who were securing its moorings to the pier. A momentary consultation took place—and, with one consent, they offered to carry her

across or perish. "It is madness," said the old man—"no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken—the lady was placed on board—the skirt of the main-sail set—and after a passage, as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shore in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner; and after conveying her to a carriage, they bade her a respectful but a mournful adieu.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison, he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain ——, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness which are so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison; but Campbell recoiled

from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What!" he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never will I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — was earnestly urging him to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual he accompanied her to the gate—and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip. "Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and——" The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me violate my promise?" Bidding her "good night," he locked the wicket carefully,

replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant; and now, when hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken—and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, suddenly pre-

sented himself. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being—but, as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the forty-second regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and that the same men whom Campbell led to a bayonet-charge against the Invincibles of Napoleon, formed the jail-guard that witnessed his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders, when drawn out to witness the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic, and instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat; and when the board, descending

with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.*

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell—a hearse in waiting received it—drove off rapidly—and the remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There, the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family

* A gentleman who had been active in vain endeavours to obtain a mitigation of Major Campbell's punishment, was standing at his own hall-door at a considerable distance from the place of execution. Just as the drop fell, the soldiery, annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, wheeled suddenly round, and presented their bayonets, as if about to charge. A wild panic seized the multitude, and a cry arose that "the soldiers were about to fire." On hearing the alarm, those on the outside of the crowd rushed from the scene in affright, proclaiming, as they hurried towards their homes, that "the soldiers were firing on the people, and a number were already slain." The effect upon the gentleman alluded to was singular. He heard distinctly the volleys of the soldiery, and that, too, at the regular intervals when muskets could have time to be reloaded. *The whole was imaginary*—not a shot was fired: but he declares that the illusion was so strong, that the volleys were as distinctly delivered as they had been when the regiment had been inspected.

cemetery—and in the poet's words—“They laid him in his father's grave.”

The evening wore pleasantly on—and the weather showed symptoms of amendment. The rain had ceased—the sky cleared—and the moon “went racking through her clouds,” as they careered over the blue sky, and by times disclosed and hid “pale Cynthia's chaste cold smiles.” The witching hour of night was close at hand—and yet, if laugh and song were proof, the revelry in the commander's domicile continued with unabated spirit.

“Jack,” exclaimed the host, as he exhibited an empty glass, “I swear by thy punch, as devoutly as I abjure thy politics. Come, another stoup before we part—and season the mixture with one of thy pleasant adventures. Whether it be love or war, it matters not. Tell us how cleverly you pinked the white-footed patriot, who lay in wait for you when returning from the fair—or whisked the miller's

daughter through the window, even while the father, the priest, and the old carle who had come to wed her, were settling the *tocher* in the kitchen."

"No more of that, an' thou lov'st me, Hal," replied the colonel's kinsman, with a smile. "Last autumn, gentlemen, I was caught, as you were yesterday, in a gale of wind, and obliged to become a sojourner, and longer too than I wished, in a wild and racketty mansion situated in "the far west," and in that safe and pleasant district, whose staple manufactures are restricted to whiskey and Connemara hose. The cellar was tolerably stocked—the book-case perfectly empty—and the latest paper just a fortnight old. I tired of playing *ecarté* all day long upon the plate-warmer—and consequently, the host set me down a bore—while the priest being a twenty-tumbler man—I could not "come the pace" at night; and therefore, his reverence declared me nothing better than a milk-sop. What could I do? After some delay in determining between 'felo de se' and authorship, I chose the latter, and chronicled the

occurrences of my visit. How far I am destined to 'star it' in the literary world, it is not for me to say. 'On their own merits modest men are dumb;' but to you, I shall read my first essay, entreating 'a gentle judgment' on these my 'inklings of adventure,' as Yankee gentlemen now-a-days are pleased to designate their lucubrations."

LEAVES FROM A GAME BOOK.

SEPT. 27.—Yes—the sea-coast, be the weather what it may, offers an everlasting variety. The rain falls incessantly; the wind blows a regular *sou-wester*; and though we be well sheltered by the bold hill which forms the entrance of the bay, the blast moans through the oak wood, and drives in gusts against the windows. The tide has been for some time flowing, and boats and hookers are running for the islands to shelter from the gale. Their appearance, as they pass the shoulder of the headland, is picturesque. Ha! the cruiser, a ten-gun cutter, stands in under easy sail, followed by a man-of-war brig! “Hazy weather, Master Noah, outside, I guess.” This bodes badly for tomorrow. A whale within five leagues—and I not see it! “Patience, cousin”—south-west winds cannot blow for ever.

28th.—“A fresh hand at the bellows.” In simple English, it blows a gale; and a gale on this coast! here—where the Atlantic comes tumbling in, with every billow like a mountain. Heavens! how the spray flies over the ridge of rock which stretches seaward from the point, while the waves, in quick succession, rush up the sandy cove, and break upon the beach in thunder. The rain has ceased, and we are going to shoot. Shoot what? — why, two servants can scarcely close the hall door. But time will tell.

Provided with an ample supply of heavy shot, and a couple of attendants with gaffs and boat-hooks, we set out for this novel ‘chasse;’ but from previous preparation I could not possibly conjecture what our pursuit should be. Westward, the hill which rises abruptly from the ocean presents to the eternal roll of the Atlantic a cordon of almost inaccessible cliffs, varying in height from thirty to three hundred feet. A narrow goat-path winds over the brows of these tremendous precipices, and leads to two or three inlets in the face of the

hill, terminating in huge, black, unexplored caverns, into which a human being has never ventured. Indeed to investigate them would be impossible; they are too narrow and irregular to admit the entrance of a boat; and, in the calmest day, the swell breaks with violence inside. Within these caverns, immense numbers of wild pigeons roost and build; and in the face of the cliffs around, choughs and corvo-rants—particularly if the evening be stormy—occupy every point which can afford them rest and shelter.

With some difficulty we descended to one of these caves; for the rocky path, rendered slippery by rain and spray, made a cautious descent necessary—while the roar of the surf against the rocks, with the feeling of insecurity, in treading the verge of a giddy precipice, produced sensations any thing but agreeable. We reached the bottom safely—and then the work of death commenced.

On the first report of a gun, a flight of pigeons issued from the cavern; and these birds, once disturbed, continued occasionally returning

to their holes during the hour we remained. Of these we shot some twenty; and by means of our gaff and boat-hook got them out of the surf, with only the loss of a couple. But the *black hags*—as the peasantry call the different varieties of the corvorant—afforded us constant practice; and, while we remained, a regular fusillade was maintained upon those unfortunate birds. Flock upon flock continued, as the evening advanced, to come in rapid succession from sea to seek their usual resting-places; and when we left the cave, we had bagged enough *black game* to load a donkey. I understood that the peasants who picked them up, skinned and dressed them for food—but judging from their rancid smell, they must have been abominable.

29th.—The gale has moderated; but it yet blows fresh, with a heavy broken sea. Not a sail upon the water—all safe within the islands—and there they seem determined to remain. We have held a consultation with Tom Rush, the skipper of the best hooker in the bay. He says we shall make the landing-place of Innis Turk in half-a-dozen stretches, and have a

leading wind home. Of course we must calculate upon wet jackets; but, surely, a man would submit to be half drowned to see a "veritable" whale—and so we will venture.

Under a close-reefed mainsail, foresail, and a jib not bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, we slipped our moorings, and stood across towards Achill-beg. Reduced as our canvas was, it was all we could do to carry it. The sea was sadly agitated, as it ever is for some time after such a gale as yesterday's. The hooker "made all fly;" and from the commencement to the close of our voyage, we were under a sheet of spray. But putting our trust in *cothamores** and cognac brandy, we accomplished the passage gallantly, and were landed by a rowing boat in the cove where the dead whale "lay in state."

This inlet forms the only landing-place upon the island; and on the sand, and at high water mark, the huge animal was hauled up. At a little distance it resembled the hull of a lugger,

* Anglice—*Great coats*.

keel uppermost; the length was above seventy feet, and its whole appearance most extraordinary. It had been dead, undoubtedly, for a considerable time before it was discovered floating on the ocean, for it was putrid when towed in by the united efforts of every fishing-boat in the island. That it had been harpooned, was evident—a wound of several inches' diameter and considerable depth was visible in the side.

After cutting some of the laminae, or thin whalebone, from the mouth, we walked once more round to view the mighty monster carefully. Our cicerone, as we paused to examine the wound, determining that all our senses should be gratified, removed a wisp of hay which filled the orifice, and the most pestilential effluvia that it is possible to imagine, issued from the hole. I and my companion had nearly fainted, but the islander seemed greatly gratified at the effect, observing with a grin, in his peculiar English, that “it was a fine beast, and she was a great smell.” Another puff of that infernal exhalation would have finished us on the spot—while *Denis*,

with wonderful *sang froid*, replaced the plug, to keep the "great smell" in full force for the next visitor.

The whale was fated, even after death, to create an extraordinary sensation. The defunct fish was claimed by the landlord, the captors, and the admiralty—and to whose lot it fell I forget; but it was purchased by a Liverpool merchant. Now he, "good easy man," omitted to ascertain its species; and, after sending a vessel and multitude of casks for the blubber, discovered too late that it was not a sperm whale—and that the bone—for it had scarcely any oil—would not pay for the hoops upon his puncheons.

We had a splendid passage home, and landed safely in an hour and a quarter. This was a grand *finale* to our expedition—for to return from Innis Turk is rather precarious, and instances have occurred of people being weather-bound there, not for days, but months. A curious anecdote is told to illustrate the uncertainty of getting away.

A tailor, residing on the main, was brought

one fine morning into the island, to make a suit of clothes for a gentleman who had resolved upon committing matrimony—and when the boat came to fetch him, the artist was planting his potato crop. The weather changed before his task was ended; the communication with the main was interrupted; and this state of affairs continued so long, that when the unfortunate fraction of humanity was restored to his sorrowing household, he found them occupied in digging the very potatoes, upon the planting of which, he had been engaged on that unlucky day when he left Connemara for Turk Island.

Just as we were pulling off to the hooker, a man, loaded with a pack, presented himself upon the rocks, and begged to be accommodated with a passage. We consented, and took the stranger and his effects on board. He proved to be one of those travelling dealers who traffic with the islanders and mountain people, supplying them with all their finery and articles of “vertu”—to wit, gilt rings, knitting-needles, looking-glasses, and clasp-knives; and in return—for barter is the order of the day—receiving

stockings, rabbit skins, feathers, and dried fish. The wandering merchant, our "compagnon du voyage," was bound for the main, with a miscellaneous cargo of Connemara socks and salted whittings. It is a hard and adventurous life that these men lead. No island on this stormy coast remains unvisited—nor does a mountain glen or solitary sheeling escape their trafficking researches.

A few days before our visit to Innis Turk, a foul murder was accidentally revealed. There is a bleak and expansive plain, stretching for several miles between the sea at Doohooma and the mountain of Shrike; and through it, one of those tributary streams which fall into the estuary at Ballycroy, flows. A foot-path crosses the waste—but it is rarely trodden by any save herdsmen, and the pedlars who periodically visit this wild and unfrequented district.

The moorland, notwithstanding its extent, is so very flat, that objects upon its surface may be seen distinctly, excepting in the centre of the plain, where the ground dips suddenly, and forms a green and lovely valley. The river flows gently

through this dell ; the grass is short and verdant ; here, the shooter will repose himself—and here, the wayfarer suspend his journeying. One hesitates to leave this oasis for the fens and wastes that encompass it. Upon its freshness the eye reposes. There is a holy calmness in its solitude that the heart loves : and the murderer must be dead to the voice of nature altogether, who would desecrate this sweet spot by “ a damning deed of blood.”

Rivers, dependent upon mountain sources, rise and fall with astonishing rapidity. In the morning, a volume of discoloured water rushed through the channel of this moorland stream, tearing down its banks, and sweeping off every obstacle that opposed resistance to its fury. At evening, the peasant girl threw a glance around to see that no curious eye observed her, tucked her short kirtle above the knee, crossed the abated waters without difficulty, and merrily pressed up the bank on her way to join the dance, which, on that night, was to be holden at a village beyond the wide and dreary moor.

But ere she proceeded many steps, an object

met her view, which sent the blood to her heart, and changed her light carol to a shriek of horror. Close to the path, a human hand appeared above the turf. It was bare—bleached by the recent overflow of the river—and encircled by a scarlet cuff. Averting her eyes, she fled from the little dell, hurried across the waste, rushed into the first house she reached, and fainted.

They recovered her, and she told the cause of her dismay. Instantly a number of the peasantry repaired to the spot, disinterred the corpse, and recognised it by the dress, (a soldier's slop-jacket,) to be the body of a pedlar, who, with a comrade of the same calling, had passed that way some weeks before. That the dead man had been robbed and murdered were equally apparent; his pack was gone, his pockets rifled, and a dreadful fracture in the back of the head, told by what foul means the wretched victim had met his death. After the deed was done, the assassin had concealed the body in a hole and covered it slightly with turf, which the river, in its overflow, reached and removed, and thus betrayed the murder. Inquiries were made; suspicions, amounting almost

to certainty, fell upon the companion of the deceased, and his absconding confirmed them. Sweeney—for so the wretch was named—had, however, hitherto evaded apprehension.

The person we received on board, had known the deceased and his murderer well, and his own escape from the monster seemed providential. He told us that he had been in Erris, disposed of his pack, and was returning to Castlebar to procure a fresh supply. In a pass of the hills, he met Sweeney on his journey into that wild peninsula which he was leaving. After some conversation, the murderer declared that he would proceed no farther, but accompany his fellow-dealer to the town. This was a strange determination in one who had already carried a heavy load for thirty miles—and now, when within a short distance of his market, abandoned it for no cause, and without making an attempt to sell the wares he had brought in.

There are two routes from Erris to the town of Newport. That commonly taken, runs through the lowlands, and, skirting an inlet of the sea, unites itself to the main road at Dhuhill. The

other is a disused path, winding through the mountains—wild, difficult, and solitary beyond conception. None but smugglers and dealers in illicit whiskey travel by this deserted route—and if any thing could render it gloomier, the frequent *cairns* which record fatal accidents and half-forgotten murders, would supply it well.

Our fellow-voyager spoke English but indifferently. Every body conversant with the habits and manners of the western peasantry may have observed, that when they have a tale of passion or interest to narrate, their native language is preferred, as they feel that from its force, variety, and copiousness, they can convey ideas more efficiently than if they used “the tongue of the sassenach.” Our companion, of course, was no exception—and his escape from the murderer may be thus translated:—

“When we reached the point where the hill-path meets the road, Sweeney proposed that we should take the ‘short cut.’ He said, that he had friends beyond the mountains; they would make us welcome; and we should have supper,

a bed, and whiskey *galore*.* This was a great inducement ; the route was shorter by ten miles ; and though the old road had a bad name, and I had four-and-twenty pounds in hard money in my pocket, yet, as I had company, I consented to take it.

“ We proceeded for a mile or two ; the last village was in sight, and the sun had a full hour yet before he would sink behind the hills. I don't know why it was, but my heart failed, and every step I took seemed heavy, as if my shoes were filled with lead—yet I was light, and Sweeney loaded. He urged me on, and seemed anxious to pass the village without stopping ; talked from time to time of trade ; and at last inquired ‘ if I had brought, this turn, a large pack into Erris ? ’ I had already taken alarm—I stole a side glance at him—and murder was in his eye ! He always carried a yard measure of heavy oak ; it had worn a little at one end, and a copper strap was nailed upon it. Commonly, he used it as a walking-staff, or to support his pack when

* *Anglice*—In abundance.

light; but now he clutched it firmly by the middle, as if the hand obeyed the heart mechanically, and was prepared before the time to do the deed of murder!

“I took my resolution; the village was only a cluster of wretched cabins—but there, I should be safe till daylight; and when I reached the first house, I told him that I was tired, and would proceed no farther. He seemed thunder-struck; he argued, and he coaxed me; ‘it was but three short miles to his cousin’s—there, was a warm bed—there, was a good supper.’ But I was determined. Then his temper failed; his face—Christ pardon us!—looked like the devil’s; and had we not been in the village, I’m sure he would have killed me on the spot. Just at that moment, the poor youth he murdered came up. He was travelling into Erris, and had come by the mountain road. Sweeney declared at once, that he would retrace his steps; and before his victim had time to sit down, he hurried him off, darting a look of deadly hatred at me, the victim who had escaped his doom.

“ You know the rest, gentlemen. He kept with him, night and day, until his goods were sold—and then when they reached a proper spot, he did the deed of murder.”

As I have mentioned this anecdote, I must become the chronicler of Mr. Sweeney. The murder occurred in my immediate bailiwick; and for a time, the villain skulked among his clan in Achill and Ballycroy, and evaded every attempt I made to apprehend him. Finding, however, that it would be impossible to elude my efforts long, and trusting to the secrecy with which the foul act had been perpetrated, he came in and surrendered.

I have seen some noted felons; I saw *the Burkers* on the scaffold—but I never looked upon a countenance where nature had written blood so legibly as on Sweeney's. He was an under-sized, bullet-headed, beetle-browed savage, with hair black and curled like a negro. His lips were thick, his eyes small, quick, and restless; his form that of a stunted Hercules; such limbs, shoulders, and neck I never looked at; and it is a curious fact, that to this sur-

passing strength, he owed, in a great degree, his conviction.

Knowing the localities of the country, Sweeney chose the little dell as the safest place wherein to dispatch his ill-fated companion. The path was narrow—the victim led the way—the murderer followed. With one shattering stroke the deed was done—and the pedlar's skull was crushed as if stricken by a crow-bar. But the violence of the blow detached the copper strap from the measure. It was found beside the body—identified by the ship-carpenter who had nailed it on—and hence, no doubt remained as to the means by which the murder was effected.

For three assizes Sweeney's trial had been postponed—a material link in the chain of evidence being wanting. A beggarwoman, whose name and residence were totally unknown, had been by accident wandering in Erris. She had crossed the moor the morning of the murder; met the pedlars proceeding towards the dell; saw both descend together; had sat down to rest; and, in a short time, observed but *one*

man quit the valley, and he was the *shorter* of the two. The very morning of the trial, she unexpectedly appeared in Castlebar. She knew not even that a murder had been perpetrated, until she was ascending the table to assist in the conviction of the assassin.

Sweeney was not twenty years old when he suffered. For nearly two years, while he remained in prison, he steadily denied his guilt; but the moment that the jury returned their verdict, he confessed every circumstance attendant on the murder. The memory of the foul act never appeared to have disturbed him for a moment. He spoke of nothing but what he should do when liberated; slept soundly; eat and drank heartily; and during his confinement, became amazingly fat. He seemed a tiger-hearted monster—one to whose wolfish nature, pity and remorse were alien.

It was a lucky circumstance for society that he was so speedily removed from the world. He had tasted blood—and had he been unfortunately loosed again on mankind, he would have lived on spoliation obtained by murder.

I could have knocked down a puling sentimentalist who attended the ruffian's execution. He pitied, forsooth, the "poor young man," and reprobated the sanguinary code of Britain, that would consign "a fellow-creature to the gallows." Pity a bloodhound, that for days had hung upon his victim, and done that ruthless deed to obtain a sum not amounting to five pounds! I confess that I saw the monster hanged with pleasure—but then, I am not a man of sentiment.]

* * * *

"Alas!" said the colonel, "that this, 'the sweetest hour i' th' night,' should be the one for parting. But, gentlemen, I cannot presume to stay you longer than the morning. I know a soldier's leave is limited—and Mr. Selwyn avows that he must return to Fig-tree Court incontinently—and therefore, the furloughs of the "Die-hard" and the "Devil's Own,"* it seems are fast expiring. You, Mr. O'Donel, plead

* *Soubriquets* given to the fifty-seventh regiment, and the Lawyer's Corps.

matrimony, and state yourself in consequence to be “a man under authority.” I fear, I cannot controvert that plea—for I have heard, that at times, ‘the white serjeant’ proves as tight a hand, as the most fidgetty field officer that ever commanded a battalion. I part from you with regret, slightly abated by the promise you hold out of again beating up my quarters. May you, sir, be promoted in the next Gazette—and you, who have already attained the highest flight of human happiness—to the returning welcomes of your “lady-love,” I consign you with the best wishes of an old bachelor. Once more, gentlemen—

‘To one and all, *I drink a fair good night.*’

Q

THE END.

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