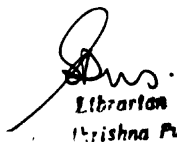


Tales of Military Life
Vandeleur Vol. - 1

1829


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VANDELEUR. . .

CHAPTER I.

So calm the sea, methinks it is a bed
Whereon the wearied breezes sleep ;
While the rich, amber, blue, and golden sky
A curtain seems, by gentle Summer spread,
Through which, with mother's eyes, she looks all love,
And pleased to see them slumber.

" ON the 22d of July, 1803, the ship, " Good Intent," containing, besides a valuable cargo and an efficient crew, two passengers (a man and a boy) was holding her course, due south, along St. George's Channel, and about a mile to the eastward of Dublin Bay. She was on her voyage from Belfast, and consigned to Messrs. Clipper-

shaw, Bull, and Chapman, of Little St. Thomas Apostle, in the city of London — an opulent mercantile house, well known in the Irish and American trade for upwards of half a century. We must, however, observe that there are opinions abroad against the accuracy of the above-mentioned date; one of which is bruited by Mr. Capel Nickerman, the principal book-keeper of the aforesaid firm. That learned arithmetician declares, in contradiction to us, that the day on which the “Good Intent” appeared off Dublin harbour, was the 23d, and not the 22d; reasoning thereto, by reference to the books at Lloyd’s Coffee-house; which, so far, we must admit, bear him out in his opinion. To this reason, the book-keeper adds another, the weight of which (he insists) settles the point in question definitively: however, nobody has been yet able to find out what this weighty reason is; although many ingenious disputants, in arguing with him on the subject, have put him to his last shifts to maintain the truth of his position; still was he as reserved as he was forcible upon the hidden argument: an important silence and an eloquent look were the only explanations ever

extracted from Mr. Capel Nickerman, touching his "definitive reason." However, *we* do not despair of finding it out before we shall have concluded the history here under process of development; and our readers may feel satisfied, that in the course of our labours, we shall pay due attention to this point, should it turn out to be of so much importance as the looks and silence of the book-keeper would lead the world to suppose.

The "Good Intent" had the whole of her canvas—studding-sails, sky-scrapers, and moon-rakers,—spread to the light breezes which coquetted behind her: she was making but little way, if any: a slight ripple only agitated the surface of the sea; and even this was gradually sinking into stillness. The sailors leaned listlessly over the side of the ship, gazing on the beautiful scene before them, which, however enjoyed by the pleasure-going and romantic groups, then floating over the sunny bay,

"With sweet guitar, and flute, and pleasant song,"

afforded but a negative gratification to the active mariners of the "Good Intent," who, anxiously sighing for the termination of their voyage, already

unexpectedly prolonged by unpropitious winds, could contemplate the approach of a dead calm with anything but agreeable feelings.

Thus begins our history :—In the picturesque and romantic bay of Dublin, whose beauties have at length arisen above the fogs of prejudice, and, by their brightness, succeeded in attracting the notice of some able modern writers ; happy are we that the circumstances we are about to relate, imperatively direct us to so fair—so beloved a spot ; for it has been the idol of our fancy ever since we were able to run along its golden sands, or bathe in its glistening waters.

The bay of Naples has been generally considered as the most picturesque in Europe. It has been lauded by the classic tourist as the marine gem of Italian scenery, and the butterflies of fortune who wander so numerously along the shores of the Mediterranean have unanimously set it down as the principal “*Lion*” of that delightful sea. Not unlike it in aspect, and certainly not inferior to it in scenic beauty, is the bay of Dublin. We have seen that of Naples—we have gazed, with pleasure, on the charms which nature has so profusely shed

over it; and, for our own part, notwithstanding that we differ from those English people of “*taste*,” who prefer every thing which is not of their own country, we must give the apple to Venus, and say, that the scene which presents itself to the eye on entering the bay of Dublin at sunrise in fine weather, is not only more admirable than that of the bay of Naples, but is scarcely to be surpassed in magnificence and beauty by any on the verges of the ocean. There is a richness in its foliage, a mellowness in the bosom of its mountains, a gradual depth of tint in its valleys, and a glowing verdure on its rising fields which the scene around Naples, with all its grandeur—or, indeed, any other coast-view we have ever seen—falls very short of.

The “Good Intent” was slowly clearing the north boundary of the bay, formed by an island of about two miles in circumference, called Lambay, which lies at a little distance—perhaps three quarters of a mile—from the main land, and, (as a poet would say) rising up its back from its briny bed, looks like a watch dog placed there by nature to guard the coast and harbour from the storms of the north. Before the ship, at nearly five miles

distance, was the hill of Killiny, forming the boundary of the south side of the bay ; and beyond this the Wicklow mountains lessened along the coast, in brightness and blue shades, until they became undistinguishable from the distant sky. On the right of the vessel—or, in nautical phrase, the starboard side—three miles distant, was the harbour of Dublin, bounded on the north side by Hoath, which, on approaching it from the sea, appears to be an island, nearly similar to Lambay ; but is a promontory, being connected to the main land by a short neck ; and, once covered with majestic oaks, was the seat of druidical rites. The opposite boundary of the harbour is marked out by a handsome light-house—a tower of granite—apparently two or three miles from the land, arising independently (as it appears from the bay,) in the midst of the waves, which often fiercely frolic over its very summit, but connected to the shore by a broad stone wall—or, rather, road—two miles and a half in length, and built from the bottom of the sea at enormous labour and expence. In the extreme distance, from the starboard side of the ship, could be discerned the city of Dublin, and the Liffy's mouth,

filled (for commerce had not even then left her) with the masts of merchant ships, and nestling, as it were, in the lap of nature. To finish the picture, we may say, that the bay and harbour on the north side, was framed with the leafy bosom of rich and fertile country; and on the south, by green hills, which were overtopped by rows of blue and darkening mountains rising behind them.

By the time the "Good Intent" had crossed the bay, from the north to the south side, and within a mile of Killiny hill, she was completely becalmed. There was not a breath of wind to be felt: every thing around was motionless: not a cloud in the heavens, nor a leaf on the land, was stirring: the sea was one broad, unruffled surface: even the swell of the ocean, which in a calm is so generally discernible, was not to be perceived, and the vessel stood still upon the waters, as if she had grown up from rocks beneath them.

It was now about eight o'clock in the evening. The sun was still bright and powerful, although about to sink behind the distant city and the mountains under which its ships, its spires, and its domes were grouped. The master of the vessel,

Simon Peat, of Newcastle, was seated in his cabin, tolerably well saturated with his favourite beverage—the spirit of West India sugar cane; and inhaling, with his habitual snore, a dense fog of tobacco-smoke which arose from a Dutch *ceume de mer* pipe, by the periodical exertions of his leathern jaws. The mate sat on the top step of the companion-ladder, within “hail” of the master, holding a slate in his left hand, and writing thereon certain figures, which every body who saw him supposed to be a process of his “day’s work.” The man at the helm, stood with one hand on the wheel, and the other in the side pocket of his tarpaulin jacket, stupidly staring at the unmoving maintop sail, and ever and anon whistling for a breeze. The remainder of the crew was scattered over the fore-castle and main deck, conversing on matters of little importance to us, or to our readers; while the two passengers, already mentioned, were on the quarter deck; the one rapidly pacing backward and forward, in deep thought; the other, leaning over that side of the ship which was next the harbour, gazing, with intense delight, on the lovely scene before him.

The latter-mentioned was a youth of fifteen years of age, tall, and well proportioned—who, from a peculiarly manly countenance, and dark hair, appeared fully two years older than he really was. Whether he was truly handsome or not, we will not take upon ourselves to say; yet, we have no doubt, that he was such as ladies, in their first teens, would term “*a beautiful fellow;*” and, as those of more advanced years would designate by the appellation of “*a fine gentlemanly lad.*”

The other passenger was a man of about thirty-six years of age, with a countenance marked by gloom and discontent; regular features; quick and expressive eyes; thin and unquiet lips; short curled dark hair; and a compact muscular figure, considerably above the middle size. He wore a rabbit-fur cap on his head; with flaps, which, covering his ears and sides of his face, tied under his chin; and his figure, from his head downward, was enveloped in a grey frize coat, under which could be seen, when unfolded in the front, a blue body-coat, yellow leather breeches, and jockey boots somewhat discoloured by wearing. About his brawny neck was loosely tied a green silken neckerchief, the ends of

which streamed down upon a red shaggy waistcoat; and a steel watch-chain, to which was attached a bunch of old-fashioned gold seals and other trinkets, gingled at his waist as he walked the deck. His name was Carrol Watts, and the youth was called Redmond Allan.

“What do you think of these mountains?” said the former to the latter, as he stopped beside him, and pointed to the Wicklow hills.

“I think they afford good shooting,” replied Redmond Allan; “and I would have no objection to be now standing in the midst of them; provided I had my gun, a brace of good dogs, and plenty of powder and shot.”

Carrol Watts, with his arms crossed, leaned on the gunwale of the vessel, beside the youth, and, after a pause of a few moments, during which his countenance showed that his prudence was struggling with a wish to say something which he felt he ought not to say, echoed the last words of Redmond Allan’s reply.

“Powder and shot!” said he; “aye, aye, that is the place for powder and shot. I have smelled smoke there before now.”

“Excellent grouse shooting, I suppose?”

“Grouse! —no, no; no grouse, nor woodcock, nor partridge, nor snipe,” replied Carrol Watts, sighing, as he gazed at the distant hills.

“What sort of birds were they, uncle?” demanded the youth.

“Birds without wings,” was the reply.

A short pause followed, during which, Carrol Watts appeared wrapt in thought, out of which he was at length awakened, by a repetition of Redmond Allen’s question, regarding the birds.

“Birds without wings they were, indeed, Redmond,” reiterated Watts, still musing, “and they were shot with a blunderbuss.”

The youth became motionless for a moment. He shuddered, as the thought flashed across his mind which but too plainly emanated from the allusion made by Carrol Watts; and, after a short pause, he thus exclaimed—

“Heaven forbid it, uncle!—I hope you do not mean that you have taken away the life of a fellow creature! You cannot have killed a man, surely?”

“Killed a man?” returned Watts. “Ah! Redmond, you were very young at the time I allude

to—and so much the better for you. I wish circumstances had been such as not to have obliged me to kill : however, the blood rests on other heads than mine.”

The face of the youth grew suddenly pale, and his limbs trembled with horror, as he rivetted his inquiring look on Carrol Watts’s countenance.

“ I killed,” resumed the latter ; “ but it was in fair fight, my lad.”

The colour rushed rapidly back to the cheek of Redmond Allan, and he felt as if he had escaped falling from a precipice : his eyes became suffused with tears; and, seizing the hand of Watts, he emphatically exclaimed—

“ Thank God !——”

“ You were alarmed, Redmond :—and I think pretty justly, too, if you thought me a murderer. No, no, boy, the arm of Carrol Watts has been the means of death to many : however, this was not by murder ; they were my foes in the field.—But come a little more astern, and I will tell you further about it.”

Redmond Allan obeyed ; and as soon as they had removed to a part of the quarter deck, most

remote from the hearing of the sailors, Carrol Watts, in a suppressed voice, thus proceeded:—

“ I once lived at the foot of yonder mountain, which you may see between two of greater height. Look ! it is the farthest within sight, and the sun is shining brightly on one side of it. I there possessed a comfortable farm of sixty acres, at a low rent, which was my wife’s marriage portion—Heaven rest her soul!—and I managed to live as well as some of my better neighbours. I had been, before my marriage, a wild sort of fellow, caring but little what I did, or where I went ; for I never knew the kind hand of a parent.—Well ; no matter for that. It was on this farm I resided when I used to send you your Christmas presents, at the school of Dr. Pack of Kilkenny, and when I twice visited you—now six or eight years back, I dare say.”

“ Yes, I remember the time,” observed Redmond, “ it is closely upon seven years ago. It made a strong impression on me ; for, although I had frequently heard of my uncle, I never saw you until that time.”

“ You had seen me several years before that

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time, Redmond ; but, I believe, you were too young to remember me. Do you not recollect who took you first to Dr. Pack's school ?”

“No,” replied Redmond, “ I quite forget that circumstance.”

“ Well ; very likely. However, it is seven years since you saw me, so as to know me ; and, at that time I lived at the foot of yonder mountain. The unfortunate troubles of ninety-eight were then beginning in the country, and I became a United Irishman. The rebellion broke out, and I took my part in it. I was appointed colonel in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's forces ; for I was well known in the county of Wicklow as a good drill : and to say the truth, I *was* a good drill ; having served a considerable time in the English army.”

“ And were you a colonel in the English army also ?” demanded Redmond Allan.

“ Not in the *English*,” replied Carrol Watts, “ but in the rebel army. Colonel !—no Redmond, I was only a private soldier in the British service.”

“ And what made you turn against the army in which you first had served ?” inquired Redmond.

“Pooh! pooh! There are reasons for every thing — perhaps I may tell you one day or other, why I quitted the regiment I first served in. One great reason, however, was, that no man could live in the country, without joining either the Orange party or the United Irish; so I chose the latter.— But listen to what I am about to say:—I was at the battle of Arklow, and commanded, as a colonel, two hundred brave pikemen, who covered themselves with glory. We took three field-pieces of artillery from the regulars, and turned their muzzles at their masters. Look at that wrist:—there’s a gash:—that is the mark of a wound which I received from an artilleryman, in the same attack I mention, and at the mouth of his gun: but he never wounded another, I’ll warrant. Well; after this battle, we were obliged to disperse, with orders to reassemble at Wicklow, within a certain time; and so I returned to my farm: but my house was a heap of ashes; my cattle driven off; and my wife, to whom I had been the only protector, dying at the house of an acquaintance, from illness occasioned by fright; for the villainous Orangemen, who assisted and urged on the soldiers to destroy

my home, had held her, half naked, before the fire made by her own house. She died in a few days after I returned from the battle of Arklow, and her body now lies at rest there, in the green hills: her soul I hope is in Heaven! Redmond, her last and dying request was, that I would take care of you, and see you—see justice done to you.”

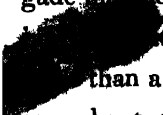
“But I do not remember to have seen my aunt,” observed Redmond Allan.

“No: but she well remembered you: and had she lived—but, no matter, all shall be right yet.”

“Had my aunt seen me often?” demanded Redmond, whose anxiety concerning his infancy became now greater than ever it had before.

“Seen you often? Why, boy, she nursed you from the age of four years: her own child died at six months old, since which she never had another; and I do believe, Redmond, she loved you with the true affection of a mother. You were two years with her.—But, to continue:—I found myself without a home, and also without a friend. My foes, the burners of my house, were around me. These were the ‘Ancient Britons,’ a regiment of dragoons, raised and brought over

especially, to give no quarter to the Irish rebels. This regiment was at Wicklow, from which town their detachments repeatedly sallied, to deal destruction on the unarmed people. We called them Colonel Wardle's blood-hounds. My men were also at Wicklow, or near to the town; all having retired to their respective homes—their arms buried securely, waiting a further call from our district general, a priest of the name of O'Reilly. My blood boiled in my veins when I saw those insolent troopers overacting their murderous parts:—mere levy-men—mere yeomen. I knew what it was to be a regular line's-man, and that good soldiers never did more than their duty; so I longed for an opportunity to attack the ruffians. This I soon had, and I'll tell you how. I went to General O'Reilly, without loss of time, and told him how my people felt towards the dragoons. 'Then,' said he, 'get your men out: I'll send to Colonel Maquire, of the Seven Churches, and order him to join you with his force, and place himself under your directions. You must meet in the valley of Glenough to-morrow night.'—It was not long before I had the orders passed to every one of my

men ; and, accordingly, we assembled by midnight at the appointed place. In the brigade formed by Maguire's force and mine, we mustered five hundred and twenty men, eighty of whom were armed with muskets, and the remainder with pikes. We bivouacked in the valley for that night, and the next morning commenced our march towards Wicklow, for the purpose of attacking the dragoons and Orangemen, then in the town. They had heard of our assembling, and the horsemen had sallied out to meet us. I, having the command of the brigade, and seeing, from the nature of the ground, that it was favourable to us, directed Maguire, with a hundred and twenty pikemen, to debouche from the road on which the brigade marched, and show front on a small common,  this road opened, but not to advance than a few yards from the opening. This road was about thirty feet in breadth, and hidden by bushes. On one side of it, for half a mile in length, was a wall of five feet high, enclosing a park and domain ; and the other side the road was flanked by a thick hedge and a broad muddy ditch, enclosing an orchard and farm-yard, but not

extending more than three hundred yards. In the orchard, I placed the musket-men, all picked fellows, and excellent shots. The rest of the brigade I ordered to remain concealed behind a hedge, and amongst fur-bushes, at the distance of three hundred yards from the opening of the road into the common. The Ancient Britons were coming at a trot across the turf, and not more than fifty perches from the pikemen, who were now debouching and forming up briskly and well; all in short grey jackets—light and athletic Wicklow men, who had stood the attack at Arklow of far better soldiers than the levy-men now approaching them. The line of dragoons spurred into a gallop, shouting as they came on, and were within fifty yards of their object, when the pikemen, at the given signal, ran, in apparent disorder back into the opening of the road, each man seizing a sure hold of the wall with his left hand, and vaulting clearly into the domain behind it. None missed the leap, but one; and he, poor fellow,* was cut down by the dragoons, who galloped headlong down the road. The effect was like magic: not a rebel was to be seen but the one that was killed, and all was disappointment

amongst their pursuers, who now halted, and began to curse in their rage at the manœuvre. They looked like hungry tigers suddenly deprived of their prey, and were about to form up, in order to move regularly in another direction, when the musket-men behind the hedge of the orchard, cocked and levelled their pieces through the leaves, unheard and unscen by the dragoons. I saw all covered. In the next moment I gave the word "fire!" and down fell eighty of them from their saddles; for every ball went home to its man. The confusion thus created is impossible to describe. The reports of the muskets were the signal for the pikemen to return by a vault over the wall, while those concealed in the rear advanced shouting to the charge. So determined and sudden was the attack, that the terrified dragoons made scarcely any resistance. Every pike that had room in the narrow road did its duty, and the few horsemen that escaped into the common, were met by the musquet men, who had by this time moved to their rear. I had a blunderbuss, a brace of pistols, and a cutlass, each of which killed its man. In short, if it were not that some of them rode very

fleet horses, not one of them would have escaped. Thirty or so, I believe, got off; and those we pursued for three days: but as they were mounted, and we on foot, we were unable to come up with them. The marks of their retreat were to be discovered every where in our pursuit, by the blood of the unoffending people they murdered. Every individual that fell in their way, they shot: however, they left us three hundred suits of regimentals and as many pistols for keepsakes, as well as the dead bodies of nearly all their men for meadow manure; so, I think, we were more than quits with the Ancient Britons. Their bones are now bleaching on yonder hills, my boy."

"And for what was all this fighting?" demanded Redmond Allan, who had been vividly interested by Watts's description.

"Because the people were oppressed by the Orangemen,—the tools of a mistaken and wicked policy—and forced into rebellion in their own defence."

"Was my father one of the rebels?"

Carrol Watts was proceeding to reply, when his mouth was stopped by a dense cloud of smoke,

which had burst from the cabin windows, and ascended to where he stood. The noxious exhalation, insinuating itself into the mouths and eyes of both him and Redmond, obliged them to retreat from the stern of the vessel, and effectually cut short their conversation. The sailors ran in alarm to seek the cause of this sudden appearance, and were soon convinced of the horrifying truth—that the ship was on fire!

CHAPTER II.

Hoarsely the fire through the cordage roars,
And the melted pitch falls in blazing show'rs :
Frightfully mingles with frantic prayer
The shriek of the mariner's wild despair :
For him is, alas ! but a choice of death,
In the flames around, or the waters beneath.

WHEN the fire first issued from the cabin windows of the ship, the sun had been two hours sunk below the horizon, and the twilight which remained, was sufficient only to enable the eye to distinguish feebly the objects on the deck. Although the calm of the night was yet undisturbed, yet there was a darkness in the sky which the mariners on board augured to be the immediate precursor of a storm. Neither moon nor stars lent their rays to the hour, and the deep red streaks of dying day was alone the source of the gloomy twilight which hung around the vessel.

The alarm of fire spread instantly through the crew, and the hoarse voice of Simon Peat bellowing from the cabin, left no doubt on their minds that the flames were about to deprive them of their somniferous commander, and must very quickly produce his annihilation, unless active assistance should be afforded him. The mate, and several sailors, instantly descended the companion-ladder, through an almost impenetrable column of smoke, which was rapidly rushing from the cabin door ; and, in a moment, returned, carrying the master, who was violently struggling with death, and whose countenance, naturally of a purple hue, but now black, gave strong promise that the mighty conqueror of mortals should soon overcome him. Anxious to afford every assistance to the dying man, which the circumstances of their own danger would permit, the bearers of his almost lifeless body held him up for a few moments in the uncontaminated air, and then carried him to the fore-castle, where, having flung a pail of salt water over his head and shoulders, they left him stretched upon the deck to recover or die, as Providence might ordain, while they returned to assist the

others, who were employed in endeavouring to extinguish the increasing flames.

All hands were busy in plying the ships' buckets at the side, and emptying their contents down the companion-ladder, and through the skylight, but with no very beneficial effect: each discharge of water only produced a momentary and feeble depression of the flames, which returned with additional strength, spreading confusion amongst the men, and paralyzing their courageous exertions.

Carrol Watts and Redmond Allan were conspicuous in their efforts to save the vessel; and as the failure of those became evident, Watts's anxiety increased to feelings bordering on despair. Seizing two buckets full of water, he bore them to the verge of the skylight, and grasping Allan's arm cried, in hurried words:—

“Redmond! look to this water; and when you think I shall have entered the cabin, throw it down on me—one bucket after the other, as quickly as you can.”

The astonished youth saw him instantly descend the companion steps through the dense smoke,

while he shuddered with horror at the fate which threatened him; but attentive to Watts's request, he dashed down the water, and the next moment had the pleasing of seeing him, whom he had an instant before thought inevitably lost, return, bearing in his arms a leather travelling trunk—the only object of his dangerous enterprize. This he threw into the jolly boat which stood on the main-deck, and having lashed it securely there, returned to assist the now almost despairing crew, and urge them to further exertion.

The confusion increased every moment: so many voices were exerted that no particular command could be heard. The rapid evolvment of smoke from the cabin windows, sky-light and companion, with the total absence of wind to blow it away from the ship, obscured the red light which the flames produced, and rendered it difficult for the crew to see one another; this, with an occasional eruption of fire-sparks from the sky-light, indicating the power which the flames were possessed of below in the cabin, threw despair into the hearts of all.

Simon Peat, the master, by this time, had not

only escaped death, but through the merits of the cold and saline ablution which his preservers had fortunately given him, was restored to full life and semi-sobriety; for it appears, that his struggles, when rescued from the cabin, arose more from the combined effects of fright and rum and water, than the more dangerous matters of fire and smoke. Breathless and livid, the unhappy commander now ran to the main-deck, and having placed himself in an attitude of horror, while the glare of the flames fell fully on his short figure, he spluttered out in broken accents—

“ For God’s sake, lower the boat—quick—quick—or—we are all lost !”

“ What !” exclaimed Watts; “ will you desert the ship without lending one effort to save her ?”

“ We cannot save her,” returned Peat; “ the cabin-deck is on fire; and there is as much gun-powder a foot below it as may blow us all to atoms in a moment.

Every heart on board shook at the words, and, for an instant, became paralyzed as the bird within the power of the rattle-snake’s eye; but the bellowing of the now raging master awakened their

sinking energies, and all hands were simultaneously applied to launching the jolly boat, the only one they possessed; for the other, which had hung from the stern, had taken fire from the cabin-windows, and was in flames. "*Sauve qui peut*" was now the monitor of every breast, and a minute had not elapsed before the boat was afloat, and the crew crowding into her from the vessel. Watts was, in a great measure, carried by the pressure behind down the ship's side, at the same time, loudly calling on Redmond Allan to follow him, who vainly endeavoured to avail himself of the call; for, in the perilous situation wherein all were placed, "might was right," and the weakest was certain of being the last in the ship.

All except Redmond Allan and a cabin-boy, something younger than himself, were now in the boat, and those were about to descend, when a tremendous body of flame burst out of the skylight, and a shower of fire fell upon them as well as all over the ship. This, operating on minds which were in momentary expectation of an explosion from the vessel, increased the panic to such a degree, that the sailors nearest the ship shoved off the

boat, while those who took charge of the oars pulled with their fiercest strength away from the expected danger.

Inhumanity is not to be laid to their charge for having left the two boys on board: had they seen them preparing to descend from the ship, great as their danger was, they would not have pushed off—and this they afterwards unanimously declared; but, unfortunately, a dense cloud of smoke wholly hid the boys from their sight, and as no person was to be observed on deck, each sailor thought that all were out of the vessel. Watts was the only man that doubted it; and he vociferated loudly against the pushing off; but his voice was drowned in the clamour that reigned around him, and in spite of his efforts, the boat was pulled away with all the force that could be applied to four oars in a deadly calm sea, by the men whose lives, in their belief, depended on instantly clearing away from the burning vessel. Nor could he succeed in impressing on the sailors his opinion that two victims were left behind, until they were about fifty yards away: and then the screams of the unfortunate sufferers proved the truth.

The dreadful fact struck all with horror—the oars ceased their office, and a terrible silence sealed the lips of the crew. At this moment the whole of the ship's stern was in flames, her mizen-mast, its cordage, and sails, crackling as the remorseless element flew rapidly upward on them. All was now clear light in the ship, and on the smooth mirror of the waters beneath her, when the figures of the two boys, as they ran to and fro on the deck, were plainly to be seen outlined on the red sheet of glare which arose behind them.

The call of Watts to return to the succour of the boys, aided by the dreadful spectacle before them, produced in the sailors a determination to attempt the rescue of the sufferers at all hazards. They were proceeding in their praiseworthy task, when Simon Peat stood up in the boat; and crying out, "We shall all be lost if we return," urged his men to desist from their humane intention, and to save themselves, by immediately pulling away towards the shore.

Watts, at this moment, drew from his breast a brace of pistols, and with a voice of thunder, exclaimed, while towering over the terrified Peat—

“ By the cross! I swear that unless the boat be instantly put back, one of these pistols shall send a ball through your head, and the other blow a plank out of her bottom.”

The tall figure of the desperate man, standing determined to his purpose—his features glared upon by the red flames of the burning ship, portraying the terrible workings of his mind, struck the master dumb; and the men, without further delay, were proceeding back to the succour of the boys, when the vessel, with a tremendous and terrific crash, was blown into a thousand pieces. —

So appalling was the shock produced on the men by the explosion, that each believed himself being hurled to destruction; for the noise was followed instantaneously by a heavy roll of the sea, which nearly upset the boat, and convinced those in it that they were on the rapid route to another world. This motion was the natural consequence of the concussion communicated to the water by the force of the explosion. The sudden change, too, from the bright light imparted to the atmosphere by the burning ship, into total darkness (for the flames became extinguished as the

fragments of the exploded vessel fell, or were divided in the water,) increased the effect produced on the minds of the group, and completed the measure of its terrors. The men lay huddled together, speechless and trembling : even the hardy Watts, who had been so familiar with death, was overcome. The catastrophe was so astounding to all in the boat, that reason sunk for awhile under its effects, and left in them the mere animal existence in all its helplessness.

The sea now presented an awful appearance—its darkness interrupted, at various distances, by fragments of fire, which had been blown from the ship, smoking and hissing ; showers of sparks slowly descending from the height to which they had been thrown ; a sulphurous smell in the air, and an unnatural undulation in the waters, together with the death-like silence which reigned around, and the crouching group in the boat, panic-stricken, and trembling with horror, presented a scene of terrible sublimity, which might be poetically compared to the fiery lake whereon Lucifer fell and floated, after he was hurled from his heaven.

The men, however, soon recovered their pre-

ceeded to the nearest public house, "The White Cross," which was situated about three hundred yards from the rocks of Bullock, the place where they had landed. Here the strangers were accommodated with refreshment, and a bed of clean oat-straw fresh from the barn. This material spread thickly over the floor of a small apartment, served as the undivided place of repose for Simon Peat and his crew; while Carrol Watts (perhaps from the circumstance of his bringing with him a leathern travelling trunk) was accommodated with a separate room, and the host's own bed.

CHAPTER III.

Life, that light bauble, in its fragile frame,
Though mixed with warring matter, moves its course ;
And when by miracle it seems preserv'd,
Or causeless to dissolve, 'tis but fulfilment
Of law divine, of will omnipotent.

WHEN the " Good Intent" exploded, the situation of Redmond Allan and the cabin-boy was terrible, indeed ; and, no doubt, the reader has already concluded that both were destroyed. The case, however, is not so bad as he imagines, by, at least, one half ; for only one of the boys was lost : the impending fate was happily and providentially averted from Redmond Allan.

The blowing up of a ship in the water may be considered, by many, as not affording to persons on board of her, the slightest possibility of safety ;

but we beg to assure them, that besides the escape in this instance, we have known of many others; and the reader himself may be furnished with a proof of the possibility of such miraculous fortune, by referring to the public registers of the events of the late war—nay, in the explosion of a steam vessel, which took place some years ago, at Norwich, on the river Yare, will be found a case of almost incredible escape: the only human being who was not either killed or wounded by the accident, was an infant of a few months old; and this helpless creature was found, fast asleep, under a plank of the wreck, on the keel which remained in the water.

When the explosion, more immediately connected with our history, took place, Redmond Allan, very fortunately for himself, was in the act of striding across the gunwale, for the purpose of lowering himself into the sea, to attempt, by swimming, that safety which the boat had denied him: and upon this portion of the gunwale he was hurled a considerable distance from the ship—the fragment serving as an ample support for him in the water.

In a few minutes after this circumstance occurred,

when he had ascended from a deep and tardy immersion in the sea, and when his senses had perfectly recovered their centre of gravity, presenting to him only a change of scene in his way to destruction, Redmond was unexpectedly and delightfully astonished by the sound of voices, and the splashing of oars. He raised himself firmly upon the log which had borne him so rapidly from the ship, and, as loudly as his lungs could operate on his larynx, called for help. The appeal was successful; for, in a moment or two, he found himself pulled by the arms into a boat, in the most roughly-agreeable manner, where happily terminated the tempest of his terrors.

The gentleman, who, with the assistance of two fishermen, rescued Redmond from his perilous situation, was Ensign Gerrard Ostin, the junior officer of a regiment of the line, then quartered in the Royal Barracks, Dublin; and about the same age as the youth, whose life he was now the means of preserving. He had been on a visit with his brother, whose house stood near the coast in front of where the vessel was burnt; for when it was not his tour of duty at the barracks, he passed the

nights at his brother's, by permission of his colonel; as the distance, which was not more than seven or eight miles, admitted of his returning in time for his morning parades.

This young officer had been fishing in his brother's boat which he had moored in a creek, and ascended a martello tower — one of those useless fortifications erected at certain distances along the coast, as a safeguard against Napoleon's threatened invasion. On the top of this tower he had stood leaning against the immense gun which was planted there, and conversing with the serjeant in charge of it, on its probable efficacy in acting against the flat bottomed boats then expected from France, when the fire broke out in the "Good Intent." The serjeant espied the flames first, and on his surmising to Ensign Ostin that they emanated from a ship, the latter descended from the tower, and unmoored the boat he had left a little before, jumped into it, and called upon two fishermen present to join him in attempting to assist the ship's crew, now apparently enveloped in flames. The fishermen obeyed the call, and proceeded, with all their might and main, to pull the boat off towards

the fire. Their exertions, however, were not sufficient to bring them to the ship before the explosion took place ; which, as it turned out, proved a fortunate circumstance ; for, had they been ten minutes sooner in the boat, they, in all probability, would have fallen victims to their humane exertions. However, they were the agents of Providence in saving Redmond Allan ; for the youth must have perished, had they not discovered him in his melancholy situation, as no other living creature was near him, or likely to be, and he was a full mile from the coast, his strength considerably exhausted, and the night as dark as Erebus.

When Redmond found himself released from danger, his feelings were so affected that he could not answer to the questions put to him by the ensign, for some minutes ; and it was not until a flood of tears came to his relief, that he could communicate to his deliverer his gratitude for the preservation of his life. But when he came to his powers of speech, his heart overflowing with the most grateful thanks, made an impression in his favour on Gerrard Ostin of the strongest nature.

The boat soon returned to the shore, and the

rain having come on heavily, the young stranger was conducted into the martello tower, at the desire of the ensigu, who, having dispatched a message by the fishermen to his brother, and paid them liberally for their trouble, ascended the steps of the tower-ladder after the shivering youth, and assisted the serjeant in rendering him as comfortable as the small space of the circular fortification would admit of. The serjeant, a provident Scotchman, lost not a moment in pouring down the throat of Redmond, such a portion of the contents of what he termed his "*pocket pistol*," as he thought sufficient to counteract the effects of external moisture, without the slightest regard to the taste or feelings of the throat itself.

"Come, my lad," said he, "you've had plenty o' water, in your weam, sac tak a drap o' this, an' mak toddly o't. Hey! mon, doon wi't, doon wi't."

This well-timed dose completely revived the youth, and put a stop to the shivering which was the natural attendant on his late immersion in the sea and the inactive time he passed in his wet clothes.

“Were you blown up oot o’ the ship?” demanded the serjeant.

“Yes, I think so,” replied Redmond.

“Think!” exclaimed the serjeant, “do you not ken whether you were tumbling aboot in the air or no? I was blown oot o’ a battery ance mysel’; an’ t’il be a many lang day, till I forget it.”

“I only know,” returned Redmond, “that I was climbing over the side of the vessel, in order to jump into the sea, when my senses were stunned, as if from a blow, and, in a moment, I found myself almost smothered in the water, but holding fast to a large log of wood; however, I gained my breath very soon.”

At this moment, four labourers arrived at the tower, sent by Ensign Ostin’s brother, with a winnow sheet to carry the youth to his house, in accordance, no doubt, with the message from the youthful officer. However, the cordial administered by the serjeant had so far operated upon the elastic frame of Redmond, that he boldly declared himself to be as well able to walk as any of them.

The distance was only half a mile, the road

good, and the rain somewhat abated, so the young stranger with his benefactor soon reached the house.

The dwelling of Mr. Ostin was called Heather-hill, and, although thatched with humble straw, and, in every other respect, built in the cottage style, was far more elegant and commodious than many of what are termed "Villas." White pillars supported the eaves of the roof, which projected sufficiently beyond the walls to form a covered passage, the floor of which was spread with red tiles. The windows were of the ancient leaden glaze, and surrounded by a profusion of honeysuckle, which also distributed its branches over the front of the cottage. Over the whole was thrown a deep shade by the masses of waving elms and ash and beech, which overtopped majestically the smoking chimneys; while the gardens around bespoke the rural and refined taste of the owner. About thirty acres of rich land belonged to this cottage, which appeared, on approaching it, in beautiful little patches of green fields,—principally meadow and pasture—peeping, here and there, through the foliage; and the whole seemed, as it

were, to nestle between two hills that sloped upwards, bestrewed with cultivated fields and grazing cattle, in the most picturesque beauty.

Mr. Ostin, the owner of this little spot, was about thirty years of age. He was a member of the profession of divinity by ordination, although not by practice; for his father and mother having died very shortly after he was ordained, and left him in possession of six hundred a-year, he chose rather to live a retired and pleasant life in his cottage by the sea-side, and devote his time, as well to the care of his younger brother and sister, as to the cultivation of his little farm, than to enter the laborious and often irksome field of ecclesiastic professional life. His brother, the ensign, and his sister Emily, (now turned twelve years of age,) were provided for handsomely by his father's will, of which he was the sole executor. The latter had resided with him since she left school, which was the year before the period we speak of; and the ensign, who had joined his regiment for the first time, six months previously, was, as we have stated, a guest at the cottage every night that he was not on regimental duty.

The reverend head of this little family was not one of those who, having given up the public duties of his sacred profession, also gave up his God and his religion ; neither did his retirement serve to lessen his love for the great object of his being, nor his learning to reason away his belief in the divine existence. The pleasures of life did not blunt his respect for its severer duties, nor taint the virtue of his heart. He was not one of those whose religion is only to be found upon his lip—who, ever displaying the devout writhing which the worm of conscience is supposed to produce, feels the secret satisfaction of successful hypocrisy. He was not the moping, groaning, and dejected saint, who sees every thing through the dim, smoky, and distorting glass of discontent and misanthropy. The outward symbols of sanctity were not used by him, as some use powerful perfumes about their person, to disguise unwholesome and disgusting truths : nor was he the morose and sullen declaimer against the innocent pleasures of life, and the elegant refinements of society—who thinks that virtue, like pickled walnuts, must be black and sour : he could witness a good play without remorse, and

read a great poet without the fear of damnation. A scholar and a philosopher of the best school, although neither pedant nor preacher, his morality and his reason were alike sound. His heart was benevolent, and the cheerfulness which diffuses itself over the mind of true morality, was the constant attendant on his temper. Unaffected in his dress, as in his mind and manners, he appeared nothing more than a plain country gentleman: and he could pass a day in the field, or an evening with a friend and a bottle, as delightfully as he could enjoy the occasional literary *conversaziones* of the Dublin Dilletanti, of which body he was a worthy, respected, and enlightened ornament.

Such was Mr. Ostin, into whose house Redmond Allan was hospitably led.

“Well, my young fellow,” said the reverend gentleman to his strange guest, as the ensign led him into the house, “you are wet and cold, no doubt: come in, come in. What an escape he has had, Gerrard;—a fine lad, too. Here, Miles! Miles! come, Sir, where are you? Here, take this young gentleman into my dressing-room, and

let him have dry clothes—Gerrard, yours will just fit him.—And, do you hear, Miles? when you do this, bring him into the parlour, where we shall have a fire.—What a dreadful calamity! The vessel is burnt, I understand, Gerrard.—Hark ye Miles—rub the boy well with a coarse cloth.’

“ Yis, your reverence, I’ll manage him,” replied Miles, bustling and fidgeting. Then turning to his charge, he addressed him with,

“ Here, a hager!—come this way:—oh—but he’s dreepin wet, poor fellow—aye, an’ look here—he’s burnt as well as drowned: his clothes is singed just like the back of an ash-hole cat. Oh—but its the wondther o’ the world how you escaped both fire and wather, at all at all.”

Mr. Ostin and his brother, the ensign, now retired to the parlour, while Miles Magoverin—the servant of the latter and a full private in his master’s regiment, proceeded to counteract, to the best of his ability, the evils which the late catastrophe had produced on Redmond; and in the short space of half an hour, the parlour grate, which for two months had worn its summer dress of moss and flowers, now assumed its winter finery, and shone

in all the brilliancy which a well ignited sea-coal fire could impart to it. The supper table was spread, and promised well the wonted good cheer of Heatherhill. The reverend host sat on one side of the fire, (for the evening, although in July, was cold), his brother and sister on the other, while Redmond, smartly equipped in a plain suit belonging to the ensign, entered the apartment, gracefully bowing, but awkwardly preceded by Miles Magoverin, (his valet *pro tem.*) who, having given one loud knuckle-knock, had entered back foremost, exclaiming to his charge, "Come in to the masher." Then, looking over his left shoulder to the company, he continued,

"Here's the boy, Sir. — Faith! an' a clane lookin' lad he is, God bless him, any how. I rubbed him down with a coorse cloth, an' he is now as dry as a maly paratey."

Having thus introduced Redmond, he presented the company with an awkward military salute, and took up a position in the rear of his master's chair, standing at the "*attention*" as sharply and stiffly as a serjeant's pike.

The youth took his seat, and was treated with as

much good natured familiarity as if he had been known to the family all his life. The kind and jocular manner of the clergyman put an end to the diffidence naturally present in his mind from his peculiar situation; and the gentleman-like demeanour of the young stranger preposessed all present, particularly Mr. Ostin, warmly in his favour. Indeed, the whole adventure had something so much in unison with the hospitable disposition of the reverend gentleman, that he felt delighted, in no small degree, at being the means of affording such timely assistance to one who stood so much in need of it, and who appeared so highly deserving of his attentions.

When Redmond had taken some refreshment, and had become, through the kindness and familiarity of his host and family, somewhat exhilarated, he gave a vivid description of the occurrences which took place on board the "Good Intent" during the time she was burning; the relation of which excited no small degree of astonishment in the breasts of his hearers, and threw a touching interest over his situation. It created such sensations in the unsophisticated bosom of Miles Magoverin, who

had listened with most profound attention to the narrative, that his consequent conduct frequently called forth an admonition from his master. Scarcely a period occurred in the youth's description, that did not draw forth from the simple servant expressions of agitating surprise, uttered between a whisper and a groan, "Oh, wirra sthru!"—"Oh, blur' an' ouns!"—"Oh, murther! murther!" and sundry others, equally expressive, rapidly succeeded each other; until, at last, it was found necessary to "relieve" him from his waiting post, by ordering him to retire and remain in the kitchen, until the bell should be rung.

When Miles was sent out of the room, Mr. Ostin questioned Redmond as to his connections; and the answers he received, excited considerably more interest than even the circumstance of the destruction of the ship.

"What is become of Mr. Watts?" demanded the clergyman.

"I saw him enter the boat along with the sailors," replied Redmond.

"And did he not make an exertion to save you?"

“ Yes : but the confusion was so great that he could do nothing for me. I heard him loudly calling on me, and urging the sailors to return to the ship to take me and the poor cabin-boy into the boat ; and I saw them putting back for the purpose, when the crash of the exploding ship deprived me of my senses.”

“ And were you blown up into the air ?” asked little Emily, who spoke more from natural impulse, than a desire to join in the conversation, and who blushed deeply when she found she had hazarded a question.

“ I do not think I was,” replied Redmond ; “ the shock was momentary ; and, if I may judge by my feelings, I should say that I was not so much blown *up* from, as *off* from, the vessel.”

“ Well, Sir,” observed Mr. Ostin, “ you have had a most miraculous escape, and I am sure my brother there will always feel proud in having been instrumental to your safety.”

“ And when I forget the obligation ——,” exclaimed Redmond.

He was about proceeding in his acknowledg-

ments, when he was interrupted by the ensign, with—

“ Do not say a word on that score ; it is painful to me to hear it. In saving a fellow-creature, I did but my duty ; and in doing so, I feel amply rewarded in finding a friend like yourself.”

Redmond Allan, whose mind had now begun to re-act, and to feel the happiness of his present situation more strongly, by a vivid contemplation of the contrast between it and that on board the burning ship, or half immersed on the floating log, could not bear the touch of gratitude excited in his bosom without emotion ; and he covered his face in his handkerchief to hide the intruding tears which forcibly invaded his eyes.

Mr. Ostin took no notice of this proof of good nature, for he knew that, had he done so, it should have given pain to his guest ; but affecting a levity of manner, he filled up two bumpers of port wine, and presenting one to Redmond, and the other to his brother, exclaimed—

“ You two young gentlemen have certainly met under extraordinary circumstances, and, I trust, it

has given birth to a friendship that shall last while you live: but, as yet, you have not baptized that friendship, and so the sooner you do it the better. It shall be in good wine, too: there—there are bumpers for you both: so pledge yourselves while I stand sponsor, and drink the infant's health and long life."

This effectually put a stop to the tide of feeling which was then exerting its influence over Redmond; for, at the conclusion of the host's address, both the youths arose, grasped hands and glasses, pledged their friendship, and sealed it in a manner that would have done honour to the oldest fox-hunting toper that ever swallowed a bee's-wing. The reverend gentleman followed their example, with a merry adjunct to his toast, and thus proved the "tact," of which he was master, in operating a change of feeling in Redmond's mind, from that which had promised to increase painfully, had it not been so adroitly managed.

"I dare say," observed Mr. Ostin, "we shall be able to find out Mr. Watts to-morrow, at some of the ship taverns on George's Quay. You shall go with me in my gig, my boy. Gerrard, here, is

obliged to be on duty, or he should take my place. I have no doubt we shall find him : but (now I think on it) you must write to your father to-morrow."

"That I cannot," replied Redmond, with a deep sigh, and, hesitating as he spoke, "for I do not know who my father is."

"Not know your father!" ejaculated the reverend gentleman, with a stare, "God bless me! how is that?"

"I know no relation on earth, but him who travelled with me from Belfast—my uncle; and he declared to me this evening, that my father was an Englishman."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ostin, with surprise, "this is very strange! A father, and not know him! And do you know no other friend, or relation, but the gentleman you mentioned?"

"No other on earth. I was bred at a boarding-school until last year, and only saw Mr. Watts, my uncle, every Christmas and Midsummer, although I often heard from him. Twelve-months ago, he took me home to his house, near Belfast, where I resided and assisted him as much

as was in my power, to cultivate a farm of a few acres. This farm he sold, and embarked with me for London, where, he said, he meant to procure a good situation for me, by the interest of a gentleman, who possessed great property and connections. We were on our voyage when the ship took fire, and had been four days at sea."

The reverend host paused; then stirred the fire; then muttered in monosyllables, and knitted his brows in deep thought, while the ensign and little Emily were fixed in amazement.

"I will examine this affair," said Mr. Ostin, as he started from his chair, and paced the apartment a few moments; then, turning to his guest, he exclaimed—

"My dear boy, if we fail in finding Mr. Watts, you will be lost to your family. We must lose no time. Gerrard, we will go to town along with you at sun-rise. You shall ride the pony. God bless me! there is something very odd in this business."

The door of the parlour now opened, and Miles Magoverin, bearing a large dish, on which was a smoking hot roasted turkey, and followed by a fat

woman and a little boy, bearing dishes of auxiliary importance to the foregoing, put an end to the conversation relative to Redmond's situation ; for the worthy host became wholly engrossed by his hospitable duties. The pattering of the heavy rain against the windows, increased the happiness of the scene which passed at the supper table that night ; and the parties retired to rest, in the hope that, next day, Redmond would be fortunate enough to find out Carrol Watts.

CHAPTER IV.

Now ring the city's bells : and lo !
Run desperate soldiers to and fro,
And now the furious rabble run,
With motley arms—sword, pike and gun ;
Balls strike, blades cut, as foe meets foe,
And feet slip over the blood below,
While fixed is the bursting frenzied eye,
On the mocking beacon of Liberty.

WHETHER from personal dislike to Simon Peat and his crew, or from the effect of Redmond Allan's supposed fate on his mind, Carrol Watts held but little converse with the party at the public-house : he retired very soon to rest, and the next morning arose shortly after day-break.

Having ordered breakfast alone, which was supplied him from the best materials the "White Cross" could afford, he was quietly disposing of it, without deigning a reply to the interrogatories of

his little old bustling "man of the house," except by a nod or an inexplicable monosyllable, when the cabin-kitchen in which he sat, was suddenly crowded with men, apparently labourers, dressed in their Sunday grey-frize-jackets, tight leather "puck-auns," worsted stockings, brogues, well brushed "caubeens," and flying neckerchiefs.

"God save all here!" uttered by many mouths, proclaimed their entrance into the cabin; and "God save you kindly!" hurried frequently from the lips of little Barney Cooly, the landlord, shewed but too plainly how unwelcome the "customers" were to his house. This, however, seemed to give them not the slightest concern; for, without noticing the dissatisfied looks of the old man, several began to help themselves to whatever they took a fancy to out of the half dozen black bottles which stood on the window ledge.

Carrol Watts eyed each as he entered with something more than surprise; and at length, throwing down his knife, as well as the leaven cake to which he was applying it, stood up, and advanced towards a tall man, whose appearance was somewhat superior to that of his companions; and as he applied a forcible

but friendly slap to his shoulder with one hand, held out the other to the sudden grasp of recognition from the stranger.

A hearty congratulation passed between them on their meeting; and to a question asked of the other, in a whisper, by Carrol Watts, he answered—

“ Step this way, and I'll tell you.”

Both walked out of the cabin, and Watts found himself surrounded by upwards of fifty of his old friends and companions in arms who had served under him, five years previously, at the battle of Arklow, at the slaughter of the “ Wardel bloodhounds,” and at many other “ affairs” against the King's troops.

The men recognised their former captain with a shout of joy, and having informed him of the cause of their appearance so near the metropolis, requested him to join them in their new enterprize, offering to elect him their leader on the spot.

This offer, after some persuasion, Carrol Watts accepted, appointing their previous commander his lieutenant; which being done, he proposed that no time should be lost at the cabin; and having

“sent round the hat” for the benefit of the poor and half-petrified host, relieved that wizened old son of industry and trouble from his most appalling apprehensions (for all the provision he had been master of that morning, solid as well as liquid, had vanished, leaving not a hope of reimbursement,) by emptying into his hat the contents of that which had gone the circle of contribution, amounting to a sum far beyond the demand of “mine host” of the “White Cross.”

The leader then passed his orders in a whisper through the men, on which they divided into groups of six or eight, and took apparently different routes, but all towards the main road to Dublin, followed by the bows and blessings of the astonished and now delighted Barney Cooly.

If the reader consider that this incident took place on the 23d of July, 1803, (and we refer him to our first chapter for proof of the fact), he must have something more than a suspicion of the motives which led the party towards Dublin, and induced them to place themselves under the direction of Carrol Watts; particularly if he recollect the historical events of that time in Ireland. But,

should memory not serve all, on this point, so quickly as it may some, we will state the matter plainly and briefly.

It was on this night that the kingdom of Ireland was destined to change its constitution, its government, its laws, and its religion, by the first practical effort of a visionary theorist ! That system which, five years previously, had withstood the attack of united strength, directed by patriotic devotion and well organized talent, was to fall, disjointed to the ground, by the harlequin touch of a wild and revolutionary boy ! The inexperienced, yet heroic child of imagination, Robert Emmet, was, on the evening of this day—his only power an unmanageable mob—without plan, without leaders, and without money, to attempt the desperate enterprise of separating Ireland from England !

The party of men who placed themselves under the command of Carrol Watts, were the few only from the county of Wicklow, who, despising the will of Dwyer, their chief, left him, to join Emmet in the new rebellion.

Dwyer, who was the last of the insurrectionary leaders of ninety-eight, having secured himself in

the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, had bidden defiance to the government, and remained, even up to the time of Emmet's conspiracy, a desperate outlaw and declared enemy of the existing order of things. He, from belief of the impracticability of Emmet's plan, it is supposed—although he had, in the first instance, given his consent to the measure, and promised to come in with a strong force—absented himself on the 23d of July from the metropolitan chief, and influenced the whole of the Wicklow party, with the exception of the few now under the command of Watts, to follow his example.

Quigly, another partizan of Emmet, and one of the chiefs in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's rebellion, behaved more pertinently in favour of his director; for in the county of Kildare he exerted his influence amongst the peasantry so well, that he sent great numbers to the rendezvous on the 23d—perhaps the principal part of the whole force which displayed itself on that unhappy night.

Carrol Watts and his men arrived at the appointed scene of action early in the day. This was situated at the western extremity of the city of

Dublin—a broad and long street, principally occupied by those branches of trade which are best adapted to the purses of country dealers, who usually throng that part of the town. Nothing indicative of the events which distinguished it in a few hours after the arrival of Watts's party, was discernible. A great number of people were collected in James's-street, and there was an unusual bustle amongst them ; but it was St. James's eve, a festival observed by the people, who, on that day, repair to the church-yard of James's-street, to see the relatives of its dead decorating the graves with garlands, in the holiday feelings which pervade the country folk of the sister kingdom, and which is tantamount to those excited in the minds of English mechanics by that tutelary patron of idleness, St. Monday. It was also Saturday, and consequently a brisker trade than was usually there on other days of the week, was naturally to be expected. Suspicion was, therefore, not at all awakened.

Carrol Watts's party united their subdivisions at eight o'clock in the evening, and joined the increasing numbers of insurgents which were every

moment arriving in James's-street from various quarters, particularly from that extremity of it which entered the suburbs of the city near Kilmainham. The crowd was composed partly of workmen belonging to the breweries, distilleries, and tanyards which abound in the vicinity of James's-street, some weavers from the liberties of the city adjoining, but for the most part, of the peasantry of Kildare, whose faces, shoes, and hats, plainly evinced that the men had recently walked for some miles on a dusty road.

Little demonstration of the ultimate objects of the meeting, manifested itself even at this hour, except the cordial shake of the hand, accompanied by the countenance of anxiety, and the cautious whisper. Groups lounged along or stood in conversation; some leaned carelessly against the walls of the houses; some sat on the steps of the doors; while a few were to be seen busily engaged in moving from group to group, evidently communicating something of a secret nature. Many of the peaceable shopkeepers now began to close their doors and windows, from a supposition that something riotous was about to take place; while others,

less suspicious, continued their traffic until the nature of the assemblage became but too evident.

Watts and his men stood at the entrance of the lane, from which were to emanate the general orders. This was situated about the middle of Thomas-street, which is continuous with James's-street on the city side of it. They were standing at the door of a public-house, regaling themselves with cans of beer, no stronger liquor being allowed them by their experienced chief, Watts, who had formerly witnessed the dangers of permitting the use of ardent spirits amongst an unorganized body of men about to engage in fight.

At this moment Watts's lieutenant whispered something to him, and then called upon the men, in a subdued voice, to remain where they were at that moment standing, until he and their captain should return. "They were going," he said, "to see the general."

Carrol Watts and he then proceeded along the lane, at the corner of which the party were posted; and having gone about fifty yards, turned into another, called Marshalsea-lane, a very narrow and muddy passage, in which stood only a few

warehouses, for the most part in a state of dilapidation.

Into one of those buildings, through a crazy wooden gate, they entered, and found themselves amongst eighteen or twenty men, apparently of the middle and lower classes of life, some sitting on empty casks, a number of which had been deposited there by the owner of the warehouse, as mere lumber; some were standing and whispering together. Six men stood by the heads of a like number of horses, ready to mount, booted, spurred, and armed with swords and pistols; while two athletic figures, bearing each a blunderbuss and cutlass, were posted at the foot of a staircase, entrusted with the safety of that pass to the *sanctum sanctorum* above.

Watts's lieutenant having given the countersign, and made his request to see the general, both the strangers were permitted to walk up stairs.

A dozen steps brought them to a spacious loft, of oblong dimensions, which had the appearance of having been, at a former period, used for the purposes of warehousing merchandize. On each side of this loft were ranged huge piles of pikes,

rudely constructed ; some hundred musquets, blunderbusses, pistols, and swords ; while hand-grenades, a few petards, heaps of ball-cartridges, and several casks of powder, were deposited in various places around. At the extremity stood a plain deal table, covered with proclamations and manifestos, wet from the press ; and seated at each side of it, were four men, dressed in plain green coats, green neckerchiefs, broad black waist-belts, in each of which was a brace of pistols, and at each man's side a cutlass. One, more youthful than the rest, a man of about twenty-four years of age, sat at the head of the table. He was habited in a suit of splendid military uniform—green, faced with yellow, richly embroidered with gold, and adorned with two heavy bullion epaulettes. In his waist-belt were deposited two elegantly finished pistols, and a dagger of most curious workmanship, while a beautiful and brilliant scymitar lay before him on the table. His stature was above the middle size, and slender, but well made—his countenance expressive of thoughtfulness, yet benevolent and gentle ; a feverish tint of redness was on his cheek, and his eye glistened as if it were viewing the

brightest and most cherished vision of a wild, strong, and glowing imagination. This was Robert Emmet — the talented, but misguided youth — the idolater of freedom, and the fool of faction, who, following the marsh-light of enthusiasm, quitted the road of truth, and was lost. There he stood, in the halo of his hopes, dressed for his part, and about to enact the first scene of that short and bloody tragedy, which ended on the scaffold! Around him were standing about thirty respectably dressed individuals, all armed, and “eager for the fray.” A silence undisturbed, except by an occasional whisper, reigned through the apartment; and over the whole scene the evening’s fading light, falling from high narrow windows, threw a gloomy and awful interest.

One of the conspirators now introduced Watts and his lieutenant to the general and his staff, observing that they had come in command of a party from Wicklow: upon which Emmet stood up, and after a few words of acknowledgment for their attention, demanded if Dwyer had yet arrived.

“Dwyer!” echoed the lieutenant; “No, Sir, Dwyer is a black sheep: he has not only staid

away himself, but having called a meeting of upwards of two thousand men in the old glen, near the seven churches, persuaded them all to remain quietly at home, and not go to Dublin to join General Emmet: he said, he was doubtful of your honour's success; but requested them all to be ready for the news of this night; and, if favourable, to meet him in the mountains on the next evening, when he would march at their head to Dublin. I, and fifty more, were of a different opinion as to Dwyer's fears: so we openly declared we would join General Emmet—and we have kept our word. I was elected captain of my party; but we fell in with this brave fellow, Carrol Watts, well known at the battle of Arklow as a gallant officer, and to him I have resigned my place, consenting to act as his lieutenant."

The former part of this reply produced a sensation of disappointment, which was evident on the countenance of Emmet; but this he managed to check, by treating the conduct of Dwyer with little notice, dwelling on the lieutenant's faith, and complimenting both him and Watts; to each of whom he presented a sword and a brace of pistols, accom-

panied by an elegant, energetic, and heroic address, worthy of a better subject.

The evening was growing dusky. Emmet looked at his watch, passed the order for the men below stairs to mount their horses and wait the word to proceed with their instructions ; then girted on his sword, and with a mild, but determined countenance, thus addressed the meeting:—

“ Fellow citizens and soldiers of liberty ! The hour of Ireland’s destiny approaches. The benign spirit of liberty, so long obscured from us, at length appears, and hovers over our heads ; she waits to descend upon our country, and make her home amongst us. Already are the thousands gazing on her bright beauties, all anxious to strew flowers on her path, when she shall hallow this land with her sacred tread. The voice of our people cry aloud to her in joy, ‘ Come, blessed spirit, to thine own—thy long lost home !’

“ Yet, my countrymen, a bloody and a terrible hour must pass, ere we shall see that glorious consummation which we so anxiously desire. The impediments to our nation’s hope are many ; and the removal of them is entrusted to us:—we must scatter

them on the dust. All our exertions are called for. The eye of freedom is on us. We must strike like men. We must grapple with the many-headed monster that has grown amongst us, nor quit our hold until his heart's blood wash away the stains from our suffering country which his cloven and cursed feet have left. But, in the execution of our duty, let courage be linked with prudence, and energy with wisdom. Let no blow fall but on the open foe. Let the property of our fellow-citizens be respected. Let us not, in digging out the vermin, pull down our own house, lest we be crushed by its fall ; but, like true patriots, push boldly on with one accord, to one great object—the object of our hearts—our nation's liberty.

“Soldiers of freedom, victory is before us. There are not within the garrison of the metropolis three thousand British bayonets ; and these, divided and quartered at different stations, cannot act collectively. Already are our numbers thrice three thousand : and still our men are pouring in. We have arms, and we have hearts. The blow that we strike this night shall be heard in the north, and in the south—in the east, and in the west. All Ireland

shall rise with to-morrow's sun, and echo back our cry of liberty. On—on, then, my friends, to our glorious work: the hour is come.—Each chief to his post, and all to victory!”

Cheers that shook the crazy building, followed this address; and “Ireland!” “Emmet!” and “Liberty!” resounded from every tongue, as the enthusiastic chief led his partizans towards the scene of action. Each horse below was mounted in a moment; and, in the next, galloped from the door of the depôt, on their routes, to convey the orders for rising at various points of the city.

A piece of artillery, which had been concealed in the building by a tarpawling, was now stripped, and wheeled out from the door. The match was applied to it, and the discharge, together with that of a rocket, gave the dreadful signal for rebellion, which was answered by a deafening roar of exultation from the assembled insurgents in the neighbourhood.

Emmet now entered the lane which led from that in which the depôt stood, directly up to the field of action, Thomas-street; and drawing forth his

scymitar, waved it heroically over his head: then strode fiercely on into the main body of the rebels, who opened a way for him, and cheered loudly as he and his chosen followers passed. The national uniform which he wore, the splendour of its ornaments, and the heroic demeanour of the chief, dazzled and delighted the crowd. The people's hopes were excited to the highest pitch, at the sight of their idol, as he passed through their masses with the brilliancy of the signal rocket that announced his rebellion, and which, like him, wasted its brightness on the horrid gloom of the night.

Watts and his lieutenant now joined their men, who awaited their presence, and led them down towards the depôt, for the purpose of arming them. On their way, they met numbers of people carrying bundles of pikes, distributing them to all as they went along, and strewing them over the streets. Thousands of these rude weapons were scattered through the scene of action, and not only Watts's men, but the whole mob were armed in a few moments.

Watts now drew up his party in line, two file deep, on the pavement at the depôt side of Thomas-

street, resolved to remain there and observe the bodies of men that were passing in different directions, and as soon as the column should be fairly formed, to fall in with it.

It was nine o'clock, and from the cloudiness of the atmosphere, the night was duskier than is usual at that time of year. Detachments of pikemen were to be seen moving from James-street, along Thomas-street : others were halted in various places—the shops all shut up—none but armed men in the street. The different leaders were rapidly moving about, encouraging and giving orders ; and although using every exertion to prevent indulgence in spirituous liquors, were unsuccessful. Pails, pitchers, and other vessels, filled with whiskey, procured by force from the adjoining public-houses, were carried about from rank to rank, and freely partaken of by the men, in open opposition to their officers; and the influence of the treacherous liquor had already begun to appear, before any of the objects contemplated by their chief were attempted.

It was from this influence, that a number of them now attacked the Marshalsea prison, and, although

in such force, were unable to overcome a corporal's guard, which defended it. From this influence, also, many random shots were fired at individuals who had the appearance of soldiers, or government men, or were otherwise obnoxious to him who was disposed to pull a trigger. Those acts of foolish slaughter could not be restrained by the leaders, and several lives were thus lost, amongst which was that of a colonel, who, having heard the alarm, was proceeding to Cork-street, where his regiment was stationed, and was making his way along the lane, into which Emmet and his followers sallied from the depôt, when he was met by Dowdall, Emmet's lieutenant, whom Watts had seen in the loft, and became the first victim of that horrid night. The ruffian (and he was not by his appearance of the lowest order) presented his blunderbuss at the undefended colonel's head, and deliberately blew his brains out, within twenty yards of his leader Emmet!

This state of things went on until ten o'clock. At this hour, the rebels assumed a more alarming appearance, having formed into a close column of between twenty and thirty abreast, extending over

the whole length of Thomas-street. The night was now dark, and as the public lamps had not been lighted in the scene of action on that evening, the figures of the men could scarcely be distinguished by each other : this caused great confusion, which, with the vociferations of the captains of parties—ordering, entreating, and urging their men, interrupted by oaths and drunken exclamations, from all parts of the ranks—presented to the imagination the most frightful picture.

A shout was now raised at the rear of the column, near James-street, which ran along, increasing to its head, near which Watts and his party had placed themselves, and the exclamation, “ Lord Kilwarden is killed ! ” rang on all ears. Then arose a cry of “ On to the Castle ! ” and a rapid movement of the column followed. Firm and unbroken, its head reached that extremity of Thomas-street nearest to the castle—from which place it was now distant but half a mile. Here, in the centre of the street, stood the old market-house, wherein was a subaltern’s guard of infantry. This was instantly assailed, and although gallantly defended, the sol-

diers were obliged to retire, first having expended six rounds of ball, every one of which, from the density of the crowd, must have taken effect.

A rapid succession of firing was heard as proceeding from James-street, whereby it was evident to the whole that the troops had arrived from the Royal Barracks, and were attacking the rebels in the rear. This firing, with but short intervals, continued for half an hour: yet no visible impression was made by it on the insurgents, who several times charged the soldiers furiously, and returned their fire so as to hold them at bay. However, it had the effect of urging on the foremost of the rebels to the understood purpose: namely, to force the castle gates, take possession of the armoury, and seize the viceroy.

A considerable number of the most advanced had now penetrated from Thomas-street, through the narrow pass of Cutpurse-row, into High-street, which was on a direct line to the castle, when a halt took place, and from the cries and confusion with which it was accompanied, it was manifest that a feeling of disunion had seized those composing the head of the column. The most forward, having

made a determined stand, declared that they would not advance another step until they were satisfied of the propriety of the movement; and this opposition arose, most likely, from a consciousness that the intended attack would fail, assisted in the bias of their judgment by certain dislikes to be in the van and the forlorn hope, without something more formidable to support them than mere promises and pikemen. Those less in the advance became more eager to push onward, but from the narrowness of the pass to High-street, were impeded by the mass in front. It was here the failure of the insurgents' plan took place. The principal leaders were not to be found at the head of their force: whereas had they been there to animate the men by their presence and their actions, the consequences should doubtless have been dreadful; for the castle, the city, and the country at large, on that night, could not have been defended against a much smaller force than the rebels displayed. But the leaders were occupied in keeping something like order in Thomas-street, so as to prevent the men from being turned off their main duty by drunkenness and plunder; and no doubt were now con-

vinced of the utter hopelessness of attempting to move a mob with any degree of order.

It was at this point that every man, who wore a better coat than his fellows, wished to be himself a commander, and vociferated orders, which were met by refusals of obedience, sneers, and insults; thus disorganizing all purpose of collective action. Watts, with his party, endeavoured, in vain, to pass through the narrow lane, and place himself at the very front, in order to lead on to the assault. He cried out to the men who were impeding his way, immediately before him, to advance; but was answered by a tall ruffian, in a grey jacket, thus:—

“ Who are you, that is giving your ordthers? *you*’re none of our captain; for by J——s we never ate nor drank with you: so hould your gab.”

“ If you will not move forward,” replied Watts, “ let those do so who are willing.”

“ We’ll not stir a peg for you, nor any body else,” retorted the other, who was now joined by several, in heaping abusive epithets on Watts, accompanied by oaths and threats, which (had Watts been as intemperate as they) would have led to a

severe conflict amongst them: but he, very prudently, treated the drunken broilers with contempt; and finding his presence at the place in which he stood wholly useless, drew off his men by Frances-street, which ran close to his right, and which led, by a circuitous route, to the castle. In this movement, he was followed by a vast number: for it was a broad street—and to hope to pass by Cutpurse-row was now vain.

As they moved along Frances-street, several petty shopkeepers threw out pikes from their doors, shouting “Hurrah, boys—the town is our own.” “Down with the b——y Orangemen!” then distributed vessels of whiskey, and loud benedictions amongst the already half-drunken mob. The lamps in this part of the city had been lighted, so that the movements, figures, and countenances of the individuals were plainly discernible, and Watts here saw such a display, as not only disgusted him, but almost annihilated in him all hopes of success in the enterprize to which he had unfortunately linked himself. He now rapidly advanced to the Combe—a street running parallel with Thomas-street, and with which it communicates by Frances-street. About

three hundred men entered this avenue along with him; and there all were met by a company of infantry, commanded by a lieutenant. A pause took place: the rebels halted, as if deliberating what to do. No shot was fired by the soldiers; and Watts could not imagine what was the cause of such forbearance or neglect in the enemy. He knew, however, that this passiveness could not last long; therefore did all he could to urge the crowd before him to the charge. At this moment, the officer, commanding the company, cried out to a little, limping, powdered gentleman, who was well known by the mob to be the blustering and bullying Orange magistrate of the Combe—

“If you will not give me directions to fire, Sir, I will fire without them.”

“Wait, then, till I get into my house,” was the reply of the cautious magistrate, who, in a moment, ran to his cover, and then putting his head out of the first-floor window, manfully roared out—

“Fire away now, Captain!” and instantly shut down the sash, which, however, was shattered the next moment by a shot from the crowd.

Several discharges of muskets, blunderbusses,

and pistols, were directed at the soldiers; but all the exertions of Watts could not prevail upon the mob to charge. His shout of, "on, on!" was echoed by every mouth—but that was all: none except his own brave fellows were inclined to act on it; and they were too few to attempt, with any success, a charge upon a company of well-disciplined soldiers, armed with muskets. The word was given by the officer—"Present—Fire!" and a shower of bullets were poured into the crowd, killing several of Watts's advancing party, as well as of the panic-filled rabble with which they were mixed. A complete panic was the consequence, and the mob wheeled and ran, leaving Watts and his men to themselves, who received another volley before they retired. Scarcely a shot took effect on the soldiers, while nearly forty of the rebels fell from the two discharges.

Disgusted with the dastardly and ungovernable conduct of the mob with which he had connected himself, Watts called his remaining men together, on quitting the Combe; and having observed upon their bad prospects of success, requested them to act with great caution for the remainder of the

night, and not to attack, unless with the main body, any object whatever, except in self-defence; and informed them, that he wished them to proceed with him back to Thomas-street, as a last effort; and if they there found disorder still existing, to give up the cause, and retire immediately. This was agreed to, and the party commenced to march back through Frances-street.

They had advanced about half way to their destination, when they saw a small party of soldiers firing on a crowd of pikemen. The latter stood their ground well, and in doing so, surprised Watts not a little, who cried out to his men to support them, and all rushed like tigers on their prey: the soldiers (about thirty in number) received them with a volley, but were in a moment overpowered, and the most of them butchered on the spot. This success raised the drooping spirits of all; and, in the madness of their joy, they yelled with a power that made the houses shake. Three distinct cheers were given by Watts's men in compliment to their partizans before them, which were returned with a wild and horrid shout of triumph.

At this moment an officer, in regimentals, was seen by Watts running across the street, and pursued by eight or ten pikemen. The instruments of death were near to his back, and one, javelin-like, had passed close to him, flung by a pursuer, with Herculean strength, when the officer's foot slipping on the bloody stones, fell at Watts's feet, and several pikes followed him as he was falling. Watts instantly threw his cutlass over the prostrate officer, and cried out, with almost preternatural energy—

“Hold ! I command you !”

A silence ensued for a moment: the startled rebels stopped, as if by magic, and awed—they knew not why. At length, one of them recovered his audacity, and, like a fiend, vociferated—

“Who are *you* ?”

This question removed the spell from the others, and they were proceeding to put an immediate end to the vanquished officer, when Watts and his lieutenant—a man of great personal strength—put their pistols to the heads of the two foremost assailants, while the pikes of the Wicklow party were down in an instant to the support of their two

gallant leaders; and the officer's life was thus critically saved."

"Why, he is a mere child," roared out Watts; "would you kill him in cold blood? — He's wounded too—he's helpless—look here?"

He then lifted the officer from the ground, who appeared to be not more than fifteen years of age, and with the confidence of superiority, sneeringly exclaimed—

"Go, and do your work at the castle, you drunken rascals."

One of the violent party now addressed the officer with,

"Are you an Orangeman?"

"No; I am no Orangeman, but an ensign in the army. I am your prisoner, gentlemen, and I hope you will treat me fairly."

"You *shall* be fairly treated," replied Watts. "I was a soldier myself: and to the fellow that asks, 'are you an Orangeman?' I say, that, Orangeman or not, they shall not hurt you. Your men are beaten: we are not now fighting, and I will not see murder done. We cannot make any prisoners now; but that is no reason why we should

kill a boy like you. Here, let me tie up your arm, for you are bleeding dangerously."

His protector now pulled the kerchief off his neck, and tying it tightly on the arm of the wounded youth, exclaimed—

"There, my lad, look! yonder are approaching some of your people—you may see their bayonets glittering: look—under the far off lamp there. Make the best of your way to them, for we must beat a retreat."

The youth seized the hand of Watts, and was returning him thanks in the most energetic words, when the latter shook him by the hand, and motioning his men to follow him, left the officer hastily, with,

"God bless you, boy—never mind thanks."

The ensign staggered as he left him, and leaned against a door until the soldiers came up.

However, the generosity of Carrol Watts was the means of his capture. The soldiers, to whose protection he had recommended the wounded officer, were rapidly advancing from the Combe, firing on the rebels, and receiving their fire in return; but as the object most desirable was to join the main body of the insurgents in Thomas-

street, Watts, and all along with him, retreated quickly towards that place : but when they arrived there, only a few stragglers were to be seen : the massy crowd, which he had left but half an hour previously, was gone, and the street literally covered with pikes, evidently thrown down by the rebels, as they left to its fate that cause, the protection of which, but two hours before, they had entered on so enthusiastically.

Carrol Watts now saw the dangerous dilemma in which he was placed. Therefore, he promptly ordered his men to fling away their arms, and disperse ; which they immediately did, while he threw himself into a narrow passage in order to avoid the pursuing soldiers, who were now close at his heels, augmented by many yeomen, who voluntarily joined in the pursuit. His retreat was soon discovered: the passage was filled with armed men, who made him their prisoner, and lodged him in Vicar-Street watch-house, where he was tied and ironed along with as many of the insurgents as the temporary prison could hold.

Here his eyes were greeted by the mangled body of the good, the just, the humane, the amiable Lord

Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, whom the blind and infuriated mob—the misguided instruments of a wild enthusiast, had taken from his carriage, accidentally passing, and without motive or intention, brutally massacred. Carrol Watts arrived at the watch-house, as the venerable nobleman was breathing his last words : these were addressed to an officer in garrison-staff uniform, who was consoling his Lordship ; and like the last words of the great founder of Christianity, they were uttered in pity and in charity for those who had spilled his blood.

“ Let no man,” said the kind-hearted judge—
“ let no man taken in the outrages of this unhappy night, be put to death, unless found guilty by a jury of his countrymen.”

The ill-fated nobleman then turned himself a little on the guardbed where he lay, groaned deeply, and, with a short convulsive action of his limbs, expired.

The garrison-officer, then directing a look of rage at Carrol Watts, addressed him thus :—

“ See the work of your hands, brutal murderers !”

“*I am not a murderer,*” replied Watts; “*My hands have not been stained by his blood.*”

The officer then tore open Watts’s coat, and drew from beneath a brace of pistols, which the latter had, in his haste, neglected to throw away when pursued.

Here is proof, you damned dog: and with the blessing of Heaven, I’ll hang you up as sure as my name is Major Bludd.

“Major Bludd!” thought Watts: and he shuddered as he gazed on the man, who, in his imagination, he had been accustomed to depict as the fiend of party persecution. Mercy from his hands, or justice, if he could blink it, Watts knew was not to be expected; and after a pause, during which he fixed his eyes on the major, he replied impressively—

“Remember the last words of Lord Kilwarden.”

“Ah! poor man, *he* didn’t know how to deal with such rascals as you: but I’ll manage you with the true orange and blue law.”

This was the declaration of him who had just heard the humane request of the dying Lord Chief Justice!

The major now ordered Watts to be locked up

with the other prisoners, who were crammed together almost to suffocation; and at three o'clock in the morning, all were led out, tied together, handcuffed, and conducted by a strong escort over the bloody scene of the preceding night's action, to the Royal Barracks, and placed, heavily ironed, in the provost prison—a place made memorable by the inquisitorial system, which was therein carried on during the rebellion of ninety-eight, and which disgraced the authorities who indirectly tolerated, if not publicly sanctioned it. It was in this prison, and under a self-elected Orange junta, that the scourge, the pitch-cap, and the rope, did the terrible execution of the petty tyrant's will. Here it was that victims fell without trial, and like dogs sunk into the unhallowed earth unheard of. Carrol Watts knew this, and he entered the door of the dungeon as if it were his grave.

CHAPTER V.

Spur on ! spur on ! ere the fiends have done :
They are spinning a cord—and 'tis well nigh spun :
There are fearful sounds and sights abroad—
Shrieks of the dying, and streams of blood.

WE must now return to Killiny. .

Bent on the purpose of seeking out Carrol Watts, Mr. Ostin arose with the sun, on the morning after the burning of the ship, and, having spent half an hour in visiting his stable, cow-house, piggery, and dairy, as was his matin custom, ordered his gig to be got ready, the pony saddled, and breakfast to be sent immediately into the parlour, where Redmond Allan, the ensign his brother, and little Emily, were already expecting him. A hasty meal having been dispatched, the clergyman and Redmond took their seats in the gig. The pony was for the use of the ensign, and that young gentleman was pre-

paring to mount, when Miles Magoverin approached the vehicle, and drawing himself up to the salute, (for since Miles's enlistment in the regiment of his young master, five months previously, he gave a military air to every thing he did,) thus addressed Mr. Ostin in a loud and emphatic voice—

“ O, plase your reverence, that 'ill never do, at all at all.”

“ What wont do, Miles ?” demanded Mr. Ostin.

“ My masher can't ride the pony, Sir.”

“ Why not ?”

“ Sure the pipe-clay 'id all come off' the skirts ; and more by token, the baste's belly is so near the ground that he'd splatther all the polish off' his regimental jacks : an' wouldn't that be a disgrace to me, Sir, when he goes on the parade ? Besides, his sword 'id be sthreelin' in the mud completely.”

Miles was right : the fact of the ensign being necessitated to appear in regimentals for parade, had been overlooked in the arrangement for travelling to town ; and now, as a matter of course, this arrangement must be altered : accordingly it was ; and Redmond, having volunteered to ride the pony the

ensign took his place in the gig, to the no small gratification of Miles, who prided himself on his sagacity and importance in this affair, as much as he was wont to do in his peculiar art of using pipe-clay and black-ball.

In a few moments, the party were on the road to Dublin,—the gig-horse in a long trot, and the pony in a gallop; while the latter's particular admirer, Miles, (for Miles and the pony, to use his own expression, were like brothers,) stood gazing with delight at the movements of his favourite, until the animal turned from his sight into a green lane.

The sun shone brightly out, and all traces of the previous night's storm were gone: the larks arose, with their matin-song, from the meadows; and the sea-birds wantoned over the calm and silver-edged sea, which gently rolled in upon the golden strand far beneath the travellers (for they now had arrived at that side of Killiny-hill which overlooks the bay). The full beauties of a July morning were spread over the scene. The heath on the mountains to their left, the foliage of Clontarf on the opposite side of the bay, the long grass of the meadow, and the bright green sward of the

pasture, from the effects of the rain which had fallen, wore a delightful bloom, and all nature seemed renovated.

As the party proceeded, Redmond Allan pointed out the situation in which he supposed the "Good Intent" had been when she exploded. Several fishermen were plying their boats to and fro as if searching for pieces of the wreck, but the storm which succeeded the fire had so completed the dissolution of the vessel, that not a vestige of her remained to be seen.

He then pointed out the place where he thought the boat, containing Carrol Watts and the crew, had left his sight; and assured Mr. Ostin that it had appeared as if proceeding towards the city of Dublin. That gentleman, however, was of opinion that the boat did not go to Dublin; for he conceived, that even had they gained the light-house wall, which was fully two miles distant from them, they should then have had to proceed two miles and a half along the same wall, which, in very bad weather, is washed over by the waves. He therefore felt assured that the boat had put in at that part of the

coast which was near Bullock; and he at once determined to drive that way, in order to make inquiries.

They soon arrived at the village in which they expected to hear tidings of Carrol Watts, and were directed by the first peasant they met, to the cabin of Barney Cooly, where "the misfortunate sailors" (as the peasant appellated them) were lodged. In the full confidence, then, of finding the object of their search, they rodè up to the door of the White Cross, and called for old Barney.

"Comin', Sir," yelled out the little landlord, hastily laying down his short tobacco-pipe, and stumbling from his hob to the door.

"Have you not some strangers in your house, who arrived last night from the ship that was burnt in the bay?" demanded Mr. Ostin.

"Yis, your honor; and they are snorin' fast asleep in the parlour there—eight or tin of 'em."

"Is there a gentleman of the name of Watts amongst them?"

"No, Sir; that gintleman is gone off' with a party o' friends that called in upon him this mornin'."

“ At so early an hour ! Where is he gone ? ”
“ ‘ Faith, an’ that’s more nor Barney Cooly knows ; but I don’t think he can be about any thing good with such a set o’ wicked lookin’ divils as he went off with :—real peep-o’-day boys.’ ”

“ What sort of man did he appear to be : and what dress did he wear ? ” demanded Redmond.

“ O, he was a good lookin’ sort of fellow enough ; barrin’ somethin’ forbidden about him to strangers, an’ he wore a green silk handkerchief round his neck, with leather breeches and boots.”

“ Has he been long gone ? ” asked Mr. Ostin.

“ Long gone ! Not he ; .sure, if you just trot on by yon green lane you’ll overtake him.”

And then in a whisper Barney Cooly addressed Redmond, who sat on that side of the gig which was nearest to him :—

“ What did he do, a vich ? Is it about robbin’ the mail there above ? ”

“ No, Sir,” replied Redmond, in a voice, and with a look that shrivelled up Barney into his smallest coil.

“ As we are in a hurry,” observed Mr. Ostin, “ we must now proceed on our road : so tell the

captain of the ship that we will call, on our return, to speak with him on matters of importance.”

“ I will, I will, your honor,” replied Barney, bowing his grizzled head to the ground, and giving his arm its best movement of politeness.

The travellers drove off at a rapid pace, in the full hope of overtaking Carrol Watts ; but after having driven in every direction wherein they thought they had a chance of success, were obliged to relinquish the hope of finding him, until they should arrive at George’s Quay, to which place Mr. Ostin and Redmond directly went ; while the ensign rode on to attend his duty. However, after having spent the greatest part of the day in making inquiries at those taverns and packet houses, in which it was at all likely that the object of their search could be found, the clergyman and Redmond proceeded to the Royal Barracks, determined to remain in Dublin that night, and renew their inquiries on the following day.

Ensign Ostin, who was a favourite with Colonel Howard of his regiment, as well as the barrack

master, was permitted to occupy captain's quarters in the barracks, several rooms being vacant, owing to the small number of troops then in garrison. These quarters he had fitted up for the reception of his brother, the clergyman, whenever he came to Dublin; and as the reverend gentleman very frequently dined at the mess of the regiment, where he was always a desirable and welcome guest, this accommodation was most agreeable.

Mr. Ostin having put up his horse at an hotel in the neighbourhood of the barracks, went with Redmond to pay a visit to Colonel Howard, to whom he introduced the youth, at the same time relating, as a bit of wonderful news, the recent burning of the "Good Intent," and miraculous escape of Redmond; which excited, in the breast of the colonel, great commiseration for the youth, whom, with Mr. Ostin, he warmly invited to dine that day with him at the mess.

Dinner hour arrived: the regimental drums and fifes merrily playing "*O the roast beef of Old England,*" announced it to the guests: they had just concluded their "*toilette*" in the ensign's room, as the last echo of that stomach-touching melody

died away, and arrived at the mess-room as the soup was being placed on the table.

The novelty of the scene which presented itself to young Redmond on entering the apartment surprised and delighted him. The military grace, and elegance of the numerous officers, the splendour of their regimentals, the brilliancy of the mess-plate, the style and excellence of the banquet, enriched and enlivened by the martial and mellow music of the band, together with the interest which the youth himself seemed to excite in the minds of the company, were highly calculated to elevate his feelings and impress him deeply with the *beau ideal* of military life.

The conversation of the evening principally turned on the circumstance of the explosion of the "Good Intent." Redmond described his late perilous adventure, to the wondering assembly, with clearness, force, and modesty; and thus a very favourable effect on the officers' minds towards their young guest was produced. Mr. Ostin also gave a description of the burning, explosion, and saving of the youth, with his usual energy of diction and manner: all things regarding the

matter, were set duly forth, and dwelt upon with delight, by the reverend gentleman; and he felt most vividly the importance attached to him in being the means of so much excitement in the breasts of his auditory.

The decanters had not performed many revolutions of the table, when the mess-waiter brought a letter to Colonel Brown of the 21st regiment, who was a visitor at the mess that day, and whose regiment was stationed at Cork-street, situated on the other side of the city from the Royal Barracks, in the quarter called the "*Liberty.*"

As soon as the colonel read the letter he exclaimed,—

“ Gentlemen, I have received intimation from my regiment, that a riot is expected to take place in the neighbourhood where it is quartered, so I must away. I suppose it is one of those drunken assemblages which occur so frequently of a Saturday night.”

“ It cannot be any thing serious, of course,” exclaimed the president.

“ I dare say,” resumed Colonel Brown, “ that it shall be only necessary to march the men out—

the sight of the soldiers is generally enough on such occasions ; and I should be sorry indeed to be obliged to go further."

" Right, Colonel Brown," observed Mr. Ostin ; " we should pause before we-attack with deadly weapons an unarmed crowd."

" That is a sentiment I trust we possess," replied the colonel. " Gentleman, good night ; I must now hasten to my duty."

Then, turning to the mess-waiter, he directed him to send in the orderly ; who, as soon as he entered, was asked, had he observed, in coming through the Liberty, any indication of riot ? To which he replied, that he had seen several groups of men loitering about, and the people had been shutting up their shops : but no quarrelling had taken place, and he had passed unmolested.

" Return then to your barracks, and tell the major that I will be with him without delay," said Colonel Brown, as he arose from the table, buckled on his sword, and took up his cocked hat, in order to depart.

" Will you return, Brown ?" demanded Colonel Howard.

" That must depend on circumstances : if there

should be any foundation in the fears of riot, of course I shall not; but I dare say it is a false alarm; and if so, I will certainly return.—Good night!”

“Pooh! it is a mere drunken row,” observed one of the officers, when colonel Brown had departed.

“Nothing more,” remarked another. “It is impossible it could be any thing of an insurrectionary nature, for the country was never more quiet.”

Thus the matter passed, and the conversation turned on general topics; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, until a dragoon, galloping into the barrack-yard, brought an express from the Commander in Chief of the forces, ordering the troops in the Royal Barracks instantly to arms, and the regiment at whose mess Redmond Allen dined, to proceed forthwith to James-street. The drums beat to arms, and the regiment formed on the parade, ready to move, in less than ten minutes. Previously to marching, the men were served with thirty rounds of ball cartridge—all that could be then procured; and while in the act of receiving it, the report of a piece of ordnance was heard, as if proceeding from the point to which they

were about to proceed, and several rockets were seen ascending over it.

A magistrate now galloped into the barrack-yard, and when he had communicated a few moments with Colonel Howard, in front of the men drawn up and ready, the word was given by that officer, and the regiment left the barracks with fixed bayonets, proceeding to the Queen's Bridge, which they crossed, and were about to advance along Dirty-lane, at the other end of which was Thomas-street, when the colonel was met by a mounted staff officer, who requested him to move his men by Watling-street—a street parallel with Dirty-lane—and, thereby, to come in the rear of the rebels; for it was now evident that the disturbance was nothing less than an insurrection:—and he further informed the Colonel, that the rebels were in very great force at the top of Dirty-lane, wherein, he believed, their depôt of arms was situated. The staff officer concluded by stating, he had just received information that Colonel Brown, in proceeding to his regiment, and passing the rebel depôt, was shot through the head by one of the

mob!—This was the officer whom Dowdall, Emmet's lieutenant, brutally shot, and whose death we mentioned in our last chapter.

The horrid news passed from man to man, and officer to officer along the regiment, followed by murmurs of indignation throughout the ranks. They burned to punish the atrocity, and the Colonel in command having instantly given the word, "*double quick time, march,*" the rapid, but well timed tramp of the soldiers' feet, as they moved along the quay, gave earnest that many moments could not elapse before they should have an opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the murderers.

Of the fact the reader is informed in the last chapter; for this was the regiment which attacked the rebels so successfully at the rear of their column.

Mr. Ostin and Redmond had walked by the side of the former's brother the ensign, as far as Dirty-lane, partly from motives of curiosity, and partly from having nothing else to do. As soon, however, as the staff officer above mentioned had changed the route of the regiment, and represented the true state of the case, they very properly resolved to return; knowing that their presence must

be not only useless but dangerous. They therefore hastily shook hands with young Ostin, and wishing him safe, left him, to return to the barracks.

They retired to the Ensign's rooms ; and as the windows there fronted the town, completely overlooking that part at which the disturbance was said to be, they determined to observe, by attention to sight and sound, whether the regiment should be engaged or not.

The royal barracks are situated at the right side of the river, standing on a considerable height from the road, and within about two hundred yards of the Liffy. James-street, the scene of action, is exactly opposite to it on the other side of the river, about a quarter of a mile from its banks, on a rising ground : so that firing there could be both seen and heard from the barracks. They sat down at the window to observe whatever they could, through the dusk of the evening, which was now fully established. The death of Colonel Brown, with whom they had so recently parted, had the effect of exciting the indignation of Mr. Ostin, and although he affected to be more cheerful than was even usual with him, his agi-

tation was discernible to Redmond. They had not been at the windows more than a few moments when they heard the firing of musketry, and saw a faint flashing amongst the houses, on the opposite side of the river. This removed all doubt as to the nature of the riot: regular platoon discharges took place at intervals, and random shots kept up a constant train of reports, while the distant shout could now be distinguished through the silence which reigned in the barracks, and in the streets immediately near—a silence only disturbed occasionally by the galloping of an express dragoon, passing from the city, towards Island bridge, to the artillery magazine and dépôt for Dublin.

“They are at it hard and fast,” observed the Rev. Gentleman, at the same time turning over and over the money and keys, which he had in his side-pockets, and, for the first time, looking deeply anxious.

“They are certainly firing very rapidly, and the shouts, you may perceive, must come from an immense number of people—there—hark to that!” replied Redmond.

“Let them shout! Let them shout! the greatest

noise does not always shew the greatest work, young gentleman."

"Are they rebels who are now fighting?" continued Redmond.

"I cannot think they are what may be called Irish rebels: that is to say—they are not fighting for their country; but a drunken rabble having no purpose except public disturbance."

"Did you not hear the officer who stopped the regiment beyond the bridge, say, that the rebels' depôt of arms and ammunition was at the other end of the street from that in which we then stood?"

"I did not—did you?"

"Yes: I heard him say the words to the Colonel."

After a pause Mr. Ostin observed:—

"It may be so:—there might be an organized insurrection: pray heaven it may not be extensive! for there are but very few troops in the garrison,—not sufficient to make any stand whatever against a large and organized force.—My sister Emily, poor thing!—Should the Wicklow people be in the plot,

they will pass my house. I wish she were with us in Dublin."

"Cannot I go for her Sir?" demanded Redmond.

"No, no, no, no—see, see—the flashes—and—hark!—O! it is evidently a rebellion. Stay you here while I go to the barrack gate, and make inquiries," said Mr. Ostin: and then hurried out of the room.

Redmond remained gazing, with strong interest, on the quarter of the town where the engagement was going on, until 11 o'clock, at which time the firing had ceased altogether. He leaned out of the window, and beheld in the barrack square beneath him, groups of women fearfully conversing, and inquiring of the few soldiers who were straggling about, the state of the town. The orderly dragoons now more rapidly passed along the street, beneath and outside the barrack, and some field-pieces of artillery moved, at a gallop towards the city. The passengers which he could distinguish in the street, accosted each other in apparent whispers, or crept close to the wall in their way, and the challenges of the sentries at the gates of the barracks, were loud and frequent.

This was a strange and interesting scene to young Redmond, who had yet only gazed on the peaceful side of society, and who, for a great portion of his days, had been wholly secluded from it. He reflected on the history of his life given him by Carol Watts, and could not help imagining that his uncle at that moment was mixed up with this insurrection, from having heard that he had left the cabin of Cooly in the company of a number of men that morning. He trembled at the new character with which the last few hours had invested the man whom he had been always accustomed to look upon as a parent, and to whom he felt strongly attached. The thought sickened his heart, and embittered his imagination. Then the declaration made by Watts, that his father yet lived, burned within him, and made him tremble at the now fading chance of never gaining a clue to the knowledge of him. He had fallen into a train of reflections on this subject, as he leaned on the window ledge gazing without sight on the dark sky, when Mr. Ostin entered the room, followed by the mess-waiter bearing lights and a supper-tray well stocked, while his assistant, with two bottles of wine, brought up the rear.

●
“ They are routed, Sir: the rascals are beaten—flying in all directions.—Give me your hand, my jolly young hero. Come, sit down and let us enjoy ourselves over a supper and a glass of good wine to the health of our gallant protectors.”

Redmond was about to interrogate and join his expression of pleasure at the success of the troops, but the joy of Ostin would not permit any body but himself to speak on the important subject.

“ Pooh! the rascals — *they* stand? — No; a regiment of good and well drilled soldiers could rout ten thousand of them: — no order amongst them, Sir: — Why, what do you think? a serjeant has just returned to the barracks from the 'fray; and he swears that they were all fighting amongst themselves, to see who should or should not command. All drunk, too, Sir!—Nothing but a wild deluded rabble, Sir.”

Redmond again tried to speak, but was prevented with —

“ But they really *had* a depôt of arms and ammunition—great quantities of pikes; and now, I understand that James-street, Thomas-street, Meath-street, Francis-street, and the Coombe are literally

covered with them—threw them away, Sir, and took to their heels.”

“ Are there many killed ?” demanded Redmond.

“ Killed !” echoed the clergyman.—“ Gad I forgot to ask that question of the serjeant.”

This hiatus in the history of the fight was now filled up by the mess-waiter—a little Northumberland man, who dryly exclaimed, as he exerted his strength in decorking a bottle of wine—

“ Thoosands, Sir,—thoosands o’ them killed.’

“ Not so many, surely, waiter,” observed Mr. Ostin.

“ Ay millions, Sir,—I hard the sargeant himself say so.’

“ There cannot be less than two or three hundred victims in this unhappy business,” continued Mr. Ostin, walking about the room ; “ there must be considerable slaughter, from the firing we have heard. That is the worst part of it.—Poor unfortunate misguided creatures ! Many an unhappy widow and orphan has this night’s work made.”

“ What could be their object in disturbing the people ?” enquired Redmond.

“That is what *I* say,” exclaimed Mr. Ostin, stopping in the centre of the room, and drawing one of his hands from his pocket to apply it to the elocutionary assistance of his observations, while the mess-waiter and his assistant lingered in the room to hear—“that is what *I* say: what *can be* their object? Shall they better their condition by this wretched work? Poor unfortunate people, they little know that they are tools in the hands of ambitious, designing, foolish, and wicked individuals. They may be oppressed—I will not deny this: they may be slaves to orangemen and their vile party, but surely rebellion is not the remedy. Revenge against their enemies the orangemen may be tolerated, but not in open arms: that would endanger the state, of which those very orangemen are the great enemies, and against which *they* are the real rebels. Why should the suffering people be led still further into misery for the sake of a knave’s ambition or a fool’s malice? Ah! it is a melancholy business, and, I fear, that until all party feeling be put down, the people must remain its dupes.—But come, come: it is now half past twelve o’clock; the regiment

will soon return, and we shall have all the particulars of the unhappy affair.—Waiter, bring me word when the regiment arrives.”

Mr. Ostin and his protégé now sat down to supper, and continued the topic of conversation more to the satisfaction of Redmond, who found that he had opportunity of giving his sentiments on the subject; for Mr. Ostin's opinions were uttered at a greater distance from each other than before supper—a greater number of pauses in his discourse occurred—through the merits of some excellent cold roast fowl and fine old madeira.

Mr. Ostin had just drank a bumper, in the glow of his feelings, to the success of the troops, and was insisting on Redmond to fill higher to the toast and banish his gloom (for the youth was much depressed in spirits, although labouring to appear otherwise), when he heard the tramping of several feet as if closely under the window, which was left still wide open on account of the serenity of the night; on which he arose from his chair, and looking out, exclaimed—

“ Here is the regiment at last, for I see some of the men turning the corner.”

The sound of the marching feet died away, as if the soldiers had turned the angle of the building ; but in the next moment foot-steps were heard as if ascending the staircase, and several voices mingling confusedly below.

“ Hark !—some of the men are coming up the stairs,” exclaimed Mr. Ostin, as he walked about the room. “ Now, my boy, we shall have the news. Here they come.”

At this moment the door was opened, and four soldiers appeared, bearing the body of his brother the ensign in a sheet, which was deeply stained and dripping with his blood.

At sight of the dreadful spectacle Mr. Ostin became fixed in every limb, his face grew ashy pale, his eyes glassy, and his lip began to quiver. A convulsive shudder then passed through his frame, and he fell to the ground senseless, while Redmond ran to the youth who had been the saviour of his life, and pressing the bloody hand which hung over the side of the sheet fervently to his lips, he burst into tears and sobbed aloud. The scene affected even the stern nerves of the

soldiers present, and they rubbed the tear away from their eyelids as they proceeded to lay down gently on the bed the bleeding body of the ensign.

CHAPTER VI.

Is this fair recompence ?
Has heav'n no thunder ? Are the lightnings quenched ?
Is Virtue stricken dumb, and Justice dead ?
Are men unsexed and cowards ? that such deed
Can smoke its hellish sulphur in our faces.
And shall we choke without a cry ?

THE transitions from the extreme of one feeling to that of another is often fatal to life. Unexpected calamity falling on the heart produces effects which our greatest efforts cannot disguise, even though we bear up against the blow—to some it is fatal; but to all an undisguisable shock. No wonder then that the feelings of Mr. Ostin were overcome at beholding his bleeding brother in all the array of death. At first it was the impression, both on his mind and that of Redmond, that the

ensign was dead, which, however, was happily not the case: that young officer was only wounded. He had walked from the place of action to the barrack gate with the assistance of a "file of men" (that is, one soldier); but the surgeon of his regiment having met him, and seeing him exhausted from the loss of blood, ordered four men to carry him up to his quarters in a sheet, himself following to render the necessary assistance; and his entrance into the room, just as Mr. Ostin fell, was very timely for the relief of that gentleman, who, by the help of proper stimulus, soon recovered his senses.

Gerrard Ostin was in a state, from loss of blood, that promised but faint hopes of recovery: he was apparently lifeless when taken from the sheet in which he had been carried, and laid in bed; but was restored to animation by strong cordials, and had his wounds bound up properly by the surgeon. The opinion of that gentleman was, that an artery had been opened—that there were hopes of his recovery, and also of not being obliged to suffer the operation of "taking up" the artery (that is, tying the wounded blood-vessel with a ligature), if the patient were kept perfectly quiet, so as to give

every chance to the present medicaments applied to the wound.

Mr. Ostin, Redmond, and the surgeon, sat up in the chamber of the youth all night, every moment of which brought anxiety to their minds lest the blood should flow again from the compressed artery ; and it was with the greatest happiness the two former heard the latter declare, when morning came, that it was now very probable the cure would take place without the necessity of an operation : yet the danger was not quite over. However, the day passed without further bad consequences, and the next also with equally good results. Indeed, so satisfied was the surgeon of the complete success of his plan, that he pronounced his patient, on the third day after the occurrence, perfectly convalescent, and permitted him to walk about his chamber.

When danger is past, the recollection of it becomes agreeable, producing, as it were, a negative kind of compensation for the trouble previously exacted. So Gerrard Ostin felt ; he was unusually exhilarated in spirits, after breakfast, on the morning that he was pronounced conva-

lescent, and his elevation of feeling spread its kindred influence to his brother and Redmond. In this mood the ensign began to relate, more particularly than his previous situation had permitted him, the circumstances which attended the infliction of his wound.

His miraculous escape in Frances-street (for he was no other than the youth who was saved by Watts from the pikes of the insurgents) was described with accuracy, and he expressed deep regret that he possessed no clue to find out the heroic and generous rebel, who not only spared, but defended him when a fallen foe. This sentiment seized upon the heart of the benevolent clergyman, and his eyes swam in what may not be called tears, but that which every one who has felt a similar impulse can appreciate.

“ Noble, unfortunate fellow !—worthy of better associates.—Would to God I could meet you ! I hope—I hope the day will come when I may thank you from my heart for this generous and manly action !”

This was the exclamation of Mr. Ostin, the

sentiments of which were as warmly felt by Redmond and his brother as by himself.

“I should have died to a certainty,” observed Gerrard Ostin, “if that man who protected me from the pikes of the assassins had not tied up my wound, so as to stop the excessive bleeding: to do this he risked being taken prisoner, for all his comrades fled while he was doing it, and my regiment was advancing rapidly towards him. Even the blood which I had lost exhausted me so that my senses fled as I staggered to meet my regiment.—I’ll just shew you the calm and steady manner in which he tied up my wound, in the face of the dangers which threatened him.”

The speaker here drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief, and began to bind it round the arm of Redmond, who now started suddenly back, exclaiming,

“O, heavens! it may be—look—look—look at the corner of the handkerchief; is it marked with C. W.?”

‘It is,’ was the reply.

“Good God! then it is my uncle’s: I know it;

he wore it on his neck the evening the ship was blown up."

"Gracious heaven! is it possible?"

The clergyman quickly arose from his chair, and seized one hand of Redmond; his brother, delighted, grasped the other, and both seemed and felt as if they had found in him the object of their most glowing gratitude, which, in some degree, relieved Redmond's mind from the fear that his uncle having appeared as a rebel, should sink him for ever in the estimation of the clergyman and his brother.

"This unites us to you for ever," exclaimed Mr. Ostin; "if you feel grateful to my brother for having saved your life, we feel doubly so to your uncle for having saved his: the bond is mutual now, and I trust we shall be doubly friends."

Assurances of gratitude mutually passed, in language worthy of the fraternal affection which from that moment existed between them.

After some consideration concerning the following up of the clue furnished by the handkerchief, so as to come at the object so much sought, it struck Mr. Ostin that Carrol Watts might be

amongst the prisoners taken on the night of the insurrection : he therefore proposed to go instantly to the prison, which was in the same barracks with them, and to avail himself of his brother's appearance as a military officer, and his own clerical character in gaining admittance. He knew that it was difficult for even military men to gain admission at all times ; but he considered that Major Bludd, although no acquaintance of his, knew he was a clergyman of the established church, and that he was the brother of an ensign then quartered in the barracks.

The prison was a small brick building, with an inclosed yard, and situated in the rear of the infantry barracks, at that end which is nearest to the city. It was originally intended for military culprits ; therefore of but moderate dimensions ; and was in consequence called the provost-prison.

During the rebellion of ninety-eight this prison became the execution office of the petty inquisition which ruled in those days of terror, when the greatest villain was the most approved judge, and nothing so sure to recommend to the judgment seat as cruelty and oppression. One of the principal instruments of this inquisition was the person-

age previously mentioned, Major Bludd—a man who had nothing but the courage arising out of desperate fortunes, and the activity of hungry cruelty to recommend him—a remorseless and ready handed tool of that faction, which, at a subsequent time, when rebellion was buried and almost forgotten, in despite of the sovereign's commands, dared to persist in its odious system of insult and petty oppression—The military title he obtained arose, not from regimental rank (for, thank heaven ! no regiment in the service would permit such an officer to degrade it by his name), but from his garrison promotion—if we may be allowed the expression : he was pinchbacked over with the anomalous appellation of “ Major,” and thus, on the staff, he possessed a sort of isolated rank, which spunged up the iniquities of his life, without subjecting his conduct to question from others than his employers—or, rather, those who *permitted* his atrocities. He was, in fact, a superior sort of provost marshal, or military executioner, whose knowledge and acumen in acquitting himself, according to the most rigid rules of his profession, obtained for him a permanent staff employment in the garrison of Dub-

lin, where he acted the little Robespierre of a terrible political system. In his laudable calling he was assisted by two other "majors," who, in the hope of promotion tantamount to that of their principal, were equally zealous in the "good cause." The consequence of the collective exertion was that the seeds of discontent and rebellion were brought to perfection—under these men they grew and flourished, for they were daily wetted with blood. To this person (as we have before stated), several prisoners taken in the drunken insurrections of the 23d, were brought—not all the prisoners of that unhappy night; but the most "desirable" of them—"*particular cases*," as the major would say—victims in "*proper condition*" to be hung up, or whipped, or tarred and feathered, as he might think proper, in contemptuous despite of public justice.

Mr. Ostin, his brother, and Redmond, were permitted to enter the prison; but scarcely more than to enter. The regimental uniform of the ensign, it is true, procured for them a view of some of the prisoners who were situated nearest to the turnkey in charge of the door; but they were not allowed to pass farther into the den.

Redmond in vain sought for his uncle, and was about to give up the search as hopeless, when the great coat which Carrol Watts had worn on board the "Good Intent" met his eyes, surrounding the ruffianly body of a turnkey, who had just passed suddenly across the anti-room in which he stood. He communicated the discovery to his friends; and Mr. Ostin instantly addressed the wearer of the coat, demanding of him where he had got it.

"Why," replied the turnkey, "I got it off one o' de* b——y crappies."†

"Where is he, my good fellow?"

"O snug enough: ax de major, an' he'll tip you de wink. I know by de bit o' red dere in your company, dat you're one o' de good sort. De major is inside, if you wish to spake wid him. Dere he is, wid de blue settoo—he'll tell you all about de coat."

At the conclusion of this communication the turnkey, with a knowing wink and nod of the

* In Dublin slang, *th* is substituted by *d*.

† The Irish rebels were called "croppies," from their having cropped their hair, as a signal by which they should be known to each other.

head, departed; so Mr. Ostin instantly availed himself of the hint which the fellow unconsciously had given: and, as he knew that, although his brother was in the king's uniform, and he himself a clergyman of the established church, both would be denied admission to see any person who was undergoing inquisitorial discipline, he determined to dissemble a little, in order to gain his point.

Followed by Redmond and his brother, he approached the major, who, without moving from his seat, scanned them all over with a vulture's glance.

“ I believe, Sir, you have got a prisoner in your custody to whom a coat belongs which is now upon the back of one of your turnkeys,” observed Mr. Ostin.

“ Well, Sir; what of that?”

“ It is rather singular; but the man to whom that coat belongs was engaged on the night of the 23d (as I am informed) with my brother, this young officer, who was severely wounded by him in Frances-street: he recognised the coat on the turnkey, and would like to see the man who stabbed him.”

The major's countenance became suddenly softened ; he arose from his seat, and, bowing, replied,

“ O, my dear Sir, I am very sorry that your brother has received a wound from the rascally villains : ay—see here, poor lad—his arm is in a sling—I hope it is not dangerous.”

“ No, Sir ; the surgeon was of opinion that the wound would have proved mortal, had he been left without immediate assistance when he received the stab.”

“ Well, Sir,” continued the major, “ I am happy that I have it in my power to gratify your feelings on this point.”

Then, opening a window, he thrust forth his head, and cried out,

“ Here, you Potts—is that done ?”

“ Yes, your honour ;” roared a voice without.

“ Open the door then.”

The major now motioned the visitors to go along with him, through a narrow passage ; at the same time addressing Mr. Ostin thus :

“ Now, Sir, your brother shall have satisfaction of the rebel-scoundrel that wounded him.”

Then stopping half way in the passage, he

turned familiarly, and holding the lappel of Mr. Ostin's coat, affected to whisper—

“ We must be severe, Sir, with these fellows, or we should never do. Law is too mild for them—we should be all murdered in our beds, Sir, but for the tight hand we keep over them.”

He now advanced to a door, which, yielding to the iron hand of the aforesaid Mr. Potts, permitted the major to enter a yard, followed by Mr. Ostin, Redmond, and the ensign.

“ There he is, Sir, in the middle—and a damned strong able fellow he was,” coolly observed the major; at the same time pointing to one of three bodies which were hanging by the neck from a beam. The unhappy victims had no covering on their faces; and although their countenances were distorted by the last struggles of life and death, Redmond easily recognized the features of Carrol Watts!

The major rapidly continued to talk.

“ You see, gentlemen, I have settled him for you;” said he, with a fiendish smile. “ I would have only pitch-capped or flogged him, but that an old and worthy friend of mine, to whom the

rascal had the impudence to send for a character, assured me that he was the worst of the whole pack of the rebellion of ninety-eight: so I wasn't going to let him slip off by a jury; for the evidence was of too slight a nature to hang him—he wasn't taken with arms in his hands. If we had sent all to be tried by a jury in ninety-eight, we should have done little or nothing. But—what is the matter with you, gentlemen?"

The three visitors were alike pale, trembling and horror-struck. Redmond's senses wandered, and he had only power to groan and stagger back from the sight, through the passage, while Gerrard Ostin was relieved from the cramp of his feelings by a flood of tears, which he covered by his handkerchief. Mr. Ostin alone spoke; and he, with difficulty, addressed the infamous abuser of the laws.

"And have you, Sir, the power of life and death over the unhappy men who may have offended against the laws of their country?"

"Offended against the laws!—eh!—Damn'd rebels—cut-throats—dogs. Have *I* the power, indeed!—that is a pretty question."

“ Monstrous ! But I will have this brought before the government— this horrid murder.”

“ Murder ! Poo—o—o—h. Murder, indeed ! You seem to forget who you are talking to,” said the major, with a sneer : “ I’m damn’d sorry I let you in to see the fellow at all ; and, only I thought you were staunch, and not one of our half-bred Protestants, I’d have seen your reverence damn’d first. Murder, Sir !—ay, go to the government ; they can’t injure *me*—they dare not. I have been the very prop and pillar of their power.”

“ I will, at all events, publish to the world your atrocity ;” replied Mr. Ostin, with indignation.

“ Publish !” exclaimed the major ; “ I defy you. Let me see a newspaper that dare even mention it—I’ll soon have their types in the street, and their writers in the black hole. What do I care for you, Sir ? I am Major Bludd, and the life and soul of the glorious and immortal party that will stick by me to the last. So, the sooner you quit this prison, Sir, the better.”

“ I am aware of that : but, Sir, I will again tell you, before I go, that you have murdered that man : he had only put his foot on shore the day

previous to the insurrection, and therefore could not be supposed to be one of Emmet's gang."

"What! do you think, I will doubt the word of my old and respected friend?—a magistrate too,—who gave me his history! The very gentleman that he wrote to himself after he was taken! Pooh!—There he hangs, and I wish all milk and water loyalists were there along with him!"

"Horrible! Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Ostin, as he hurried out of the yard, to follow the youths who had left the dreadful scene of death, and fled to the barrack room.

Vain indeed was the praise-worthy threat made by Mr. Ostin against the conduct of Major Bludd—vain indeed the attempt to call justice down on such men at such a time. The executive tyrant of a tyrannical faction could not be thus reached. The government itself, although recovering its strength from the effects of the blow, which the rebellion of ninety-eight inflicted, yet feared to use it: the press dared not speak out; and the unconquered monster, ultra-orangism, shewed itself ready to rage again at the first appearance of pretext.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings

excited in the breasts of the visitors of the Provost prison, in contemplating the horrid spectacle they had recently witnessed. Each, but most of all Redmond, felt deeply for the fate of Carrol Watts : whatever might have been his faults, still he had been the protector of the youth, who looked upon by him as a father, and the generous nature of Redmond gave the full tribute of pure grief to his unhappy destiny. The two brothers felt themselves bound to him by ties of the strongest gratitude, and the death of a beloved relative could not have affected them more deeply. In vain Mr. Ostin applied to Major Bludd for the body of the victim—he was answered with insult : in vain he wrote to the official people on the subject—neglect or evasion was the result. Disgusted and heart-sick he resolved to give up the attempt of obtaining satisfaction, and contented himself in paying the most fervent attention to his young guest Redmond ; for whom, both he and his brother now felt alike devoted in truest friendship.

They set off next day for Killiny ; the ensign having received leave to absent himself from his regiment, on account of his wound, until he was

perfectly able to use his arm ; for it was considered that under the roof of his brother, he should be more certain of all those little attentions, which, in the recovery of health, often do more than the physician's skill without them.

They arrived late at Heatherhill, and were received at the door by Emily, who had been anxiously expecting their return daily and hourly ; but in utter ignorance of the accident which was the cause of their delay. She flew to her brothers, and embraced them with all the playful delight, which innocence and warmth of heart dictates to youth, when meeting a beloved object after expectation and anxiety ; and even Redmond, although almost a stranger, shared the flow of her gladness with a hearty shake of the hand.

Supper was preparing, and the party had been seated in the parlour, when Miles Magoverin threw open the door, and unceremoniously rushed in, followed by the housekeeper and two of her "adjutants" (females), all their voices joining in the celebrated chorus of "*Oh !*" which having subsided to a pitch that admitted of hearing other sounds, the

following words were discovered passing from the lips of Miles:—

“ Oh my darlin’ mather—an’ was you murdered in that kind o’ way, an’ I not with you? Oh! why didn’t you take me to Dublin?—why didn’t you send for poor Miles, when you was lyin’ on the broad o’ your back there in a big barrack-room? O! sure it’s me that ’id ha’ watched by your bed all night, an’ wet your mouth—an’ would n’t sleep a wink!—”

Similar expressions of condolence, from the housekeeper and her assistants, now took the lead of Miles’s words, and at length produced “ a chaos” of sweet sound. So perfectly from the heart came this interruptive ebullition of good feeling, that it was permitted as good naturedly by those to whom it was addressed, as it was adopted by the other party; and a full glass of brandy, filled out for each of the visitors, by the clergyman’s own hand, brought matters to a state of tranquillity.

“ O! the thieven’ robbers o’ the world! to stick a young juvenile youth like my mather,” said

Miles—(he was very fond of using fine words on suitable occasions,)—"to slaughter him I may say—O! I wish I was at the lug o' the fellow that wounded you, Sir! I'd ha' simultaneously annihilated him."

"But, sure we ought to be all thankful to God, Mистер Magoverin, for savin' the life o' the young mather," observed Kitty, the maid of all work—a young, rosy, good looking country girl.

"Thankful!" echoed Miles; "O! then musha! the Lord of his infinite marcy be praised!—thankful, indeed! In the name o' the Father, Son, an' Holy Ghost, amen—sign o' the holy—"

Here his voice softened, and died away into a silent prayer, which was accompanied with a certain action of the right hand, designated by the Irish "blessing one's self," finishing the ceremony with making several "signs of the cross" on his forehead, nose, and mouth, with his thumb—three blows on his breast, and a reverential bow; for Miles was a devout, moral, and exemplary Christian, according to the rules of his own creed. This extemporaneous devotion was greatly heightened in effect by the sympathetic looks and "curtsies" of the three female servants.

“ O! sure I was dramin’ o’ you—the mather an’ all, every night,” continued Miles; “ I saw you, as I may say, in the clouds o’ Somnus; but no warnin’ o’ the perilous combat at all—only beautifully illusthrated with finery, an’ all kinds o’ light: but drames always go by the rules o’ contrhary.”

“ Well, Miles,” observed Mr. Ostin, “ you have got us all safely back; but I assure you that your master had a very narrow escape.”

“ Lord be praised he is over it; an’ as I may say, in vital existance again, safe an’ sound. An’ it is Peggy there, an’ Mrs. Power there, an’ the whole of us that wondthered in the world what was importunin’ your stay in Dublin at all.”

A smile and shake of the head from Mrs. Power, the housekeeper, and from each of her two assistants, corroborated the latter part of this statement.

“ But, praise be to Providence, the danger is evaporated, as I may say, an’ we should be joyous. Well, Mather Gerrard, here’s your health, an’ long life to you—your Reverence, here’s God Almighty bless you!—Misther Allan your’s, an’

many happy days to you !—Mrs. Power !—Kitty !
—Mary !”—

The toast was echoed back by the other servants, who had, all this time, been holding in their hands glasses full of the cordial poured into them by the clergyman.

The brandy having been dispatched, Miles, Mrs. Power, and the two maids, returned thanks to Heaven once more for the happy deliverance of the ensign, and retired ; leaving Mr. Ostin particularly gratified at the kindness displayed on the occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

O, yes, the young heart's happy holyday,
First love art thou—of heav'n a blessed ray,
Which, once beheld, is fix'd in memory
A thought of light, that ne'er through life can die—
A fairy dream, though pass'd we ne'er forget,
And wish we had not waken'd from it yet.

IN order that we may arrive at objects which may interest the reader, as well as keep us to the high road of our romantic journey, we must pass together over a stream of five years: however, even as we cross the rivulet, some few things shall present themselves as imperatively claiming our attention.

Redmond Allan remained an inmate at Heather-

hill, and became truly endeared to every member of Mr. Ostin's family. Sorrow for the fate of Carol Watts, although deeply felt by him, gradually subsided, and, like the floating particles of earth which discolour the lake after a storm, from being allowed to remain unagitated, sunk to the bottom, and left his mind clear. The clergyman found in him a delightful companion; educated as he was, and acquainted with all those elegant features of learning so esteemed by Mr. Ostin. He was no less beloved by the ensign. In those hours which the latter could spare from duty—whether sailing over the bay, or climbing the brown hills, or expounding the pages of classical literature, or mingling in the gaieties of military life—they were usually together. Of similar ages, as well as tastes, their fondness for each other's society increased daily; and, mutually bound as they were, by such strong ties of gratitude, it may be easily supposed that a sterling friendship existed between them. To little Emily also he became as dear as to her brothers. In short, Redmond found in the family of Mr. Ostin all the happiness which a beloved home affords; and to him, who, from his

earliest recollection, was unacquainted with such a blessing, it came with peculiar power, and fixed his affections on the amiable members of the family, even as firmly as nature could have bound them by the ties of kindred.

Eleven months after the insurrection of the 23d of July, the regiment to which Gerrard Ostin belonged was ordered to England, and the clergyman, thus about to lose the society of an only brother, conceived the idea of quitting Ireland in order to still enjoy that society at his new quarters: the insurrection of the preceding year perhaps weighed down this intention; and peradventure there was a still weightier cause in his mind for carrying it into effect. Mr. Ostin had been for several years the secret admirer of a young lady residing in his neighbourhood—the daughter of a respected friend of his deceased parent, a judge of the land, and highly valued in the state. She, with her father, had been a frequent visiter at Heatherhill, but, from the period of the insurrection, the father only visited Mr. Ostin. For ten months the clergyman had never seen her: inquiries for the daughter were always met by excuses from the

father—she was ill, or she was on a visit: some such reply put off from time to time his fond, but secret hopes. At length he found an opportunity of speaking with his beloved one (for she *was* beloved dearly by him); it was at the house of a mutual friend: and O! how altered was her form—her face—her air—her spirit! Instead of the lively and life-inspiring girl—innocence laughing in her eyes and health on her cheek—he beheld an emaciated, melancholy, and heavy-hearted being. The change was as unexpected as the impulse excited in the breast of the lover was sudden. They were alone in a deeply shaded arbour—he had found her weeping over a miniature. The heart of Mr. Ostin flowed out in the eloquence of love—of pity—and of sorrow: for the first time in his life he declared his passion, and besought her to speak to him in confidence on the subject which preyed upon her mind. She *did* confide in him—she opened her heart; but the secret quenched in him all hope of ever being possessed of her he so long had pictured as his future bride and blessing. She confessed that she had been so unfortunate as to love one who was now in the

dishonoured grave—one who had offered up his life on a scaffold a sacrifice to mistaken patriotism: to his narrow and cold bed she had chained her heart, and she only looked for death to place her beside him—her dear—her beloved—her adored Robert Emmet:—and the tears rolled over the miniature of the unfortunate dead as she kissed it and breathed out a prayer for the soul of its original. She also informed him that her father had refused to give her his paternal countenance on account of her attachment to a man opposed so outrageously as Emmet was to the government of which he formed a part. This unexpected disappointment to the long-cherished hopes of Mr. Ostin, operated strongly on his feelings; but his grief was as secret as his love—it was only marked exteriorly by a slight shade of melancholy in his manner, while his heart felt its full and bitter power within. The kind girl gave him a ring as a token of her friendship—for she truly esteemed Mr. Ostin—and were it not that the image of Emmet engrossed the whole of her affection, she would certainly have bestowed upon him her hand; but, save him she adored, she looked only to death. To quit a scene then, which

produced so much food for sad reflection, and from the disappointment he experienced, became so changed in its aspect, was a step in which Mr. Ostin was justified, and he determined to depart from his native country for England, as soon as he could dispose of Heatherhill. The politics of the times, too, increased his wish to leave Ireland; and as he possessed an income of six hundred a year, he conceived that he should be more happy, as well as more safe, in England, than in a country where religious differences endangered property and blighted social enjoyment—where to belong to no party was to be despised by both. Although the disappointment experienced by Mr. Ostin might have been sufficient to break the heart of a young enthusiast, it was not met with more unworthy feelings by him: but he had arrived at the “*legitimum tempus*,” and was not the giddy hero and the ready victim of the first passion that blew: he could feel the shock as fully—but he could sustain it better.

Gerrard's regiment received the route for Bath; and as it was understood that when it should arrive there the ensign was to look out for a suitable re-

sidence for his brother in the neighbourhood of that city, the parting of the young officer from those he loved was not attended with sorrow: the hope of soon meeting again glossed over the pain of separation; yet as the vessel which bore him sailed out of the harbour, unseen tears were shed on both sides.

Miles Magoverin took leave of the family, and of every living thing about the house, as if he were on the point of sailing for the East Indies without a hope of again beholding them; and he was seen emerging from the stable of his favourite pony, on the morning of his embarkation, with moistened eyes and sorrowful countenance. One of his greatest regrets was for the loss he should sustain in being deprived of the tuition so kindly afforded him by Redmond Allan; for that young gentleman, when leisure permitted, had been in the habit of instructing Miles in classic lore; in return for which service the grateful pupil had twisted many a fishing fly, and many a hare had tracked through furze and briars, to provide sport for his preceptor. The love of Latin and long words became fixed in his heart; and he had not only gone so far as to

read "*Corderius*" and "*Selectæ*," but was rapidly acquiring the art of construing the first fable in *Phædrus* without taking his hand off the margin, when the order arrived for his departure from Heatherhill, Redmond Allan, and the delightful instruction he had been daily in the habit of receiving from his lips.

It was the first time Miles had felt the reality of his new profession—its first pain—that of imperatively forcing him from all the happy associations of home; for Heatherhill was the scene of his infancy and his manhood: nor would he have attempted the arduous life of a soldier, but that his young master had, by his example, stimulated his inert heroism into life and activity. It was all well enough until the regiment had received the route; and then, indeed, where was the heroism? Natural affection for Heatherhill, and every stake and blade of grass it contained, took place of martial visions in the breast of Miles, and he would have gladly exchanged situations with his beloved and respected pony, from which he was now about to part, and whose comfortable bed and manger (much as he loved him) he now for the first time envied. His wife, too, (for Miles had married Kitty, the rosy-faced

dairy-maid of Heatherhill, a month previously to his departure,) felt the approaching troubles of her new life, and her affection for her husband would not permit her to remain where he was not ; for Miles was every thing to Kitty, and Kitty was every thing to Miles.

It is not so easy a matter to dispose of houses and lands in Ireland as Mr. Ostin imagined, when he resolved to remove his place of residence to Bath. Month after month passed away, without his succeeding in arranging his affairs so much to his satisfaction as to enable him to leave his country ; until, at length, he became careless about the matter ; and, in the real comforts of his home—his books—his gun—his sister and his friend, no less than four years more stole away without removing him from Heatherhill. The object of his disappointed affections, too, had gone to Sicily, by the directions of her physicians, for the recovery of her health ; and although he never could forget her, yet absence, and the occupations of his life considerably softened down the asperity of his feelings. He was never heard to mention her name ; yet he never retired to rest without a prayer for her recovery,

and a kiss bestowed on the ring which was the pledge of her friendship: nor could the charms of female beauty, amongst which he necessarily mingled, operate the slightest change on him; his warm heart had been occupied with the impression of one lovely image, but in that happy occupation, by the Gorgon touch of disappointment, it was turned to stone—

“Wax to receive, and marble to retain,”

it was incapable of another impression.

During the time Redmond Allan dwelt at Heather-hill, which was nearly five years, the friendly attachment existing between him and Emily Ostin gradually ripened into the fondest affection. Her brother beheld the growing passion, and silently approved: he knew what it was to love; and although its sweetest blessing to him was lost for ever, the misfortune did not sour his heart, and turn it to the misanthropy which cannot bear to contemplate in another feelings which it could never enjoy itself. He admired—he encouraged their affection; for his benevolent nature loved to see others happy—and virtuous lovers most of all. He hoped to behold his dear sister yet united in mar-

riage to one who was already little less than brother to him, and on whom he looked as a paragon of excellence.

Redmond was now arrived at the age of twenty-one, and Emily at that of seventeen: he a tall, handsome, well grown young man—his eyes black, full, and shaded by well marked eye-brows; his hair dark and shining; his teeth white and even; his cheek coloured by the breeze of health, somewhat brown and ruddy; his features expressive of a heart replete with integrity and gentleness; his mind by nature dignified, and by education refined: she, like the scene in which she dwelt, luxuriantly beautiful—her eyes as blue as the clearest sky that ever spread over her home; her hair of golden, glossy hue, and profuse as the foliage about her; in her stature somewhat taller than the middle size, and, from the healthy sea air in which she lived, of rather a full and round form, yet light and elastic as the mountain doe; her mind, too, stored with the best branches of female education: for the learning and taste of Mr. Ostin had been particularly directed to the mental cultivation of his beloved sister.

If personal and mental charms had not conspired to unite the lovers so firmly, the place in which they resided would have accomplished it; for many a lover has been made by the invisible spirit of Killiny Hill, so near to which stood the house of Heatherhill. In that favoured and romantic spot love whispers to the heart from every thing around,—from the leafy dell and the rippling rivulet—from the dark branches and the light green sward—from the yellow sands of the shore and the murmurs of its summer waves—from its blue mountains—the caves of its dark rocks, and the white wings of its sea-birds. And what hearts could be more susceptible of the magic influence, than those of Redmond and Emily?

Gerrard Ostin's regiment, during this time, had gone the rounds of quarters through England, Ireland, Scotland, Jersey, and Guernsey; from the last mentioned of which he had arrived at Bath, and there scarcely taken possession of his barrack-rooms, when the corps received orders to be in readiness for foreign service. Gerrard, who for nearly four years had not seen the family of Heatherhill, wished as much for that pleasure as the

members of it did to see *him*. He had been but a short time gazetted to a company, and, from his peculiar views of duty, he felt that he could not, consistently with these feelings, apply for leave of absence: therefore he wrote such a letter to his brother as, at once, decided that gentleman on going with his family for a season to Bath, where he could enjoy, for some time at least, the society of his brother, from whom he had been so long separated. *The clergyman's determination delighted Emily and Redmond: and a suitable person having been left in charge of Heatherhill, they set off for Bath without further delay. In order more quickly as well as more easily to accomplish the journey, Mr. Ostin chose the voyage direct to Bristol, instead of the land by Holyhead or Waterford; for thus he was enabled to bring with him his horse and gig, as well as his old but valuable pony, upon whose back he was determined to explore the best roads, and most picturesque bye-lanes, in the vicinity of Bath.

CHAPTER VIII.

Put by thy tiny books, and step abroad ;
Take up the world, Sir : 'tis a wond'rous work,
Abstruse, yet worthy of thy pains withal—
Each land a volume, and each man a page

ON the first of March, in the dusk of a fine, dry, but cold evening, the family of Featherhill completed the last and most agreeable part of their journey—the ride from Bristol to Bath; and arrived at the Albion hotel, where they were met, as they drew up to the door, by a tall grenadier officer, in full regimentals, who, as Emily was alighting from the gig, assisted by Mr. Ostin, caught her in his arms, and without ceremony began to kiss her, and call her his “ dear Emily,” to the momentary surprise of the clergyman, and

the no slight alarm of Redmond Allan, neither of whom could imagine, while the embraces were going on, that the tall, athletic, whiskered, and fierce-looking grenadier captain was no other than Gerrard Ostin—the slim, gentle, and unbearded ensign, who had parted from them Heatherhill at four years previously: nor was Emily without sudden fears that this unceremonious seizure was the first step to a terrible and romantic adventure. However, the words, “my dear sister,” uttered by the officer, set all right; and his hearty embraces of his brother and old friend Redmond, which soon followed, proved that four years’ absence had not lessened the ardour of his affection for those whom he now so rejoiced to see.

To give a just idea of the joy which Miles Magoverin felt and exhibited on hearing of the arrival of Mr. Ostin and family at Bath, we should say that he had well nigh gone mad. And, indeed, his wife Kitty (now a duly established matron of the grenadier company) displayed similar approximations to insanity on the occasion. When Miles saw not only “the mather” (as he styled Mr. Ostin), his “young mistress,” his beloved instructor in

classic lore, Redmond Allan, and the motherly housekeeper of Heatherhill, but his old companion the pony (now quite white), the fit (for it cannot be termed any thing else) came to a sudden climax, and put his personal liberty in jeopardy ; for the serjeant-major of his company was more than once, during the evening, inclined to send him to the guard-house, for disturbing the tranquillity of the barrack-room of which he was a member. But that non-commissioned officer prudently made allowance for the operation of sundry cups of wine which Mr. Ostin had bestowed upon him, as well as a liberal number of motley draughts purchased by himself as oblations to his joy, and Miles was therefore permitted to settle himself into a sleep—like the ocean after a storm.

Mr. Ostin immediately provided a suitable house for his temporary residence ; and was called upon by some of the best people of Bath. He, as well as Redmond, was hospitably received by the regiment, and the social clergyman in return entertained the officers. •

At the mess dinner, a few days after Mr. Ostin's arrival at Bath, he became acquainted

with a man of large fortune, who was a magistrate of the county of Somerset, and colonel of a yeomanry corps of cavalry, possessing a splendid mansion and domain, situated within a mile of Bath. His name was Raven; and, in virtue of his yeomanry command, was universally called "*Colonel Raven.*" He was from fifty-five or fifty-seven years of age, but, from a natural strength of constitution which he possessed, as well as certain attentions to costume and the regenerating qualities of the toilette, was generally considered to be yet on the sunny-side of fifty. He was not, in his dress, the ancient dandy of modern times which the above—made allusion to the toilette might lead our readers to suppose, but a genus between the costume of a country fox-hunting gentleman and the mufti of a military commander; sometimes seen with yellow "buckskins" and jockey boots, a green shooting-jacket, and powdered hair, terminating behind in a well-tied military tail; at other times in his white yeomanry "leathers," high jack-boots and spurs, blue body coat, overtopped by a huge and many caped corbeau "fear not," with a hunting whip in his

hand, and his hat, as he always wore it, sitting on one side of his head, and fenced on its left flank by a *chevaux de FRIZ* (we cannot get over the pun) of well-powdered hair. His person was tall, and somewhat clumsy; his features strongly marked, brown, and weather-beaten; but, notwithstanding, rather good-looking than otherwise, owing to an agreeable manner which he delighted to put on, more out of proud condescension, than gentleness of heart. At an early age he might have been, what most people at first sight would call handsome; yet must have also been tinged with that vulgarity of manner, which subsequent years of gay and fashionable life had not entirely dissipated.

The brief history of Colonel Raven is this:—he had been a private soldier in the carbinners, and had passed through various gradations of preferment;—corporal—serjeant—serjeant-major, and troop quarter-master; in which last-named situation he managed to turn the hay and oats of his Majesty into gold for his own purse, and thereby was enabled to assist himself in obtaining the commission of cornet. In the enjoyment of this post—an officer of cavalry

—was Colonel Raven, when he, fortunately for himself, captivated the wealthy widow of Sir William Vandeleur, an English baronet, and succeeded in possessing himself of her hand and fortune. Although the great bulk of the property, left by the baronet, was entailed on his only son, still the management of it was in the hands of the widow; and as the heir was only a child when Sir William died, the years until he became of age afforded the handling of such a splendid income, as made the cornet of carbineers feel perfectly happy. Besides this, the widow's jointure was no inconsiderable thing, and although it was settled on herself at her second marriage, Colonel Raven felt that he had a tongue that could, as Richard says, "whedle the very devil," and that although his wife should be legally the mistress of her own money, he should in reality be the master of it. The heir to the property, and son-in-law of Colonel Raven, was, at the period of which we write, a major in the regiment to which Gerrard Ostin belonged; and, through meeting the clergyman at the regimental mess, when a guest of his son-in-law, they became acquainted.

This major—Sir Edward Vandeleur—although nearly a year beyond the age which qualified him to take possession of the property, in the care of his mother and her husband, merely made that possession nominal, and suffered the whole to be still managed by the Colonel, contenting himself with drawing frequently on the former's banker, such sums as enabled him to live in a most splendid and profuse style. The major appeared to be passionately fond of a military life, and often boasted, that if he were to have the management of a kingdom, and that such management should deny him the exercise of his military profession, he would give it up sooner than not be a soldier. For his age he had succeeded almost beyond example; he had been but five years in the army, and at twenty-two years old, had become senior major of his regiment. This, of course, was accomplished by cash alone: buying his way through thick and thin, he had passed from cavalry to infantry, and from infantry to cavalry, as the steps to advancement presented themselves to his purse. His last change from the light dragoons had taken place, just two months before Mr. Ostin arrived at Bath: and from the

temporary absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, he possessed the command of the regiment.

Lady Vandeleur, although, in the early years of her second marriage, a frequenter of all the gay circles of Bath and London, had for the last four years wholly confined herself to Vandeleur house, the family mansion, on account of the almost entire loss of her sight ; she had always laboured under a weakness of the eyes, but it had increased of late years, and prevented her the enjoyment of that gay circle of society, to which she had through life been attached ; perhaps her age, for she was now upwards of fifty, also served to induce a distaste for those pleasures. Still she enjoyed a select society at her own house, which, with the ardent affections of her beloved daughter Charlotte Vandeleur, were the only pleasures of her retired life ; for Colonel Raven had long since substituted the shadow for the name of husband : yet, through Lady Vandeleur's admirable temper and refined manners, the coldness existing between her and the colonel, never was warmed into worse conduct, than a dark look from him, and silent but bitter submission from her. She tacitly tolerated his neglect, and he could

not help respecting her, for her virtuous forbearance. How such a man could gain the affections, or at least the hand of such a woman, can only be wondered at, but not reasoned on; they say, "marriages are made in heaven," and to this proverb we charitably attribute the union of Cornet Raven (of whose family, property, or country, nobody knew any thing, except his own regiment) to Lady Vandeleur of Vandeleur Hall, the relict of a baronet, whose family was the most ancient, as well as respectable, and whose fortune was the most magnificent in the county of Somerset. Her ladyship certainly believed him to be a gentleman, and had never heard, during the year his regiment was quartered at Bath, that he had held an humbler rank than that of cornet. This ignorance of his real state was the consequence of keen contrivance on the part of Raven: and when a cunning troop quarter-master's art is placed in the scale with the perception of an unsuspecting widow, whose sight is not the best, we can easily imagine which shall weigh down the other. The carbineer was a fortune hunter—he 'sohoed' his game, pursued, like a knowing sportsman, and succeeded in

picking her up, just as his regiment marched from Bath. He resigned his commission; the carbineers were disbanded some time afterwards; and as nobody but the people of that corps knew what he really had been, the dissolution of it gave him confidence, and he publicly asserted that he was the son of a colonel who was killed in the American war, and of high family connections: so artfully and confidently did he dilate occasionally on these points, that not only Lady Vandeleur, but all her acquaintances believed him.

The families of Mr. Ostin and the colonel became intimately acquainted. Emily and Charlotte, both nearly of an age, soon grew into close friendship; and the former, from her amiable qualities, received the warmest attention from Lady Vandeleur. The colonel, who was considered of rather a haughty and inhospitable character by the military who were quartered at Bath, although he so frequently visited his son-in-law at the mess, now suddenly assumed the most liberal feelings, and became profuse in his hospitality. No day passed without a visit from him to the clergyman, or an entertainment given to him, his family, and the

officers of the regiment at Vandeleur Hall. Every body, even his son Sir Edward, wondered at the extraordinary spirit of vivacity which infused itself into his manners, and the officers began to look upon him as the best entertainer in all Bath and its vicinity. One in particular flattered his heart with the belief that it was, alone, on his account—this was Gerrard Ostin; and several hinted their suspicions to that effect. The young captain, it was well known to his brother officers, had formed an attachment for Miss Vandeleur, and with no weak hopes of success. That young lady had danced with him, and some went so far as to say, that he had performed a serenade beneath her window. But it was also known that the colonel had expressed his disapprobation of Captain Ostin's pretensions; for he had gone so far as to declare in a pointed manner, at the mess, that Miss Vandeleur should never, with his consent, marry into the army. It was, therefore, universally thought that this sudden change in the conduct of Colonel Raven arose from an approbation of Captain Ostin's pretensions to the hand of his daughter-in-law, arising out of the former's acquaintance with the clergyman, whereby he be-

came satisfied of his high respectability. However, notwithstanding the lover's frequent visits at Vandeleur Hall, his attention to church, the promenade, the assembly, and the pump-rooms, he could not succeed in getting an opportunity of speaking alone with the object of his affections; the colonel was either by her side, or she herself was unexpectedly absent, nobody knew wherefore. He wrote to her, but received no answer, except in one instance, and this was of a cold and repulsive character, so that the impetuous and amorous captain was convinced bitterly of the false hopes which Colonel Raven's change of conduct at first occasioned in him, and suffered the most poignant disappointment and distracting passion. At length he resolved to speak to the Colonel on the subject; and as he was one who having once determined on an action lost no time in performing it, he proceeded at once to his brother's house, where he knew Colonel Raven was that day expected, with the fixed resolution of opening his mind to him on the subject.

The house occupied by Mr. Ostin might have had written on its front, with great propriety,

“*rus in urbe;*” for the clergyman could no more live out of bushes and brambles than a blackbird. The captain had entered the front gate unobserved, and passed into the flower-garden by a green wicket, at one side of the house, through a narrow walk fenced with sweet-briars, willow, lilac and laburnum trees: his intention was to rest for a few moments in a close summer house, at the bottom of the garden, and there, in the shade, restore his mind and body to a proper temperature—the one over-heated by anxiety, the other by a strong meridian sun.

Here he seated himself, and remained pensively gazing on, and comparing the charms of his mistress (what will not lovers do ?) to the various beautiful flowers which lay before his sight—some peeping out from deep shades, of over-hanging leaves, half seen; others in full glory, glistening in the sun: in every blooming leaf he saw some comparative beauty of his beloved Charlotte Vandeleur.

At length his meditations were interrupted, by the appearance of Redmond Allan and his sister Emily, at a short distance. They

were slowly emerging from a shady walk—she leaning affectionately on his arm; and they stopped, fully in the captain's view, to admire the beauty of the foliage and flowers, which stood before them. From his concealment he fixed his eyes on them, and felt a melancholy interest in beholding the happiness of the lovers, (for he knew they were lovers), and in contrasting it with his own misery. They, believing that they were alone, indulged in all the innocent delights of affection; their lips moved as if they were turning the floral beauties on which they gazed to the use of their loves, and mutually communicating those comparisons, which were silently and solitarily passing in the mind of the captain. He saw his sister lean against Redmond's breast, her white arm on his shoulder, and her eyes fixed on his face, with the expressions of her fond heart beaming in her countenance, while her lover commented on a green branch which he had just plucked; and when he had ceased to speak, her breast heaved with a deep sigh, while he fondly pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her fair forehead. The stout heart of the young grenadier

was overcome, and the tear stealing from his eye, confessed it. He hastily brushed the betraying stranger from his cheek, and was about to proceed towards the lovers; but suddenly recollecting that he was an unlicensed observer of their embrace, remained in the summer-house until they had disappeared amongst the leaves: he then hastily directed his steps to the house, in order to find Colonel Raven.

As he entered the parlour, his brother had just stepped up stairs, to fetch a paper which he wished to shew to Colonel Raven. The latter met the captain with his usual shake of the hand, and both sat down conversing on the topics of the day. At length Ostin, after a short pause, introduced the subject nearest his heart, by inquiring politely after the health of Miss Vandeleur.

“She’s charmingly, thank’ee—charmingly—charmingly”—replied the colonel, slapping his knees with his hands: then suddenly standing up, and looking out of the front window, he continued, “What a lovely view this window commands! You can see Vandeleur Hall to great advantage. Look here, Captain Ostin—do you observe that farmhouse on the rising ground?”

“ Yes.”

“ I must buy the owner out, and have it pulled down: it stands quite in my way.”

“ Colonel Raven, I have wished, for some time, to have had an opportunity of speaking to you on a particular matter,” observed Captain Ostin, after a few moments silence, in a resolute tone, and with a seriousness of manner which had the effect of fixing the attention of the colonel, evidently much against his will, for he suspected the nature of the business about to be communicated.

“ Well, Captain Ostin, what may it be ?”

“ I have purchased all my commissions from that of ensign, and am now a captain, of two-and-twenty years of age; my purchase-money is ready for a majority; I have good interest at headquarters, and possess four hundred a year private property to assist me in my professional career. With these qualifications only I am forced to acknowledge that I am an aspirer to the hand of Miss Vandeleur; and, if affection for that lady were to be taken into the account, the most sincere may be added.”

“ Really, Captain Ostin,” replied the colonel,

“you do me honour: but my daughter-in-law is rather young to think of a husband—she is not more than seventeen.”

“My object is not to ask her hand at this moment, but your permission to hope for it.”

A loud fit of coughing now seized the colonel, which was far less painful to him than to Ostin; and, as the paroxysm ceased, he observed—

“Ay—ay—ay—ay—she is a fine girl, and possesses no small fortune. Hereafter, perhaps, captain, when you and she grow a little older—God bless me, what a cough I have got!—I’ll tell you how it was, Sir,—that—I caught cold.”

“First tell me, colonel, shall I have your permission to *hope* for a union with Miss Vandeleur?” interrupted the captain, rising from his chair.

Another fit of coughing seized the colonel, through which the lover patiently suffered, until the reply came:—

“Why—the fact is—’pon my honour I never had such an attack before—but—really—Captain Ostin, I must consult Lady Vandeleur:—however, you are a worthy and an excellent fellow: we must talk on this matter another time.—Now I think on’t, you

shall come over to Vandeleur Hall to the field-day, you know. My son-in-law, Major Vandeleur, and the whole regiment, are to be there: *you* must not have leave of absence. You shall delight the eyes of the ladies with the style in which you shall manœuvre your grenadiers—eh! Why we are to have a grand field-day in my park. *You* cannot be absent, you know; and your brother and your sister—all must go.”

“ I feel most happy in the honour, and so will both my brother and my sister;” replied the captain.

At this moment, Colonel Raven, looking out into the garden, exclaimed,

“ Ah—there she is—there is Miss Ostin:—I must go and tell her that Lady Vandeleur will come for her herself,” exclaimed the colonel; and then, as he hastened out at the door of the garden, said to Captain Ostin,

“ When your brother comes down stairs, say I am not yet gone—I want to speak to him.”

Disappointed, though not displeased, the lover remained musing at the window. He turned, over and over in his thoughts, every word that had

fallen from Colonel Raven, deducing alternately hopes and terrors: the coughing was a great argument against his fair expectations, for he believed it to be a voluntary fit, adopted to give a change to the subject of discourse: but then the words, "You are a worthy and an excellent fellow," together with the special invitation to Vandeleur Hall, and the compliment paid him on his skill in manœuvring his grenadiers, weighed down the balance in favour of his bright hopes, and he felt now happy in the conclusion.



CHAPTER IX.

Banners spread, and feathers fly,
Soldiers smile, and maidens sigh ;
Mingling colours charm the sight,
Flashes dart from beauties bright ;
Green beneath, and blue above—
Fair mosaic-work of Love !

THE field-day, alluded to in the last chapter, took place at the appointed time. It was in fact nothing less than a design of Colonel Raven's to give *éclat* to a *déjeûné* with which he proposed to entertain *le monde* in his park—a *fête champêtre*—and in uniformity with his late change from seclusion and parsimoniousness, to society and profusion: nobody knew why or wherefore, but all wondered.

The Ostin family, with the exception of the

captain, arrived in Lady Vandeleur's barouche ; for her ladyship, although, from ill health, unaccustomed to leave her house, did on this occasion go herself for the purpose of fetching Charlotte ; and Colonel Raven assured that young lady, as he handed her from the carriage, it was an attention that would not be paid to any other but her ladyship's most esteemed friend, Miss Ostin.

The day was one of September's best—the sun shone brightly, and the breeze tempered its rays ; a clear blue sky arched over the richest colours of autumnal foliage, green fields, yellow corn, and rippling waters ; the young birds wantoned in the air ; the holiday dresses of the country people glistened along the road from Bath to Vandeleur Hall ; and many a pretty eye watched the coming of the bright and bannered regiment.

All the company had assembled by twelve o'clock. Groups of fashionables lounged through the park, or reclined in the marquees, which were tastefully planted there. Seated in an arm chair, on the lawn before the house, and under the shade of a larch, sat Lady Vandeleur—her state of health not permitting her to walk about—in conversation with

Miss Ostin, and attended by her waiting woman, and two footmen in splendid livery. Mr. Ostin and Redmond Allan had joined with those who were looking at the movements of the Yeomanry corps, commanded by Colonel Raven, and forming into line near the grand entrance of the park, there to receive, with due honours, the regiment of the line, whose sonorous and spirit-stirring band could be now heard as it approached. The colonel was mounted on his best charger, and busy in keeping his men from breaking squares with discipline, while the yeomen themselves, anxious to please their gallant commander, in many instances overdid their parts, causing some little confusion in the collective manœuvres of the corps, and no small mortification in the breast of their colonel, who plumed himself on being as good a drill as ever had belonged to the old carbineers. His hair was fully powdered, frizzed at the sides, and terminating in a long queue; his regimentals were quite “spic and span”—silver-chain spurs, brightly glistening on the well polished jack-boot—leathers like snow—epaulettes sparkling—steel sword-scabbard gleaming—a full and drooping feather in his cocked-hat, and his

sash tightly tied—that is to say, as tightly as the waist, around which it was applied, admitted, without impeding respiration: and this part of the dress was the only one which did not accord with the heroic air the colonel assumed—it told tales—it was an unsightly index; for the wearer was, in spite of his anxious desire to be thought still young, not far from the dignity of bearing a

“ Fair round belly, with good capon lined.”

The swelling sounds of their martial music now announced the near approach of the regulars; upon which Colonel Raven's anxiety to form his yeomen in proper order to receive them increased. He galloped from front to rear—from right to left—“ Officers, to your places”—“ Dress up there, you réar-rank fellows”—“ Sergeants, be d—d to you, steady”—and such like phrases, flew rapidly from the agitated commander's lips, and at length obtained for him a tolerably well-formed line, which consisted only of four companies, whose complement of officers was incomplete—one drum and one fife. The appearance of the line would have been much better

had it been dressed from flanks to centre, with a little more attention to size ; and, perhaps, if the men themselves had been *dressed*, from head to foot, a little more uniformly, it would have been better still ; but, unfortunately for the pride of Colonel Raven, a difference of taste in the cut, fit, and application of the regimentals pervaded the corps—no two men had displayed a uniformity in any thing except the *colour* of their dresses ; and in this particular they were regulated by the sergeant major, who had been specially entrusted with the duty, and ordered not to allow any man to muster in a coloured cravat, or in shoes and stockings, as the colonel himself was to appear in full regimentals. By the bye, it should be observed, in exculpation of the worthy yeomen, that if they had made a practice of appearing on parade carelessly dressed, it arose more from the example of their colonel himself than from a desire to oppose existing regulations ; for that commander had usually come to the parade dressed in a round hat, a blue coat with a red cape, yellow buskins, and top-boots.

“ Rear rank, take open order ! ” bellowed the

colonel, as he reined up his steed in front of the line.

The command was executed in a short time, and without much confusion: there were no aids, and the adjutant, by forcible directions, brought the pivots to a fair cover.

“ March !”

And the thing was complete—the officers in front of their respective companies, with their swords duly placed across their breasts; while the rear rank settled into a tolerably straight line, and the drum and fife removed to the right flank of the corps.

The regulars were now entering the gate, about three hundred yards from the yeomen—all in sight of the gay company, who were lounging on a rising ground behind.

“ Now,” cried the colonel, “ when I give the word ‘ *present*,’ let the drummers beat the march—mind that, you boys there.”

“ Very well, Sir,” roared the fifer.

The pioneers of the regulars—two ranks of rough, strong fellows, with new regimentals, leather-aprons, hair-chacos, hatchets, saws, &c., now marched in at the gate; then followed Drum-major Stubbs—

a stout man, whose countenance displayed his natural good humour, as well as acquired taste for gastronomy and strong waters—his person bedizened with lace, and in his hand a magnificent staff, which he ceremoniously employed in marking the time of the music, and his own pompous step. Next came the band, playing a “quick-step,” in soul-stirring harmony: then the mounted Major Sir Edward; and now the loud and repeated command, “*Right shoulders forward,*” from their respective officers, successively announced the entrance of eight companies of fine soldiers, equipped and dressed strictly according to the regulation. Lastly entered Miles Magoverin, in full uniform, at the head of his little battalion of school-boys and school-girls, as grave and as upright as his important office required him to be.

The regiment continued its march onward, and, as it passed the line of yeomanry, was saluted with the “*Present arms,*” accompanied by the best efforts of the fife and drum: indeed, nothing prevented the complimentary ceremony from going off with perfect *éclat*, but the nervous timidity of Colonel Raven’s horse: that animal, unaccustomed

as he was to martial music, took it into his head to run to the rear of the line, as the cymbals and great drum of the band approached him, and no exertion of the gallant commander could prevail upon him to return to his post. The extraordinary movement caused some merriment at the expense of the colonel; and notwithstanding his usual boast of having belonged to the old carbineers, many were inclined to suspect that his acquirements in horsemanship were not extensive, until he explained to them that the horse was a new purchase, and had never seen a regiment before.

The regular battalion having passed on, Colonel Raven dismounted, gave the restive animal into the charge of his servant, and with his trusty yeomen followed to the ground whereon the grand military display was to take place. Both corps there formed into one line, and the band was ordered out to take its station under a spreading beech tree, a hundred yards in front of the line, to delight the promenaders with its best selection of martial pieces. Near this tree stood a number of marquees, and as it was on a gentle elevation, commanding a good view of the troops,

most of the company were to be seen there. Lady Vandeleur also sat at this place, and still beside her, in earnest conversation, was Emily Ostin.

The yeomen now commenced the grand business of the day, which was forced upon them by Sir Edward Vandeleur, in compliment to their colonel and entertainer. The regulars remained drawn up in line and at a distance in the rear of the other corps, who, under the command of Colonel Raven, proceeded to display their capabilities in field movements, with more adacryty than success. However, they managed to take "*close order*" and "*open order*," and "*open order*" and "*close order*," and wheeled from line into column, and from column into line, without producing any feeling of disapprobation from the ladies, while the colonel threw a considerable impulse into the actions of his men by the extraordinary efforts of his lungs—Vandeleur Park rang with his word of command; and were all the spectators in the situation of Lady Vandeleur, as regarded that lady's sight—that is to say, wholly judging by the colonel's martial roars—they must have thought that the yeomen were most admirably disciplined.

The regulars now took up their ground in front, while the yeomen marched to the rear, and Major Vandeleur, mounted on his splendidly caparisoned charger, rode out, and took his station a few yards from Lady Vandeleur, and the principal group of spectators. The line formed, and presented to the eye a beautiful picture—the red, white, and polished black colours of the men's clothing—the brightness of their accoutrements—the regularity of their ranks—the grenadiers distinguished by superior size on the right of the line—and the light company by their green feathers, on the left—the steadiness of the line—and the clear green turf, throwing the whole into minute perception, called forth the admiration of all who beheld the scene.

The major now put the battalion through the most difficult manœuvres—wheeling into subdivisions, backward and forward—countermarching from both flanks—wheeling on the centre—diagonal and échelon marching—charging in line, and forming the rallying-square. Every movement was executed with the greatest precision; and when they were concluded, the display was rewarded with

three hearty cheers from the yeomen, and the approving smiles of the numerous beauties who beheld it.

Colonel Raven now took his station with the principal spectators; and the two corps, having united and formed into open column, proceeded to pass him in review at slow time, while the band played his favourite air the Duke of York's March. He stood between Lady Vandeleur and Miss Ostin, both of whom leaned on his arms at his complimentary request: to the latter lady he particularly explained the degrees of grace which each officer displayed in dropping his sword to the salute as he passed him; and Napoleon himself—ambitious as he was—never felt more perfect gratification in reviewing his *Garde Impériale* than the colonel experienced at this moment.

Both corps were now ordered to pile arms, and the non-commissioned officers and privates directed to proceed to the tables, which were spread beneath the shade of a double row of elm trees at one side of the park, there to partake of refreshment provided for them; while Miles Magoverin was ordered to form his scholars into line on the

ground recently occupied by the troops: and having done so, found himself, to his no small astonishment, surrounded by a dazzling crowd of fashion, and—as he himself expressed it—in such beautiful company as his own mother's son never heard of, except among the *fairies*.

As Lady Vandeleur was about to proceed towards the children, she found herself unattended by the colonel, who, she perceived, had been seized on by several ladies; but his place was soon filled by the politeness of Redmond Allan, who offered her his arm, and, supported by Miss Ostin on the other side, she slowly proceeded across the turf towards the children, who by this time had attracted the rest of the company. During this short walk, Redmond could not help observing the deep marks of care which disfigured the once beautiful countenance of Lady Vandeleur—he felt a commiseration for the noble and elegant ruin, which, had she possessed her perfect sight, she must have observed. He could not help thinking also, that she was the victim of her second marriage—of the tyrannic disposition and cruel neglect of her husband, as well as the unfilial coldness of Sir Edward: the inat-

tention of both he had remarked with silent disgust on that day, as well as on former occasions. He perceived that she was very weak ; and, short as the distance to the children was, he saw that it would greatly fatigue her to pursue it : therefore he requested Lady Vandeleur to permit him to order the servants to fetch her ladyship's chair : to this request she assented reluctantly—the order was at once given to her attendants, and the invalid sat down. Redmond instantly went to Colonel Raven and Sir Edward Vandeleur, who were conversing in the midst of the guests, and suggested the propriety of ordering the children to approach Lady Vandeleur, and thus prevent her the trouble of walking to them. The suggestion was received by Sir Edward with perfect indifference, and by his father with hesitation : it was, however, impossible to avoid compliance, and consequently Miles Mago-verin was directed to march his scholars towards Lady Vandeleur, to whom Redmond returned, and by whom, together with Miss Ostin, he remained, to pay what attention might be further in his power ; for which he received the most grateful acknowledgments of her ladyship.

The children were now drawn up in order before Lady Vandeleur, and surrounded by the visitors. Miles Magoverin was then called upon to mention the various branches of education in which his pupils excelled ; and the schoolmaster, with all the self-importance which such a request was calculated to infuse over his nature beaming from his exalted brow and elevated carriage, gave something like the following specimen ; at the same time awed into the most inflexible military uprightness by the presence of his commanding-officer, Sir Edward Vandeleur, but encouraged by that of the captain of his company, his tutor Redmond Allan, Mr. Ostin, and Emily :—

“ If you please, will I shew the classic scholars first ?”

Assent was given.

“ Latin boys, attention there !—answer to your names, an’ step out two paces in front afther.—Nathaniel Piggleton !”

“ Here, Sir.”

“ Patrick Sweeny !”

“ Here, Sir.”

“ Michael Grump !”

“ Here, Sir.”

The three thus called having obeyed the order, the schoolmaster continued—

“ This big boy, ladies an’ gentlemen, is twelve year ould: he’s the *primus* o’ the class: he has gone through and through the Latin grammar from first to last, an’ he’s just goin’ into syntax now.—Piggleton, conjugate *lavo*, to wash.”

The student at the word held up his face, and began to patter out—

“ *Lavo, lavas, lavavi vel lavi,* lavare, lavandi, lavando, lavandum, lavatum, lavatu vel lautum, lautu, vel lotum, lotu, lavans, lavaturus vel lauturus, vel loturus—*”

And, during this rattle-tongue conjugation, looking straight forward, without once winking his eyelids; or drawing his breath, until he arrived at the last participle of the puzzling verb. The schoolmaster felt highly pleased with the performance, as the intense distension of the alæ of his nose plainly demonstrated to the no less gratified audience, which now began to appreciate duly the originality of his character.

“ This is the *secundus* o’ the class;” resumed Miles, placing the end of his rattan on the head of Patrick Sweeney, “ he’s only eleven year ould,

big as a looks ; an' that little runt there, Michael Grump, is thirteen.—Sweeny, hould up your head, an' decline *bonus*."

The pupil proceeded to obey, and went through the cases of the adjective in one unbroken tone, to the full satisfaction of his preceptor.

Colonel Raven at this stage of the proceedings turned to his son, and thus observed, in a loud voice—

" I don't see the use of Latin for soldiers' children ; they should be taught writing and arithmetic—these are quite enough : " then turning to the listening pedagogue, he continued—" Why don't you teach these boys arithmetic, eh ? "

" I can't, plase your honour."

" Can't.! why not ? "

" O, Sir," replied Miles, in earnest simplicity, " because I taught them that long ago : there's not a boy in the town o' Bath can work a sum in *profit an' loss*, or *tare an' thret*, ay, or in *compound intherest* either, betther nor any one of 'em. Ay, an' they know *decimals* too, your honour. Sure I taich all the boys an' girls both readin', writin', an' arithmetic—which is, you know, Sir, the three ladin' fatures of education, as I may say.

An' there's a little fellow—here, Jemmy Nixy, step up, Sir :—there's a little bit of a crature that can say the multiplication table backwards an' forwards without missin' a figure.—Jemmy, repate it for the curnel."

A short, chubby boy, of seven or eight years old, now began to gabble, in a loud and shrill voice—*"twice one are two, twice two are four,"* &c., and was good-humouredly permitted to finish his task ; which he did, without belying his teacher's boast of his abilities.

Miles was now so gratified, and yet so anxious to advance the good opinion of his school, already established, that he grew enthusiastic, and was about to procure materials for setting Michael Grump "a sum" in decimal fractions, when it was notified to him to desist, and Sir Edward ordered him to march the scholars one by one close to Lady Vandeleur. This order was instantly obeyed ; and that lady bestowed on each, as he or she respectfully stopped before her, a word of kindness and a shilling. A crown was the gift to the schoolmaster ; and, as he marched his little company off towards a table especially spread for their entertainment, in

his own estimation of relative rank and importance, a field-marshal was inferior to Miles Magoverin, schoolmaster of the * * Regiment of foot.

The examination of the children thus concluded, the company divided into groups, all engaged in discussing the various systems of education, patronized by every rank, from the blues to the infantry ; after which, the great business of the great school was resumed, and that tongue of all tongues, and art of all arts, taught and learnt by warm teachers and apt pupils. *One* there was amongst the glittering crowd, who anxiously sought out his fair school-mistress, in order to “ say his lesson :” this was Captain Ostin. In vain had he dipped his searching glance through waving feathers and fair faces ; in vain wandered through bushes and green alleys—his Charlotte was not to be found any where. Was it a repetition of the precaution which old Raven had shewed on former occasions respecting his daughter-in-law ? Could it be—after the almost unequivocal promise into which the captain had translated his hint at Mr. Ostin’s a few days before ? The colonel’s words were—“ You must come over to Vandeleur Hall—we will talk on this

matter:" yet was Charlotte evidently not to be seen!—What could all this mean?

Such were the questions which Captain Ostin put to himself over and over again, as he despondingly moped about the grounds, with his sword trailing behind him, and the finger of his right hand glove between his teeth. At length, having felt satisfied that Miss Vandeleur was not one of the circle present, he determined to inquire the cause; and for this purpose walked towards her mother, who was still engaged in conversation with Emily, Redmond, and Mr. Ostin.

"Lady Vandeleur," said the captain, after a few common-place observations, "I hope Miss Vandeleur is not indisposed: her absence from this scene, gay as it appears, is particularly felt."

"I am sorry to say she is not very well, Captain Ostin," replied Lady Vandeleur, with a sigh. "Her indisposition, however, I trust will not last long."

Then, turning her head backwards, she called one of her servants, desired him to bring some orgeat, and twice recalled him to alter her directions, hesitating each time: but so well managed was the

digression from the captain's theme of inquiry, that he could not suppose it had any equivocal meaning.

“ I particularly regret the imperfection of my sight to-day, Captain Ostin,” continued her ladyship, “ for I was unable to distinguish the display of your fine regiment: I could only perceive a red and white line on the green surface, and occasionally the sparkling of the bayonets: however, your good sister here, and Mr. Allan, described the movements to me, in a manner that assisted my weak vision considerably.”

The servant at this moment arrived with ices and orgeat, and Lady Vandeleur, in requesting Emily to join her in the refreshment, cut off the conversation with Captain Ostin, who now felt somewhat more satisfied, though not more happy, that he had ascertained the cause of Miss Vandeleur's absence. He took Redmond's arm, and both strolled a short distance over the lawn, leaving Mr. Ostin and Emily in conversation with her ladyship and a whole flight of peacock fashionables which at that moment alighted around them.

“ She is a delightful woman,” said Redmond.

“ O ! delightful !—angelic !” exclaimed the captain ; gazing on the grass before his feet as he paced along.

“ She is not happy—that is evident ;” observed Redmond.

“ Well, ’pon my honour, I *do not* think she *is* happy ;” replied the captain, stopping short, raising his head, and looking fully in his companion’s face.

“ She has such bad health, too—poor soul !—I pity her ;” rejoined Redmond.

“ No, no—it is only a slight attack ;” returned Ostin.

“ That cannot be ; for her eyes have been affected many years.”

“ Her eyes !—Who do you mean ?” demanded the captain.

“ Lady Vandeleur,” was the reply.

“ My dear fellow, I was speaking of Charlotte !—Lady Vandeleur, indeed !—O, *she* is not happy, Redmond—how could she be so ?—possessing such a husband, and such a son ; neglected by the one, and despised by the other,” observed the captain.

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Redmond. “ Yet I

cannot suppose it, Gerrard ; the old colonel speaks of her with great affection ; and to-day his attention to her was not such as to warrant so unfavourable an opinion : of Sir Edward's conduct towards his mother, I have not had the means of judging."

" The colonel speaks of her with great *affection*, did you say? Yes, he *speaks* of her so ; but, Sir, it is all hypocrisy—rank hypocrisy. He makes it his study to *appear* affectionate ; but I have caught him napping in his art : look at his countenance, when he speaks those *affectionate* things ; there is a smile on his lip, Sir—but none in his eyes.—Ah ! second marriages with matrons are seldom happy—and this, I'll be sworn, is not one of the exceptions. As for his son—he scarcely ever speaks to her : and when he does, it is with a carelessness approaching to disdain. But, Redmond, she has *one* who loves, respects, and honours her—her amiable—her excellent—her lovely daughter, who is a youthful picture of herself."

" Lady Vandeleur spoke of her to me to-day, Gerrard, with a tenderness that touched me deeply."

“ Did she?—My dear fellow! what did she say?” interrupted Ostin, anxiously.

“ In reply to my inquiries, and those of your sister, she informed me that indisposition had occasioned her daughter’s absence: we regretted warmly the cause, and I observed that the military display might have been highly pleasing to her. She wished, she said, that Charlotte *could* have been present; and, as she spoke, I saw that she felt agitated and tried to hide her feelings by shifting the green shade which she wears over her eyes; but I saw the tears stealing down from beneath it.”

“ Good heavens! what can all this mean?” exclaimed Captain Ostin. “ Surely, if she were dangerously ill, Raven would not have had this crowd of people here: and yet her mother weeps when she speaks of her indisposition!”

“ It is strange—But see,” suddenly interrupted Redmond, “ Emily beckons us: let us return.”

“ Ah! Redmond, *you* are a happy fellow;” observed Ostin, as they hastened back to where Lady Vandeleur sat. “ *You* are free from the *troubles* of love—with *you* it is all summer.”

“ To whom am I indebted for this happiness ?” demanded Redmond.

“ To whom but that bewitching little sylph, my sister ?” replied Ostin.

“ And to a gallant young gentleman, who snatched me from the bottom of the sea to bestow it upon me ;” rejoined Redmond.

“ Long may you enjoy it, my boy ! you have my best wishes : and as for my success with Charlotte, the soldier’s motto shall be mine—‘ *Nil desperandum.*’ ”

The whole of the company now proceeded to the mansion, there to partake of the splendid *déjeûné* ; the military band was directed by Sir Edward to take its station in front, close to the grand entrance, and strictly enjoined by him to essay its best efforts, for the purpose of harmonizing the palatine and gastronomic with the auditory nerves of the company.

Miles Magoverin by this time had taken the head of the table, at which were seated his highly delighted scholars, and was busy helping them to slices of cold beef, when Mr. Gregory Stubbs, acting drum-major, popped his red-cabbage face

into the tent where they sat, and accosting his old friend the schoolmaster in a ceremonious and respectful manner, gave ample though equivocal signs that he was an humble candidate for a seat at the *classic* banquet.

“ Walk in, Mither Stubbs—walk in ; here’s a sate for a friend ; the sarvant-gentleman there will have no objection.”

Stubbs walked in, preceded by one of the servants appointed to wait on the children, and took his seat beside Miles, placing his immense yellow-feathered cocked-hat between his legs on the grass, and shifting his embroidered cross-belt, so that the sabre which it supported hung at, or rather leaned against, the centre of his back.

“ I thought I should find you in good quarters, Mr. Magoverin,” said he, as he cut into the mass of edible matter to which the schoolmaster had helped him.

“ I am very glad you have come,” replied Miles, “ for I was *solus*—barrin’ the children. I dare say you didn’t find the fare so good down there with the men : you have a valuable nose of your own, major, for smellin’ out the best places. I’ll

tell you what—here's some good wine; an' the sarvant says we may have a little more too, if we like."

The last sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"I am partial to good wine, Mr. Magoverin—let me taste it," observed Stubbs—"Ha! there's nothing like this at the tables where the men are—humble beer, Sir; and although that is a familiar of mine in barrack society, I never recognise it in better company. Your good health, Mr. Magoverin."

"Thank you, major."

"I remember when you first joined us a recruit," continued Stubbs, as he sipped his esteemed beverage; "I was then only second drummer, you know. What do you think I said to myself when I saw you?—there was something about you—I don't know how it was—but, says I to myself, I hope my cat shall never scratch that fellow's back."

"Well, your hope has not been disappointed—although, major, your cat has scratched the back o' many a better man," observed Miles.

"That duty is gone by, I trust;" continued Stubbs: "no more cats for me—I'm now acting

drum-major, and, like other great officers, I have got my fags to do the dirty work."

"Silence there, Michy Timms, at th' other end o' the table—where's your manners, Sir?" exclaimed Miles; then turning to Stubbs, he proceeded: "My boys, major, did very well to-day.—Here, Nat Piggleton, take half a glass o' wine, Sir, an' drink the major's health."

"Ah—very—very—indeed," said Stubbs, with his mouth full of various good things; "I wish I could say the same of mine."

"I hope nothing went wrong?" inquired Miles.

"Several mistakes, Sir, in the beats," replied the professor of noise, who, since his *pro tem.* appointment to the place of the old drum-major, sick in hospital, became exceedingly hard to please in the drum-beats of his *élèves*.

"I didn't perceave t'hem," observed the school-master.

"La! bless you!" exclaimed Stubbs, "Thompson was horrible in the *retreat*; his left hand, Sir, is so con-foun-ded-ly stiff!"

"That is a *sinisther* opinion on his *dexterity*," returned Miles; who felt a glow of self-approba-

tion at the classical pun which he had produced, but which passed wholly unnoticed by the drum-major.

“ Ask the servant for another bottle of wine, while he is near you ;” whispered Stubbs.

“ *Nunquam flagello voluntarius equus,*” replied the schoolmaster, with a look full of meaning.

“ I don’t understand French—but I know you say something about a volunteer : I never liked to wait for such reinforcement—*beat up* for recruits is my motto,” returned the major of the drums.

“ French ! Misther Stubbs — did you say French ?” exclaimed Magoverin. “ Why, it was Latin I spoke ; an’ I never said a word about a volunteer at all : the maining of the sentence is this—‘ *Never whip a willin’ horse :*’—don’t you see the gentleman is lookin’ for the cork-screw, to give us another bottle ?”

The last sentence was uttered loud enough to be heard by the “ gentleman” in livery, who was looking about for something which he had dropped—whether it *was* for the corkscrew, or not, has never been ascertained ; but the shot from the schoolmaster told, and brought down his bird in the shape of a bottle of port : so, having ordered the children

to go and sit on the grass under the shade of the trees, he proceeded to fill a bumper for Stubbs, and another for himself, which they drank to the health of his majesty; and, after another to the health of Colonel Vandeleur, fell into an interesting conversation on the science of drum-beating and the beauties of the Latin language.

They were thus engaged for about half an hour, when their "feast of reason" and their "flow of soul" met with a disagreeable interruption, by the presence of an elderly woman, with dishevelled hair, disordered garments, and a countenance of rage and exhaustion: the social pair were just pleasantly differing in opinion on the uses and abuses of parchment, when the unexpected and unwelcome visitor flew into the tent, exclaiming in a voice that beat the "major's" best drum hollow—

"If you are *men*, I call upon you to protect an injured female."

This forceable appeal, notwithstanding the wild demeanour of the appellant, was about to receive the serious consideration of Milcs and his companion, when they were diverted from their humane intention by the arrival of a *posse comitatus*, consisting of yeomen, livery servants, burghers, and

constables, to the amount of at least fifty persons, who thronged into the tent, and without ceremony proceeded loudly to demand the capitulation of the fugitive female: she, however, in self-defence, expertly seized the bottle, containing nearly a pint of Miles's port wine, and placing herself in a pugnacious attitude, unequivocally declared that she would discharge it at the head of the first person who might lay hands on her. The threat was without terror for the pursuers—they pressed on, and she, in conformity with her recent asseveration, let fly the bottle at a corporal of yeomen, whose efforts in the assault and pursuit were most prominent, and down fell the hero before her, if not killed, at least stunned into oblivious tranquillity. Had there been within the reach of the Amazon a few dozen bottles, she would have undoubtedly rivaled Leonidas on a small scale—the whole corps of yeomen, with their Xêrxes at its head, could not have passed to the conquest of the heroine. She, however, failed in her defence, for want of ammunition, and was carried *vi et armis* out of the tent as rapidly as she had entered it, exhibiting such muscular contortions as proved that, although

her limbs were trammelled, her immortal part was yet unconquered.

All this was the work of a few moments:—the strange vision had come and gone—the tent had been filled with clamourers, and again empty—the din of battle had been there, and now was past—the bottle had been half full of good wine, and was now in fragments—all in so short a space of time! The incident seemed a painful and vivid dream to the minds of the schoolmaster and the drum-major, who stood staring alternately at each other—at the fallen corporal—at the broken bottle—and at the scattered wine, in a terrible chaos of ideas.

The first positive thought that formed in their minds was regret for the loss of the wine, and the next the assistance of the fallen yeoman: they raised the warrior from the earth, who was now recovering from the first effect of the blow: his forehead was stained with a stream of red port, but unbroken; for, independently of the density of his *os frontis*, it was further protected from fracture by the interposition of his regimental cap. He soon felt himself, as he said, “much better;” and Mr. Stubbs having demonstrated his happiness at

the fortunate escape, by saying that the corporal was not the first good soldier that had fallen under the table by the effects of a *bottle*, pleased the yeoman—soothed his wounded spirit (a pun is better than a plaister in such cases), and he in good humour proceeded to detail the events which led to the strange conflict.

It appears, by his statement, that the woman was refused admittance to the grounds in consequence of her mean appearance; Colonel Raven's commands being, that none but orderly and respectably dressed individuals should be suffered to enter his gates, to witness the display of the day. She, however, persisted in demanding the privilege of the *entrée*, which was obstinately refused by the yeoman on guard: at length she became infuriated, and forced a passage, by striking the sentry a blow between the eyes, which for a moment or two obscured his powers of vision, and then ran forward, pursued by the corporal, the remainder of the guard, and sundry persons who joined in the chase as she passed them, until she took refuge in the tent.—This was the head and front of her offending.

It is now necessary that we should follow the intruder in her compulsory course, and leave the yeoman, the drum-major, and Miles Magoverin, to discuss the matter further, or depart to their respective duties, as they might think proper.

The woman was carried (for her conductors found it impossible to make her go quietly in any other way) to the mansion, and secured in the servants' hall, there to await the magisterial judgment of Colonel Vandeleur; as it was believed that, in addition to her having assaulted a sentry, she had killed a corporal. Her demeanour became maliciously tranquil when she heard she was to be brought before the colonel, and she was therefore permitted to sit unrestrained by the gripes of those who had brought her to the house.

Colonel Raven was secretly apprised of the matter by his butler; and, had not the charge of killing one of his yeomen been mentioned, his worship would have ordered the prisoner to be taken to jail, to await his convenience, as was his comfortable custom in all cases which required his magisterial interference after dinner. The nature of the charge, however, decided him in examining the

culprit *instantly*, and—perhaps from a secret desire to show off before Mr. Ostin—he whispered the reverend gentleman to go along with him to the library, whither both adjourned, unperceived by the company, the colonel first having finished a third glass of champaign.

“The duty of a magistrate, Mr. Ostin,” observed the colonel, as he seated himself at his official table, “is, I assure you, very troublesome.”

“Yet it is a virtuous and laudable duty when well performed,” replied Mr. Ostin.

“Ay—ay—*well* performed—that is the word,” returned his worship: “but *who* performs it well? who *can* perform it well, in the present state of the law? We have no power—our hands are tied. To perform it well, we should be authorised to deal out, as we might think fit, a defined punishment on all minor offences brought before us: then, indeed, we should be enabled to perform it well, and the country save much useless expense: but, as the law stands now, the judgments of our best magistrates are every day censured, I may say, by the verdict of a set of ignorant fellows

called a jury. We only commit for *trial* now ; and the trial, when it comes, gives us the lie : to be sure, there is *some* imprisonment before trial, but that is not the thing. I'll grant you, that in very important cases a jury is the best ; but, in minor ones, the magistrate ought to have the power to dispose of them finally."

" I cannot agree with you," replied Mr. Ostin ; " for I do believe that there are but few individuals existing, who are so perfect in their judgment and management of their passions, as to fit them for so serious and important a power as that which may inflict public punishment and bestow public pardon : such a power might, nay, *would*, be turned to the worst purposes, and persecuted innocence would frequently writhe under the feet of prejudice and revenge—of artful knavery and besotted ignorance."

" Ay—ay—ay—that might be all very well if we had not such a set of wicked rascals to deal with, Mr. Ostin," returned the colonel. " Something must be sacrificed to gain a great object : and I do think that magistrates are too upright to use their power unjustly."

“ All may not be so: and all may not be wise, learned, and unprejudiced,” rejoined the clergyman; “ I *must* say, that no alleged offence, *however small*, should be tried finally but by a jury. It is a miserable community which, on the score of public expense and individual trouble, denies the chance of exculpation to one, and grants it to another, when the alleged offences, although differing in degree of magnitude, are alike injurious in their consequences.”

“ We shall have a case in point, directly,” replied his worship; “ this woman, charged with killing one man and assaulting another, shall be perhaps committed by me for trial:—trial comes, and it shall be made out that she was intoxicated, and that she did the violence in self-defence: she is then acquitted, or perhaps imprisoned a few weeks. If the man is not killed, she must get off altogether; I have only the power to hold her to bail, although I may think her deserving two or three years’ imprisonment. What d’ye think of that?—We’ll have the woman brought in.”

The colonel now pulled the bell; on which a servant out of livery, who usually acted as clerk

on judicial occasions, entered, and having received instructions to bring forth the prisoner, departed to obey. A few moments only elapsed before she was conducted into the presence of the colonel, followed by several persons important to the case.

The female stood before the magistrate, her face covered by a handkerchief, which she held with both hands—her black hair, mixed with grey, hung down over her shoulders in disorder, having fallen from its bonds in the pursuit; her head was wholly uncovered, for her head-dress had flown to the winds; a dark stuff gown covered her form, which was advanced considerably towards corpulency, and one of her feet was without a shoe.

The charges were made against the prisoner, on hearing which the magistrate demanded the man's name who was killed; but was informed by the corporal, who had fallen by the blow of the bottle, that it was he himself who, it was said, had been killed, and that he now felt perfectly well. This reduced the charge to a mere assault.

“What is your name, woman?” demanded his worship, in a truly magisterial voice.

“Order these people to quit the room, and I

will answer that question," replied the prisoner, in measured tones, and still holding the handkerchief to her face.

"Woman, I say, answer—what is your name?" again demanded the magistrate.

"First clear the room of these brutes," she replied—her face still covered.

"I will grant no such indulgence—if your feelings are so refined that you fear the eyes of these people, you should not have so shamefully conducted yourself. Answer—what is your name?—or I will instantly send you to jail."

The woman paused—all were silent. In a few moments she raised her face from its covering, and fixing her stern glance on the magistrate, exclaimed—

"My name is—Martha Heldershaw."

The words were a stroke of lightning on the colonel's feelings,—his frame shook as he gazed on her—his face grew pale and flushed alternately—he looked wildly at all around, and by degrees forced a ghastly smile on his lip, and further recovered his shaken centre by turning over the papers which lay before him. This confusion lasted but a few seconds; but they were hours of torture to the magistrate.

“ I am now ready for any other question you may ask me, Sir,” coolly observed the prisoner.

“ I—I—I know your family,” replied the agitated colonel, with an ill-managed appearance of ease, “ and I am sorry you did not mention your name when you wished these people to withdraw.”

“ O, it is of no consequence: let them remain,” returned the prisoner, with a sarcastic smile.

“ No, no—I—I—will now grant your request,” said the colonel, and turning quickly to his servant, ordered him to clear the room.

All but Mr. Ostin now departed, and that gentleman was proceeding to follow to the door, when the woman seized him by the arm, and said softly—

“ You must not go, Sir.”

“ Yes, yes,” interrupted the magistrate, “ let the gentleman go.—Mr. Ostin, you will excuse me.—I want to speak to this person alone.”

“ Stay !” exclaimed the prisoner ; and she shut the door. “ This gentleman *must* be present at what passes between us.”

“ Impossible—Mr. Ostin—do not mind her—pray go—I will explain hereafter,” exclaimed the colonel.

“Raven! I *command* you to permit this gentleman to remain—at your peril, refuse it,” exclaimed Martha Hheldershaw; and then in a lower tone continued, “You have nothing to fear by his presence, but every thing if you oppose it.”

“Then—let it be so,” replied the colonel; “and now tell me why you disturb me in this manner?”

“Ask yourself.—But I will spare you,” retorted the woman.

“I answered your letter,” interrupted the magistrate.

“Yes; but how? Did you answer as you should have done? A hundred long miles, you see, could not secure you: on these feet I have travelled them; and hungry, and thirsty, and wearied, I came to your gate, but was refused admittance.”

“I wished to have assisted you in the purchase of the inn, but I was unprepared at the time you wrote,” meekly observed the colonel.

“’Tis false!” exclaimed the woman, “you only meant to lie, as you have so often done. Talk not of *assistance* in purchasing the inn for me—I *demand* that you pay the full amount for it.”

“ I—will consider of it—and—do what I can for you,” replied the colonel.

“ No more of this. I have been long tired of it. I came here to-day for a purpose, and I will have it. Before this gentleman, and before me, write a letter to the parties, concluding the contract by paying them half the money down ; do it now, Raven, if you would not have those fine gold epaulettes shaken off your shoulders, and this splendid mansion about your ears.—The man is dead, I am aware ; but Martha Hheldershaw is alive—and she is well—and she is willing.”

“ You rave, woman—I *wish* to serve you : what is the amount of half the purchase money ?” demanded Colonel Raven.

“ Three hundred and fifty pounds—the value of a couple of your horses,” answered Martha Hheldershaw.

“ I will write a letter to the parties to say that they may draw upon me for that amount, and for the remaining moiety at twelve months.”

“ Write then—that will do.”

The colonel proceeded to write the letter, which, with considerable difficulty, he accomplished, owing

to the trembling of his hand ; and during the time he was so engaged, the unwelcome visitor stood silently before him. Mr. Ostin looked on in most painful silence.

“ There,” said the colonel, “ take it.”

“ Read it aloud first,” the woman replied.

The colonel did as he was directed, and, having done so, handed her the letter.

“ My expences back to Portsmouth will be necessary,” coolly observed the woman, as she put the letter in her pocket ; upon which the colonel handed her five pounds.

“ Now,” said she, “ with regard to the charge of assault made by your pack of dogs against me—”

“ That is at an end ; and I hope you are now satisfied,” interrupted the worshipful magistrate.

“ One thing more—order your carriage for me, that I may return to Bath without being submitted to such treatment as I received by your people ; and let the parts of my dress which have been torn from me, be brought here.”

The colonel now pulled the bell, and the servant entered.

“ Shew this person into the next room, and let

the articles of dress taken from her, be restored immediately," observed his worship.

"They are in the servants' hall, Sir," replied the man.

"The carriage," exclaimed Martha Heldershaw.

"It shall be done—it shall be done," replied the colonel.

The intruder now followed the servant out of the library, throwing a contemptuous look at the magistrate, who, as she disappeared, sunk on a sofa in an agony of feeling and a bodily exhaustion scarcely to be imagined. Mr. Ostin became alarmed, and was about to recal the servant, when the colonel raised his heavy eyelids, and faintly said—

"Stay, Mr. Ostin—let me rest a moment: I shall be better immediately."

A torturing silence ensued, which lasted for a few moments: the colonel then raised himself, and begged Mr. Ostin to ring the bell: the servant came, and was thus addressed by his master, with an assumed ease of manner and strength of voice but ill according with his real feelings.

"The unfortunate woman brought before me to-day belongs to a family of respectability well known to me; she is labouring under insanity, herefore must be treated with care. Let no

person speak to her; and let the old yellow carriage be got ready, in order to convey her to Bath.—Inform the complainants in the case that the woman is insane, and—dismiss them.”

The servant withdrew to obey the orders given him, and the colonel, eagerly grasping the hand of Mr. Ostin, proceeded to explain the nature of the extraordinary scene which had just occurred.

He informed the clergyman that the woman had been a *chère amie* of his, five-and-twenty years before; and that he had allowed her an annual stipend ever since; that she had lately taken it into her head to purchase an inn near Portsmouth, where she resides; and her visit at Vandeleur Hall was to compel him to purchase it, by a threat of exposing the connection to Lady Vandeleur—a thing of all others, he said, she knew he dreaded. This was all, he solemnly assured Mr. Ostin, and appealed to him on the hardship of being thus obliged to bear such treatment, on account of a mere youthful indiscretion. He concluded by a moral commentary on the follies of young men, and thus left on the clergyman's mind an opinion that he had been not

only cruelly treated, but had acted, under that treatment, a patient, mild, and charitable part.

The colonel returned to the festivities of the day, as if nothing disagreeable had occurred, and Mr. Ostin walked out on the lawn to meditate on the extraordinary scene which he had just witnessed : at five o'clock the military marched to quarters, and the company departed highly gratified—the Ostin family in Lady Vandeleur's barouche.

CHAPTER X.

He who fights for a friend hath two foes to meet.

Our readers are aware that Miles Magoverin entertained a warm friendship for the pony of the clergyman: this friendship, although highly honourable to his kindness of disposition, unfortunately was fated to give rise to very unpleasant consequences. Mr. Ostin was in the habit of riding the *petit cheval* to the barracks, and, on those occasions, Miles always contrived to wait on his favourite, and supply him with refreshment—hay, or oats—or both, if he could procure them; and if not fortunate enough to obtain a lunch of such food for his guest, would even share his bread with him, and help him to a clear draught of pump-water, in a well rinsed stable-pail: and, during his meal,

as well as before and after it, would speak to him with his wonted familiarity, alluding, over and over again, to the happy days he had spent in his company at Killiny.

Mr. Ostin happened to have ridden the pony to the barracks, about an hour after Miles had concluded an "examination of the scholars," (as he termed it) for Redmond Allan, and fully demonstrated to that gentleman that he had not neglected to turn to advantage the lessons, in learning, which he had so liberally bestowed on him at Heather-hill. A heavy shower of rain began to fall, as the clergyman alighted; when Miles, ever mindful of the duties of hospitality, led the tiny animal to the field officers' stable, for the purpose of sheltering him, while the rain might continue; and finding therein an empty stall, introduced, in the spirit of patronage, his friend to the vacant place; then having taken off his bridle, requested him to help himself to the government hay—a plentiful stock of which stood before him in the rack.

The conversation went on, as usual, between the schoolmaster and the pony, with the greatest possible hilarity, and no doubt would have con-

tinued during the shower (which, by the by, lasted two hours), had not an uproar in the school caused an immediate dispatch to be forwarded to Miles, from the serjeant-major—to this effect, namely, “that if Schoolmaster Magoverin did not return to his duty within five minutes, he should be confined in the guard-house.” This was imperative; and poor Miles, who was, by virtue of his official situation in the regiment, accustomed to command the little boys and girls, was now, in his turn, the commanded: however, he obeyed without hesitation.

In a few minutes after the departure of Miles, to quell the insurrection and save his own liberty, Major Vandeleur’s servant (a compatriot of Miles’s, but of a very different stamp) entered the stable with his master’s horses, and finding the stall, appropriated for the use of one of them, occupied by a stranger, which, from his size, could not have been on the books of the regiment, without ceremony ejected him from the stable, wholly regardless of the rain, then descending in torrents.

The pony finding himself without his usual restraint, anxious (as it were) to run to his most

hospitable friend and ancient protector, proceeded rapidly to course the barrack-yard, and conceiving (ponies will conceive) that a little extraordinary energy was necessary in his exertions to find Miles, began to indulge in certain distortions of his body, and sudden elevations of his limbs (called by Miles, "lashing and pawing"), as well as a few discordant equine exclamations. In short he frisked and frolicked, and wriggled, and kicked, and neighed, and—"every thing in the world" to such a degree, that the barrack-windows flew up at all quarters, and the inmates of the rooms began to pass their comments of astonishment in truly audible voices.

Among the beholders of this extraordinary scene, was Miles, whose presence in the school had, by this time, acted effectually in quelling all disturbance amongst the juvenile rioters; and the astonishment which he felt at the unexpected display of his old friend's humorous abilities was exceedingly great. In the true spirit of good nature, he proceeded forthwith, at as quick a pace as possible, to the performance of his duty—or, in Miles's own words, "to prevent a worthy old pony

from making a *foal* of himself," in thus exhibiting tricks so beneath his age, before the whole regiment ; and what was still worse, risking a dangerous affection of his already doubtful lungs by remaining (in a heat as he was,) under the heavy shower. However, in the accomplishment of this laudable intention Miles found a great deal of difficulty ; for the little brute not only took no notice of the kindness, but evidently avoided all contact with him—nay, he was so ungrateful as to fling his heels at his importuner with such apparent design and precision, as led the observers to suppose he was no friend at all of the schoolmaster, and meant decidedly to *cut* him. This, however, was nothing more than the ebullition of his excessive pleasantry,—and Miles knew it ; for although he staggered from the concussion, he smiled in the good humour of his heart at the *hit* of his satirical friend. At length, after several rounds of the barrack yard, pursued by eight or ten of the soldiers, the truant was completely hemmed in ; seeing which he capitulated, and surrendered his forelock to the gripe of his old acquaintance, who addressed him in a

strain of humorous censure that amply repaid the men who assisted in the chase, for the trouble they had taken.

The feelings of Miles, although before faces apparently unwounded, were not really so; his "inward man" was certainly a little irritated; and, were it not that the pony was, as it were, a visitor, he would have pinched his ears, as he had been wont to do at Killiny when the little quadruped happened to offend him in any very extraordinary manner.

Miles now led him back to the stable, and was proceeding to replace him in the stall, from which he had lately (as he thought) escaped, when he perceived that it was occupied by one of Major Vandeleur's horses, and consequently was about to withdraw with the pony, when the major's groom roared out from the distant end of the stable—

"Halloa! *you* schoolmaustau, come here."

"Anan!" was the monosyllabic reply of Miles, who feeling his dignity hurt by the unceremonious address, accompanied the word with an elevation of his brows, a slow turn of his head, a side-long glance at the stableman, and a cessation of all other

motion; giving himself the typographic expression of what might be readily interpreted to, “*I think you make too free, Sir.*”

“Come here, Mr. Schoolmaustau,” reiterated the groom.

“*Misther!*” echoed Miles. “Ha! I am glad to find you are not so great an ignoramus as not to correct yourself, when you make a lapsus linguæ. ‘*You*’ to your equals, an’ ‘*Misther,*’ to me, if you please, Sir.”

“Give us none of your bog launiu’ heau,” replied the groom, waxing wroth. “I say, what do you put yau mangy dog of a pony into my stall fau—eh?”

“Mangy dog! did you say? He’s as clane a brute as you, any how; an’ not o’ the canine spaicies, neither.”

“Take him to the pauson his maustau: tell him to beg a feed somewhere else, and not to put him up with gentlemen hauses again.”

“Gentlemen!—O, what a fine Engleified twist you give your tongue, when you say gentlemen, *Misther Dublin Dick!*—Why don’t you spake like an Irishman, as you are, an’ not to be makin’ a

laughin' stock o' yourself in the regiment, by pretendin' English—Can't you intonate, an' spake like me—I'm not ashamed o' my counthry; for there is nothin' belongin' to it to be ashamed of, barrin' it bees the likes o' you."

The groom was one of those Hibernians, who, through an absurd and mistaken wish to be thought a native of England, had doffed the brogue (as well as he was able), but in doing so, had substituted "a twist of the tongue," as Miles termed it, which, without disguising his real accent, made him appear highly ridiculous; and therefore, by way of sneer, his comrades had nicknamed him "Dublin Dick." He entered the regiment with the name of *Rafty*, although it was well known that his real name was *O'Rafferty*. His pride, since he had been taken from the ranks, to wait on the major's horses, had increased daily; no wonder then that he became outrageous at the taunts of the school-master.

"If you don't be off out o' that," said he, "d—n my eyes, if I don't make yau."

Miles could bear aught but a contemptuous threat, or something near it: so he fastened the

pony to a hook at the door of the stable, and advancing boldly to the groom, exclaimed—

“*Make* me, now, you skibereen: there’s nobody near hand but ourselves, an’ the way is clear; so lay down your pitchfork, an’ back your words.”

The groom sprung a few steps away; and presenting the stable fork, which he held in his hand, point foremost at Miles, exclaimed—forgetting his acquired accent in his haste:—

“By the powers o’ Moll Kelly, if you don’t be asy, I’ll stick you wid de fork, you murtherin’ thief.”

“O, ho!” replied Miles, “you *have* come to your natural speech—eh? I knew one o’ *my* lessons would taich you; so take another, an’ drop that fork.”

“No—divel a bit,” was the answer.

Miles seized a rack bar which lay in the manger, and, putting himself in an attitude of combat, exclaimed—

“Now, my boy, I’ll thry if I can’t subordinate you to your betthers.”

And advancing dexterously he struck the points

of the fork aside—dropped the rack-bar—seized the other's weapon, and, forcing it out of his gripe, threw the conquered groom with violence against the wall.

“ I see how it is,” exclaimed his antagonist ; “ you want to take advantage of an unarmed man.”

“ Advantage, you palthry coward ! I'd scorn to strike you,” proudly replied the schoolmaster. “ Go along, an' larn betther manuers : know the ground you thread on before you dar to jump so high agin ; an' listen to this—‘ *Pulchra et facilis it longum in die,*’ but, as you don't understand Latin, I'll tell you what that manes—it is, ‘ Fair an' asy goes far in a day.’ ”

At this moment Sir Edward Vandeleur entered the stable to inspect his horses, as was his daily custom, and seeing the schoolmaster holding the stable-fork, his groom crouching against the wall, and the countenances of both fully expressive of agitation—in that of Dublin Dick a fiendish malice mingled—he exclaimed—

“ What's the matter here, fellows ? ”

Miles laid down the fork, drew his body up to

a full and precise military salute, and was about to produce some words of great pith, when the groom, affecting to weep, appealed to his master against the "brutality" (as he called it) of the schoolmaster.

"If your honour," said he, "had not come in I should have been a dead man ; my arm is nearly broken with a blow he has given me."

"O, you lyin' villain," exclaimed Miles, in a burst of honest indignation, "it was you that would have run me through, if I was not able to masher you."

"Silence, Sir," roared the major. "I saw the pitchfork in your hand when I entered the door. What business had you in this stable?"

"I came here, Sir——"

"Silence ! I'll hear nothing from you. Go for a file of the guard, *you* groom."

Dublin Dick limped slowly out of the stable, as if suffering from severe injury ; but when he was out of the major's sight he ran with the alacrity of a blood-hound to his prey. Miles endeavoured to justify his conduct, but the important field officer would hear nothing, and, commanding him again

to silence, indulged in abusive threats and bitter invectives (only interrupted by fondling expressions addressed to his horses), until Dublin Dick limped back with one of the guard.

“ Here, take this man to the guard-house,” said the major.

“ O! Sir Edward, I’m not in fault; I——”

“ Hold your tongue, Sir!” interrupted Sir Edward—“ take away this man.”

The schoolmaster silently walked away in custody of the soldier, and, when arrived at the place of his durance, gave one of the guard a sixpence to return to the stable door and lead the innocent cause of his trouble, the pony, to a place of shelter, there to take care of him until Mr. Ostyn should call for him. Mean time the major questioned his servant as to the quarrel, and received from him such a false account of it, that he ordered a written charge to be made out against the schoolmaster, directing that he should be confined in the black hole. What weighed most heavily with the major were certain expressions derogatory to his dignity and that of his horses, which Dublin Dick imputed to the prisoner—a slight like which the major never

could forgive; and in corroboration of the liar's charge, an unexpected witness descended—not from heaven, but the hay-loft—a man after Dick's own heart, a batman of the adjutant, named Alexander Gropp—and left no doubt on the major's mind that Miles had not only attempted to murder his groom, but had insulted himself and his horses.

CHAPTER XI.

For discipline a Wellington was she,
And, in her little way, as great as he.

AMONG the ladies of the regiment was Mrs. Pommel, the wife of Captain Pommel; but as the latter was nobody in reference to the former, we shall not speak so much of the officer as of his "*cara espousa*."

Mrs. Pommel was born and bred in the army; the daughter of an old and brave lieutenant, who had served in his country without having been lucky enough to distinguish his name, and who died with the protracted, but still strong hope of a company. Her first husband (now many years deceased) was senior captain in a cavalry regiment, in which rank he died (having enjoyed the mar-

ried state only two years), leaving her a buxom widow with one child, and no disrelish for a second husband. A field officer of her present corps, whose declining years needed the kind society of a female, succeeded her deceased partner in the "blessed state;" but was still less fortunate, for he enjoyed it but a year and a half, having burst a blood-vessel in a fit of passion, originating out of a difference of opinion which took place between him and "his age's darling." At that time she could not be considered much the "worse from wear," and having been remembered well in the will of the defunct field officer, many aspirants for her hand, in a short time, declared themselves, and she entered again into the bonds of matrimony with a subaltern of the grenadier company, who won the distinction by singing to her one of his own country's songs called "Brian O'Lin." This officer managed matters better than either of his predecessors, for he was blessed with a twenty-one years' lease of her wedded love, when he, one day, followed her former husbands in a paroxysm of port wine. The lady, having passed such a considerable time in the regiment, felt that to leave it would be to

quit all that was dear to her ; she therefore fell an easy prey to the first besieger of her heart. This was the adjutant of a corps just returned from India, of long standing in the army, and yet only a subaltern:—Lieutenant Pommel was the man who was gazetted by purchase to her arms and a company in her beloved regiment. He felt the good fortune, and therefore made a remarkably pliable and quiet husband. The captain always declared it was a “love match,” and although she was forty-five when she caught his heart, he boasted of the powers which her charms had exercised over him, particularly specifying her commanding air and the killing beauty (as he called it) of her flaxen curls (which everybody but himself knew to be artificial). But when we find that he had risen from the ranks, and, moreover, knew that the widow possessed a heavy purse, as well as a strong influence in the regiment, this predilection for curls and commanding airs is not so much to be wondered at.

Mrs. Pommel, at the time of which we write, was fifty-six at least, with a figure inclining rather to *bone point* than *bon point* ; that is to say,

of a strong masculine structure, such as the famous Frederick of Prussia would have selected to assist in recruiting grenadiers for his body-guards. She was what some called a clever woman—others, a thrifty wife; but most of all that knew her agreed in thinking her the fire-brand of the regiment. Discipline was her hobby: she applied the principle to every human action. What made good soldiers? Discipline. What made good members of society? Discipline. What made good servants? Discipline.* What made good and dutiful children? Why, Discipline. In *her* mind there was but one grand exception to this general rule—discipline, she thought, could not produce good wives. She had, during her military life, applied it extensively and practically. She began with her junior brothers and sisters; then exercised it on her father's servants; then on her first husband; then on the regiment—as far as it was in her power: but unfortunately for her doctrines, the result did not prove its soundness; for her husbands, with the exception of the last, were teased to death by it; it also misdirected the disposition of her son—a fine youth—so fatally,

that he ran away from his home at the age of twelve years, and from that time until the period of which we write, she never heard tidings of him. Yet with all these proofs of the evils of her "system" (as she termed it), she remained wholly unshaken in her creed, and her theme ran as much on discipline as ever.

Mrs. Pommel made it a rule to keep up the spirit of regimental tea-parties; and had established the custom of a weekly one at her quarters. This was generally attended by the officers and ladies of the regiment—more out of fear than good will; for a slight to her was usually dangerous to the persons who had the temerity to venture it: she would make them feel her displeasure directly or otherwise; yet with this absolute and unbecoming influence, so calculated to produce enmity, she believed herself the very life and soul of the corps, beloved and admired by all; whereas she was most cordially hated from right to left; and the most determined hater amongst them all was old Pommel, her husband, but who was uniformly so cautious in shewing his dislike, that he never addressed her by any less glowing epithet than "my dear love." He

had been accustomed to discipline since his earliest recollection, and therefore put up with it from his wife like a good and virtuous soldier. His hooker (as he termed his tobacco-pipe, for he had been many years in India), and his bottle—whenever he could slyly procure them—compensated him for the drilling he usually received from his “ dear love ;” therefore he wisely considered that a soldier’s life was made up of sweets and sours, and, receiving both as they came, balanced one against the other.

As one of these regimental tea-parties given by Mrs. Pommel is connected with our history, we are called on to describe it.

It was Mrs. Pommel’s good fortune invariably to possess field officers’ quarters in barracks, owing to the condescension of the second major (now left the regiment, by exchange with Sir Edward :) that officer being unencumbered with a family, surrendered his right to her, and accepted for himself captain’s quarters. Perhaps there was not so much condescension on the part of the second major, in this exchange, as a repugnance to quarrel with Mrs. Pommel—and a quarrel must have been the consequence, had he occupied his own proper quarters—he knew that in such case he could neither ex-

pect peace nor tea-parties, as far as she was concerned, so long as he remained in the regiment. These quarters consisted of three spacious rooms, with servants' apartments attached; so that she was thus enabled to carry into full effect her hebdomadal tea-meeting.

Regularly every Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, the tea-table, ornamented with her very best set of china, tea-urn, and silver tea-pot, was set forth by Mrs. Pommel—she having first commanded her husband to walk on the parade until he should be called, in order to have a clear field for her operations. Her two servants (for she managed to have an additional man from the rear rank), the one in grey livery, the other in undress uniform, were actively employed in forwarding the preparations for the approaching festivity, by running of messages—such as fetching cakes, fruit, wine, &c. from their respective dépôts; borrowing clean packs of cards wherever they were to be had, as well as the plate and glass of the mess—a privilege specially allowed to Mrs. Pommel: then, having inspected the rubbing and polishing of her tables for the second time that day, the servants were sent to call in Captain Pommel; and all things

now satisfactorily arranged, that complaisant officer was directed by his lady to stand at a particular part of the room, “*in order*” to receive the guests, who generally by eight o’clock began to assemble.

Mrs. Pommel, on those occasions, was never so happy as when every chair of her apartments was occupied ; and this arose, not from hospitality, but from a wish to have a large audience present at the display of her opinions. She was not one of those who, in proportion as her good things were consumed by her guests, rejoiced ; on the contrary, she had so applied her “*system of discipline,*” that rarely more than two glasses of wine each, to the gentlemen, and one each to the ladies, were expended on her “*party*” nights. As to tea and coffee, numbers made scarcely any difference in the expence ; for she had an effectual knack in extending such beverage, *ad infinitum*—this was by simple dilution. Cards were the all-powerful protectors of her strong liquors and supper cheer : she took good care that her company should be employed, if not amused, with a round game until half-past eleven o’clock, when trays of sandwiches, fruit, wine, &c. were brought in ; and at twelve the thrifty hostess

would address the company something after the following manner :

“ Now, my officers, it is Sunday morning—you know my rule—church parade at ten—take some wine, pray ; time is short—time is short.—Captain Pommel, my dear, what *are* you doing? Why don't you help your friends ?”

Then turning suddenly from her husband, leaving him his own free will, she would exclaim to the officer next her—at the same time displaying her white (artificial) teeth, in a wide smile,—

“ La! captain, you take nothing ! let me put some wine in your glass : or shall the servant bring you a hot glass of negus before you go out in the cold air ?”

Then, without waiting a reply, would leave her chair, and, in the most kind manner, approach the nearest lady, with—

“ My dear, you should wrap yourself up well : pin your shawl closely round your neck—you *must* take my cloak and muff.”

And so on, until the tide was set fairly on the *turn out*.

On the evening, with which we have more immediately to do, the guests of Mrs. Pommel were numerous, and she was, therefore, in good spirits. She had expected Major Vandeleur—in her mind, no small feather in her cap: she knew he seldom visited any other lady in the regiment after dinner, and therefore wished to shew him off as her triumph. Sir Edward had not, however, done her tea-urn the honour she so ardently hoped, and that refreshing fountain was doomed to pour out its streams, unadorned by his presence: but she knew that he would not so far forget himself as not to appear at all. She would have felt somewhat uneasy at his non-appearance at tea, had she had time to reflect—had the company been taciturn, or had any other person but herself been talking; but, happily for her feelings, she had entered upon her favourite topic “*discipline,*” and in the current of her eloquence on that subject, a thousand majors might have been wafted by with no more regard from her than the enthusiastic angler pays to the straws that pass him when he has hooked his fish. She spoke seven-and-thirty minutes by the paymaster’s lady’s watch, on

the virtues of her "*system*," and concluded in something like the following words:—

“ I must certainly declare that one-half the children in the regiment are spoiled by the fondness of their parents. I know *you* will not agree with me, Mrs. Chalmers, nor you, Mrs. Haverkin, because you are both for the soothing system—no, no, you will have your own way, and your children (poor things!) must take the consequences. You will kiss them, and trifle with them, and “ try to meet their wants,” as you term it, until you make them so fond of you that you cannot stir without their cries. Pooh! pooh! make an infant know its duty—give it a certain discipline—let it know who *are* its parents—no indulgence and fiddle-faddle stuff and nonsense—make a child fear you, I say, and then it will respect you when it grows up.”

“ How can you make an infant know its duty, according to your system?” dryly demanded old Lieutenant Haverkin, who was the only officer in the corps that ever ventured to oppose the opinions of Mrs. Pommel.

“ Make it!” ejaculated the lady hostess. “ Why,

starve it into it—and punish it with a good birch rod. Now, what do you think I used to do with my eldest son, when he was but four years old?—If he did not obey the holding up of my finger, I first gave him a little of the birch; then put him, with his face to the wall in a corner, and there kept him, standing on one leg, until I saw he could stand no longer. At first I found that he kicked against it; however, a few slaps on the cheek, and a little pulling of the ears, brought him round.”

“But, after all, you did no good with the boy,” returned the lieutenant.

“No good? Bless you! he was as tame as a spaniel: he dreaded the very sight of me, if I only lifted my finger. To be sure, when he grew up to be ten or twelve years old I was obliged to use the horsewhip very often with him—of course this was owing to his hot spirit.”

“Well!” replied the lieutenant; “what good have you done after all? The boy ran away from you—did he not?”

These questions coming rather unexpectedly on Mrs. Pommel, she became confused; but by rais-

ing her voice, tossing her head, and tapping the ground rapidly with her right heel, she endeavoured to disguise the effect produced on her feelings.

“The boy ran away from me, it is true; but that was no fault of mine: he was always a wayward little wretch—headstrong and sulky. I brought him up under the best possible system of discipline, and if he ungratefully left me he deserves no sympathy. However, that he ran away is not so very certain. *My* opinion is, and always was, that he was kidnapped. Perhaps you remember the time; it was when you and I were quartered together at Exeter—my regiment had then just changed their facings, and yours had just returned from America—you remember? Well—several gipsies had been lurking about the barracks, and one of them was seen talking to the boy an hour before he was missed from his punishment—for I had ordered him to stand on one leg from three till four o’clock daily for a week: however, he never was seen after that very hour when the gipsy was observed speaking to him.”

Having thus far explained, she ingeniously

lowered her voice, looked a bitter smile at the lieutenant, and thus changed from the subject of her son :—

“ Now, look at *your* little girl, Eliza—why she is literally spoiled. When I paid you a visit the other day—what did she do?—Ran over, and put her bread-and-buttery hands on my white satin dress! Now, although the child is only five years old, yet, I’ll venture to say, I could teach her such a system, that she would sit as mute as a mouse when any stranger was present: and I’ll tell you how I’d do it :—I would--we’ll take that day for instance, when she soiled my satin dress—I would have first told her of her crime; then I would have locked her up in a room by herself for three hours; she should have been then brought out, and have had dry bread for her dinner. This plan *could* do her *no* harm, and the effect on her mind would have been decisive.”

“ Well,” replied the lieutenant, “ *you* may treat your children (when you have them again) as you please, Mrs. Pommel; but, ’pon my honour, *I* will never adopt your system with mine. Such ‘discipline,’ as you call it, only tends to depress

the rising nature of infants, and makes them artificial beings, who, instead of loving and respecting the authors of their existence, are imperatively led to hate and despise them."

"Mighty well, mighty well, Mr. Haverkin—follow your own way—go on with your foolish fondness, until you ruin your children—nobody has a better right. What sort of a regiment would you have, if you gave the men their own will, and treated them with all this silly indulgence? You would have a mutiny, Sir!—No, no: discipline is just as necessary and as useful amongst children as amongst soldiers."

"Severe discipline often produces deserters amongst children as well as amongst soldiers," retorted the lieutenant.

"Desertion! Mr. Haverkin, your allusion is plain enough: but I will repeat, Sir, that my son never did desert from me: he was stolen away."

The door now was thrown open, and the kindling contest between Mrs. Pommel and Lieutenant Haverkin, quenched by the appearance of three young subalterns, who came to join the party. As

they entered, they were instantly accosted by the lady patroness, thus:—

“ I see how it is, young gentlemen : you staid to take the third allowance of wine. Ah ! this is not the way to get on. No ensign should take more wine at the mess, than the first allowance, unless strangers were present ; that is, one third of a bottle, you know. Remember that the wine bill comes once a month. You *should* have been here to tea. However, I will excuse you, this time, if you promise to behave better, on next Saturday evening.”

Then, without waiting a reply, she demanded where was Major Vandeleur ? but scarcely had she asked the question, when that officer entered the room, skimming his shoes along the floor ; and, having bowed gracefully to Mrs. Pommel, without condescending to notice her husband, who had arisen to greet him, took his seat, and, without speaking, began to apply his silver tooth-pick to its office, while Mrs. Pommel complimented him thus :

“ My dear Sir Edward, I am so happy to see you — I feared you would not come. La ! I so needed your assistance, in backing me against Mr. Haverkin.

What d'ye think?—He *will* insist, that discipline is useless with children, as well as with a regiment.”

“Ha!—indeed?”—slowly breathed out the major, as he continued his operations on his *dentes molares*.

“I said *severe* discipline, Mrs. Pommel,” observed Lieutenant Haverkin.

“What is your opinion, Sir Edward?” demanded the lady of the ‘system.’

“Nothing can be done without it—What a charming day we have had—Ha! how do, Nickerman?”

These three unconnected sentences were delivered by Sir Edward without a single punctuation, and the latter was addressed to a lieutenant of the corps—the only favourite he possessed in the regiment—an officer who carried to his ear every morning an account of every thing which had occurred, not only in his own company, but in every other, from right to left; and having been unloaded, like a pack-horse, by his master, was sent back to carry another unworthy burden. He was the only son of Mr. Capel Nickerman, who has been already introduced to the reader,

under the title of principal book-keeper to Messrs. Clippershaw, Bull, and Chapman, of Little St Thomas Apostle.

Lieutenant Nickerman bowing to the recognition, arose from his seat and approached the latter with his open snuff-box, and having exchanged a few words with the field-officer, in a suppressed tone, drew his chair, and took up a position beside him. Conversation then took a general turn for a few minutes, but Mrs. Pommel, burning for the victory in favour of her "system," seized a favourable moment to attack Lieutenant Haverkin, and the combat was renewed, to the great amusement of many of the listeners. Several hits were passed and parried, but the lieutenant still held his advantage, and at length his "fair" antagonist became unamiably out of humour, and thus negatively yielded to her more temperate and less wordy opponent.

"It is no wonder that you are twenty years a subaltern, when you have held such mild opinions, Mr. Haverkin: I have no patience with such absurdity."

With this bitter observation Mrs. Pommel concluded a noisy defence, and then concealed the

turbulence of her countenance behind a huge fan, which she rapidly plied to dispel the rarefied air that was almost overwhelming her. After a moment's pause, the lieutenant replied coolly :—

“ Madam, I have been twenty years a subaltern, it is true, but my company was open to me very often during that time ; and had I married you when you were *last* a widow, I should not have been obliged to let my promotion pass for want of *money* ; but I *preferred* remaining a subaltern.”

The easy manner in which this retort was given, the well-chosen emphasis which was placed on the words, together with the pungency of the point, produced a burst of merriment, in which the husband of Mrs. Pommel joined by suddenly opening his taciturn mouth to let out an irresistible laugh with which that gentleman was sometimes afflicted in the most unexpected manner : even the lady patroness herself joined pleasantly in the hilarity, for she had lost sight of the satire in the compliment which she thought she discovered in the lieutenant's observation : none, however, saw the compliment but herself.

When silence had returned, Mr. Nickerman

ventured an audible remark, which was more intended for, and addressed to, the major's ear, than to those of the rest of the company.

“My opinion,” said he, “is certainly in favour of strict discipline amongst the children of the soldiers, as well as the soldiers themselves. Officers, of course, may act as they please with their own children, but the men should be ordered to look sharply after theirs; and until the schoolmaster, whom the colonel appointed, is drilled a little himself, he will never properly drill the children.”

The major nodded important assent to this, and Mrs. Pommel, who felt the chord of her heart touched, burst into a fit of declamation.

“O the monster! can *he* be called a schoolmaster? a person, ignorant of all the acknowledged rules and principles of discipline! one who never once flogged a child, since he has been appointed to the situation—a simple, soft creature, more fit to feed chickens, than ‘teach the young idea how to shoot’—as my first husband used to say. No, no—send him to the hospital; he may do very well, as one of the surgeon's orderlies, but never for a schoolmaster in our corps.”

“ And if I be of the same opinion to-morrow, that I am now, I can assure you, Mrs. Pommel, he shall go back to his duty in the ranks,” observed the major.

“ Ah, Sir Edward, thank God you know the high responsibility which is vested in a commanding officer. Send him away—give him any place, but that of schoolmaster: the fellow is all milk and water—he has never had a ‘ cat’ nor a rattan in the school since he has been appointed—no, not even a birch rod, nor a simple leather-strap—how *can* he get on?—Impossible.”

Captain Ostin, who, with Redmond Allan, had been engaged in conversation, with a few of the unscientific ladies of the regiment, during the early part of Mrs. Pommel’s display of her “ system,” now caught the observation made by the major, relative to Miles Magoverin; and as poor Miles was a great favourite of the captain, as well as a man of his own company, he felt uneasy at this threat made against him: perhaps, too, the knowledge that the major was only in the temporary command of the regiment; and that on the return of the colonel (with whom Miles was also a

favourite,) that command would cease, increased the warmth of his feelings, and made him anxious for an explanation of the major's intention towards the denounced schoolmaster. Consequently he addressed himself thus to the *pro tem.* commanding officer:—

“ Sir Edward Vandeleur, I may be permitted to ask, as the man belongs to my company—has he neglected his duty, as schoolmaster ?”

“ No—a—he—a, has not exactly neglected his duty, but the—a—fellow has been assaulting my groom, and treating me with contempt; I have confined him, and shall order a court-martial on him to-morrow.”

“ Assaulting your groom!—treating you with contempt!—Can it be possible ?” ejaculated Captain Ostin, whose astonishment was nearly equalled by the majority of the company, but surpassed by Redmond Allan; who could no more believe, that Miles was capable of wanton offence to any human being, than he could suppose the upas tree to be a native of Killiny hill.

“ It is absolutely a fact,” replied the major.

“ Mercy on me! what a snake in the grass !”

exclaimed Mrs. Pommel.—“Assaulted your groom! And yet the hypocrite would not whip a child! Ah, Sir Edward, *you* know how to deal with such fellows. If we had not some such officers as you amongst us, the men might take their own way.”

“True, Mrs. Pommel,” observed Lieutenant Nickerman, “you have said rightly.” Then, in an under-tone to the major, “Don’t you think so, Sir Edward?”

“*Peut-être*,” returned the major, with a significant smile, and consequential movement of the head.

“The conduct imputed to the man,” said Captain Ostin, “is so extraordinary—so much at variance with his general character, that I am strongly of opinion, Sir Edward, that this matter has been misrepresented to you.”

“I pledge my life,” warmly exclaimed Redmond Allan, “that the poor fellow is maligned.”

The major now turned round, and, with half closed eyes, looked fully at Redmond, accompanying his stare with a contemptuous turn of his lip; but the unmoved and manly look of the latter cut

short this display, and the disappointed field-officer dexterously relieved the approaching embarrassment by addressing Captain Ostin.

“ I am perfectly willing,” said he, “ to hear every observation which any officer may have to offer, regarding an individual belonging to his company, and can even allow for the warmth of feeling which might lead him to doubt my assertion on a point of imputation against the soldier; but I cannot hear a *person* who does not belong to the regiment assume a claim to such privilege, and *meddle* with my authority.”

“ Certainly, Sir Edward,” exclaimed Lieutenant Nickerman, bowing towards his patron, and looking for his glance of approbation, which was duly given.

“ I interfere not with your authority, Sir,” firmly replied Redmond; “ but on behalf of an individual, who, I believe, is incapable of the crime imputed to him; and lest the *person* you alluded to, Sir, should experience a repetition of conduct that might call forth his animadversion, he shall withdraw.”

Then bowing to Mrs. Pommel, Redmond was

about to leave the room, when that lady arrested him thus:—

“ Mr. Allan, I will not hear of your departure. Permit me to say, that although you were justified in speaking of the man as you felt, yet Sir Edward has expressed himself according to the principles of true discipline.”

“ I have only to observe, Sir,” said the Baronet, addressing himself to Redmond, “ that you are *not* an officer in the service; and therefore I can have nothing to say to you on this subject. Captain Ostin, no doubt, is acquainted with your pretensions to high feeling, and perhaps may think proper to inform me on that point, of which I am yet ignorant.”

Redmond, now glowing with indignation at the severity of Sir Edward’s remark, fixed on him a look that made the bravado of his air and countenance shrink, as the *adventuring worm* does at the touch of man; and then turning his eyes on the ladies around, with the smile of elegant affability, replied,

“ Sir Edward, this is no place for further comment.”

He then was proceeding to leave the room, when

his arm was seized by Captain Ostin, who addressed him, coolly, but firmly, thus:—

“ Redmond, stay : it is my *particular* request.”

The request was obeyed ; and Captain Ostin, turning to Sir Edward, continued in a mild voice,

“ I feel that I am called upon to repel the insinuation directed against my friend, Mr. Allan ; and the mode in which I beg to do so, is, by assuring you, Sir Edward, that that gentleman *is* my friend—my *esteemed* and *respected* friend. Further, I presume, I need not explain—unless, Sir, you *particularly* desire it.—Now the more pleasant part of my duty is at hand. I will beg of Sir Edward permission to read, audibly, a letter I received from our worthy colonel by this evening’s post.”

The captain then drew from his pocket a letter, and deliberately read the following extract :

“ MY DEAR OSTIN,

“ I am happy to have it in my power to inform you, that His Royal Highness has bestowed on me the favour I requested* for you. I have this day spoken with the military secretary, and he assured

me that your friend Mr. Allan has been appointed to an ensigncy in our corps 'by purchase.' ”

The information conveyed by these words vibrated agreeably on every heart except Sir Edward's and that of his *Fidus Achates* Nickerman ; but with deep sensation on that of Redmond himself, to whom the news was alike wholly unknown and unexpected. He saw at once the generous act of Captain Ostin—it came on him like a flood—it overwhelmed him. In the confusion of his mind he could see but one object—the glowing—the god-like excellence of his dear friend ; and his first impulse was to fly to him, and grasp his hand with the affection of true and burning gratitude. He attempted to speak, but could not utter a word ; his feelings arose so strongly, that they only left him the presence of mind to rush out of the room, in order to give way to what, it is said, rarely visit the eyes of a soldier—tears ; but which we think are as ready to fulfil their office there, as in the eyes of other people, when commanded by the genuine impulses of the heart.

This incident was such as to render the mind of

Sir Edward unsettled—he felt that he could not regain his lost ease of manner; and therefore, having politely expressed his pleasure at the appointment, affected fatigue, took his leave, much against Mrs. Pommel's desire, and left the room, followed by Lieutenant Nickerman.

The subject of dispute was of too delicate a nature to agitate conversation upon itself; and although the lady hostess made a most determined attempt to carry it on (feeling that it would afford admirable illustration of her "system"), she was joined by none—the officers were cautious,—the ladies displeased,—a monosyllable, or a silent smile of assent was the most she could obtain in furtherance of her desire. Indeed, such manifest coldness was thrown over the assembly, that it very soon was dissolved, and Mrs. Pommel's sandwiches were saved for that evening, at the expense of a dull and sullen *tête-à-tête* with her husband, from ten till twelve o'clock; during which two hours *she* grumbled, and *he* smoked his hooker.

When Captain Ostin had retired from the unpleasant scene, he immediately proceeded in search of Redmond, and discovered him reclining on a sofa

in the former's barrack-room, whither he had retired to await the arrival of his friend.

As soon as Ostin entered, Redmond arose, and with the most heartfelt gratitude thanked him for the part he had so nobly acted towards him. The Captain then informed him that he had kept the secret of the application and purchase of the ensigncy, merely because he feared that, had he apprised him of his intention before, the offer might not have been accepted.

“ I see, even now,” said Ostin, “ that you feel this favour heavy on you: but I will relieve you, Redmond. The money which I have paid is not quite four hundred pounds: it shall not be a gift; you shall refund when you shall be able—no reply, if your heart does not begrudge your friend the happiness of serving you.—Nay, I will not hear a word.”

Then turning to his servant, ordered him to bring some wine, and continued—

“ Come, Redmond, you and I are not to stand on etiquette in matters of friendship; you would do much more for me: so, let us now have done with

thanks, and drink the health of our new ensign in a bumper."

Redmond's heart overflowed with gratitude; he spoke little; but the flushed cheek—the glistening eye—the expressive and unalterable smile that fixed on his lip, were eloquence to the heart of the captain.

The wine was now brought in; and never was cork drawn at the altar of more genuine and manly friendship, than it was that night with Gerrard Ostin and Redmond Allan.

CHAPTER XII.

As melted glass is twisted into shapes
By th' artist's finger, so our pliant senate
Shall by this subtle tongue be warp'd and wound
Ev'n to what form we list.

WHEN a man is very rich and very proud, he shall be also found, if his resentment be excited, to be very malignant. You may moderately injure his property with impunity, provided he possess not avarice; but you may not breathe upon his pride without calling forth his unrelaxing animosity. An example of such a man, and of his injured pride, were Sir Edward and the effects produced on him by the rebuke he received at Mrs. Pommel's *soirée*. He felt that he was humiliated—that, although superior in rank and wealth to both Ostin and Allan, he was bearded by both with a

threat—and that threat so indirectly given that he could not fairly retaliate, without the chance of a duel—a thing he prudently and secretly abhorred. Like all proud and vain people, he forgot—or rather never thought of, the provocation which he had given, but reflected wholly on the hurt he had himself received ; and with every moment of that reflection his malignity against all connected with the injury increased. His first act, when he had returned home from Mrs. Pommel's *soirée*, was to send to the guard-house a written order to confine the schoolmaster—so that no other officer should release him ; and the messenger who took this order to the serjeant of the guard was the very groom who had laid the charge against the prisoner. This was the mode Sir Edward took to resent Captain Ostin's cutting remarks ; for he dared not directly vindicate his wounded feelings—so poor Miles was doomed to suffer for his patron.

Although Captain Ostin went to the guard-house to inquire of Miles the nature of the quarrel which placed him in durance, yet he knew his duty too well to order his release ; however, on hearing the case, he felt convinced of the prisoner's innocence,

as did Redmond who accompanied him, and recommended Miles to address a letter to the major, stating fully and truly all the circumstances which led to the charge, promising to present it himself. This advice the schoolmaster gratefully obeyed, and produced, after four hours' application, an epistle, occupying two sides of foolscap, and, for the most part, made up of the longest words in the dictionary, interlarded with portions of Latin, and copied out in his best hand-writing.

The news of Miles's misfortune was brought to the clergyman's house by Mrs. Magoverin ; and when the reverend gentleman and Emily were made acquainted with the circumstances, they sympathized unfeignedly with the sorrowing wife. Mr. Ostin resolved to wait on Sir Edward instantly, for the purpose of intreating the release of the prisoner ; but Captain Ostin, knowing the character of the major, dissuaded him from his purpose, with the considerate view of sparing his brother the mortification of a refusal. He thought it better to make a representation himself, as captain of the prisoner's company, of the good qualities which he knew formed the character of Miles,

and at the same time present his letter to Sir Edward; and although he did not feel very sanguine in his hopes of success, still he resolved to exert himself to the utmost to obtain the man's release. For this purpose he proceeded towards Sir Edward's quarters, and on his way was met by an orderly sergeant, who presented to him the regimental order book, containing the following order, which Captain Ostin perused with silent astonishment and disgust—

“ A Court Martial will assemble at 12 o'clock to-morrow, for the trial of Private Miles Magoverin, confined on a charge of highly gross and disorderly conduct, in assaulting Private Richard Rafty, and in expressing himself most disrespectfully towards Major Sir Edward Vandeleur. The following officers are appointed as members of the court, viz.

President—CAPT. POMMEL.

Members.

LIEUTENANT NICKERMAN.

LIEUTENANT HULLOCK.

ENSIGN BAILY.

ENSIGN WHITE.

ENSIGN BROOKE.

“ Private Sandy M'Cullum is appointed to the

duty of schoolmaster, in the place of Private Miles Magoverin, who is removed from the situation : the former will therefore enter on the duty forthwith."

This decisive act of unnecessary and unjust severity (for in such light Captain Ostin viewed it) altered the intention of that officer, and he resolved not to ask Sir Edward a favour, which, it was now evident, would not be granted. He, however, determined on coming forward in behalf of Magoverin on the trial, and trusted that the character which he should then give him would, if not acquit him altogether, at least prevent severe punishment. Still his fears of foul play were not wholly unexcited when he considered the names of the officers appointed to form the court martial—three ensigns, whose youth and weakness of judgment, as well as inexperience and ductility, rendered them fit objects for the impressions which a crafty sycophant, such as Nickerman, and a step-gazing, rank-raised officer like Hullock, might perhaps desire—a president too, who never was inspired by a single active thought, unless he had his hookah in his mouth, and that thought was generally on the qualities of

his tobacco, or the last order of his wife—one who, however correctly he automatonized on the parade with his company, could not be charged with equal precision in milito-forensic tactics. Such a court could afford but little hope of strict and rational justice, on a case in which Sir Edward was the real prosecutor.

As soon as the regimental order for assembling the court martial became known through the regiment, nothing else was talked of; for all in their hearts believed that it was issued in the opposing and revengeful spirit of Sir Edward's character; and this ill-feeling, they could not hesitate to think, arose out of the difference which took place at Mrs. Pommel's *soirée*. The ladies of the regiment were to be seen more busy in visiting each other that day than was usual. Lieutenant Nickerman was in his element—fetching and carrying; and Mrs. Pommel might have been taken for an inspector, sent from London by the Barrack Board, to examine the officers' rooms, for she left not one without entering it; and equipped, as she was, in what she termed "her light walking-dress,"—a blue riding-habit, round black hat, white cravat, spec-

tacles, boots, and umbreila—she looked not much unlike one of the respectable elderly gentlemen who frequently fill such public offices. She was also to be seen on the parade, in close communion with a group of officers—now walking up and down with the adjutant—now “having a word in private” with the surgeon—and now giving her “account of matters” to the pay-master: and all this she did in order to gain opinions in favour of Sir Edward’s strict adherence to “discipline.” She was not unsuccessful, for (what will not such interference do?) several, heretofore regardless of what had occurred, were led by her to join their voices with those who approved the major’s conduct; but in doing this she forgot that the natural consequence of raising up one party was that another should be raised also; but for this she cared very little—she delighted in the rigour of command, and as the object of this punishment was the schoolmaster—one who differed so completely from her in his idea of discipline—she became unusually laudatory of Sir Edward’s promptitude and determination. However, many of the officers (at least one-half) were displeased with the major; they saw that he

availed himself of the absence of their amiable and excellent commanding officer, Colonel Howard, to indulge in that severity which had frequently shewn itself before, and, in this case, from a most unworthy motive. The schoolmaster had had a quarrel with one of his comrades, in which no injury had been inflicted; and they thought that the dismissal of the prisoner from his office, or a short confinement in the guard-house, might have been sufficient punishment for the supposed delinquency, without bringing him before a court martial, the object of which could only have been to procure for the man a more severe infliction.

A divided regiment—that is to say, a regiment whose officers form two parties, opposed to each other in evil feeling—is at once disagreeable to the officers themselves, injurious to the men under their command, and in direct opposition to the first principle of military organization. Yet such anomaly has not been unfrequent in the army; and even now it may be found. We ourselves have known instances of general quarrel and disunion in a regiment, which arose out of a much less serious matter than the punishment of Miles Magoverin.

The corps we now particularly speak of was, through the arrogance of Sir Edward, his repulsive vanity, and his purse-proud demeanour, for a considerable time big with the elements of discord ; and this proceeding against a man who was well known to be inoffensive and amiable, and who was suspected to be the victim of a well-known liar and maligner, now produced the long-threatened rupture, and created two parties in the regiment. The first open symptoms of this were manifested at the mess dinner on the day the orders were issued. The officers scarcely spoke in audible voices at table, and the whole retired without the second allowance of wine—some sullenly—others on frivolous pretences.

The clergyman's family were thrown into great anxiety at the unexpected trouble brought on Miles ; and delicacies, hitherto unknown to the schoolmaster's palate, were poured into his prison by the kind direction of Emily. Mr. Ostin himself visited him, and, with the gentleness and warmth so happily the attributes of that gentleman's heart, consoled the champion of his pony : so that Miles began to feel that his captivity was

by no means so irksome as his wife believed it to be, whose presence was permitted to add to the relief of his hours in the guard-house. But Redmond's visit to him seemed to console him more than all; for he had heard from Kitty, who had heard from somebody else, that he had been nobly vindicated by that gentleman at Mrs. Pommel's, and the returning thanks for this honour to his most profoundly respected and beloved tutor, seemed to be the happiest moment of Miles's life. His address lasted several minutes, and one-half of it was composed of that Latin for which the speaker alone was responsible, as regarded the purity of its grammar.

The court martial assembled at the appointed time, in the mess-room, and every officer of the corps then in barracks was present—the flatterers and followers of wealth and rank familiarly chatting with their leader; while those who scorned such qualities, when unaccompanied by better, sat in silence and in thought.

The president and members took their seats at a large table, spread with green baize; while the officers not on this duty stood at various parts of the room, as their fancy led them.

The prisoner was now marched into the mess-room, between two of his comrades, who were armed with drawn bayonets, and was placed standing at one side of the table. Miles was dressed in full regimentals, but without arms, presenting the appearance of a clean and smart young soldier ; his countenance calm and intelligent ; and his situation, innocent as he was, seemed to have inspired him with an energy of mind for which he never before had been remarkable.

The members now all stood up, and each held a portion of a prayer-book in the right hand, while the oath, enjoining justice and impartiality of conduct and opinion in their judicial duty was being administered. This done, they resumed their seats, and the trial commenced. The charges were read, and the first witness, Private Richard Rafty, called in, and sworn to speak the truth.

“ Richard Rafty, tell the court what you know of this matter of charge against the prisoner, Private Magoverin ? ” demanded the president.

The witness then, with the most unflinching effrontery, proceeded to state to the court the particulars of his charge, and during the time he was.

speaking stood at the 'attention,' his two hands flattened closely against his sides, his chin protruding upwards from his stiff stock, and his eyes (which were the only parts of him, except his organs of speech, that visibly moved) rolling about from one member of the court to the other, but sometimes fixed a moment on the countenance of Lieutenant Nickerman, as if seeking out support in that officer's looks.

"I was attending to my master's business, when I was attacked by the prisoner. I had been out with Sir Edward, and was taking his two horses into the stable, when I perceived a strange pony in one of the stalls. I took the pony out, and tied him to the door-post, from which he broke away. Private Magoverin returned to the stable, with the pony, and asked me how dare I turn out the animal? I said it was to make room for Sir Edward's horses. He then, with an oath, cried out, 'D—n Sir Edward: the pony's master is better than he is.' I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of d—ning his commanding officer, and he cried out, in a furious passion, 'To the d—l with your commanding officer; if he was here and to do the same

thing, I'd serve him as I'll serve you, and break his head with this pitchfork, or run him through the body."

At this part of the evidence the prisoner's face grew flushed, and his eyes distended, while a smile of contempt for the speaker fixed on his lip. He drew a heavy sigh, and muttered in a slightly audible voice—

"O Deus in Cœlum!"

"I had not time to reply," continued the witness, "before he struck me with the pitchfork on the head, and if I had not had my hat on, the blow must have killed me. I fell from the effects of it, and while I was down he struck me several times on the shoulders, back, and legs. Then, having satisfied his rage, he permitted me to rise, and I had just supported myself against the wall, when Sir Edward came into the stable."

The witness was now cross-examined by Lieutenant Nickerman; but the answers, as might be expected, only tended to strengthen his evidence.

Sir Edward was then called, and he deposed as follows:—

"On entering my stable last Saturday I saw the

prisoner with a pitchfork in his hand, and in a menacing attitude standing over my groom, who was leaning against the wall, apparently in a state of exhaustion. I inquired the cause, and on learning it, immediately confined the prisoner."

"Did your groom, Sir Edward, appear as if he were hurt?" demanded Lieutenant Nicker-man.

"Yes, he limped out of the stable, apparently in great pain."

Private Andrew Gropp was now called, and stated thus—

"I was in the hay-loft, throwing down some hay for my master's horse—"

"Now, thank God, we'll have the truth—*gratias Deus!*" exclaimed Miles, with the impulsive delight which falsely accused innocence feels at the sudden prospect of its justification.

"I was throwing down the hay when I heard Miles Magoverin's voice, swearing at Sir Edward's groom, and d—ning Sir Edward himself."

"O, murther! murther! here's a villain!" from the lips of Miles, now showed how transient were his hopes. Captain Pommel directed him to be

silent, and the agitated prisoner obeyed, first having uttered a consolatory proverb in his favourite tongue.

“ *Patientia est virtus,*” said he, looking around at the officers, while tears were almost bursting from his eyes, and oozing drops rolled from his forehead. He bit his lip, and, by an internal effort, regained his composure. .

“ I then looked down,” continued the witness, through the hole in the loft, and saw Magoverin strike him with a pitchfork on the head, and the man fell. He repeated his blows, and then Sir Edward came into the stable: that is all I know of the matter.”

“ Why did you not go to the assistance of the groom ?” demanded one of the ensigns.

“ Be—be—because, Sir,” replied the witness, stammering, “ I—I—I was afraid; the prisoner looked so outrageous.”^h

Mr. Nickerman then quickly put the question as to the apparent lameness of the prisoner, and this was answered in corroboration of Sir Edward’s testimony.

The prosecution here closed, and the prisoner

was called on for his defence. But Miles not comprehending the nature of the call, was silent.

“Have you any thing to say for yourself?” at length demanded Captain Pommel.

“Yes, your honour, plinty;” replied Miles, recovering himself from the state of stupid reverie into which the evidence of the last witness had thrown him; “I’ve plinty to say for myself. My solemn declaration an’ asseveration is, that it’s all a heap o’ lies that’s brought against me. I can say no more than this—it was Dublin Dick that lifted the fork to me first, an’ I took it from him; but I never raised my hand to him: that’s all. An’ now do as you like with me. I know I have no witness to spake to the facts, for no person was present at all but the pony; an’ he’s nobody. I never spoke the first letter of a bad word against my commandin’ officer; I like subordination too much for that, as my captain there very well knows; an’ unless he spakes a word for me—or Mистер Redmond Allan there—I can say no more, but lave my case in the hands o’ God Almighty an’ yourselves—barrin’ an ancient remark, ‘*Deus mollit ventus nudus agnus.*’”

Miles, at the conclusion of his Latin sentence, bowed lowly; and notwithstanding the critical situation in which he stood, was not without a glow of that self-satisfaction which the scholastic orator feels when he has delivered his maiden speech in public. Learning was Miles's idol, and whether in the school, or at the foot of the triangle, it was alike his pride. He felt confident that his powers of oratory were not of a striking character, therefore did he adopt the plan of other greater pretenders to the art than he was, and finish by a quotation, which neither his auditory, nor perhaps himself, perfectly understood.

Captain Ostin now stepped forward, and gave the prisoner an excellent character for benevolence and mildness of temper. Redmond Allan also was permitted to repeat a similar opinion of him; and the clergyman, Mr. Ostin, stated that he knew him from his earliest infancy, without ever having discovered in him the slightest disposition to quarrelling or malevolence.

The case was thus closed, the prisoner escorted back to the guard-house, and the room cleared of all but the members of the court-martial. These

things done, one of the ensigns, whose duty had been to take down in writing the proceedings of the trial, was now called upon by the President to read them, which having done, a short discussion took place on the case. The character given the prisoner by Captain Ostin, his brother, and Mr. Allan, was urged strongly in favour of his acquittal; but the specious arguments of Nickerman and Hullock weighed down the juniors, as well as old Pommel, the president.

The principal arguments used by Nickerman in opposition to character were—First: that a man may be quiet many years, and yet commit a violent action at last. Second: that the prisoner's simplicity of manner was affected, and that his quoting Latin was because he had no fact of defence to offer. And, third, because the three gentlemen who spoke in favour of him were his own patrons; and one owned the very pony in whose defence the quarrel arose. He then dilated much on the grossness of the attack, the murderous weapon used, &c. &c.; and concluded by declaring, that just discipline required the prisoner's conviction and punishment.

The word *discipline* was, we have no doubt, the balancing touch to the scale of Captain Pommel's judgment; he started from his half-comatose state when he heard it, and hastened as much as was in his power the conclusion of the proceedings. The youngest ensign according to custom was called on first for his opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner: he paused and wavered; but a toss of Nickerman's head, and a downward twist of the angles of his lips, together with an indicatory look of Hullock's eye, decided the youthful officer, and he said 'guilty.' The next followed in similar opinion, and an unanimous verdict was recorded. The punishment was now considered, and after a short discussion, during which Nickerman took the lead, Private Miles Magoverin was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Yes, sad are the sighs that at parting swell,
And the echo that follows that word—"farewell."

THE sentence of the court-martial was ordered to be carried into effect the next day succeeding the trial, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and a punishment parade was directed to take place accordingly. The order to this effect appeared in the regimental order book immediately after the trial concluded; and, for a short time, all was dismay amongst the friends of Miles: however, the arrival of a despatch from London, and the preceding

Saturday night's Gazette, unexpectedly changed the face of things to their satisfaction, as regarded the punishment. The despatch contained an order to march the next day for Portsmouth, there to embark for foreign service; consequently, the prisoner's punishment could not take place at the appointed time. It was fully hoped too that the commanding officer would remit the sentence altogether, in consideration that the fatigues and perils to be expected in the field were now approaching, and that such might be considered as in some measure claiming indulgence, in a case such as that of Miles's. This hope was strengthened by the fact that the major, by the despatch above-mentioned, received a step in the command of the regiment, the senior major having been promoted to another corps, and Colonel Howard, from illness, had obtained leave of absence. Sir Edward had thus received the 'entire command of the regiment, and a prospect of its continuance for some time on service, owing to the colonel's illness; and it was naturally expected that he would forget in his good fortune the petty malignity which dictated a cruel severity against the unfortunate soldier.

In this, however, expectation was disappointed; it reckoned without appreciating truly the heart of Sir Edward—a heart that adversity and chastisement might render tolerable, but which prosperity and gratification must always inflame with the most noxious qualities. So far from relaxing in his persecution, he publicly regretted that time was not left him to punish the man, and declared that he would march him a prisoner to Portsmouth, where, if time still allowed, he would carry the sentence of the court-martial into effect.

The Gazette contained news for the Ostin family, of a nature that gratified all except Emily: this was the announcement of Redmond Allan's ensigncy. Had it not come coupled with the order for such sudden departure, Miss Ostin would not have regretted; on the contrary, she, like most of her fair countrywomen, delighted in the contemplation of a military lover, but the thought which was so closely connected with it—the separating from one, the possession of whom, she now forcibly felt was necessary to her existence—dissolved the ideal charms of military life with which she had adorned both her lover and her love—the reality of

human hearts stood before her—the unadorned affections of nature in all their simplicity of beauty—these took possession of her soul, and she felt that, to have the romantic military decoration of love, she should lose the lover himself.

A sudden route to a regiment causes as much bustle and confusion as the discharge of a musket shot in the centre of a well-inhabited rookery—officers, soldiers, servants, women, and children, immediately begin to fly about. • Every one looks, speaks, and acts differently to what he did the day before: the loud laugh and the hearty congratulation are mingled with deep regrets and parting wishes: some look happy, and others sad, who, but a few hours before, wore opposite countenances; while some would fain conceal beneath a boisterous affectation of hilarity the bitter feelings they secretly possess at quitting those to whom their hearts have become attached: but, over all, there is a spirit of activity breathing, that urges one part to novelty, and the other to forgetfulness, or at least to confusion, and keeps the mind, as well as the body, busy.

Mrs. Pommel, and the other ladies of the regi-

ment, leaning on the arms of their respective husbands, were to be seen, on the day prior to moving, in the various parts of the town, at "double quick time," occupied in distributing their T.T.L. cards—the single officers popping in and out of sundry millinery shops, or from the rear of flower-gardens and suburb cottages, where they had been imparting the direful news of their departure to some "esteemed fair one," and assuring them that they would be punctual in attending on their steps, when the silvery moon arose, to say farewell—the servants of the officers purchasing on their master's account, and selling on their own, reeling about, half filled with beer—furniture brokers humbly waiting at the doors of their military customers, to receive the amount of their bills, and to inspect the state of the furniture which they had hired out—the serjeants, and their sprucely-dressed wives, marketing for the march; while the wives of the privates, with melancholy faces (for to these poor creatures a march had but one aspect), peering about those streets where half-worn apparel were to be purchased, might be observed cheapening some necessary article of covering for themselves or their

children—the surgeons at the hospital “stirring up” their invalid *company* for the approaching travel with threats and encouragements—the paymaster in and out all day at the town bank—the adjutant bustling through the barrack-rooms in search of something to find fault with—the quartermaster and his fatigue party packing up his stores—the serjeant-major running to and fro, cursing and bellowing—travelling chests here—straw there—mess-room despoiled of its gaudy equipage, and turned into a bear garden—women chattering—children crying—hurry and confusion:—such was the case with our gallant regiment on the day previous to the march from Bath.

All military matters requiring the attention of Captain Ostin at the barracks were disposed of by noon: the principal of those was to introduce his friend, now Ensign Allan, to the commanding-officer officially: this the captain did *strictly* officially, and with cold politeness, while the ensign reported himself to Sir Edward with grace and elegance, but with dignity and reserve; and, at his own request, received permission to be attached to Captain Ostin’s company.

Although by the major's manner it was evident that he wished to appear the affable, unprejudiced commanding-officer, his character was too well understood, by both Captain Ostin and his subaltern, to make his apparent civility pass off for any other than its own quality. The appearance of the ensign was complimented—the truly military style of his regimentals—the brilliancy of his epaulette—the purity of his feather—the richness of his sash—and the peculiar cut of his boots, received in turn the stamp of the major's approbation, which was politely but formally received; and, as neither party wished to prolong an interview which was disagreeable to both, the ceremony soon ended, and the two officers proceeded to pass the remainder of the day with those they loved.

Not *all* that Ostin loved—his adored Charlotte was not to be found by him. He had driven out along with Redmond that morning to take leave of Colonel Raven's family, and not without a hope of seeing the girl of his heart, Miss Vandeleur; but the colonel met his hopes with assuring him that his daughter-in-law would feel very unhappy at not having been able to say farewell to Captain

Ostin and Mr. Allan, as she was still at Southampton in a very uncertain state of health, but that he would be the bearer of the gentlemen's adieus to her, &c. Mortified with this unsavoury kindness, the captain departed, expressing his parting compliments for Lady Vandeleur, who was also "ill," as Raven said, and, mounting his gig along with Redmond, rapidly proceeded to his brother's house, the only place at which he could seek consolation; for there he could talk of his beloved Charlotte to his warm-hearted sister.

Dinner passed away at the clergyman's table with feelings that never were there before—the forms of the meal were gone through, but the substance remained almost untouched. Yet there was no apparent melancholy in the looks or expressions of either Mr. Ostin, Gerrard, Emily, or Redmond; enough of sadness was in all their hearts, but each exerted to dissemble in kindness to the others. The captain talked more than any, and louder than usual, but it required little judgment to see what motive he had in this. The conversation, as the cloth was being removed, turned on poor Miles Magoverin, by Mr. Ostin directing his servant to

send up to the guard-room a basket of provisions sufficient for his consumption and that of his wife during the march. They spoke of the affection which Kitty had shewn for her husband since his persecution had commenced; and the captain for the first time learned that she had determined to go along with him, although it was strongly suspected that the regiment would be ordered on foreign service immediately on its arrival at Portsmouth. In considering others' troubles the Ostin family thus lulled their own; and the evening glided gently into twilight, unperceived in its course, while the subject nearest to their hearts resumed its painfully vivid but silent operation.

The evening was particularly calm—the sun had departed in serenity, and left the luxuriant foliage of the garden, on which the windows of the apartment opened, silently exhaling the fragrance which its beams had given motion to—not a sound was to be heard but what arose from the voices of the group, and these were subsiding, as the melancholy thoughts of the separation which was about to take place grew upon them with the twilight. Captain Ostin now started up from the sofa on

which he had reclined, as if his mind had made an effort to disengage itself from its reflection: humming a merry air, he opened the glass door which was next the garden, and, gazing over the lovely scene, exclaimed—

“ This is an evening that will make us remember it, Redmond.—Come, young fellow—Emily shall take your arm—let us have a walk amongst these flowers and thick branches.—My reverend brother there is at prayers.”

“ No, Gerrard, not yet,” replied Mr. Ostin, smiling; “ however, as you remind me of a good act, while you amuse yourselves in a walk, I’ll remain here, and pray for a successful campaign to you and your new subaltern.”

The captain and the lovers now left Mr. Ostin, and wandered in amongst the green bushes, to talk of, and to think of what was dearest to their hearts. It would appear that the object which Captain Ostin had in view, in proposing a walk to his sister, was to speak with her on the extraordinary disappearance of Miss Vandeleur; but his sister could offer no further conjecture than he himself could: however, she believed that Charlotte

was certainly gone to Southampton, and would remain there a week or two longer. She consoled her brother by reminding him that Portsmouth was near to that place, and that he would soon have an opportunity of seeing, if not of visiting her, before he left England. However, as the captain began seriously to think that Miss Vandeleur was not disposed to receive his attentions, and that she perhaps preferred another to him, this consolation was but weak: nor could his sister dissipate his fears, by saying that she had any reason to think he was acceptable to the lady's heart. She had been much in the society of Miss Vandeleur, and they were warm friends; yet, beyond polite inquiry, Emily never heard her speak of her brother.

One side of the garden, in order to afford a view of a beautiful country, was protected only by a railing, elevated on a three-feet wall; and close to this ran a foot-path through a pasture. At this railing Captain Ostin stood a moment, to gaze at the last receding feather of the day-light's wing, and observe its changing and beautiful hues, while his sister and Redmond, engaged in the sweet conver-

sation of parting lovers, walked onward through a winding path. While thus contemplating, the dark outline of a female form arose before him, the symmetry of which, and grace of whose drapery, traced by his eye on the still remaining colours of the horizon, excited in him admiration and surprise. The figure advanced towards him over the rising breast of the pasture-ground, and taking the path which ran along side the garden, was soon within a few yards of him: he instantly recognized the features of his beloved Charlotte Vandeleur, pale and melancholy, but beautiful. She stopped, and her countenance lighting up with smiles, thus blessed the ears of the listener—

“ I come to pay you a last visit.”

“ My angelic Charlotte !” exclaimed her lover, in an ecstasy of joy, which was thus gently checked—

“ Hush ! we must be secret—I have but a short time to stay; and we must be alone. Pass you round by the house, and cross the road: you will find me on the hill yonder—at the gate of the church-yard.”

She glided quickly away as the concluding words fell from her lips, while Captain Ostin, whose senses now reeled with unexpected delight, proceeded to the appointed place, first having mistaken his way through the garden once or twice, in the confusion of his ideas. However, he was out of the front gate in a few moments, and having sprung over a field fence, took a short route to the appointed spot, and soon arrived there. Charlotte had not come, nor could she have arrived so soon ; he, therefore, took his station beside the church-yard gate, and fixed his eyes on the path by which he expected her ; and, as it winded upwards through a meadow towards where he stood, he commanded a view of it to a considerable distance,—as well as could an anxious pair of eyes, through twilight and the evening mists which the heat of the bygone day had set in motion. Here he stood gazing, in momentary expectation, and frequently fancied he saw her ; but it was the vapour moving slowly over the fields. He listened with attention—nothing was to be heard, save the tinkling of the far-distant waggoner's bell, the bark of the cottager's dog, and the waving of the bat's wing, as it

flew by him. An hour passed, yet nothing appeared but the moon to change the scene; and this companion of melancholy but increased the anxiety in the breast of the expecting lover. His bold heart now began to give way a little to those impressions, which, in boyhood, it had experienced from the tales of death-fetches and banshees, so often and so variously told by the superstitious peasants of his native hills; and, yielding still more at every succeeding moment of reflection, he began to feel the terrible apprehension that it was not his Charlotte he had seen, but her spirit. He remembered it was but that day that her father-in-law declared her to be ill at Southampton; and the words he had heard, "I come to pay you a *last* visit," now recurred to him in death-like meaning.

Nothing was more accordant with the captain's early theory of death visions, than that they appeared only during illness and a short time previous to the death of the persons of which they were the shadows. He therefore yielded to the dictation of his fears, fully believing that his adored Charlotte was at that moment on her death-bed, and would expire as the clock struck twelve that very night.

Ostin, although, from early prejudices, susceptible of supernatural fancies, and their consequent qualms, was as brave as a lion; years had made him a stranger to such feelings, but first prejudices, more or less, leave an impression; and as the latent spark was thus suddenly ignited, no wonder it burnt up for a moment.

A chill of horror passed through his brain, as he reflected; cold drops distilled from his forehead; and he stood, not only motionless, but almost senseless. However, this state of mind did not last: in a few seconds his blood returned to its natural course, and by an effort of self-control he succeeded in resuming his wonted strength of mind. Resolving to speak to it, he looked around, in the hope of again beholding the vision—he passed his eye from grave to grave, and followed with his sight the weak and unsettled moonbeams, through the grey tomb-stones, which stood before him—but saw not the desired object. He called on her name, and conjured her to appear once more—but the echoes of his own words were the only answers he received. It was now half past eleven—he had heard the church clock strike

twice; and having determined to watch the midnight hour, he entered the path which led through the church-yard, and leaning against the fragment of a tomb, awaited the first toll of the midnight bell.

A little before the hour of twelve, the moon, which had now arisen considerably on the arch of her journey, suddenly became obscured by a chain of clouds, and thence, as they flitted by her, she threw momentary gleams, the effect of which, to the scene around Ostin, appeared like an indistinct motion. He fixed his eyes on the hands of the church-clock over which the moon-beams glided—they approached the “witching hour”—his heart, in spite of him, beat faster and faster. It may be truly said that the silence of the grave was around—not even a solitary bat flew over the field of the dead; and if a breeze agitated the foliage which spread out over it, so gentle it was that the movement could scarcely be said to break the intensity of stillness which surrounded the lover.

The minute hand was close to the last point—his eyes trembled—he turned and looked anxiously around—but all was as before. He now fixed his eyes involuntarily on the gate, where the vision

had appointed to meet him—a beam of moonlight passed over it—he stood forward, his feelings wrought to the highest pitch of excitement—he saw a shade arise—it approached—and at the outer side of the gate, the form of his Charlotte stood before him, just as he had beheld her two hours before.

“Charlotte! my beloved Charlotte! speak to me,” he exclaimed, and advanced towards the figure: but it only beckoned him to follow; and with the intimated wish he instantly complied. It glided down the meadow—he walked steadily after it. It stopped in the centre of the field—looked fully on him with a hollow eye and ghastly smile—the lips moved, and it seemed about to speak—but the church-clock now struck the hour, and the vision dissolved.

Ostin felt as awakened from a trance—he shuddered—threw himself exhausted on the turf, and exclaimed in agony, “She is dead!—she is dead!”

He now gave way to the impulses of his feelings, for he believed his Charlotte as certainly dead as if he had beheld her cold and lifeless clay. In vain he tried to persuade himself that he had not seen the

vision, and that the imagination was the sole agent in the producing it; so evident did it appear to his reason—so impressive and distinct were the features of his Charlotte expressed, and so palpable was the recollection of her voice when she first appeared to him at the garden rails, that the more he considered the extraordinary occurrence, the more convinced he felt that it was what he had so often heard of before—a death-fetch.

It was nearly one o'clock before he arose from the grass where he had lain, to proceed home. On entering the parlour he exhibited such a disturbed countenance that his brother and sister, as well as Redmond, who had all been most anxiously awaiting his return, became alarmed, and inquired the cause; which, when they heard, relieved them from their fears, and brought down upon the captain a shower of good-natured raillery; but his mind still retained the 'full belief of the reality of the vision; and he reasoned so forcibly on the matter, that Emily began to fear that her friend was really very ill, if not dead. The subject, however, although not the most agreeable to them, had one good effect—it served to keep off the

painful sensations which otherwise must have occupied their minds, and increased as the parting hour of the regiment approached.

The captain at length stood up. Redmond looked at Emily as he followed his friend's example—the glance touched her heart—she felt that she stood on the brink of separation—perhaps for ever—from her lover—her brother; and, unable to restrain the burst of emotion which arose in her bosom, she hastily left the room.

But let us draw the veil over a scene which, to dwell on further, would be but to give a less vivid idea of it to our readers than their imagination can supply. We not only dislike to describe the parting scenes of dear friends, but have always avoided experiencing such ourselves. Some think the word “farewell,” when sounded from the hearts of those who are beloved, is a sweet and silvery word to the ears of those who love; but we never liked either to hear or to say it in those instances where parting was a pain: the *form* of feeling but mocks the *reality*; and he who says least on such occasions may be most sensible of the poignancy of parting. Yet is “farewell” a sweet

word—its echo lasts in the mind to which it is dear : but, notwithstanding its melody, we think it was only made to be written, and that when it comes hot from the heart, the tongue cannot touch it without torture.

CHAPTER XIV.

Over the darkening hills we go,
Far, far, as your eye can see, love!
And, like them, my heart shall gloomier grow,
As farther it lies from thee, love.

LITTLE rest was taken by the Ostin family on the night previous to the marching of the regiment. The captain and Redmond threw themselves in their cloaks on a mattress in their barrack-room, for an hour—not to sleep, for that was impossible—and at half-past three arose for the march.

As they walked into the barrack-yard, the sun had just thrown up its first flush of rays from the horizon, and the drummers were announcing this to the ears of the half-asleep soldiers, by beating

the *réveiller*. The horses were being yoked to the baggage-waggons, on the top of which the wives and children of the soldiers, and a few invalids, were seating themselves, assisted by the baggage-guard in their accommodation. This preparation was the work of a quarter of an hour; and all belonging to the regiment, except the effective men, their arms, and clothing, moved off on a train of waggons, under the protection of the baggage-guard, at the usual rate of a mile an hour—it might be more, but certainly not less.

Ostin and Allan, even in beholding this preliminary to the business of the day, felt a remission of the thoughts which oppressed them, and the increasing bustle served to keep up, tolerably well, this negatively happy state. They also spent a little time in talking to Miles Magoverin, who was still a prisoner, and in consoling his wife, who, in spite of advice to the contrary, determined to go with her husband, and for the purpose, was placed in front of a waggon, on a bundle of the quartermaster's soft stores.

The *assembly* was soon rattled in their ears by the drummer, and the men began to pour out from

their various barrack-rooms, equipped in marching order—white trousers, with gaiters; their kits neatly packed, and buckled and strapped on their backs; their bayonets sheathed, and their muskets brightly glittering in their hands (the more useful mode of browning their gun-barrels was not then adopted); all cheerfully chatting to each other, or at least seemingly so; for, whatever may be the individual sorrow or regrets of soldiers quitting a favourite garrison, when they meet collectively for such an object of duty, they do it cheerfully.

Sergeants and corporals were now busy forming up their squads, and marching them to their respective companies, and in a few minutes the whole regiment, officers and privates, were in line on the parade. A finer or more brilliant looking body of men had not stood there before: there was but little difference in their respective heights, and from proper arrangement even this difference could not be discovered: their clothing was new—jackets of rich red, with yellow facings, smartly made, and laced across with pure white—neat caps, of the Austrian shape, with brass plates thereon, from which flashed the rays of the sun—white cross-

belts—brightly black cartouch boxes, and flowing white trousers—their knapsacks tightly on their backs, and their muskets, with bayonets fixed, uprightly carried, and streaming light. The captains and subalterns stood at the head of their respective companies—the surgeons, pay-master, and quarter-master on the extreme left next the light company—the band, drummers, and pioneers occupied the rear.

The sight delighted the proud Sir Edward, as he rode along the line, accompanied by Major Pommel and the adjutant, mounted also, to inspect the men; which having done, he gave the word, in loud and martial voice—

“ THE BATTALION WILL WHEEL BACKWARDS INTO OPEN COLUMN.”

Sir Edward now galloped to the left flank, the musicians, drummers, and pioneers took their station on the right, and the captains of companies moved out, placing themselves a few paces in front of their right subdivision. The major then continued—

“ BY SUBDIVISIONS ON THE LEFT BACKWARD WHEEL.”

At this word of command the captains of com-

panies moved out quickly to the front of their right subdivisions, while the pivot-man of each company faced to the right. This done, Sir Edward proceeded—

“ QUICK MARCH ! ”

And the movement closed by

“ HALT ! DRESS ! ” from the captains of companies.

Whether it was because Sir Edward really saw a defect in the action of the grenadiers, or that he had a more unworthy motive, cannot be judged ; but, from whatever it arose, he spoke somewhat hastily to Captain Ostin—

“ The grenadier company has executed the movement slovenly, Captain Ostin—it may be the fault of your subaltern, Mr. Allan.”

This, at all events, it was not ; for he was well known by Ostin to have been perfect in his drill for many months before he had been appointed to his commission, having, from pure liking, studied it. Sir Edward continued—

“ Let the movement be done again. LEFT WHEEL INTO LINE—MARCH !—Now, Mr. Allan, attend, Sir.”

He then gave the word, as before, and the battalion formed into subdivisions so perfectly as to defy reproof. This done, the commanding officer, in a few minutes, gave the word—

“ QUICK MARCH !”

The band struck out a quick step, and the regiment commenced to move off—the colonel riding in front of the grenadiers—before him the drummers, musicians, and pioneers; while Major Pommel, the surgeon, and Mrs. Pommel (who, from her riding-dress, &c. looked like a veteran officer in mufty) rode at the rear of the regiment, and behind them, in custody of four rank and file, marched Miles Magoverin.

Thus the regiment advanced through the streets of Bath, followed to the outlets by a crowd of individuals, principally females, who, early as the hour was, appeared in their best attire—although, were one to judge by their countenances, weeds would have suited them better. The windows flew up as the great drum of the band announced to the half-sleeping citizens the departure of the soldiers; and smiles, and nods, and waving handkerchiefs greeted them from the

white houses of the beautiful city as they marched along.

The road which the regiment took passed close to the house of Mr. Ostin, who was at the door awaiting its arrival, determined to walk a mile or two of the journey with his brother and Redmond. But there were other and more gentle eyes in expectation of their presence—the fair and now heart-stricken Emily had laid herself down on her bed undressed, the preceding night ; and as the regiment approached from the town, the troubled slumber, into which she had sunk, was broken by the music of the band. The air it played was—“ The girl I left behind me ;” a melody to which Mr. Moore has wedded a beautiful song, the first verse of which we may be permitted to quote here—

“ As slow our ship her foamy track,
Against the wind was cleaving ;
Her trembling pennant still look'd back,
On that sweet isle ~~was~~ leaving.
So—loth we part from those we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So—turn our hearts where'er we move,
To those we've left behind us.”

The air is generally played by military musicians as their regiments march out of one quarter for another.

It has a cast of melancholy about it which, notwithstanding its "quick-march" time, touches the feelings; but, to a heart rendered so susceptible by the circumstances of the moment as that of Emily, it must go to the core;—and it did so—to the very heart of her heart. She beheld through the leaves which almost obscured the window of her chamber, her lover and her brother pass at the head of the grenadiers: she had been weeping—but there was something in their fine and martial appearance, that stopped her tears, and made her bosom glow in momentary pleasure. A similar feeling pervaded *their* breasts, and they smiled cheerfully as they waved their swords towards her. The martial instruments of music—the striking appearance of the regiment—the life, spirit, and purpose of the scene—all conspired to repress sorrow, and excite the most buoyant exultation. But when those she loved to behold had passed from her sight, the re-action of her grief was doubly severe. She stood fixed like a statue, gazing on the head of the column as it moved away from her; and so intently, that the respectful waving of Miles's cap, and the honest exclamations of his heart, which he bestowed as

farewell compliments upon his "young mistress" as he passed, wholly escaped her notice. Her heart was breaking; but a full flood of tears—the luxury of sorrow—came to her relief.

The regiment arrived at Portsmouth, after seven days' march, during which nothing worthy of recording took place, except that the party feeling which had been breeding amongst the officers increased in growth under the fostering pride and presumption of their commander, and the indefatigable exertions of his led captain, Mr. Nickerman and the petticoat major, Mrs. Pommel. Disunion arose to such a pitch that some of the officers set up at one inn, and some at another, at the close of each day's march; and formal politeness took the place of light-hearted familiarity amongst them. Men who were formerly friends, now feared to speak to each other, except on matters of no interest, or mere duty, lest reports should be carried to Sir Edward, which that officer might think proper to receive ungraciously, and resent severely. It may be said that the junior officers were as independent as their commander, and that if they did their duty they could have

no need to care for his resentment ; but it must be remembered that there are such things as “ *confidential reports,*” or, in other words, remarks on the character of each officer in a regiment, forwarded periodically to head-quarters ; and that, if the commanding officer should wish, he might thus stab in the dark, and a black mark placed against the individual’s name so stabbed would deprive him altogether of future promotion. However, few such commanding-officers as Sir Edward, to the honour of the service be it said, existed or do exist ; yet a few there have been, a specimen of whom was the “ worthy ” major we speak of.

Scarcely had they arrived at the end of their route when the order for immediate embarkation was issued ; and it was understood that their destiny was Lisbon. News of the battle of Vimera and the convention of Cintra had been just made public ; and as, by the latter-mentioned, the French were to be sent out of Portugal, it was known that the operations of the army which the regiment was about to reinforce, should be directed against the French then in Spain. Therefore, as, the object of their embarkation was defined, officers

were permitted to take their wives along with them, on making application to the transport department ; and six women—wives of the soldiers—were allowed to embark with each company. Out of the number of officers' wives, the only ladies who determined to brave the field were Mrs. Pommel and the quartermaster's wife ; the rest very prudently remained in England. The wives of the soldiers drew lots for the privilege of accompanying their husbands, and amongst the rejected females was Mrs. Magoverin.

A sad scene, indeed, did the hour of embarkation present on the beach at Portsmouth ; it was one of those sorrows which cling round the pleasures of military life—one of those clouds which so frequently dim the lustre of war. At least a hundred women were forced to part from their husbands, with little but the government allowance for their journey back to their friends or home (if they possessed either) ; the desponding partners of the soldiers' cares were to be seen in silent grief that burns within, or vainly uttering their sorrows to the winds, while the children of their hearts stood trembling by their side. The

parting crust was shared from one to the other ; the injunction passed in mutual murmurs from heart to heart ; the hope of sweet return arose with their sighs, and the musket was exchanged for the beloved infant, while its father kissed it—perhaps for the last time—and offered a silent prayer to heaven for its protection. Poor Miles, prisoner as he was, felt sorrow doubly deep ; and his faithful Kitty's heart had well nigh broken : for, in addition to the common cause of grief in all, she had to feel the stings of disappointment in the fondly-cherished hope of being permitted to go, by being returned as servant to her captain, and also the poignancy of reflecting that her husband was yet under a terrible sentence of punishment.

The order was given to embark ; the wind was fair ; the transports alongside the dock. The embrace—the blessing—the kiss—the prayer—all terminated ; and the ships, one after the other, spread their sails, and moved majestically out of the harbour, bearing upwards of eight hundred gallant soldiers away from their country.—How few to return !

The embarkation took place at twelve o'clock ;

the ships assembled at Torbay about an hour afterwards; at three o'clock the commodore made the signal for sailing; at six the fleet passed through the Needles; and at dark all the ships were fairly on their course in the channel, sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour, with a fresh breeze on their quarter.

CHAPTER XV.

Al! who would think that yon beautiful sea,
All smooth and sleeping so tranquilly,
Could ever uprise with a demon's scowl
And bicker the heavens with a roar and a howl,
Changing these love-breathing charms we see
To frightful, revolting deformity!
Yet this will that placid and fair sea do,
As sure as fair woman hath done so too.

THE transport in which Redmond and Captain Ostin sailed, contained also Major and Mrs. Pommel, another captain, and three subalterns: two companies of the regiment were in the hold. The cabin, for the size of the vessel, which was a brig of four hundred tons, was spacious, but the only accommodation afforded the officers was four deal-board berths, into which they were permitted to put their own beds (provided they had been wise

enough to bring them on board)—the ship's rations were at their service, but neither knives, forks, spoons, plates, nor any such like necessary, were to be found ; each officer was obliged to provide them previously to his embarkation, or be contented to pay the master of the transport his own price for the hire of such as the ship possessed.

The “ state rooms ” were occupied by Major and Mrs. Pommel, the latter of whom declared, on beholding the place destined for her repose, that it was more like a lumber chest than a state cabin ; and ordered the master of the vessel forthwith into her presence. That nautical captain having obeyed her summons, she proceeded to lecture him on the paucity of the accommodation which the vessel afforded : but the seaman during her harangue continued to smoke a huge pipe of tobacco, and stare up at her (for he was a foot less in height than the lady), out of a solitary eye, the other being irrevocably sealed, and, as she concluded, replied—

“ You see, Ma'am, I have nought to do wi' your cabin : there it is, as I've had it from the transport board ; and if you wish for any other accommoda-

tion, you must write to London for it. My orders are to give the cabin up to the sodger officers; an' there it is, Ma'am.—You'll excuse me, but the state room is a canny place when you once get right into it:—to be sure it smells a little o' cheese an' candles, because I used to keep my stores there afore noo; but that's no great fault, and if you find it disagreeable, may be you'd like to sleep in one o' these berths—or I'll sling a cot for you, Ma'am?"

"What!" screamed Mrs. Pommel, "in this cabin, amongst the officers?"

"Yes: but I can put up a blanket for a screen, Ma'am," replied the master, coolly, measuring with his arms the extent of one of the berths.

The lady major now completely gave up her hopes of comfort, and, with resignation to which she had seldom yielded, desired the master to leave her. She then began to make the best of her "state room," by directing the servants how to dispose of her bed, her band-boxes, her *garde du liqueur*, and other sea comforts, with which, like a true veteran campaigner, she had provided herself amply.

The evening was closing in to twilight, and the officers now began to assemble in the cabin to supper, which consisted of cold meats, tea, &c., over which Mrs. Pommel presided. The berths were all arranged, and every thing promised a tolerably comfortable voyage: there was not yet sufficient motion in the vessel to affect the appetite of the party, and every body felt cheerful. Redmond and Ostin were the only officers who remained on deck; for they, lover-like, felt more delight in gazing at the receding coast which bounded all that was dear to them, and in conversing on the theme dearest to their hearts than joining with the cabin coterie.

“I am just thinking, Redmond,” observed Captain Ostin, after a pause, “that at this moment Emily is sitting at the bottom of the garden where we all used to assemble, and is gazing on that beautiful chain of clouds in the belief that you are also looking on them; for I know you have both agreed to gaze on a particular point of the sky at a particular hour every evening.”

“We promised to watch the evening star, and to look upon it as it arose,” replied Redmond, with a sigh.—“How did you know of this, Gerrard?”

“ I observed you on the evening of the day we left Bath, in the garden of the inn at which we slept that night. Your fixed attention to the heavens there was explained to me by a few poetic ideas which I am sure, Redmond, must have been written down by you. I have them by heart—attend:—

“ I think I see thee now reclining,
 Pale as the light that's o'er thee shining,
 Breathing the sighs affection brings,
 In melancholy murmurings,
 As widow'd woodquest, in a grove,
 Coos for the absence of her love.—
 Yes, I will give thee gaze for gaze ;
 I'll watch that love-light's latest rays ;
 And when the last shall disappear,
 I know thou'lt give me tear for tear.—
 Bright star, I hail thee !—look on me,
 Then turn and look on Emily !”

I found the verses in your room at the inn, Redmond.—Don't make any excuse,” continued the captain, interrupting Redmond, who had now attempted to speak, “ I know what lovers feel ; and particularly lovers like you and my sister. Ah, *you* are happy—*you* are happy !—*You* may write and refine upon your mutual passion—it is for me to write elegies.”

A deep sigh heaved the breast of Ostin as he concluded, and Redmond, glad of the opportunity of turning the discourse from his verses to the captain's most favourite subject, observed—

“ You have, indeed, been unfortunate, Gerrard : yet I cannot think for a moment that she is dead.”

“ Dead !—Dead !” —echoed Ostin, as he fixed his eyes on the ocean beneath him. “ O, I hope not !—Yet that vision—so evident, too—so clear to my senses ! Redmond, the mystery leaves me in the most perplexing state of doubt.”

“ You cannot surely believe implicitly in having seen a death-fetch ?” said Redmond.

“ I cannot for the soul of me disbelieve it ; although I am as rational on the subject of apparitions, generally, as any man. But there was such a positive demonstration to my senses of seeing and hearing on that occasion, that I am compelled to admit that I either saw Charlotte Vandeleur, *bonâ fide*, or that there are such things as apparitions—a visiting of the spirit of departed friends to us mortals.”

“ Now, let us reason on this point, Gerrard,” said Redmond Allan. “ You say that your senses

were perfectly convinced, on that occasion, of the presence and voice of Charlotte Vandeleur?"

"I say they were."

"Had you not been in a place, of all others, the most likely to excite in the mind a certain cast of thought favourable to assist in any prejudices on the score of ghosts and fetches? and was it not at a time that still further favoured such end? The moon was up—the midnight hour approached—silence was around, or that silence was only broken by sounds which tended even more than silence to dispose the mind to a certain effect. Your expectations were wound up—they were disappointed—you began to reflect that Charlotte was stated to have been ill, at a considerable distance from where you had seen her but an hour before, and that it was almost impossible that she could have so recently appointed to meet you, yet break that appointment with such little apparent cause. The strangeness of her coming at all—and on foot, unattended—all these reflections crowded upon your early prejudices, (for Gerrard, notwithstanding all your philosophy, you are not without the effects of early prejudices,) and terror at losing

your beloved arising at the moment, your imagination conjured up the form of your dear, dying Charlotte—you fancied you saw her before you—you followed the vision until you became totally bewildered, and, consequently, lost sight of the *ignis fatuus* that led you on—in other words, the vision dissolved, and left you in the most exquisite agony of passion.”

“This may be good reasoning,” returned the captain; “but you have forgotten to account for the appearance of Charlotte at the rails of the garden, when she made the appointment to meet me, in a few minutes, at the gate of the churchyard. How do you account for that?”

Redmond’s reason was here put to a full stop. He paused and smiled his difficulty, while the captain became more serious. At length he replied,

“Gerrard, I own that this puzzles me. It is incomprehensible, unless I suppose you to have been *non compos*, while at the rails of the garden. It is, indeed, most unaccountable.”

“You know whether I was disposed, on the evening in question, to abstract my mind from reality and fix it on the imaginary world, Redmond. I

had, you will allow, too many real objects to engage my attention—on the eve of quitting my family and all the enjoyments of the society of those who are so dear to me, as they were—to abstract my mind, and let it yield to such prejudices as you have mentioned. No, no—I saw her, Redmond; but whether her living person or her death-fetch, I know not.”

“It is unfortunate that we have been obliged to embark so very suddenly, else you could have had a communication from her father-in-law, Colonel Raven, on the state of Charlotte’s health,” observed Redmond.

“That I could not expect.—There has been such shuffling on the part of that gentleman, that, even if I had received a communication from him on the subject, I should not have been justified in believing it. Time and patience, Redmond, are my only remedies. Be she dead or alive, I will continue to love her, and cease but with my own life.”

Redmond was about to return an observation, when the master of the brig approached them, still puffing his tobacco smoke; and looking as

politely as he possibly could out^o of his single eye, accosted them with,

“One o’ you gentlemen is called Allan, I find?”

“Yes, my name is Allan,” replied Redmond, turning from the captain, who still remained gazing from the stern down at the rough and frothy road over which the vessel was careering.

“You are the namesake of a fine young lad I knew once, God rest his soul! He has been the cause of many a troublesome thought to me. Are you from the north of Ireland, Sir?”

“I have been there,” replied Redmond.

“The boy I speak of was from Belfast,” rejoined the master of the transport. “He was a passenger on board my ship, when she took fire in Dublin Bay, and he perished, poor lad.”

The astonishment of Redmond, and also that of Ostin, who had caught the last sentence, was extreme, but they disguised their feelings.

“I remember the accident you mention,” observed Ostin; “and I have to inform you that the young lad you allude to is not dead.”

“No,” rejoined Redmond; “and I have the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who saved his life.”

The master took from his mouth the tobacco-pipe, and approaching still closer to the officers, exclaimed—

“What! not dead? why, you joke, mun.—I saw him and my cabin-boy, Linkey M'Donald, blown into atoms.—He must be more than a devil who could bring him to life again.”

“Is your name Peat?” demanded Redmond, who could not believe that he to whom he now spoke was the master of the “Good Intent,” so altered was his appearance, owing to the loss of his eye, and the effects of a long course of rum and water.

“Yes,” was the reply.

“The master of the ship that was burnt in Dublin Bay, was named Peat, but he had not lost an eye,” returned Redmond.

“No—you are right; but I lost my eye through an accident—a house in which I lived was blown down one stormy night, and I was dug out of the rubbish next morning with the loss of my eye; but my name is Simon Peat, and I was master of the ‘Good Intent’ when she was blown up; aye, and what’s more, I wouldn’t begrudge a crown to see the man who could tell me honestly that the boy had

escaped. A miracle is a miracle we know, and nothing is impossible."

"Well, Mr. Peat, I have the pleasure of telling you that Redmond Allan, whom you saw 'blown to atoms,' as you say, has been saved miraculously indeed;—there stands the gentleman who preserved his life,—and here is the hand of himself."

Simon Peat now expanded his odd optic, and stared as though he had beheld a ghost,—sputtering out the most incoherent exclamations, and squeezing the hand of Redmond and that of Ostin alternately with an intensity that made them both wince. He called out for the rum bottle, returned thanks to Providence, and d—d his own eye, all in one breath: then filling out a full "rummer of grog," drank it at one draught to the health of the officers.

The mysterious parts of the matter were then explained by Redmond and Captain Ostin, to the great satisfaction of poor Peat, who declared that his sole reason for not returning to the ship when it was on fire, was the fear that he should have been blown to pieces himself (a very natural reason); but that he had never felt really happy since the accident had occurred until that moment.

A signal from the commodore, whose ship was about two miles a-head, brought Peat's feelings back to nautical affairs. This was for ships a-stern to make more sail; and all hands were instantly employed in obeying the command. Then came the signal to "close the convoy, and observe the motions of the commodore during the night." After Simon Peat had attended to the duties of the moment, he was anxiously returning to renew the conversation with the officers, when Mrs. Pommel sent for him, and he went below. This summons was issued by the lady for the purpose of explaining to Peat that she supposed he had hoisted too much sail; and her proof was, that the vessel lay nearly on her side, that nothing could stand on the table, and she declared she had sailed to the West Indies and home again, during which she had frequently experienced very bad weather, but that she never remembered to have seen a ship heel so much in her life.

"I understand," said she, "that you have set your maintop-gallant sail?"

"Don't you be alarmed, Ma'am," dryly replied Peat, with a smile; "my ship is something like

my old wife, Mrs. Peat—she will have her own way, and there is no use in opposing her: however, she differs from most wives in one point, and that is, she is generally right after all.”

“ God bless me!” exclaimed Mrs. Pommel, “ the wind I am sure is greatly increased, I know by the whizzing and roaring noise which the vessel makes in going through the water: besides, she trembles so when the sea strikes her bow.”

“ Bless you, Ma’am, she has only got the bone in her mouth—she is spanking away like a young whale, at nine or ten knots an hour.”

At this moment a sudden lurch of the vessel threw Simon Peat as well as Major Pommel, who had previously propped himself against the table, headlong down to leeward, together with every article that was moveable in the cabin, and completely overturned the lady of the ceremonies, who now screamed in no very measured strain of discord. The other officers who were in the cabin, only prevented themselves from increasing the pressure on Mrs. Pommel, by timely seizing hold of the weather berths; but they added to the confusion by most unfeeling fits of laughter, which, however

they might have been tickled by the circumstance which thus discomfited their friends, was no laughing matter at all; and this a sudden crash on deck fully proved; for it had the effect of instantaneously changing their notes to a more serious tone.

As soon as the crash was heard, the vessel righted, by which the oppressed lady was relieved from her situation, and all scrambled on deck to ascertain the cause of their fearful apprehensions, which they found to be nothing less than the destruction of the maintop-gallant mast. Thus it appeared, to the confusion and mortification of Simon Peat, and the exultation of Mrs. Pommel, that *she* had been right in her judgment regarding the quantity of sail the vessel had carried before the accident. The fact was, that Peat in his anxiety to obey the commodore, had miscalculated and hoisted too much sail; but the mast having given way, neutralized the mismanagement of the master, and perhaps saved the vessel from being upset. The wind had suddenly increased, and the mate had been on the point of going down to the cabin to inform Simon Peat of the circumstance when the mast gave way.

It was now but too evident that a gale of wind was setting in, and all hands went to work to take in the foresail and foretop-gallant sail, as well as to remove the fragments left by the accident. The sea began to swell and rage as if there were an evil spirit in it, and every moment increased the gale. They were soon obliged to reef both the topsails and mainsail closely up; and even with this small quantity of canvas the masts bent before the wind.

Redmond and Ostin remained on the quarter-deck observing the gigantic movements of the waves over which they were rapidly carried, not without some misgivings as to the safety of the vessel, which was neither a very fine sea-boat, nor commanded by a very able mariner. Indeed, Redmond was irresistibly impelled to the reflection of the escape which he had had when Peat's former ship was burnt, and could not help drawing deductions in his mind not at all in honour of Simon's favouritism with Fortune, or of the excellence of his nautical abilities. It was evident that Peat was a most unlucky fellow, as well as most egregiously stupid; and, considering the strength of the gale, and the proximity of the coast, it is not to be

wondered at that fears were entertained for safety, not only by Redmond, but by all the other officers.

At twelve o'clock the vessel sprung a leak—the night dark as pitch, the sea running mountains high, and the wind still increasing in violence.

When the dreadful intelligence was conveyed to Simon Peat's ears, his first act was to run down to his own little cabin, and having there tumbled and tossed over and over the contents of his desk, drawers, &c., ran up on the deck, exclaiming to the mate—

“Jacob! Jacob!—I've left it behind—I'm a lost man!”

The mate not understanding him took little notice of his complaint, but like a good sailor set the men to the pumps.

Captain Ostin now demanded anxiously of Simon what it was that he had left behind, when the latter replied, with a groan—

“O, my caul, Sir—my caul! I've lost my caul, that cost me thirty guineas. I've left it behind, and now God knows what may happen.”

“Is that all you have lost?—Nonsense, man:

attend to the ship," exclaimed Captain Ostin, "and I will order the soldiers to work the pumps."

The mate who had heard what Simon Peat said, now informed him, that what he deplored so much was folded up in an old chart of the Scilly rocks, and directed him to the spot in the cabin where he should find it. Simon thereupon proceeded down, opened the chart, and there discovered his most esteemed prize. He then returned to the deck delighted beyond measure, exclaiming to Captain Ostin—

"I have found it, captain, thanks to Providence! and now let us have some o' the sodgers to work the pumps; for it is not because *I* am out of all danger, that I should not do the best I can for others."

Then in a low tone he continued—

"The reason I was so anxious about my caul was, because I know that the brig is weak in the back—her ribs are queer, and the owner had a good deal to do to get her passed by the board."

This was any thing but consoling to Captain Ostin, who had no caul in his pocket, and who,

even if he had had one, could not receive comfort from the remark.

At this time Redmond, who had been engaged in conversation with the man at the helm, a thorough good old seaman, now seized a moment when the vessel was making a dive forward, to run from where he had held on, to the main-stay at which Captain Ostin supported himself, and firmly grappled it in order to tell the captain that the old steersman's opinion of the leak was favourable, and that he thought the gale would soon lull off.

The cabin, as well as the hold, presented a miserable appearance. Neither Mrs. Pommel nor the officers, all of whom, except Ostin and Redmond, lay in their births, were informed of the leak having sprung; and therefore they remained quietly sustaining themselves by their arms and legs, from the danger of being thrown out of their positions at every heel of the vessel. A fearful conversation passed amongst them in the dark—for no light could be kept burning—on the dangers of the night, while sea after sea dashed down the companion ladder into the cabin; the bulk-heads creaked;

the roar of the mad-wave could be heard through the planks from without, closely to their ears; the rolling about the cabin of various detached articles of domestic use; the tramping of the sailors on deck, and the bellowing of the master and his mate—all produced a scene, which once experienced, can only be remembered as we do a night-mare dream.

Simon Peat, from the moment he found that his caul was in his possession, became very noisy, and at the same time somewhat cheerful: he encouraged the men in their exertions, and seemed to treat the leak and the gale so lightly, that he infused a good deal of confidence and hope into his crew as well as into those soldiers who were permitted to go on deck to assist the sailors. He passed from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, and from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, as actively as a thick, square, and rather awkward seaman could do; but, unfortunately for Peat, it occurred that, as he was moving quickly in one of these transitions across the main deck, the brig shipped a sea, and he, with his usual bad luck, met it in its sweeping career, and was carried by the terrible giant headlong into

the frightful abyss! His shriek and cry were heard, but no hope was there: the vessel flew like a fiend away from her unfortunate master, and left him amidst the black horrors of the deep to struggle with resolute and remorseless death. The mate saw him swept away, and if the brig could have been put about, he would have done it; that, however, was impossible—and Peat sunk for ever.

The untimely fate of the master was soon known to all on board, who, notwithstanding their own troubles sincerely regretted it. There is no doubt that the confidence with which the caul inspired poor Simon, led to his sudden fate; for had he not possessed that false friend, he would in all probability have taken greater caution in his actions.

The gale, as the veteran steersman prophesied, slackened towards three o'clock in the morning, and by sun-rise was greatly abated. The pumps had been well served during the night, and this kept the leak from gaining much on the ship. A signal of distress was made to the commodore at daylight, who, fortunately for the brig, was in sight some miles a head, and he lay-to for her. She came up with him at nine o'clock, and her state

having being made known to him he manned his boats (for the sea was now tolerably tranquil) and took all the military people out of the brig and put them on board his ship. His carpenters patched up the leak, and another ship of the convoy was ordered to take the crazy vessel in tow.

This was not only a fortunate escape for the officers and Mrs. Pommel, but a delightful transition; for instead of the inhospitable and dreary cabin of a transport, they now enjoyed the comforts of a ward-room on board a fine British frigate, whose officers treated them with all the hospitality for which the members of their profession are so remarkable; and after a pleasant voyage of five days, they arrived at Lisbon along with the transports containing the remainder of the regiment.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

