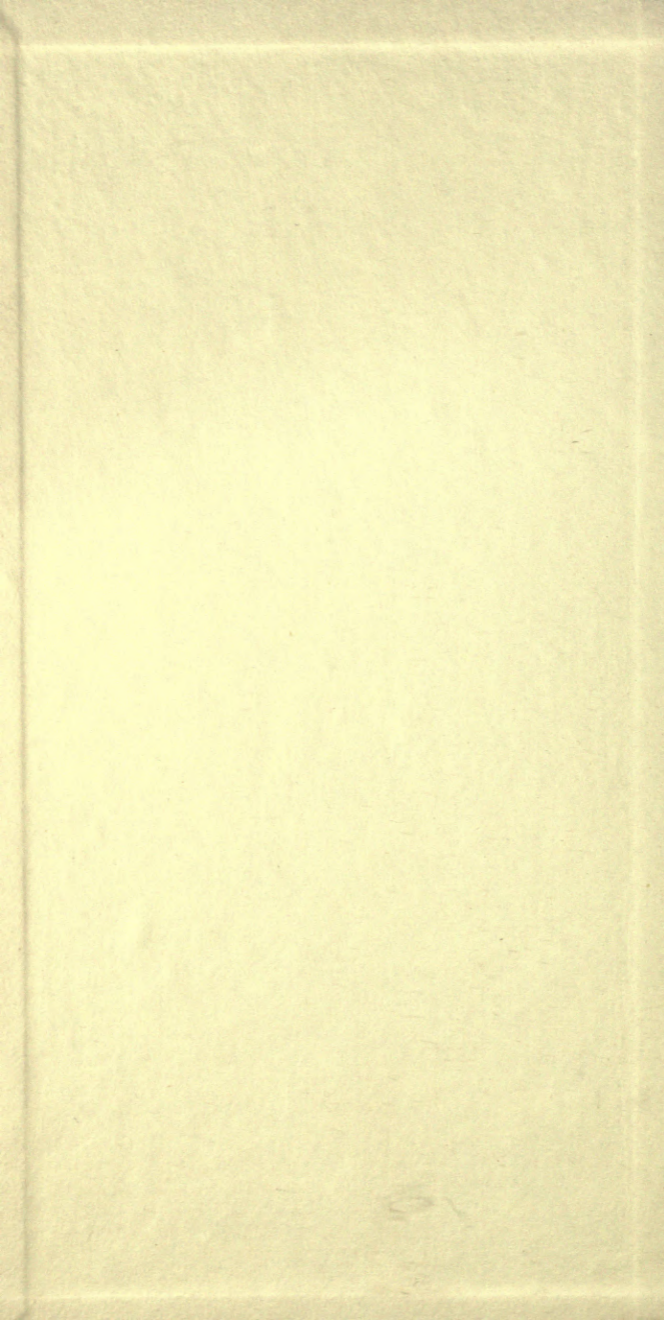


A  
0  
0  
0  
1  
2  
0  
6  
7  
6  
2



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

a







THE  
EXILE OF ERIN;

OR,

THE SORROWS

OF A

BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

“ All men have their foibles; mine is too much Modesty.”

*Good-Natured Man.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---

LONDON:  
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

---

1835.

CAPTAIN BLUFFE.—You see, Mr. Sharper, after all, I am content to retire, and live a private person. Scipio and others have done it.

SHARPER.—(*Aside.*)—Impudent rogue!

SIR J. WITTOL.—Aye, this damned Modesty of yours—

CAPTAIN BLUFFE.—Oh fie! No, Sir Joseph, you know I hate this.

SIR J. WITTOL.—Look you, Mr. Sharper, I tell you, he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

CAPTAIN BLUFFE.—Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave to tell my own story.

*Old Bachelor.*

CAPTAIN BELTIE.—You see, Mr. Sharp, after all, I  
am content to retire, and live a private person. Scipio and  
others have done it.  
SERVANTS.  
SIR J. WATSON.—Aye, the damned modesty of yours—  
CAPTAIN BELTIE.—Oh! Sir Joseph, you know  
I hate this.

**BOOK THE THIRD.**

SIR J. WATSON.—I have your tongue, and give  
me leave to tell my own story.  
Old Bachelor

**THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.**

THE

EXILE OF ERIN;

&c. &c.

BOOK SEVENTH  
CHAPTER XXVII

THE VALLE OF TOWY

It was on a warm, mellow summer evening, when the sheep were browsing on the Black Mountains, and the vale of Towy, which lay beneath him, caught a thousand glowing tints from the West, that a stranger, manifestly young, intelligent, and perhaps handsome, but with his expressive features sicklied over with melancholy, stood alone, with folded arms and downcast eyes, on the highest summit of Dlyn-y-van. That interesting stranger was—himself!



THE  
EXILE OF ERIN;

&c. &c.

---

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VALE OF TOWY.

It was on a warm, mellow summer evening, when the sheep were browsing on the Black Mountains, and the vale of Towy, which lay beneath him, caught a thousand glowing tints from the West, that a stranger, manifestly young, intelligent, and perhaps handsome, but with his expressive features sicklied over with melancholy, stood alone, with folded arms and downcast eyes, on the highest summit of Llynny-van. That interesting stranger was—*Myself!*

Disgusted with England, I had no sooner quitted Humbug, than chance, or perhaps that ruling destiny which, do what we will, still sways all our motions, led my steps in the direction of South Wales.

As I stood among the lofty peaks of the Carmarthen Alps, and glanced my eye abroad over the far-spreading landscape of hill and dale, wood and water, sylvan meadow, and sun-lit rock, that lay in unequalled loveliness beneath me, all my gentler sympathies were called forth by the sight; and I exclaimed aloud, "Yes, here indeed is a Paradise, in which even I may find repose. Here, like the patriarch of Eld, will I set up my tent, and enjoy the sweet solace of pastoral life. Hope, thy visions have faded! Ambition, thy dream is at an end! On the summit of this wind-swept crag, in this saddening twilight, I bid ye both farewell! Lo, I shake the dust of England from off my feet, and descend to pass the threshold of a more auspicious clime. Within this secluded valley I shall find

gentle hearts and unsophisticated heads; the busy slanders of the great world cannot pierce these mountain ramparts: here, then, I may be free from persecution and detection. Hark! the bells from yonder village warn me onward; see, even while I speak, day drops behind the groves of Grongar Hill!"

From this high-flown soliloquy, the reader will at once perceive that I am a man who can accommodate himself to circumstances. I can indeed—and I thank God for the fortunate temperament—conform to the peculiarities of every position into which circumstances may throw me. No mode of life, no turn of thought, come amiss. With the satirist I can sneer—with the good-natured I can laugh—with the hypochondriac I can sigh. In fact, it was ever my opinion that the golden rule of wisdom consisted in being all things to all men. I was now to adapt myself to a new fashion of society, and, lo! I felt already prepared for the change. Strange! that a man so invincibly shy and bash-

ful, should possess such antipodean qualifications.

On I went, right down the mountain's side, till I found myself trespassing on the boundary line of a bog, and ankle-deep in mud. This would have damped the enthusiasm of many a less resolute pedestrian, especially as night was fast blackening around me ; but I was stout of heart, and struggled bravely through the morass, advancing at the satisfactory rate of two steps back for every one I made forward.

Just as I had reached a bit of elevated ground, which afforded me a secure footing, I caught sight of a copse, beyond which lay something like a high-road. Scrambling with sore detriment to my hands and feet through this jungle, I at length gained the desired point, where I met with a countryman, squatted on a hillock, and tying together a broken leash, in which he held a goat.

Had this rencontre, at such an hour, occurred in a more civilized country, I should, as

a matter of course, have been robbed, murdered, and buried in a ditch, to be dug up again a fortnight after in a state of perplexing decomposition; but civilization has made less progress in Wales than in England, for the Schoolmaster is more domestic, and less abroad at night.

The man replied to my inquiries by informing me that Llandwarrys (such was the name of the nearest village) was at least three miles off; but this news, though it surprised, did not disconcert me, so I pushed forward again, amusing myself, as I proceeded, with framing shapes out of the odd shadows that twilight flung down upon the earth. One in particular, thrown by a short, squat black-thorn, across my path, struck me as bearing a flattering likeness to old Snodgrass.

The last gleam of day had now faded off the horizon. There was clearly not an instant to be lost; so, holding on, as well as I could, a mean course between the broad ruts—and such ruts!—of the cross-road, I kept up my con-

confidence by anticipating the various comforts that awaited me at my journey's end.

But fancy ill accords with an empty stomach. You may blunt grief by reflection, and passion by philosophy, but I am yet to discover what mental specific can take the edge off a craving stomach. Hunger is not to be argued into submission. It is a stubborn Catholic that knows its rights, and will maintain them.

By this time, darkness, with a giant's step, had traversed the whole landscape. My very pathway, not a yard before me, looked dim and doubtful, and so far from leading out, seemed only to lead me further into a labyrinth.

At length, after incredible toil, and a thousand turnings, now to the right, and now to the left, I was lucky enough to stumble up against the low paling of a cottage-garden which jutted out beside the cross-road. Availing myself of my good fortune, I knocked at the half-open door, and was received by the tenants with the usual Welch hospitality. The

night's meal was just at an end, but the friendly cottagers relaid the cloth, and placing a home-baked loaf, a lump of cream-cheese, and a jug of delicious Welch ale, on the table, told me to commence the onslaught.

A hungry traveller needs no persuasives; so I set to in a steady spirit of determination, when, having satisfied the claims of the gastric juice, I commenced putting divers questions touching the distance of Llandwarrys, and the possibility of reaching it in time to obtain accommodation for the night.

Not a little to my mortification, I found that I was still three miles off, even taking the nearest road, which was difficult to find in the dark; I had better, therefore, added my informant, wait till the moon should rise, when I should be able to find my way to the Common, at the further end of which the town was situated.

This advice was too reasonable to be rejected; I, therefore, acceded to it at once, and, after an

hour's halt, had the satisfaction of seeing the first beams of the risen moon glimmer in at the lattice.

“Now,” said mine host, “you may proceed with safety, but as the first part of your road may perhaps give you some little trouble, I will accompany you as far as Llyn-ym-dwarrys, when you will be within a mile of the town, and can no longer make a miss of your way.” He then proceeded to put on a pair of thick wooden clogs, and whistling to his dog, who came bounding over the garden-fence at the well-known summons, led the way down the cross-road.

It was a fine star-light night, with a brisk wind that kept hurrying the clouds in rapid succession across the moon's disk, and chequering the landscape with spectral varieties of light and shade. Now and then the breeze came in sharp, shrill gusts that whirled the dead leaves by hundreds across our path, and brought to our ears the hooting of the owl or the tinkling of many a shy streamlet.



We had held on our course for some two miles or more, and I was beginning anxiously to speculate on the chances of a speedy termination to it, when on rounding the brow of a low hill, we at length came in sight of Llyn-dwarrys. I have seldom seen a more picturesque landscape than the one now presented to my eyes. Before me, the country lay open for miles, with every rugged feature softened into beauty by the mellow moonlight. Right through the centre of the Common lapsed the Towy, forming at the most distant extremity, a broad sheet of water, like a lake, whose surface, as the quick wind swept over it, glistened with a thousand silver spangles. At a few yards from this estuary stood Llandwarrys, conspicuous by its one dim, grey church-spire.

My companion here made a halt. "Yonder is the town," said he, "you have now only to keep right a-head till you reach the church-yard, when you must turn sharp round by the yews, which will bring you right opposite the

Red Lion. Good night, Sir.—Come, Rhys,” continued he, whistling to his dog; “we must be quick back, or the old woman will think we’re going to make a night of it at Ceven-gorneth.”

The lights were still twinkling in the houses of Llandwarrys, as I passed the church-yard. In a few minutes more I had entered the town, and was safely housed in the snug, sanded front parlour of the Red Lion. What luxury was mine at this moment! Epicures may talk of the pleasures of the palate, and poets of those of romance, but I contend there is no enjoyment equal to that which a jaded traveller experiences, when, his day’s toil fairly at an end, he exchanges two tight boots for a spacious pair of list slippers.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A WELCH VILLAGE AND ITS CONTENTS.

THE town, or more strictly speaking, the village, of Llandwarrys, is situated in the centre of the luxuriant vale of Towy. On every side it is barricaded by double ranges of hills, the most elevated of which are the Black Mountains, whose monarch Llynn-y-van, may vie in colossal magnitude with the proudest eminences of North Wales. The town consists of one long, straggling street; and its church, remarkable for a grove of yews that tower like majestic mourners above the tombs, stands alone, just outside the town, on the verge of Llyn-ymdwarrys, through whose Common winds the Towy, spanned by a wooden bridge, which his

free mountain spirit makes a point of indignantly sweeping away once a year, when the winter floods pour down from the adjacent highlands.

The great charm of Llyn-ym-dwarrys is its perfect rusticity. No Welch Nash has yet defaced it by Regent's Park conceits. It is just what nature intended it should be, a vast circular carpet of the freshest, greenest turf, placed at the base of hills studded with flocks of sheep, and sheltering whole villages in their recesses. In one part it rises into gentle undulations, on which are perched cottages with their pretty strips of flower-garden in front, and of kitchen-ground behind; and in another, it forms shelving declivities, the sides of which, at the fitting season, are enamelled with heath-bell; moss, fragrant as cinnamon; primrose tufts, whereon the homeward-bound bee loves to rest her weary wing; celandine, and the creeping wild strawberry plant.

Two ranges of hills, as I have already ob-

served, sentinel this miniature Paradise. The nearest are robed to the very summit in nature's richest drapery; while the more distant are abrupt—barren—precipitous—and rear up their bluff fronts to the sky, as if disdaining all connexion with earth. More aristocratic-looking mountains I never yet beheld.

It was in one of the cottages that adorned this lovely Common, that I took up my abode. Apparently no situation could be more attractive or commodious. It stood within a stone's throw of Llandwarrys, yet enjoyed perfect seclusion. A small, but productive garden was attached to it, which stretching up a little green, sunny knoll, afforded a delicious glimpse of the surrounding scenery.

My establishment consisted of a stout lad and lass, whom I selected from among a host of applicants, from their rustic manners and appearance. Both seemed models of simplicity; both in perfect keeping with the patriarchal character of the valley they inhabited.

For the first ten days or fortnight my time passed wholly to my satisfaction. A stroll about the Common; to the ivied bridge of Pont-y-kle-kys; to the nearest uplands, or the more distant Grongar Hill, occupied the best portion of my mornings; while my evenings were passed in chit-chat with any one whom I might chance to fall in with; and at night, my landlord, Mr. Davis, would drop in at the cottage, and over the old national relish of a Welch rabbit, initiate me into the politics, &c. of the neighbourhood.

It was through the medium of this gossip, assisted not a little by the *ennui* which, despite my vaunted ability to conform to circumstances, began to creep over me, that I got introduced to the Club of village dignitaries who assembled, almost every evening, for the purpose of social computation and chit-chat, at the Red Lion.

I should previously have mentioned, that owing to its secluded site, being full thirty

miles distant from the nearest English town, wholly removed from the usual route of tourists, and holding out no inducements to manufacturing or agricultural schemers, Llandwarrys possessed all the agreeable strangeness of novelty. The majority of its inhabitants—of course I speak not of the more wealthy or patrician classes, but of those whose occupation or otherwise wedded them to the district—were “full of mark and likelihood,” and kept the even tenor of their way, from the cradle to the grave, precisely as their fathers had done before them.

Shy, sequestered nooks like Llandwarrys are still to be met with—or were at least fourteen years ago—in the interior of Wales; for it is not, like the Highlands or the northern lakes, a country which every one makes a point of visiting; but, to a certain extent, an untrodden soil, where a strange face is seldom seen; and where the tradesmen and small farmers, wholly occupied with their own concerns, busy their heads but little with those of the great world.

The Red Lion, where the Club to which I have just alluded were in the habit of assembling, was one of those snug, old-fashioned inns, now so rarely to be met with, except in the east of England. It had a deep, wide brick porch, from whose roof swung a magpie in a wicker-cage. This porch opened into a tolerably-sized hall, wherein stood an oblong oaken table, grievously notched, albeit hooped with iron; and a few high-backed arm-chairs of the same material. Opposite the window was the fire-place, within whose ample range four men might sit with ease; and on the walls, hung on one side, a book-shelf, containing a few odd volumes of Swedenborg's works; and on the other, a glass-case, in which was a stuffed salmon reclining full-length on some bits of artificial grass.

Among those who were oftenest to be met with in this cozy, outlandish hall, was, first and foremost, the auctioneer, a person, who in an isolated Welch district, usually enjoys great



consideration. He was a duck-legged, pompous little being, fond of making allusions to a professional visit which he paid to London in the year 1814, when he had the rare luck to see the Allied Sovereigns, and squeeze the horny fist of Blucher. This was the one leading incident in his life, from which he always dated.

Next came a half-pay officer, a grim-looking dog, snappish—disputatious—egotistical—with a dried liver, and cheeks sallow and wasted, which went in like the two sides of a fiddle, and spread out again at the chin and forehead. This warrior—or the “Captain” as he was commonly styled—held it as the chief article of his creed that, whatever is, is wrong, and was never so happy as when setting people by the ears together. His favourite hobby was India, about which, like General Harbottle, he was fond of telling marvellous stories. In person he was remarkably prim; wore a blue frock coat, a little white at the edges in front, and

buttoned close up to the throat; stiff black stock; and boots pierced, but polished—for he prided himself on a small foot—with singular attention to effect. On warm, sunny days he might be seen sitting on the parapet of the Towy bridge, rocking his legs listlessly to and fro, humming a fragment of some old mess tune; or taking brisk turns up and down the bridge, and jerking out an impudent “hem!” whenever a petticoat approached him. When heated with argument, he had a trick of giving sharp, irritable tugs at his shirt-collar.

Third in station was the attorney, who exacted respect; by virtue of his profession, and who was withal so cautious of, what he called, committing himself before Court, that in alluding to any particular individual, he never mentioned more than his or her initials. This fellow, like his prototype Rondibilis, had the keen scent of a stag-hound for a law-suit, whence it came to pass that he was more revered than loved by his neighbours, many

of whom he had contrived to render singularly poetical about the pockets.

The fourth was my landlord, the apothecary, a good-natured, silly creature, blessed with a widowed sister, who superintended his establishment, and of whom I shall presently have occasion to speak. His chief occupation consisted in sauntering about the neighbourhood, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, and talking to any one who would talk with him. He had projecting eyes, like a lobster, with a vague, unmeaning stare, and usually kept his mouth ajar—I suppose from a habit he had acquired of swallowing every extraordinary story he heard or read.

Lastly, came the curate of Llandwarrys, an amphibious phenomenon, compounded, in nearly equal portions, of parson, poacher, and pugilist. He was social and bibulous, with a prodigious face, the thickest part of which was downwards like a bee-hive; a fist like a quartern loaf; and an inordinate love of song. His favourite

*arietta* was "Cease, rude Boreas," which, when in fine voice, he generally sung right through, with a lavish expenditure of wind that might put a hurricane to the blush. I never heard this tempestuous bravura (the parson called it an air!) but once, and was deaf for two days afterwards.

A few farmers from the adjacent villages occasionally joined this coterie on their way home on market-days: now and then, too, a traveller from Humbug, or the other large towns on the borders, would drop in; but these were merely chance customers, whereas the above were regular fixtures at the Red Lion.

Till within a few months of my arrival, these dignitaries had been in the habit of mustering at the Castle; but a slight of some sort or other having one evening been put on them by the landlady, a pert, pretty widow, who had but recently resigned the office of chambermaid at the Pulteney Hotel, Bath, the whole coterie instantly transferred their patronage to the Red

Lion. The consequence of this elopement was a schism between the rival landladies, which, extending more or less to all their dependents, produced a violent party-spirit in the town, sorely to the endamaging of its peace and respectability.

Such was the state of public feeling in Llandwarrys at the time I came to reside there. On my first introduction to the Red Lion, I was looked on as a sort of intruder by the Club—for strange to tell, many of the old prejudices against the Irish still exist in the more sequestered nooks of Wales—but gradually, by listening to the anecdotage of one; submitting to the law laid down by a second; laughing at the dull jokes of a third; and adopting the opinions of a fourth; I conciliated the good will of all parties.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF ONE'S  
SITUATION.

I HAD now been nearly a month resident at Llandwarrys, and the pittance I had been able to preserve from the wreck of my fortune at Humbug—independently of that portion with which the philosophic Stubbs had eloped—was fast dwindling away. My domestics, whom in the innocence of my heart I had imagined void of guile, materially assisted the diminution of my funds. Two more assiduous conveyancers never yet carried on business in the metropolis. Nothing escaped their clutches.

But this was far from constituting my sole grievance. As autumn drew on, the cottage,

which, under the influence of sunshine and dry weather, I had fancied so attractive, became not only damp, but positively untenable. The walls and ceilings began to thaw, like Falstaff in the dog-days; while that domestic insect which Sir J. Banks once endeavoured to boil into a lobster, took possession of every nook and cranny in my bed-chamber. To wind up the sum of my household annoyances, a flood one night came down from the mountains, burst open my pantry door, and committed a burglary on all that my servants had left untouched.

When I rose the next morning, the valley was one broad sheet of water. The Towy roared and chafed like an angry sea; and I just reached my ground-floor in time to see two boiled fowls swim off in hasty pursuit of a cold turkey; and a fillet of veal "clear out" from the lower pantry shelf, for a voyage down the Towy to Llandilo.

I should observe, in addition to these vexations, that my pursuits neither answered the purpose of amusement nor utility. My horti-

cultural experiments just sufficed to convince me that a man must have an innate genius for superintending the education of fruits and vegetables; my reading, which was chiefly restricted to the bulky tomes of Emmanuel Swedenborg, served only to bewilder or set me asleep; and when with rod in hand, I took a saunter along the banks of the Towy, I was constantly hooking the calf of my leg, jerking my hat into the water, or pulling up a huge weed in mistake for a salmon. The fish, I have often thought since, must have entertained a very mean opinion of my abilities.

On specifying these grievances to the apothecary, he consoled me by the assurance that they were mere matters of course, to which a few months' endurance would not fail to reconcile me. But this consideration, though well enough so far as it went, had not quite the effect that he anticipated. Like the widow in Voltaire, for whose benefit the sage Memnon drew up a consolatory catalogue of all the wives who had



lost husbands before her, I refused to be comforted ; and by way of effectual safeguard, as well from peculating domestics, damp walls, solitude, and, worse than all, consumptive finances, I proposed to the apothecary for the future to take up my abode with him.

For the better enforcement of this abrupt proposition, I pointed out the various services I might be the means of rendering him in his vocation. I stated that medicine had been my favourite study ever since the period when I first commenced it, under the auspices of a celebrated physician in the county Galway ; that I was conversant, in all their forms and varieties, with the infirmities of poor, weak, shivering humanity—though I did not for a moment presume to compete with him in medical ability—and that such being the case, I considered it almost a matter of course that a mutual connexion would turn out profitable to both of us. I concluded with the payment of my quarter's rent.

How eloquent is egotism! Where is the man who does not kindle into enthusiasm when Self is the hero of his story? The apothecary partook in some degree of my emotion. In common with the rest of the world—that is to say, of that illustrious and influential portion of it which constituted the Club at the Red Lion—he held my talents in exceeding respect; and was prepared to augur well of my success in business, from having so recently witnessed the skill with which I had converted into friends and admirers, those who had at first received me as an alien and an intruder.

Still he had his doubts of the propriety of my partnership project. I was young—I was a stranger—I was inexperienced. Granted, but I was industrious, persevering; at home in the theory, if not quite so much so in the practice of medicine; and was besides in possession of a recipe (imparted to me by the famous Dr. Killquick, of Galway) which had effected the most miraculous cures.

I saw that the apothecary was staggered by my reasoning, so followed up blow after blow with all the zeal I could muster, for I felt that every thing depended on perseverance; and after a week of doubts and demurrings on his part, I had the satisfaction of finding my efforts crowned with success. Drop by drop, water will in time wear out the toughest rock.

## CHAPTER XXX.

A SECOND MATRIMONIAL CATASTROPHE—  
THE PROGRESS OF QUACKERY—A FIT OF  
THE HORRORS.

ABOUT this time another and more momentous change took place in my domestic condition. I allude to my marriage with the apothecary's widowed sister—a catastrophe which took place after a month's acquaintance with the lady, on an erroneous supposition that she was worth money.

And here it may possibly be urged that I was guilty of a grievous backsliding, inasmuch as my first wife was, most probably, still alive. I plead guilty to the charge, but may state in extenuation, that such was the havoc which repeated disappointments had

wrought on my memory, that not till the nuptial ceremony was concluded, did it occur to me that I had committed bigamy. When, however, the dreadful conviction flashed on my mind, the shock it occasioned was inconceivable!

I should be trifling with the credulity of my readers, and militating against the sacred interests of truth—which, with me, are paramount to every other consideration—were I to assert that my second wife realized all that a romantic fancy could conjure up of loveliness and sensibility. She was neither a Helen nor a Juliet; and for these reasons, which I take to be conclusive on the point. In the first place, she was ancient, irascible, and jealous; secondly, she was as unimaginative as a steam-engine; thirdly, she had a long, lean neck, like a vinegar-cruet; and lastly, she was remarkable for her thriftiness; and when displeased with, what she called, my extravagance, was fond of instituting comparisons between me and her first

husband, which made me, notwithstanding my general forbearance, more than once express a wish that he and I could change places.

It was some weeks, however, before my wife's peculiarities fully developed themselves. For the first fortnight or so, she was all smiles and civility; for her brother's business, from the time I took a share in it, and began to bestir myself, exhibited such a satisfactory increase, as to enable us to indulge in the luxury of an assistant, and even give occasional dinners to our friends at the Red Lion.

It was just about the close of the honeymoon, that after trying a variety of Dr. Killquick's recipes with but indifferent success, I hit upon one, of which from having once tasted it, I retained a very vivid recollection. I had observed that the lower classes of the Welch, like the Irish, were inordinately fond of stimulants, so persuaded myself that I had but to hit this prevalent fancy, to bring myself into repute among them.

The recipe in question possessed all the requisite ingredients for notoriety. It was a most ferocious stimulant—so much so, that when I explained its character to Mr. Davis, that unsophisticated apothecary opened his mouth wider than ever, at the idea of such an experiment being tried on Christian bowels.

“Why, you must be joking, surely!” said he; “the dose you speak of would kill a crocodile?”

“Nonsense; Dr. Killquick tried it with wonderful success in Ireland.”

“Likely enough, but Wales is not Ireland; so, for heaven’s sake, think better of it.”

But I was deaf to all his expostulations. I was convinced, I replied, that the experiment would succeed; and justified myself for making trial of it, by the parallel case of the celebrated town-quack, Dr. Fingerfee.

Oh Quackery, to him who is inspired by thy spirit, the road to notoriety lies equally open, whether in a crowded city, or a secluded Welch

district. While Genius trudges a-foot, and by many a thorny, circuitous route, ascends the hill of fame, thou bowlest along in thy chariot, and attainest the same sunny eminence with scarce an effort. Genius is the simpleton who made his pilgrimage with raw peas in his shoes. Quackery, the knave who had the sagacity first to boil them.

The "Infallible Resuscitating Elixir," as I styled my new specific, was a medicine composed in nearly equal quantities, of bark, brick-dust, gin, and gunpowder, boiled over a slow fire, and flavoured with Scotch snuff! Its success at first was equivocal, but when its virtues had been duly insisted on in all the provincial Journals, it brought a world of patients of the lower orders to my shop; and I had the tact to confine it exclusively to them (well knowing that your civilized stomach is apt to be fastidious), just as if it were the balsam of Fairy Blas, whose singular property it was to kill one half the community while it cured the other.



The neighbouring small farmers and their serving-men, were among the first to honour my Elixir with their patronage. The bark was so bracing, the brickdust so cleansing, the gunpowder so stimulating, the gin so palatable, that no matter what the disorder might be, one ingredient or the other was sure to suit. If the bark failed, there was still a chance for the brickdust, while the gin acting in spirited accordance with the gunpowder, produced an internal commotion, which in cases where the gastric juice was languid, wonderfully facilitated digestion.

To be sure, it was my lot now and then to lose a patient; and once, I recollect, a low, obnoxious, pettifogging attorney died under the potent stimulus; but singularly enough, his death, so far from proving injurious, actually did me service. I was looked on as a village Brutus who had destroyed a village Cæsar; and though I declined the flattering distinction, yet my neighbours still persisted in giving me

the credit of the deed. Nay, so grateful were they to me for having rid them of an arrant rogue, that a few of those who had most suffered by him, actually talked of purchasing me a piece of plate, in commemoration of the patriotic action ! But my Modesty would not hear of such a proposition.

One of my most tractable patients was a tippling little exciseman, with a polypetalous proboscis, whose countenance, whenever he stooped to tie his shoe-strings, blushed deeper than a mulberry. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he fancied himself an Adonis, so he applied to me for relief, who at once prescribed the Elixir, together with periodical blood-lettings. But unfortunately his disease was beyond the power of medicine, for notwithstanding he took a hearty draught every day, and always, as he said, felt the better for it, though "a little sickish at first," he grew gradually worse. The gunpowder, I rather suspect, disagreed with him, for he went off one night like a shot,

after having taken it twice during the night in currant-jelly.

I did not quit this worthy man's bed-side until the last thread of life was fairly spun out, when with a doubtful heart and moralizing frame of mind, I made the best of my way home.

It was a dark, moonless night, and my road lay across the Common, and close beside the yews in the church-yard. I know not why it was, but when I neared the old wall that bound in the last resting-places of the dead; when I heard the wind moan and sigh through the trees that, slowly waving their gaunt arms to and fro, looked like fiends holding watch and ward above the charnel-house; my pace instinctively quickened; my heart beat quick and loud; and a nervous, undefined apprehension of something horrible flitted darkly across my mind. Involuntarily I thought of my patients, one or two of whose graves lay close underneath the wall which I had yet to pass

“If they could rise,” said I, endeavouring, but in vain, to banish the awful supposition, “from the earth wherein they lie full six feet deep; if they could rear up their shadowy forms right before my path; what in the name of heaven, should I do or say? How convince such sceptics, that their exit from life was the work of fate, not of mortal agency? Disembodied spirits, I have heard, are——Hah! whose are those eyes glaring full on me from between the chinks of yon tombstone? Methinks, I should know that threatening countenance! Hark! Is that a voice? Fool, ’tis but the wind,”—and I rushed homeward with the speed of an antelope. Singular, what a repugnance medical men have to pass a church-yard after dark!

I found my wife up and waiting to let me in, with her brow clouded, her eye full of tempest, and her temper in a high state of acetous fermentation.

“So, Sir, this is a pretty time for a married man to be abroad! I dare say you will tell

me you've been attending one of your patients. But I know better; there's my brother has been in bed these two hours."

Without vouchsafing any answer, I strode past my wife into the parlour, where I found the fire just out—one or two of the large cinders having been carefully put aside on the hob—and the rushlight glimmering in its socket. At a small deal table, on which was placed an old towel by way of cloth, stood my scanty supper of bread and cheese, with a few leeks in a cracked plate, and a small jug of still smaller beer, which on emergency might safely do duty as vinegar.

I glanced at the sorry repast with an expression of countenance, I fear, in which resignation was less apparent than disgust. My wife understood the hint, and exclaimed peevishly, "You need not turn up your nose so, Mr. Fitzmaurice—such was the *alias* I had assumed on entering South Wales—the supper is quite as good as you have a right to expect at this hour. But it's no use talking——"

“None in the least.”

“For the more one does, the less thanks one gets. Good-nature is always sure to be imposed upon. Ah! times are sadly altered since poor, dear Mr. Evans——”

“Hang Mr. Evans.”

My wife took no notice of this smart repartee, but continued, “I’ll tell you what it is, Mr. Fitzmaurice, I’ve just been looking over our last month’s bills, and have come to the resolution of keeping no more dinner——what do you sit there for, kicking the legs of the table, just as if they cost nothing?”

“Pray go to bed, my dear, this is not the time for discussing such matters.”

“Aye that’s always the way you put me off: nothing I say or do, is done at the proper time.”

“Well, well, we’ll talk of these things tomorrow. At present, I have some medicine to make up, so light two fresh candles and leave me.”

“Two fresh candles, Mr. Fitzmaurice! where am I to get them at this late hour?”

“What! are there none in the house?”

“None, but a rushlight.”

“That must do instead then, so fetch it quickly and go to bed. I’m sure your delicate constitution must suffer by sitting up so late.”

Sullenly and with many an ominous shake of the head, my wife drew forth a rushlight from the cupboard, and having lit and placed it on the table, admonished me to be sure to put it out, when I had done with it, and quitted the room.

Left to my own reflections, I sate wistfully down—for to eat, and above all to digest my supper, was wholly out of the question—and busied myself in contrasting my present with my past situation. I called to mind the ambitious dreams that beset me on first commencing my theatrical career; on the hopes which buoyed me up on my road to London; and more especially on my connexion with the Snodgrass’s, which I had once thought would have fairly set me on the high road to fortune.

All these had now passed away, and here I was, the child of mystery and misfortune; an *alias* and an *alien*; rooted in an obscure, semi-barbarous Welch village; unable from the peculiar delicacy of my position to venture openly forth again into the world; and raised from utter penury, only by my marriage with a skin-flint, and my chance profits as an apothecary in the healthiest situation in all Wales.

The solemn silence of the hour—the spectral gloom of the apartment, lit only by a miserable rushlight, which threw its flickering “darkness visible” on walls naked as unfigleafed Adam, and old-fashioned mahogany chairs with elbows as high as the cheek-bones of a Scotchman—the excitement produced by the sudden death of the Exciseman—the thrilling recollection of the church-yard which I had so lately passed;—all these various associations deepened my despondency, till fairly worn out with exhaustion, my head dropped on my chest, my arms



fell lifeless and flaccid by my side, and I sank fast asleep in my arm-chair.

But, alas ! even slumber itself failed to bring relief. The grimmest—most fantastic—and most ridiculous visions passed and repassed before my mind's eye. I dreamed that I was seated in my shop, gazing upwards at the shelf where stood, ranged in due order, a row of Elixir bottles, when—whiz ! out flew the corks, and out too from each bottle popped the head of a defunct patient ! I was astonished at their numbers ; but surprise was soon lost in horror, for just as I was attempting an escape, the goblins leaped with a bound on the floor ; pulled me back by the coat-skirts ; caught hold of me, this one by the legs, and that by the arms ; and chucked me head-foremost into the mortar. I implored pity, but in vain ; the phantoms were inexorable ; on which, making a desperate effort, I just contrived to lift my head above the vessel, when suddenly the ghost of the Exciseman—I knew him by his nose !—starting up

from the inside of a pill-box, forced open my reluctant jaws; drenched me with my own Elixir; and then, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of Procrustes, caught up a pestle, and kept pounding and pounding away at my ribs, till in the agony of my struggles, I awoke—to find the rushlight just expiring, and my wife stooping down beside me, to pick up the nightcap which I had dislodged from her head.

“Gracious heavens! Mr. Fitzmaurice, are you mad? or are you going to murder me by way of gratitude for my affection? Why, it is now near day-break, and the rushlight burnt out, too! Fitz—Fitz, your extravagance is past all bearing.”

Too much depressed to reply, I rose from my seat, my limbs stiff with cold, my nerves shaken with agitation, and hurried up stairs to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## A SKETCH OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

As I was seated one morning, with my wife and her brother, at a late breakfast, a lad on horseback came with a message from a gentleman named Rupee, requesting that either Mr. Davis or Mr. Fitzmaurice would instantly hasten over to him, for that he had just had a relapse of an old complaint, and scarcely expected to survive the day.

“Rupee—Rupee?” said I, musingly, “don’t know the name. Do you?” turning to Mr. Davis.

“Oh yes,” replied my brother-in-law, “it’s the old bachelor who lives up at the Lodge, about three miles hence. He is a shy, whim-

sical sort of fellow, and, with the exception of Captain Caustic, whom he picked up somewhere in India, is scarce known to a soul in the village. I called on him once or twice, at his express desire, but could make nothing of him. Possibly you may be more successful ;” and so saying, Mr. Davis quitted the breakfast-table, and desired the messenger to say that Mr. Fitzmaurice would follow him within the hour.

On reaching Tippoo Lodge, I found the “Nabob,” as he was called, though the day was far from inclement, seated in an arm-chair, by a blazing fire, with a red worsted night-cap on his head, and a flannel dressing-gown wrapped tight round him. Close beside him stood a Pembroke table, on which lay a dogs’-eared copy of Hervey’s “Meditations among the Tombs,” and the last number of the Asiatic Journal, with a paper-cutter fixed in the Obituary ; and on the hearth-rug, at his feet, an ugly, spiteful, wiry little terrier, called “Ve-

nus," into whose good graces, at the hazard of my fingers, I tried, in vain, to ingratiate myself.

Mr. Rupee was a thin, adust spindle-shanked duodecimo of a man, under-jawed like a shark, with a low, querulous voice, a fishy eye, and a hatchet-face, on which lingered one or two dry streaks of red, like the bloom on a stale apple. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent fragility of constitution, the old fellow was as tough as whipcord. People who dry up as they grow old often set death at defiance for years.

On my inquiring how he felt himself, the Nabob heaved a deep sigh, and said—"Very ill, Sir, very ill. I can just say I'm alive, and that's all. When I sent for Dr. Thickskull last week from Carmarthen, he told me he feared my lungs were affected."

"Why—I—must—confess—I *do* see—symptoms of ——"

"Bless me, you don't say so! I hope there's nothing *very* alarming."

"Ahem!"

“ Ah, just what I feared ; but is there no hope ? ”

“ Permit me to feel your pulse, Sir.”

Tremblingly Mr. Rupee held forth his wrist, while I counted the pulsations with Mr. Davis's stop-watch ; and then shaking my head gravely, said—“ A little feverish, Sir. The—the system——”

“ Is breaking up—so Thickscull feared.”

“ Not *quite* so bad as that ; but these East winds are evidently too searching for a delicate constitution like yours.”

“ My dear Sir, you've just hit it. Ah, what a blessing is health ! Within the last twelve-month I'm sure I must have drunk out an apothecary's shop ; yet, would you believe it ? I feel no better than when I began. It's astonishing how I bear up against such a complication of maladies. Have you taken tiffin yet, Mr. Fitzmaurice ? ”

“ Tiffin, Sir ? ”

“ Oh, I forgot you were never in India ;

lunch, I should say. I always try to pick a bit about this time of day."

So saying, he rung the bell, and immediately his butler, who seemed thoroughly to understand his master's humours, answered the summons by placing on the table a tray containing some anchovy sandwiches, and a bottle of East India Madeira.

When the man was gone, Mr. Rupee set to work with his tiffin, at which he displayed far from contemptible prowess, observing between whiles what a treasure he had secured in Roger, who having accompanied him home from India, and being, like himself, a martyr to ill health, was a sort of privileged domestic. "He is a kind, considerate creature," added the Nabob; "always so careful to prevent my sitting in a thorough draught. And so full of feeling too! I never heard him bang the door to yet. I'm sure I don't know what I should do without him."

"That Madeira's a fine restorative, Sir; it has given you quite a colour already."

“ Ah, my dear Mr. Fitzmaurice, that colour you speak of is no symptom of health. It's hectic, mere hectic. But that's always the case with me. People are perpetually complimenting me on my good looks—I remember it was the same thing at Cheltenham—at the very moment, perhaps, when I'm within an ace of death. But I must confess I *do* feel a little better, though I'm too apt to be sanguine.”

I forget what reply I made, but it was something that mightily pleased the Nabob. Indeed, I very soon found out the way to ingratiate myself with him, which was by listening attentively to the prolix catalogue of his maladies. Men who live in solitude are necessarily arrant egotists. Mr. Rupee was the greatest I ever met with ; but then in proportion to his egotism was his esteem for those who could put up with it.

I staid with the old proser about half an hour, chiefly busied in giving him directions (as agreed on with Mr. Davis) for the future management of his constitution, which done, I took my leave,



when, just as I was closing the door, he called me back, and said, "I may depend then on seeing you to-morrow, Mr. Fitzmaurice—that is, if I happen to survive the night? Perhaps also, you will stop and dine with me. Caustic will be here. He's an old Indian chum of mine; a little bit of a croaker; but we have all of us our weak side."

I replied in the affirmative, on which he half rose to wish me good morning, at the same time requesting me to shut all the doors after me.

Next day, at the appointed hour, I made my appearance at the Lodge, where I found the Captain already arrived, lounging up and down the gravel walk with the Nabob. It was curious to mark the contrast of character that these two originals presented. Though both were hypochondriacal, yet both showed it in a different way. The Nabob's grievances were of a plaintive, subdued caste; the Captain's took an irascible, domineering turn. The one was discontented from fancied ill-health; the other from

straitened finances, which confined him, sorely against his inclination, to the inglorious solitude of a Welch village.

“A fine day, gentlemen,” said I, advancing towards them.

“Humph !” replied Caustic, “well enough for Wales.”

“You must find this snatch of sunshine very agreeable, Mr. Rupee.”

“Sunshine !” retorted the Captain, pointing towards the Western mountains, above which the orb was stooping, “do you call that thing a sun ? Why, Sir, it has not strength enough to blister a gooseberry bush. God, how cold it is !” and he made off with all speed into the dining-room, just as Roger came up to summon us to table.

I forbear to describe the particulars of the dinner. Suffice to say, that, notwithstanding my remonstrances, Mr. Rupee insisted on fixing me with my back to the fire ; and, what was still worse, directed my particular attention

to a dish of curry; and when, rather too cavalierly perhaps, I declared my indifference to it, "What, no curry?" said he, in a tone of astonishment. — "No curry?" chorused the Captain; and instantly I fancied I saw a look of contemptuous commiseration exchanged between them.

When the dinner was at an end, the Nabob began to catechise me on the subject of the vale of Towy, whose salubrity, he said, had been warmly insisted on by both his medical men; on which, Caustic observed:—

"Employ two medical men! I wonder you're alive to tell the tale! But you will not persuade me that you settled here solely for your health's sake."

"Not altogether. My chief inducement was the circumstance of my having been born in the valley. Ah! Mr. Fitzmaurice, when five-and-forty years ago I scaled the summit of those hills behind us, I little thought the time would ever arrive, when I should be compelled to creep like

a snail about their base. I never feared an East wind then. But the climate's nothing like what it used to be. The very people are changed—and for the worse, too; so that, notwithstanding my inclinations, I'm afraid I must hurry back to Cheltenham."

"Cheltenham!" said I, not a little alarmed at the idea of losing such a promising patient, otherwise than in a professional fashion, "my dear, dear Sir, you must be mad to dream of such a thing."

"Why so?"

"Why, Sir," I replied, a bright idea suggesting itself on the spur of the moment, "a medical friend of mine writes me word that the Influenza is raging there to a most alarming extent, and proves particularly fatal to those whose constitutions have been debilitated by a residence in the East. Out of ten Indian patients, he assures me, he has had the misfortune to lose not less than seven."

"Bless me, how fortunate that I have been

told of this in time! The Influenza! Of all disorders, the one of which I have the greatest horror. I remember——”

“Pass the bottle, Rupee,” said the Captain, impatiently, “this wine is of the right sort. Do you recollect Major Tipple? The last time I tasted Madeira like this, was at his quarters at Calcutta, the night he played Romeo so admirably at our private theatricals.”

“Ah, poor Tipple! I recollect him well. He was a good-natured fellow, no one’s enemy but his own.”

“Yes; and what a devil among the women! But, I say, Rupee, if I mistake not, you’ve indulged a little in that line yourself. But you were always a sly dog, close as wax, no getting any thing out of you.”

“He! he!” faintly simpered the Nabob, “you are so facetious, Captain—such a wag. He! he! he! But I have done with all those follies now.”

I have generally remarked, that men who have spent the best part of their lives in the

East, have but three leading topics of conversation—wine, women, and the jungle fever. Now these, together with a few supplemental ones, such as tiger-hunts, private theatricals, &c., having been fully discussed, I imagined that I might possibly slide in a word—for hitherto I had been little better than a listener—so inquired of Mr. Rupee, whether he had read the *Observer* of the preceding week, containing full particulars of his Majesty's landing and reception in Ireland, and the presentation of Mr. O'Cromwell at court.

The devil's in it, thought I, if the illustrious Agitator can remind either the one or the other, of any old Indian crony, for he is a phenomenon restricted to the Emerald isle. But I reckoned without my host. The name O'Cromwell, reminded Captain Caustic of an Ensign O'Cromwell, who was shot in a duel on the ramparts at Sincapore; and this again brought on an inquiry from Mr. Rupee, as to whether that was the same O'Cromwell, who had distinguished himself so highly at Seringapatam.

From the moment that the ominous word "Seringapatam" escaped the Nabob, I foresaw that Caustic, like my uncle Toby at Dendermond, would indulge me with the full particulars of the siege, so, in order to extricate myself from the infliction, I said (such assurance will desperation lend even the most modest of men!), "I am going to make a very bold request, Mr. Rupee, but will you favour us with that charming Welsh air, 'Ayr-hyd-yr-nos?' If I mistake not, it is admirably adapted to your style of voice."

The Captain laughed outright at this proposition. "What, Rupee sing?" said he, "why you might as well ask an old crow to chaunt! Only look at him. Has he got a singing face?"

"Caustic is so odd," observed the Nabob, gently deprecating his sarcasm; "but he speaks the truth. I never did sing in all my life. How should I? Where am I to find the wind, when, as Thickskull says, my lungs are affected?"

Mr. Rupee was proceeding to enlarge on this favourite theme, and I was giving him pur-

posely my undivided attention, when Caustic, who by this time perceived my drift, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in thwarting me, turned back the conversation into the old channel, by saying, "You mentioned Seringapatam, just now, Fitzmaurice. It was there that I smelt gunpowder for the first time."

"And a villainous smell it is; I am surprised you can like to talk of it."

"I remember the year of the siege," said the Nabob, "as well as if it were yesterday. I was at Hyderabad at the time, laid up with my first attack of——"

"Pooh, pooh!" interrupted the Captain, "what was your attack compared to mine?" then smiling grimly at this bright pun, he commenced his details of the siege as follows:—

"Do you see this plate of biscuits, Fitzmaurice?"

"I see the plate, but we've dispatched the biscuits."

"No matter, imagine that this plate forms



the main body of the fortress of Seringapatam, and that these nut-crackers (placing a pair on each side the plate), are the two wings, or bastions to the north and south. You comprehend so much, I presume?"

"Nothing can be clearer," was my reply; on which the captain, dipping the edges of a doyley in a finger-glass, and describing a circle which took in both plate and nut-crackers, proceeded to say, "You must next suppose, Sir, that this is the outermost line of ramparts, in which the British columns, headed by Colonels Sherbroke and St. John, have just effected a breach. Now, then——"

At this instant the door opened, and to my inexpressible relief, old Roger thrust his head into the room, with the tidings that a special messenger had just arrived from Talleen from Mr. Evans, who was anxious to see Mr. Fitzmaurice, as early as he could make it convenient.

"Why, you're not going to leave us?" inquired Caustic.

“ I’m sorry to be compelled to quit you, just at the moment when I was beginning to get so interested in your story ; but business must be minded, you know.”

“ Pooh, Pooh ! where’s the hurry ? Evans won’t die just yet, and if he does, no great odds. It’s only one attorney the less.”

But I persisted in my intentions, on which Mr. Rupee, making a faint effort to rise from his seat, said, “ Excuse my accompanying you to the door, Mr. Fitzmaurice, but it’s not safe to venture into the air on a night like this. But won’t you take some nice, warm barley-water before you go ? My cook makes excellent barley-water. Just allow me now to order a basin for you, with a small tea-spoonful of brandy in it.”

With many thanks I declined the horrid proposition, and made a precipitate retreat home, where I found Mr. Davis cozily seated in the parlour, over a jug of cwrw.

“ Well, Fitz, what news ?” said he, “ how

have you managed matters with the old croaker? Failed of course."

When I told him that so far from failing, I had succeeded in inspiring Mr. Rupee with a full and lively faith in my medical abilities, he uplifted his hands and eyes in astonishment. "Well, this is really miraculous! To convince a man so hard of belief as the Nabob, that you actually understand his case! Astonishing! I could not do so. How did you go about it? What did you say?" Then with a low, chuckling laugh, like the quack of a young duck, "upon my word, Fitz, you are without exception, the most impudent dog I ever set eyes on! I thought I was not deficient myself—but, Lord! I am a child compared to you."

I did not contest the point, for I felt that to attempt to imbue a man like Mr. Davis with right notions of character, was as absurd as to carry coals to Newcastle, so left him to his ale, and retired to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## A ROYAL PROGRESS; OR MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

IT was now August, a month destined to be ever memorable in the annals of Llandwarrys, when the broad light of royalty shone full on the bewildered vale of Towy. His Majesty George the Fourth, having on his return from Ireland encountered some refractory weather in the Channel, was compelled, contrary to his original intention, to land at Milford Haven, and so return home by way of South Wales.

This intelligence created an extraordinary—I might say, even an unparalleled—sensation throughout the valley, scarce an inhabitant of which had ever seen a king, except on a sign-post; and more especially did it keep our gos-

siping little town on the *qui vive*, as Dwarrys castle, where his Majesty made his first halt, was but a few miles distant.

It being, therefore, taken for granted by our Club, that the king would not omit the opportunity on his progress through the town, of halting to receive the congratulations of his faithful subjects, and, peradventure—such was the absurd extravagance of the hour!—of taking a hasty collation with them at the Red Lion; a special meeting was summoned, at which it was resolved that arrangements should be made for escorting his Majesty through the town; that a repast, under the surveillance of the parson, who was “Sir Oracle” on all culinary matters, should be prepared in the very best room of the Red Lion; and that a loyal Address should be drawn up, to be read by the auctioneer, who knew better than any one else in the district, how such forms were managed in London.

These resolutions, however, were not carried without a strenuous opposition from Captain

Caustic, who being more a man of the world than all the rest put together, kept “pooh, poohing” away at every fresh suggestion, till finding himself left in a minority, he damned the committee for “a pack of fools,” and washed his hands of the concern.

The landlord, landlady, and indeed all the household of the Red Lion, were in ecstasies at the anticipations of the honour assigned them. To receive a king—a real king—beneath their humble roof! Was ever roof so honoured! In the phrenzy of their loyalty, these simple-minded publicans sent for an artist, who usually officiated as house-painter in the neighbourhood, and commissioned him to prepare forthwith a “Royal George,” in lieu of the old established sign—a task which, considering the time allowed, was executed with surprising ability.

When this *chef-d'œuvre* was hoisted, all Llandwarrys rang with acclamations, solely to the annoyance of the landlady of the Castle, who kept watching the progress of the work-

men behind the blinds of her parlour-windows, observing between whiles—it was a shame and a scandal on folks of station and respectability, that a paltry Welch innkeeper should have the honour of receiving his Majesty, when she, who had lived for upwards of six years at the first hotel in Bath, was thrust aside, like an old gown, just as if she were nobody. But, thank God, she had no silly pride or envy about her—not she!—she could make both ends meet at the end of the year, which was more than some folks could, much as they might think of themselves.

In the course of the evening, motives of curiosity led me into the Red Lion, where I found its mistress, who, up to this time had been all sunshine, in pretty nearly as irritable a mood as her rival. Her husband who had been dispatched in the fore-part of the day on some important mission to Llandilo market, had stopped to drink his Majesty's health at so many public-houses, that he had wholly lost

sight of the object of his journey, and had but just returned home, as drunk as any loyal Briton could reasonably desire to be.

On entering the parlour, I found this poor “publican and sinner,” pinned up in a corner, the very picture of helpless resignation, while his enraged wife stood before him with her doubled fists thrust close into his face, by way of giving point to her philippic. “Oh! you good-for-nothing brute, is this the return you make for all my kindness to you? What do you think his Majesty would say, if he were to see you in such a pickle? A precious example you’re setting to all the servants! There’s David, who’s been gone ever since two o’clock to Llandovery; I’ll lay my life, he’ll come back, just as drunk as yourself. And who’s to blame if he does? Now don’t attempt to answer me—for the good man was beginning to expostulate—or I’ll knock that fool’s head off your shoulders.”

In this energetic style, despite all my efforts



to restore harmony, the angry dame ran on for the best part of half an hour, till the opportune return of David, unexpectedly sober, and bending under the weight of a well-laden fish-basket; the dropping-in of a more than ordinary number of guests; and, above all, the promise of her contrite spouse to go to bed and “sin no more,” restored her to good humour.

Early on the following day, crowds of farmers, &c., all bedizened in their holiday suits, came pouring into the town on their road to the spot where the procession was appointed to meet his Majesty. Smiles beamed on every face, expectation lit up every eye; and the day being clear, dry, and sunny—that is to say, the showers collected by the neighbouring mountains not pouring down *oftener* than twice or thrice an hour—the whole scene was one of the most animated it is possible to conceive.

Even my wife partook of the general cheerfulness. “Well, Fitz,” said she, in the blindest of tones, as she entered the parlour after

breakfast, fully equipped for walking, "are you ready?"

"Yes, but where's Mr. Davis?"

"Oh, he's gone to the Red Lion to assist the parson in preparing the collation."

"Collation indeed!" said I, bursting into a laugh, for the whole business struck me in the same ridiculous light as Captain Caustic; "however, come along, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, there's no time to be lost, since you're bent on seeing the sight;" and drawing her arm through mine, we set out for the place of rendezvous, which was a broad, open patch of Common jutting on the Llandilo road, and about two miles distant from Llandwarrys.

During the first part of the walk, our chit-chat was remarkable for its social tone, but unluckily, when about half way, we were met by a ragged Irish beggar-woman, young and somewhat pretty, with an infant in her arms, who stopped to implore charity for herself and child.

The sight of this poor, forlorn creature presented such a contrast to the cheerful scene about me, that instinctively I thrust my hand into my pockets, which my wife perceiving, looked at the petitioner with supreme contempt, and was hurrying me on, when I threw her a half-crown, accompanying the donation with a smile. This so incensed the astringent virtue of my wife, that in an instant she became herself again, and tossing her head back, said—"Well I'm sure, Mr. Fitzmaurice, this is pretty conduct to observe in my presence!"

"Conduct, my dear! I don't understand you."

"Don't dear me, Mr. Fitzmaurice; I want none of your dears, Sir. What business have you to be giggling at every trolloping hussy you meet on the road? I would not have believed such a thing possible, if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

"I was merely giving the poor woman a trifle from charity."

"Charity! Don't think to persuade me

you would throw away half-a-crown for charity. In these times men do not give half-crowns to young women for nothing. Half-a-crown would have bought me a new set of ribbons to my bonnet. But it's no use talking; I vow and protest I'm quite sick of it."

"And so am I."

In a few minutes my wife's spleen picked up fresh fuel for conflagration.—"Good heavens, Mr. Fitzmaurice, how fast you walk! Pray do move a little slower; I'm tired to death already. There—there you are off again! Well, I declare I never——"

"Does this suit you?" I replied, altering my pace to a deliberate lounge.

"How uncommon aggravating you are, Mr. Fitzmaurice; pray, when do you think we shall get to our journey's end, if we keep on at this snail's pace? I declare that Irish trollop has quite turned your head."

"Just turn yours, my dear, and you will find a black cloud behind us that——"

Before I could complete the sentence, one of those showers which are so apt to surprise the pedestrian in mountainous districts, compelled us to run a few yards back to some umbrageous hedge-row elms which overhung the road. Here, while adjusting her bonnet, and nestling close up under the trees on tiptoe, my wife, in order to make the most of her time, again burst out with—"I told you we should want the umbrella, Mr. Fitzmaurice, but no, you would be so positive, and now you see the consequences. I shall catch my death of cold, I'm sure I shall. Aye, you may laugh as much as you please, but if I were you, I should have too much decency to make a jest of such things. But you haven't a spark of feeling;" and in this way she ran on, while I stood, with all the sullen fortitude of an Indian at the stake, beside her.

At length the sky having cleared up, we were enabled to resume our walk, and soon reached the appointed spot, where we found

almost the entire population of Llandwarrys drawn up on either side the Llandilo road. The Captain, who had preceded us but by a few minutes, was the first to welcome our approach.

“Happy to see you, Mrs. Fitzmaurice; you look quite charmingly to day.”

“Ah! Captain Caustic,” replied my wife with a gracious simper, “you military gentlemen are so full of compliment; one never knows when you’re speaking the truth.”

“Except when we run down one lady in presence of another. By the bye, Fitz, how did you leave Rupee? Croaking, I suppose, as usual. And Mr. Davis, too? How comes it that he is absent? But I suppose he thinks that one fool more or less is of no consequence, where there are so many of us.”

My wife was just in the act of replying, when a loud shout of “the King! the King!” rose among the crowd, and presently two limbs of the law, followed by a squadron of Lord

Dwarrys' yeomanry, came galloping along the road, announcing the near approach of the royal *cortège*.

Just previously to this we had been standing apart from the throng, but on seeing these *avant couriers*, we rushed to take our places among the foremost group, in which, by dint of squeezing and elbowing, we succeeded; where we found the attorney, the auctioneer, and one or two others of the Deputation drawn up in formal line.

"The awkward squad at drill!" whispered the Captain to me; then turning to the auctioneer—"Well," said he, "what have you done with your Address?"

"The Address is given up," replied the auctioneer sulkily.

"We're nonsuited," added the attorney; "a messenger whom we dispatched for advice to Dwarrys castle, informed us that his Lordship considered the project too absurd to be thought of for an instant."

“As regards myself personally,” rejoined the auctioneer, “it’s a matter of perfect indifference whether the Address is spoken or not. But as respects his Majesty, I must confess I do still think, notwithstanding Lord Dwarrys’ opinion, that he would have been pleased with it; especially as I had taken a hint or two from the celebrated one that was presented to him as Prince Regent, when he dined with the Allied Sovereigns at Guildhall, the same year that I was in London. However, it’s given up, so there’s an end of the matter.”

“Hark!” exclaimed the Captain abruptly, “is that the trampling of horse I hear? By Jove it is!” and as he said so, the royal cavalcade came sweeping round an angle of the road a few hundred yards beyond us. At this moment the utmost confusion reigned among the crowd, which kept heaving like the waters of an agitated sea; when the auctioneer with a stentorian voice cried out—“Hats off!” and presently the whole mighty mass stood uncovered,



at the same time cheering and huzzaing till they made the welkin ring again.

His Majesty, beside whom sate a fat Peer with a leek at his button-hole, was by this time right opposite us; and as he cast a glance at our group, in the centre of which stood the Captain, upright as a ram-rod, with the back of his hand to his hat: he turned with a smile to the nobleman at his elbow. The smile I suspect was called forth by Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who had dropped so profound a curtesy, that it actually brought her head to within three feet of the ground!

No sooner had the cavalcade swept past us, than away rushed the crowd after it, in the full conviction that it would make a halt at the Red Lion. But, alas! they were doomed to disappointment, for, on reaching that ambitious *auberge*, his Majesty evinced not the slightest desire to partake of the good cheer provided by the Llandwarrys club. This so astounded the curate, who had been all the morning absorbed

in culinary preparations, and who now stood at the door ready to receive his Majesty, that in the impulse of the moment, heedless of all etiquette, he rushed after the royal carriage, with, "May it please your Majesty, the roast beef and—Oh Lord!"—all further expression of surprise and chagrin being cut short by the disappearance of the cavalcade, which shot up the main street like lightning.

The rest of the day passed off, as was to have been expected, midst general gloom and dejection. As a sample of the sort of feeling that pervaded the village, I subjoin a conversation that took place between two labouring men, and which I chanced to overhear:—

"Well, David, did you see the King?"

"Yes, sure."

"And what was he like?"

"Like!" replied the other, with evident disappointment, "why, just like any other man. I saw nothing in him. Squire Gryffyths was dressed twice as fine."

But by far the most chop-fallen individual in all Llandwarrys, was the landlady of the Red Lion, whose malicious rival, for at least a fortnight after, made a point of daily sending to inquire, at what hour his Majesty might be expected back at the Red Lion, greatly to the delight of the attorney, who carefully fostered the quarrel, in the hope that, by good nursing, it might be made to fructify into a lusty law-suit.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## A RECIPE FOR THE BLUES.

NEITHER the club at the Red Lion, nor its landlord and landlady were the only folks in the valley, who had reason to remember his Majesty's visit with regret. To higher and more influential individuals it was the source of equal annoyance. A Mr. Gryffyths, of Gryffyths, a Welch squire of ancient descent, who resided within a mile or so of the Nabob, in his zeal to commemorate the great event, had exercised his hospitality on so extensive a scale, and set such a loyal example of conviviality, that before the week's end the rheumatic gout had chained him fast down by both legs to his arm-chair.

In this predicament, the good Squire be-

thought himself of his usual medical adviser, Mr. Davis ; but, as my brother happened to be from home when the summons for his immediate attendance at Gryffyths arrived, I caught at such a favourable opportunity of making myself known to the *élite* of the district, and volunteered to go in his stead.

As my road lay by Rupee Lodge, I called in just to pay a passing visit to the Nabob, whom I found airing a damp newspaper by a fire that might have roasted an ox.

As usual, he was in great affliction. " I have been reading Buchan's Domestic Medicine," he began, " since I last saw you ; and, strange to say, there is scarcely a single disorder mentioned in it that I have not got some symptoms of. Very hard, but nothing seems to do me good. Thickskull was here yesterday, and advised me to try the blue pill. He begins now to think that the seat of my complaint is the liver, and that the affection at the chest is merely a secondary symptom.

Well, well, be this as it may, I can assure you, Mr. Fitzmaurice, I've long since shaken hands with the world, and shall be far from sorry to bid it good night. I made the very same remark to Caustic, when he was pestering me about making a will. It's very odd, how persevering that man is! Because I once accidentally let drop some intention of the sort, he has never let me have a moment's peace since. I wonder he can like to talk on such a subject. But he is a sad croaker. And such an egotist!"

The old hypochondriac was running on in this dismal fashion, when his attention, most opportunely for me, was called off by the yelping of his dog Venus, the only creature on earth in whom he ever seemed to take the slightest interest. On hastening to the door to see who, or what it was, that was thus wounding the sensibilities of his pet, he discovered that the offender was no less a personage than Roger—his "treasure," Roger!—who having forced the cur up into a

corner in the passage, was belabouring it with a bamboo cane, and cursing it between whiles, with an energy that might have created a sensation at Portsmouth Point.

The Nabob seemed quite thunderstruck at this unaccountable behaviour of his "treasure." "I am astonished, Roger," he said, "at your conduct! What do you mean by your cruelty to that harmless animal?"

"What do I mean," replied the fellow, who chanced to be in one of those surly humours with which men with only half a liver are apt to be visited, "why, I mean to thrash her; that's what I mean. She's almost bit my thumb off, the b——h!" and forgetting in the rage of the moment his usual respect for his master, he aimed another blow at the animal, which, instead of reaching her, took an oblique direction, and lighted upon Mr. Rupee's shin-bone.

The unexpected impudence of this reply, and still more the assault by which it was accompanied, set the Nabob trembling from head to

foot. I never saw him in such a state of excitement. He turned white—he turned red—he turned yellow—he absolutely foamed with rage—and at length, with incredible difficulty, while he kept standing on one leg, like a stork, and giving sharp jerks with the other, by way of easing the pain, he stammered out, “Quit my service instantly, Sir. D’ye hear? Quit it this instant.”

Roger, whose blood was quite as much up as his master’s, was about making another saucy answer, which would infallibly have ended in his being knocked down either by myself or the Nabob, when I stopped him by placing my hands on his shoulders, and driving him before me to the back-door; after which, having seen him fairly ejected from the premises, I returned into the parlour, where I found Mr. Rupee taking quick, phrenzied strides up and down the room, like a man who has just read his banker’s name in the *Gazette*.

For a few minutes, indignation was the one



predominant feeling in his mind ; but when I had prevailed on him to resume his seat, and take a full glass of Madeira, a bottle of which was lying, together with his tiffin, on the table, he remained silent for a time, and then tossing off a second bumper, he flung himself back in his arm-chair, and, to my inconceivable surprise, burst into a violent fit of laughter. “ Upon my soul, said he, “ this is, without exception, the most ridiculous piece of business I ever was engaged in. I could not have believed it possible that any thing would have had power to rouse me so. It has actually made me feel quite strong again.”

“ And no wonder,” said I, “ depend on it, there is nothing like a good honest passion to brace the nerves, and set the blood in motion. In Ireland, whenever we are low spirited, we make a point of pitching into our next neighbour, and it is astonishing the good it does both parties. Take another glass, Mr. Rupee. Bravo ! I protest you look quite hearty.”

“Hearty?” replied the Nabob, rubbing his hands with ecstasy, “why, Sir, I’m full twenty years younger. Haven’t I a fine colour in my face? Ecod, I feel strong enough to do any thing. I’ll get up by candle-light to-morrow, and go fox-hunting with the Squire! I’ll poke the fire out, and sit without one! I’ll give up my barley-water, and take to brandy! I’ll toss my physic out of the window, and ——”

“For God’s sake, Mr. Rupee, don’t do any thing so rash. It may be your death. No doubt your late excitement has done you good, but the relapse, Sir—that is what we have most to dread in a case of this sort. If you will be advised by me, you will double your usual dose to-night, and early in the morning, I will send up a few tonics, which, with one or two composing draughts, a box of pills, and a mild blister, will set you all to rights. Physic, Mr, Rupee, physic, Sir—after all there is nothing like physic!”

At this moment the door gently opened, and

in walked the penitent Roger, who, halting a few paces off the table, where his master was seated, was commencing a most submissive and elaborate apology for, what he called, his "little indiscretion," when the Nabob cut him short with "Go your ways, Roger, go your ways, and think no more about it. If you were hasty, so was I;" and then, turning to me, he added, "as you were saying, Mr. Fitzmaurice, we must take care to guard against a relapse. But surely you have no apprehensions on this score?"

"Oh, dear, no, Sir. A little physic, judiciously applied, will prevent any thing of the sort, particularly as you're just now in such a fine train for recovery."

"That is, if I don't fall back," replied the Nabob, whose ecstasies were by this time beginning to get a little moderated.

"And if you should," said I, with a waggish and most unprofessional smile, which, however,

I could not for the life of me resist, "you have your remedy in your own hands."

"And what is that?"

"Thrash Roger!" and so saying, I made a precipitate retreat, and hurried on to Gryffyths.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SKETCH OF A WELCH SQUIRE OF THE  
OLD SCHOOL.

THE family seat of the Gryffyths's was a low, spacious mansion, portions of whose architecture dated as far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth, while others had been renewed within the last century, presenting as many quaint samples of building as there are patterns in a tailor's show-book. Every thing seemed to be just in its wrong place; while the whole structure—more especially the windows, some of which were boarded, and others bricked up, with a view no doubt to save taxes—was so crazy and dilapidated, that nothing short of a large outlay could have sufficed to put it into proper repair; but as Mr. Gryffyths was unable

to make this outlay, he was fain to content himself with botching up, every now and then, those portions which stood most in need of restoration.

Fronting the building was a large lawn; in the centre of which, right before the parlour windows, stood a solitary, majestic oak, bound down by years and infirmities; its larger branches carefully propped up, and its trunk fenced round with strong wooden stakes, to protect it from the assaults of cattle. Surrounding this lawn, and wholly shutting out a view of the high-road, was a thick belt of magnificent forest trees, one clump of which formed a rookery; while another consisted merely of stumps, the rest of the trunk and branches, having, from the same motives that had suggested the blocking up of the windows, been cut down and sold for timber.

At the hall-door of this unique mansion stood the housekeeper, with a strip of brown paper wrapped round both wrists, and one hand held up before her eyes, to shade them from the sun,

while ever and anon she cast an inquisitive glance along the foot-way.

So soon as she saw me, "I suppose," she said, "you're the Doctor. The Squire's been expecting you a long while since." At this instant, the parlour-bell rung with prodigious violence. "That's the Squire's summons," exclaimed the old lady; and, bustling forward, threw open the door, and ushered me into her master's presence, with the brief and blunt introduction of "Here's the Doctor."

On hearing this announcement, the Squire turned slightly round in his easy, elbow chair; and seeing a strange face instead of the one he expected to see, gave vent to his surprise by a "whew!" or low whistle, whereupon I explained the reason of Mr. Davis's non-attendance, but was stopped half-way by "No matter; one's just as good as another—so sit down, Sir, sit down; but stay, there's no chair.—Lewis, place a seat for the Doctor."

This was said to a meek, sedate young man,

in whom, at the very first glance, I detected that miserable animal—a dependent relative. The next bad thing to being a poor poet, is to be a poor relation. There is no mistaking either.

When I had taken my seat, and cast a hurried glance about the room, which was lofty and spacious, with a bow-window looking out upon the lawn, and a huge branching pair of antlers fixed against the wall, I inquired into all the particulars of the Squire's illness; and, having been duly enlightened thereon, I observed:—

“You have a picturesque view, Sir, from this window.”

“Yes,” replied the Squire, “it's a capital sporting country.”

“And a fine day like this, brings out the landscape in all its beauty.”

“Not so fine neither; the scent won't lie, there is too much frost in the air.”

A pause of a few minutes ensued, after which



the conversation turned on his Majesty's late visit to Dwarrys Castle; when the Squire, who had been formally presented to him there, pronounced him to be a king, every inch of him, "and such a capital judge of horse-flesh too! Why, Sir, he no sooner set eyes on my bay mare, than he said she was one of the finest bits of blood he had ever seen. I assure you I felt quite flattered by the compliment."

"You were more fortunate, Mr. Gryffyths," I observed, "in being honoured with his Majesty's notice than we were at Llandwarrys," and then proceeded to acquaint the Squire with all the details of the late grand doings at the Red Lion, at which he laughed heartily, adding, "I heard something of that, but could not believe that people would make such asses of themselves. Invite his Majesty to dine in a pot-house! Never heard of such a thing! But it's all that Radical auctioneer's doings. I hate such fellows, they're a perfect nuisance."

"You should not blame them, Sir," I re-

plied, "they are but labouring in their vocation—serving an 'apprenticeship,' to the gallows — as your neighbour What's-his-name would say."

This sneer was purposely made in allusion to a wealthy Humbug merchant, who had just purchased some tracts of land in the neighbourhood, which adjoined the Squire's. To this person, it was well known that Mr. Gryfyths bore an inveterate animosity. He envied him for his wealth—he despised him for his occupation—he detested him for the injury he bid fair to do to his own hereditary influence in the neighbourhood. "Do you know any thing of this Mr. What's-his name?" he enquired.

"Nothing; but he's a sad vulgar fellow, I'm told—the tradesman all over."

"Yet he has the assurance to give himself airs, just as if he were one of us;" and the Squire drew himself up with much *hauteur*. "When the family," he added, "first came to reside here, as they seemed a harmless sort of

people, I felt it my duty to act in a neighbourly way towards them; but so ungrateful were they for my civilities, that old What's-his-name had actually the impudence one day to order my game-keeper off a dirty bit of moorland which he swears is his, though the man had gone there by my express command. Monstrous, wasn't it, Lewis?"

"That was the old man's doing, Sir; the sons have always expressed the greatest respect for you."

"Old or young, I'll have no such freedoms taken with me. Pretty business, if a family like mine can't do as they please in their own neighbourhood. That's what the Radicals call liberty, I suppose. D—n all such liberty say I. And to talk of law too! A low, pettifogging——"

Mr. Jointstock is just what you describe him," replied Lewis, "but his eldest son John is really a very clever, well-disposed young fellow."

“Clever!” retorted the Squire, “why, yes, I suppose he knows better than to beat for a black cock in a parsley-bed; but since you think the son so clever, what would you think of the father, if you were to see him, as I saw him the other day, riding to cover with an umbrella over his head. Such a turn-out! Why don’t you laugh, Lewis?”

“He! he!” replied the young man, but the mode in which he gave vent to this faint apology for cachinnation, convinced me that there are few things in life more full of pathos than the laugh of a poor relation.

“Commercial men,” continued Lewis, when his countenance had recovered its usual meek expression, “seldom exhibit to advantage in field——”

“Be quiet, Lewis, you’re always so fond of hearing yourself talk; I can’t get in a word edgewise—Oh God! what a twinge!”

“Permit me, Mr. Gryffyths,” said I, moving my chair towards him, “just to feel your pulse.”

“Keep off, Sir, keep off—oh, my knee!”

“If you will be ruled by me, Sir, you will retire early to rest. Nature, Mr. Gryffyths, is a better physician than art.”

“That’s just what I say, when Davis advises me to give up my second bottle. I take to it so naturally, I tell him, that I’m sure I can’t be wrong. Besides, my family have always been proverbial for their hospitality, and it’s my duty to show myself worthy of them.”

“I can fully sympathize with your feelings, Sir,” I observed, “for I am myself the descendant of an old Milesian family, though a long series of misfortunes——”

“Aye, aye,” rejoined the Squire, briskly, “I can feel, no man more so, for the misfortunes of a gentleman of birth. I have known what it is to suffer them myself. To say nothing of this gout, it is not a month since I lost my bitch pointer, the best sporting dog I ever bred.”

“That is her portrait, I presume,” said I,

pointing to a painting at the far end of the room.

“What, are you fond of paintings?”

“Very; I have seen some of the finest in the world at the Louvre and the Florence Gallery.”

“No doubt—no doubt—travelling is all the fashion now-a-days. Well, I thank God, that

except on one occasion, when I went to London

on some law business, I was never a hundred miles from home in my life. But I think you

said you were fond of paintings? I can shew you some of the finest you have ever seen;”

with which words he directed Lewis to throw open the door of an adjacent apartment, and wheel him into it.

The room in question was dark and lofty, with walls of black polished oak, hung with portraits, not a few of which from want of adequate space, leaned against the floor.

“There, Sir,” said the Squire, looking round him, with much complacency, “there you see all the Gryffythses at one *coup d’œil*—as his

Majesty observed, when speaking of the view from Dwarrys Castle. They deserve a better stall than this; but the truth is, the workmen are busy just now with the picture gallery, the floor of which gave way last week, when the young folks were dancing there. Mark that portrait to the left of you. The original was my great-grandfather. Very handsome, isn't he? And how clean in the fetlock! They say I'm just like him."

I affected to be much struck by the painting, and after an attentive survey of one or two stout old cavaliers in full-bottomed wigs and armour, directed Mr. Gryffyths's notice to a small picture which had been thrust, as if on purpose, into an obscure part of the room. The portrait was that of a beautiful girl, young and fair, and gentle, but with a look of profound melancholy.

"Ahem! ahem!" said the Squire, "that picture, you mean—oh, it's a mere nothing, not worth looking at—the likeness of a relation—

that is, of a sort of distant connexion of the Gryffyths.

I inferred from this that the portrait was one of a poor girl, who by marrying beneath her, or some such heterodox means, had brought dishonour on the family scutcheon; so averting my gaze, I fixed it on a fat old man attired in a full court-suit.

The Squire's countenance brightened up as he saw my attention thus diverted, and he entered into a prosing history of the original. "He was a great man, Sir, the finest made man in all Wales, and had the honour of presenting the first county Address to his late Majesty—God bless him!—on the birth of our present most gracious sovereign. On that occasion, the good old king said, turning with a sly glance to the queen—for her Majesty, I should tell you, was always an admirer of well-made men, and indeed so, for that matter, are most women—'Mr. Gryffyths,' said his Majesty—Oh Lord, another twinge!" and cutting short



his story, the Squire absolutely roared with pain.

“The air of this room is too damp for you, Sir,” said I, “permit me to wheel you back.”

“Egad, I believe you’re right,” replied the Squire; then suddenly, in a loud voice of spleen and impatience, as I pushed the chair somewhat too forcibly over one or two rough knots in the oaken floor, “Halloo, Sir! halloo! you drive on as if you were driving at a five-barred gate! There, that will do, that will do; now shut the door, if you please, and take your chair.”

“I am sorry I must be on the move; it’s getting late, and I have yet some patients to visit at Llandwarrys.”

“Well, well, I press no man to stop against his inclination. This is Liberty Hall; you come when you please, and go when you please. I shall see you again in a day or two, I suppose? Good night, Sir. Take care of the dogs.”

“Bravo!” said I, as I returned home to Llandwarrys, “I have made as decided a hit

here as with the Nabob, but must take care to improve my advantage by studying the Squire's character. No doubt, with a little management, I shall find him as good a patron as a patient. To be sure, he has no great fancy for physic. But what of that? Advice swells up an apothecary's bill quite as well as medicine. So Vive Humbug! And myself too; for had I not been the most modest and meritorious of quacks, I should have insisted on the merits of my Elixir, both with the Nabob and the Squire. Pray heaven I don't suffer by such excessive diffidence!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## AN INVALID SPORTSMAN.

MR. GRYFFYTHS, of Gryffyths, was one of those frank, jolly fellows, whose character may be read at a glance. He had a round, rosy face, presenting about as much of a profile as a turnip; a beard as black as a shoe-brush; and a spacious mouth, calculated sadly to perplex a round of beef. His arms, of which he was not a little proud, were miracles of muscle, and his nails were always bitten to the quick.

In his attire he was the old English sportsman all over. He wore a faded, epigrammatic green coat, with huge pockets at the side; drab breeches; waxy top-boots, as full of wrinkles as one's grandmother; and a huge gold watch

with figures on the dial-plate large enough almost for a kitchen clock, and to which was attached an enormous chain and seals that reached half-way down to his knees.

In early life he had been notorious for his rustic gallantries; and even now, was fond of chucking a pretty girl under the chin, and styling her "my dear." People called him handsome, but this the Captain always contended was a gross calumny. "Look at his legs, Sir," he would say, when any one praised Mr. Gryffyths's good looks in his hearing, "how can a man with such mill-posts be handsome?" and then he would cast a side-long, complacent glance at his own shapely leg and foot. I think nothing of this however, for wherever women were concerned, Caustic made a point of recognizing no claims but his own. He had the bad taste to condemn *even* my exterior!

Among the Squire's most marked peculiarities, was an inveterate addiction to family

customs. That a habit or prejudice was ancient, was with him sufficient warranty of its excellence. Though on the whole a good-natured man, yet scarcely a day passed but something or other occurred to ruffle his temper. In the first place, he was never free from pecuniary embarrassments; secondly, he had seldom less than one, sometimes more, lawsuits on hand, which however harassing to his mind and trying to his pocket, he yet seemed perversely to cherish as among the necessary adjuncts of an ancient pedigree; and thirdly, he lived in a neighbourhood where, with all the passion for undivided empire of a despot, he found himself compelled to "bear a brother near the throne" in the person of Mr. Jointstock.

The consequence of all this was, that for some time past, he had been gradually contracting the circle of his society, and dividing it between those few among the Squirearchy who held the same opinions as himself, and the strolling players, when they happened to be in

the neighbourhood, whose fun, anecdote, and general recklessness of character, jumped with his own peculiar humour. To these last, together with the poachers, with whom he held many sporting tenets in common, he knew he might play the great man with impunity.

But though Mr. Gryffyths (who I should previously have observed had for many years been a childless widower) was thus comparatively withdrawn from the world, yet there were certain times and seasons when he came publicly forth like a "giant refreshed," in all his feudal glory. The eighth of September was one of these epochs. On that memorable day, some sixty or seventy years since, his grandfather, after a protracted course of litigation, had succeeded in wresting his patrimonial property from a usurping kinsman, and the family had ever since celebrated the Anniversary.

When I next saw the Squire, he was full of the subject. The eighth of September was approaching, and he would not, for the value of

his whole estate, be the means of delaying its celebration. But how was the thing to be accomplished? This confounded gout would not let him stir. What would Mr. Fitzmaurice advise?

My advice, of course, was that he should keep his mind free from excitement, and live upon slops, when, as it still wanted nearly a fortnight of the eighth, I had little doubt he would recover time enough to take the field as well as ever.

The Squire shook his head as I said this, with an air of distrust and despondency. He might or he might not recover, God only knew which! For himself he was far from confident, for he had had a warning only the night before, which had never yet been known to fail.

“Warning?” said I, much astonished; “to whom or to what do you allude?”

Mr. Gryffyths made no reply, on which Lewis, who was sitting next me, whispered in my ear that the warning to which his uncle alluded, was

the fall of one of the branches of the oak in the centre of the lawn, which was generally supposed to be the forerunner of some calamity to the family.\*

On being made acquainted with this curious ancestral superstition, I proceeded to administer consolation to Mr. Gryffyths by turning the whole affair into ridicule. But the task was more difficult than I had anticipated, and had only the effect of unsettling his temper more than ever, for though far from sorry to be promised a quick recovery, yet he was shocked at the idea of having an old family legend ridiculed and falsified.

Seeing this, I altered my tone, and admitting that the fall of the branch could scarcely be looked on in any other light than as a warning, I yet added that there was not the slightest

\* There is scarcely an ancient family in all South Wales that does not boast its warning oak. In one district of Carmarthenshire alone, there are not less than six families thus endowed. The legend is a truly national one.



reason to suppose that it had any reference to himself personally.

The Squire caught eagerly at my suggestion. "A good idea," said he, "the warning is, as you say, a warning; still there can be no reason why it should apply in particular to me. Why shouldn't it?—ah! a lucky thought; Lewis, run down to the stables and see if all's right there; but no, I think you had better take a peep at the kennel; poor Madoc was off his meat yesterday."

Lewis, with whom I exchanged smiles at this proposition, which was made by the Squire with most edifying gravity, left the room to fulfil his uncle's directions, and returned in a few minutes with intelligence that one of his best harriers, Don, was missing.

"I thought so," said Mr. Gryffyths, with a whimsical mixture of chagrin and satisfaction, "didn't I tell you, Fitzmaurice, that the oak's warning had never been known to fail? Yet to lose such a treasure as Don! I would not

have taken fifty pounds for him. However, it's well it's no worse."

On further inquiries among the household, it appeared that a beggar had been seen loitering near the premises that morning, and shortly afterwards, to make a precipitate retreat, with Don hard at his heels. But this part of the story, the Squire indignantly rebutted. "What!" said he, "Don hunt vermin! No—no, he's been spirited away by the vagabond; but I'll ferret him out;" and ringing the bell, he gave orders to his groom to post off to Llandwarrys, and mention the circumstances of the theft to the constable there, with Mr. Gryffyths's orders that he should stop all suspicious persons.

These points settled, the Squire returned to his favourite subject of the oak. His ancestors had always regarded it with veneration, for there was an old tradition current in the neighbourhood, that when the oak fell, the dynasty of the Gryffyths would fall too. But Lewis could tell all about it, for he had written some

verses on the subject, which he (the Squire) had read, and which were exceedingly clever; though for his own part, he was not much of a judge of such matters; any thing in the shape of rhyme always puzzled his poor brain.

His nephew here took up the subject, on which he was busily expatiating, when the housekeeper entered the room with a bason of water-gruel in her hand, which she placed deliberately under the poor Squire's nose. His countenance fell as he began to stir up this "slip-slop." He looked first at me, then at Lewis, with an indescribably diverting air of sheepishness; and then, forcing a laugh at his own weakness, began to apologize in such terms as,—“Well, it can't be helped, so I suppose I must put a good face on the matter, and swallow this damned water—water——”

“Gruel,” said Lewis, helping out his recollection.

“I know that as well as you can tell me, so you needn't be so officious. You'll please to

remember, Mr. Fitzmaurice, that it's by your express order, and no wish of mine, that I swallow this villainous mess. By-the-bye, don't you think a glass of brandy would improve it? Well, well," seeing that I shook my head, "it can't be helped, so here goes; but, Lord! how Jointstock would crow if he could see me in this pickle!" and in this way he kept on sipping and grumbling, while his nephew and myself had the greatest difficulty in subduing our muscles to the proper decorous gravity.

At length, when the draught was finished, the Squire retired, by my advice, for the night, and I followed; when finding, on reaching home, my wife engaged in an animated altercation with her submissive brother, touching the compound fracture of a pickle-jar, which was "all owing to his abominable carelessness," I left the amiable pair to settle their disputes between them, and hastened over the way to wile away an hour with the club at the Red Lion.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THE eighth of September had now arrived, and crutch, flannels, and water-gruel thrown aside, the Squire was “a man again.” Agreeably to the directions I had received from him on the preceding day, I made my appearance at Gryffyths, shortly after eight o’clock, where I found some ten or a dozen farmers, together with a small sprinkling of the neighbouring gentry, among whom were Lewis and the parson, seated at a well-laden breakfast-table. Not the slightest order of precedence was observed among the guests, for the Squire’s Anniversaries were a species of Saturnalia, at which

all distinctions of rank were for the time dispensed with.

Mr. Gryffyths welcomed me with a hearty slap on the back. "Fine day, Doctor," he said, "glorious day. I was in a sad fidget though all last night; up at least a dozen times, looking out to see what chance there was for us. Ah! Captain," he continued, addressing Caustic, who just then entered the room, "glad to see you. How's that old ass, Rupee? Sit down, man, sit down; we've no time to spare:" and without more ado he took his place next me, and tackling to some cold roast beef, said, "Good stuff this, doctor, better than all your drugs, hey! you dog?" and then by way of giving point to his sarcasm, he kept pegging me in the ribs till he made me roar again.

During the repast, the Squire gave us directions as to what were to be the "orders of the day." We were to meet, he told us, beside the Talleen Lakes, but not later than three o'clock, where we should find every thing pre-

pared for our accommodation, for which purpose he had dispatched a whole waggon-load of *suttlers* at day-break.

After breakfast, during which I could not extract a word from either the curate or the captain, both of whom informed me by signs that their time was too precious to be so wasted, we all set out on our excursion. The Squire and some few others led the way on horseback, the rest trudged a-foot, while Lewis and myself brought up the rear; but as neither of us were very ambitious of figuring among the Nimrods of the day, we soon lost sight of the rest of the party, and made a short cut across some fields, for the purpose of mounting a hill, whence, as Lewis assured me, we should have a view of all the "classic ground" of South Wales.

Having seen all that was to be seen, we returned into the high road, but scarcely had we proceeded a few hundred yards, when we observed, at a slight distance before us, a crowd standing on a bridge that spanned the little river Cothy.

“Halloo,” said I, “what is the meaning of all this gathering? Is there another George the Fourth being exhibited?”

“Oh! a preacher, I suppose,” replied Lewis, “we have hundreds of them in South Wales;” and led the way across a broad, swampy meadow, which brought us directly out on the high-road; when, on nearing the crowd, we found, as Lewis had surmised, that it was collected to hear an itinerant expounder of “the word.” Not a few of our own party figured among the congregation, whom the curate, in his zeal for orthodoxy, was busily endeavouring to drive onwards; but in vain, for the preacher’s eloquence prevailed over all his entreaties.

At length a circumstance occurred which created a re-action in his favour. A shepherd’s boy came running along the banks of the river, and when he arrived close under the bridge, shouted out “an otter! an otter!” whereupon the whole congregation scampered off in the direction whence the lad preceded them.



I remained behind, attracted by a certain something in the preacher's voice and gestures, which I fancied were familiar to me; and, on looking steadily at his features, half concealed, as they were by a huge slouch hat, whom should I recognise, but—my philosophic friend, Mr. Justinian Stubbs, looking, if possible, more sleek, smooth, and oily than ever!

The sly fox saw that I remembered him, and that it was of no use, therefore, to deny his identity; so after a moment or two's hesitation, as to whether he should be candid or not, cant carried the day, and he began indulging me with a full and particular account of the circumstances attending, what he called, his miraculous conversion.

“Ah! my friend,” he drawled out, in the true twang of the conventicle, “it was, indeed, a blessed change, and wrought in me just at the fitting season. Heaven only knows what would have become of me, surrounded, as I was, in Humbug, by implacable enemies, and living in

constant fear of detection by the profane, had I not one night, as I lay sleepless on my pallet, devising divers schemes for the future, heard a voice cry, 'Justinian Stubbs, whose name is henceforth Habbakuk Holdforth, arise and flee into Wales. The Lord hath need of thee there.'

"Truly, as you say, Mr. Stubbs, the summons came just in the nick of time. I think I never heard of so discreet and convenient a conversion. However, what will be, will be, as your philosophy teaches."

"Philosophy! Mention not the profane term! Thank heaven, I have eschewed it for ever, and become, albeit at the eleventh hour, an humble labourer in the Lord's vineyard."

"Ah, Mr. Stubbs—Holdforth, I should say—it was in a far different vineyard you were labouring, when you disembarrassed me of my pocket-book, on the night of the conflagration at Humbug."

The accomplished hypocrite indulged in a

faint smile as I reminded him of this small backsliding, but instantly correcting himself, he observed, "That was the Lord's doing, who permitted me to fall, like David, in order that I might rise again regenerated, like Nicodemus. 'All men,' as the great Helvetius, (here I buttoned up my pockets)—I mean, as the pious John Huntingdon says, 'have their time to sin, and their time to repent;'" with which words, he thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drawing out a Tract. placed it in my hands, adding, "Would to heaven, my friend, that your day of grace were arrived, and that I could see you, by the aid of this precious work, cleansed and sweetened by the waters of life, even as I now am. Oh! you know not the bliss that is reserved for those who hold fast by the faith, and fear not. Faith can remove mountains."

"Yes, and pocket-books too. Doubtless, Mr. Stubbs, your new faith has proved as profitable to you in a temporal, as in a spiritual, sense?"

"Temporal considerations," he replied, cast-

ing his eyes devoutly upwards, “ weigh no longer with one who has put off the old Adam, and clothed himself in the white garment of regeneration, though it is but just and fitting that, as I expound the word, I should live by the word. I have called many to repentance, and, thanks be to him who feedeth the young ravens, I have found no lack of food or raiment during my sojourn in this country.”

He was proceeding in this fashion, when a sudden idea suggested itself to me, and resolved on having a jest at his expense, I interrupted him with, “I am sorry, Mr. Stubbs, you should have selected this part of Wales as the theatre of your exploits, for the Ordinary of the Humbug jail,—you remember the Ordinary of course?—happens to be just now on a visit to some friends at Talleen.”

“Indeed!” replied Justinian, turning quite pale with apprehension.

“Fact; I have met him twice already, but luckily he did not recognize me. I hope you

may be equally—bless me, is it possible? Why, here comes the very man himself;” and I pointed to an elderly person in black, who was walking slowly along the road toward us.

“D—n it, you don’t say so!” exclaimed Justinian, dropping, in the alarm of the moment, all his assumed sanctity; and then, without stopping to look behind him, or even wishing me adieu, he waddled off with a grotesque and ungodly speed, worthy of the most flagitious son of Belial.

When I had recovered from the laughter which the success of this ingenious stratagem had occasioned, I rejoined the crowd, whom I found preparing to move on again to Talleen, with the body of the slain otter, borne triumphantly before them on a pole.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN we reached the village, we found a large party in readiness to receive us, who no sooner caught sight of our trophy, than they set up a lusty halloo, which brought about us the whole village-school, to whom, at the Squire's particular request, the pedagogue had granted a holiday, and who now followed in our wake towards the place of rendezvous.

This was on an isthmus that divided the two Talleen lakes, and once formed the site of a monastery, within whose ruins—the rank grass and weeds having with some difficulty been cleared away—a huge tent was erected, capable of containing at least thirty persons, in the

centre of which was placed a long table, or rather a collection of tables.

About this tent, cooks and servants were now humming, busy as bees; hampers, too, of wine, ale, and spirits, baskets of all sorts of provender, were strewed about in every direction; together with boxes full of hay, in which glasses, crockery, plate, &c. were packed up; while just at the edge of the land, where it jutted upon the water, a whole sheep was roasting before a fire that hissed and roared, and threw out a broad red glare, like a blacksmith's furnace.

If one of the old monks now, thought I, could pop his head out of the grave, how he would stare at the scene here presented to his eyes! Yet why so? It can be no novelty to him. These walls, though they have been silent for centuries, must have witnessed many a jolly carousal in their time. Yes, yes, the ghostly fathers, no doubt, made hay while the sun shone, and drained the cup of enjoyment to

the dregs. But they are all gone now. Possibly, at this very moment, I am treading on the grave of my Lord Abbot.

Lewis, who seemed to divine my thoughts, said, "I see you are surprised at my uncle's choice of site, and no wonder. To me it appears little short of an insult to the *genius loci*. However, it is no use to argue the matter. The snugly sheltered site of the monastery has prevailed with Mr. Gryffyths over every other consideration.

At this moment, the Squire who had been busy replying to the congratulations of the villagers, joined us, with some half-dozen chubby boys and girls pulling away at his jacket, to each of whom he gave a large lump of gingerbread, which he had bought for that purpose in the village. Immediately on entering the ruins, he summoned the whole party about him, and told us that each man might employ himself as he pleased, for that we yet had three good hours before us.

This had the effect of dispersing the com-



pany. Some seized a gun, others embarked on the lake in a coracle, while others, among whom were the Squire and Caustic, contented themselves with fitting a huge, artificial fly to a whip-cord line, and trying their piscatory skill along the banks.

I did the same ; but, meeting with my usual luck, soon threw aside my rod, and scrambled up the side of a mountain that rose somewhat precipitously from the lake. From this height I commanded a fine panoramic view. The dwindled lakes, with the coracles flitting like fairy shallops across their surface, lay glittering in the sunshine at my feet ; while from the heart of the old, monastic ruin, came up the rude sounds of laughter, strangely at variance with its venerable, melancholy aspect. A few yards beyond, at the extremity of the first lake, stood the village of Talleen, the smoke from whose chimneys ascended like an incense to heaven ; and, far as the eye could discern, the horizon was bounded, to the north by the

Cardigan crags, and to the east by the long, billowy range of the Black Mountains, with Llyn-y-van towering high above them all, like a Titan petrified.

Having satisfied my gaze, I was just preparing to ramble off in the direction of Edwinstford, when my ear caught the well-known "Halloo" of the Squire; and, descending in the quarter whence the sound proceeded, I saw him darting to and fro along the banks of the lake, and manœuvring so vigorously with a fish of nearly equal strength, that it seemed a moot point whether he should pull the creature *out*, or it should pull him *in*, to the water.

"A fine fellow," observed the Squire, as I congratulated him on the chances of victory. "A noble fellow—weighs upwards of fourteen pounds, if he weighs an ounce.—Davis, bear a hand here with the landing-net.—Ah! there he goes—by Jove, I shall lose him;" and the brute, who for a few seconds had been lying quite sulky, made a sudden plunge that set the

waters in a foam around him. In an instant he rose again, and darted off among the weeds, from which sprung out a frightened wild-duck, that was instantly brought down by Lewis's gun, much to the delight and astonishment of his uncle, who observed that, notwithstanding his "verses and such like," he had always entertained a good opinion of the lad's abilities.

The fish, snugly couched among the weeds, was now again quiet; but, on Mr. Gryffyths proceeding to wind up the reel, he made another dart, drawing after him the whole length of line, so that the Squire was actually compelled to wade knee-deep among the rushes; and to my remonstrating with him on the danger he was running of a relapse, bluntly replied, "Curse the gout; do you think I will lose the fish?"

But there was not the slightest prospect of such a loss, for the creature was, by this time, quite spent; and after rolling about heavily, like a black log on the water, turned upwards on his belly, his head sinking in the stream, and was

drawn to land. Just after this, came up the rest of our party, bearing with them a fine show of wild-fowl; so that, what with one thing, and what with another, the day, as the Squire significantly remarked, was one of the best-spent he had ever known.

We now prepared for our return to the monastery, attracted thither by a huntsman's horn, which was the signal that all was ready for our accommodation. And a glorious sight awaited us within its old walls! The tables groaned beneath the weight of a thousand dainties. Rich venison pasties, game of every description, hares, fowls, tongues, and hams, the stately sirloin, and the irresistible haunch, embellished the upper table; while at the lower smoked an entire sheep, right before which stood the Squire's bailiff, with his coat-sleeves tucked up, his elbows rounded, and a gravity in his countenance that indicated a becoming consciousness of the importance of his vocation.

Dinner over, a full glass of choice port was handed round, not only to every guest at table, but also to every one who thought it worth his while to attend—and, from time to time, nearly the whole village poured in on us, the Squire's Anniversaries being well-known and appreciated throughout the district:—after which, on a given signal from the parson, our host's health was proposed and drank with enthusiasm.

Mr. Gryffyths's reply was brief and to the point, and even Caustic was pleased to declare that, considering all things, it was not so much amiss; “but,” he added, “of all the speakers I ever heard, commend me to my old friend, Major Tipple.”

“What?” replied the Parson, “have we got that old Major again? This is the third time I have heard his name to-day.”

By the splenetic tug he gave at his shirt-collar, I could perceive that the Captain was bristling up for a wrathful repartee, so I interposed to preserve peace by saying, “It is a

long time, Caustic, since the old monastery has known such a jolly day as this."

"Well thought of," said the Squire, "let us drink to the memory of the monks and their Abbot. Doubtless, Doctor, you are surprised at my choosing a site like this. I used to keep the day at Gryffyths, but there were always such strange goings on in the course of the evening between some of my young guests and the maid-servants—for you can't put old heads on young shoulders, you know—that my poor wife made me promise never to hold another within doors. But, gentlemen, I see you're waiting, so here's to the memory of the monks and my Lord Abbot. Ah! he was a hearty old cock, I'll warrant. Took his wine like a gentleman. But so, for that matter, do most churchmen. Hey, Parson? No offence, I hope?"

"None in the least," responded the divine, with a sly affectation of demureness; "no man to be discreet, has a greater relish for

the innocent enjoyments of life than I have; though heaven forbid I should ever be tempted to exceed the bounds of a modest vivacity."

"No! no!" said the Captain, sneeringly, "that you never will, while that old seasoned cask of yours can hold its two or three bottles on an emergency."

"So much the better; glad to hear it," said the Squire, "all honest fellows are fond of their bottle. I like a moderate glass myself. Parson, a song. Come, let's have the 'Storm.' It's an old favourite of mine."

But there was no occasion to call for a storm, for one was already brewing. An allusion having been made, by one of the farmers at the lower table, to his Majesty's visit, an angry political discussion took place, which at length reached such a height, that an appeal was made by some of the more moderate to the Squire, who no sooner understood the cause of the quarrel, than his hot Welch blood was up in an instant, and giving the table a thump with

his brawny fist that set all the glasses clattering, he said—"Harkee, gentlemen, this is Liberty Hall, where every man is free to do or say just what he pleases. Nevertheless, I'll have no politics talked here. The very next man who offends in that way shall swallow a bumper of salt and water; so strike up, parson, and let us have no more interruption."

Thus requested, the curate commenced his bravura, but scarcely had he got through the first verse, when Mr. Gryffyths turning round, said, "Halloo! where's Lewis? Stole away?"

"Your nephew," I replied, "left us about an hour since. The wine, I fear, disagreed with him, for I saw him change countenance as he rose from table."

"Just what I suspected. I'm afraid I shall never make any thing of that lad, It's a thousand pities, for his intentions are good—but, Lord, such a head! However, to do the boy justice, he brought down that bird very cleverly this morning. Gone off? Well, well,



no matter, provided he has not taken the punch-bowl along with him. Thomas, bring in the punch-bowl."

This was the signal for the introduction of a huge flowered China bowl, which the bailiff, preceded by two servants, brought up with infinite pomp, and placed before the Squire, who, while helping us to its contents, took care to let us know that it was a bowl of vast antiquity, and such a favourite with his father, that he had bequeathed it to him by a separate codicil in his will.

"A noble bowl, no doubt," said the Captain, "if one could but see it."

"See it? I see two," hiccupped a voice from the lower table.

"A good hint, Captain," said the Squire; "ho! lights there," and in a few minutes a profusion of torches brought from the village, blazed up in all parts of the monastery, throwing a wild, ghastly aspect on the ruins; while lamps and lanterns were lit within the tent,

the whole forming one of the most singular and impressive spectacles I ever witnessed.

When the Squire had helped those within his own immediate neighbourhood, room was made for the bowl to take its rounds, which it did with a rapidity that soon produced very visible effects. The Curate began to indulge us with a variety of sporting anecdotes; the Captain to recapitulate the virtues of Major Tipple and his East India Madeira; and the Squire to enforce the still more expeditious circulation of the bowl, in such terms as, “push her along, Captain; Parson, she’s at anchor alongside you; shove her off, man, shove her off; that’s right; there she goes; huzza! blessings on her sweet face; I remember my poor father ——”

Before he could finish his anecdote, he was interrupted by a second squabble, which was not without difficulty appeased, because all kept shouting away, each at the very top of his lungs, and not a soul among them all knew or cared what it was he was wrangling about. Even the

Squire's stentorian voice was unheard among the din, and it became necessary, therefore, to disperse the assembly, which could only be done by the *élite* of the company resolving on instant departure.

This, at the Curate's instigation, was accomplished, and the Squire, much against his will, was prevailed on to make the first move; but not before he had left injunctions with his *major domo* to take especial care of the punch-bowl, of which he was as proud as ever was Magnus Troil of the "Jolly Mariner of Canton."

As he rose from his seat, I could perceive that his convivial exertions had made him a little unsteady, so offered him my arm, which he accepted, muttering as we kept *tacking* on towards the village—"singular, how weak that gout has left me. I declare my knees quite tremble under me. Steady, Doctor, steady: keep to the right, or I shall have to fish you out of a horse-pond," and he made a lurch to

windward, which very nearly threw me on my beam-ends.

At length, after encountering various perils by land and water, that superintending Power which never fails to befriend virtue in extremity, enabled us to reach the village-inn in safety, where the old crazy, rumbling family-coach stood waiting the Squire's arrival, who, after making inquiries respecting Lewis, was informed by the compassionate landlady, that the "poor young man was ill a-bed, with a sort of a nervous head-ache like."

"A what?" said Mr. Gryffyths, with huge contempt; "a nervous head-ache? Never heard of a such a thing in all my life! If it had been the gout, indeed—but nerves!—What will he have next, I wonder?" and thus speculating, the Squire took his place in the carriage, and offered me a seat beside him; while the rest of the party followed shortly afterwards in waggons, which had been duly matted and fitted up with benches for their accommodation.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## AN UNEXPECTED DENOUEMENT—A SUDDEN FLIGHT.

My time was now, for the first time since my entrance into South Wales, beginning to pass very much to my satisfaction. I was here, there, and every where ; now sentimentalizing with the Nabob, now waxing convivial with the Squire, and now discussing local politics with Caustic and my brother-in-law at the Red Lion. I must confess I should have preferred a more enlarged sphere of action, but this being just now wholly out of the question, I had nothing left for it, but to make the most of my situation.

But prosperity, like adversity, is not without its drawbacks. If it was fortunate for me

in one sense that I extended my connexions among the more respectable circles ; in another, it was far otherwise ; for it called forth the jealousy of the narrow-minded coterie at the Red Lion, who could not understand upon what principle of justice or common-sense it was, that I was more looked up to than themselves. Much of my luck was attributed, as a matter of course, to my profession ; still the club, with the exceptions of Caustic and Mr. Davis, could not, or would not, be brought to acknowledge that a man who but the other day came among them as an adventurer, with scarce a penny in his pocket, had now any right to affect the superior.

For some few weeks, however, their feelings were confined to sneering insinuations and significant shrugs of the shoulders, whenever my name happened to be mentioned ; but by degrees they assumed a more offensive character ; first, it was hinted that I gave myself unwarrantable airs ; and secondly, that there was

something mysterious about me; whereupon the gossips would revert to my first appearance, without any ostensible motive among them, and hope that all would be right "this time next year."

Unfortunately, so far from endeavouring to soften this hostile disposition, as any rational being in my peculiar situation would have done, I only increased its acerbity by my show of utter indifference—an act of suicidal folly which was very soon brought home to me, in a way that I could never have anticipated.

It happened that one day when I dined with Mr. Gryffyths, he was so delighted with my queer, broad stories, that in the exuberance of his satisfaction, he promised that when Lord Dwarrys returned to the castle, he would take an opportunity of introducing me to him. This was the very thing I most coveted, for I knew that if I could but once gain such an influential patron, there was nothing in the way of professional advancement that I might not calculate on during my stay in South Wales; so hurrying

home in high glee, I just stopped to communicate the news to my wife, and then stepped over the way to the Red Lion.

Never was I in better condition—never fuller of anecdote and vivacity, than on this disastrous evening. Not a remark was thrown off—as Mr. Gryffyths would say—but I followed in full cry at its heels with some apposite pun or joke; and this with so little effort, and such invincible good nature, that despite their late prejudices, the coterie again began to look on me, if not with positive good-will, at least with something not very far removed from it.

But one among the assembled party—ominous Unit!—was silent amid the general mirth. Where others affected the conciliatory, he merely sneered, at the same time keeping his eyes fixed on mine with a marked pertinacity that attracted the attention of the whole room, and at length so annoyed me, that thrown off my guard, I said cavalierly, “Are my face and figure to your liking, Sir?”



“Less perhaps than you may suppose,” replied the fellow, “for I have seen both before, and that not very long since, under circumstances which——”

“Circumstances !” exclaimed one and all in a breath, “what circumstances ?”

“Oh, no matter. Mr. Fitz——What-dy’e-call-’em (with a sneer) I dare say will understand me.”

My nerves, always delicate, misgave me at this trying moment, and I began to run over in my mind what the fellow could possibly allude to. Had he met me on the Continent ? Had he known me as an actor at Mollymoreen, or as an editor in London ? Had he been engaged with me in the election scenes at Humbug ? Had he been an eye-witness of my flight from prison ? Impossible, for surely I should have recollected him ! Still, despite this conviction, I felt far from comfortable, and would gladly have beat a retreat ; but for the life of me, I could not summon up a plausible excuse, so

there I sate, nailed to my chair, while not less than a dozen pair of eyes opened to their widest extent, kept glaring on me, like so many burning glasses

The suspicions of the company being once roused, they insisted on following up the conversation, notwithstanding I made repeated attempts to divert it, till driven to desperation, like a stag at bay, I fixed a menacing look on the stranger, and said, "Who, or what you may be, Sir, that thus claims an acquaintance——"

"Acquaintance, Sir? God forbid!"

"Why, what is the meaning of all this?" said Caustic peevishly, "if you have aught to say against Fitzmaurice, Sir, out with it. No friend of mine shall have his character sneered away in this manner. Fair play's a jewel, so on with your story, man, and be d—d to you."

"Aye, on with it," cried out a dozen voices at once.

I was so much struck with Caustic's generous bluntness, that for a few minutes I was wholly unable to say a word; at length deriving confidence from the reflection that I had at least one friend in the room, I resumed my address to the stranger as follows:—"Who, or what you may be, Sir, that thus affects a recollection of me, I know not; I have mixed much with the world in my time, especially in the metropolis, and my friend the auctioneer here who has done the same, knows well that under such circumstances, a man meets with strange acquaintances. No offence to you, Sir."

I threw out this flattering insinuation for the purpose of conciliating the auctioneer, who however took no notice of it further than by a surly "humph!" on which I continued my address: "it is not unlikely, therefore, Sir, that I may have met with you before; but most assuredly, wherever it was that this rencontre took place, there can be no circumstances attending it, which I should wish to forget."

The stranger was stung with the determined coolness of my manner, which was not without its effect on the company, and being moreover somewhat touched by frequent libations of brandy and water, he replied, "Since you say, that you have no wish to forget the circumstances under which I last met you, I can have no hesitation in publicly bringing them to your recollection. But first of all, I should tell you, that I am a traveller for the Firm of Hoax and Co., wholesale chemists in Humbug."

The club pricked up their ears at this exordium. The attorney was particularly attentive, and no sooner heard the word "Humbug" mentioned, than he stole quietly out of the room—a movement which filled me with dismay.

"Humbug! Humbug!" said I, "true, I passed through it some months since on my road to South Wales; and now I think of it, I do remember having had the good fortune to spend an evening with you at the White Lion.

I am glad you bring the matter to my recollection. Your health; I hope you left your family well at home."

I could see that the company were disappointed at this simple solution of what had appeared to them a most important mystery, the auctioneer especially muttered half-audibly between his teeth, "pshaw! is that all?" but, together with the others, he was soon relieved from his disappointment by the stranger replying, "you're mistaken, Sir, I have no family, nor am I married!"

"Bless me, how forgetful I am! I recollect now you told me you were a bachelor, and amused me uncommonly too, by your quizzical allusions to the marriage state. What a capital joke that was of yours about the fat widow of Clifton!" I added, for necessity is the mother of invention, and I felt the importance of putting the fellow into good-humour.

The man stared at me as if I had been a ghost.

“ Fat widow ! Clifton ! White Lion ! Sir, I never spent an evening with you at the White Lion. I never told you a story about a fat widow. I never joked with you about the marriage state. I am a plain, blunt man of business, and detest joking. I never cracked a joke in all my life, and never meant it.”

“ Well, well, my good Sir, there’s no occasion to put yourself into such a passion. I might have known from your face, you were no joker.”

“ And from yours I might have known, what I’ll take care the company shall know too, that you are a—swindler. There, Sir, what do you think of that for a joke ?”

My face burned like scarlet at this insult ; “ Sir,” I replied, “ you are a scoundrel, but your condition protects you. It is clear to me, as it must be to every one else in the room, that you are drunk—shocking drunk. I might have told you so before, but a false delicacy prevented me.”

“And no false delicacy shall prevent my exposing you as you deserve;” the fellow then with the most tedious circumlocution, went through the history of my connexion with Alderman Snodgrass; of my conduct during the election, where he first saw me on the hustings; of the proceedings that had been instituted against me, in consequence of my “deliberate frauds on one who had proved himself my best friend;” of my arrest—imprisonment—flight—in a word, of the whole of my political career during my residence in that most villainous of all towns.

“But his name?” enquired the attorney, who had re-entered the room while the man was in the midst of his statement, “you have forgotten to tell us that.”

“His name is O’Blarney, though it seems, he now calls himself Fitzmaurice.”

“So I thought,” replied the man of law, “and”—winking sagaciously at the company—“I have had my suspicions a long time on the

subject, though I said nothing about it; but now in order to be quite sure of my man, I have brought with me an old number of the Humbug paper, wherein this same Mr. O'B—*alias* Mr. F— is described as not only having been guilty of all that this gentleman has alleged against him, but as having been seen on the night of the conflagration, in company with a convicted felon who assisted to rob the Ordinary of the jail."

The parson here fairly groaned aloud. "What, rob a clergyman? Oh, the sacrilegious villain! Hanging is too good for him."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Fitz—O'Blarney—or whatever else may be your name," said Caustic. "Your pecuniary difficulties I could have sympathised with, for all gentlemen are liable to accidents of this sort; but your ingratitude to your friend and benefactor—this is what no man of honour can overlook; so the sooner you vanish, the better."

"Right, captain," said the auctioneer, "I ne-



ver half liked the fellow's looks. If he had been one of the Allied Sovereigns, he could not have given himself greater airs."

"And he's my brother-in-law!" gasped forth Mr. Davis.

Before I could reply to these flattering inuendos, the attorney had pulled out the Humbug journal from his pocket, and putting on his spectacles, commenced reading it aloud; but scarcely had he got through the first sentence, when I snatched it from his hands, tore it into a thousand fragments, and flinging them in his face, said, "this is a monstrous conspiracy, got up for the sole purpose of ruining an innocent man; but, Sir," turning fiercely towards the traveller, "rely on it, you shall pay dearly for your outrageous calumnies, and *this* before another week is over your head;" and so saying, I rushed towards the door, taking the company so completely by surprise, that not a soul attempted to stop me.

When I reached the street, I stood for a mo-

ment like one bewildered, so sudden had been the blow, with such stunning severity had it fallen on me. Nevertheless an immediate decision was necessary. Ruin stared me in the face. By the morrow the stranger's calumnies would be in general circulation throughout the valley; and not only would my prospects be forever blasted in South Wales, but intelligence also of the place of my retreat would reach Humbug.

This last consideration decided me, and remembering luckily that the Milford-haven coach would in a few minutes pass the end of the street, and halt at the Towy-bridge Inn, I resolved on taking my departure by it—but whether, I was not just then sufficient master of myself to determine.

Having come to this decision, I rushed full-speed home. My wife met me at the door. “Good news—glorious news, my dear,” said I, rubbing my hands with affected ecstasy, “I have just heard from a friend at the Red Lion,

by the merest accident in the world, that my old uncle at Pembroke—you must remember my often speaking of him—now lies at the point of death, and desires to see me instantly, with the view, no doubt, of making me heir to his vast property.”

“Well, I declare,” replied Mrs. Fitzmaurice, “this is just what I expected. I said only at breakfast time, some luck would befall us, for I dreamed last night——”

“Quick, quick, my dear, I have no time to listen to dreams now. The mail will pass the end of Ilandwarrys within ten minutes, so give me twenty pounds for my travelling expenses, as I may perhaps be detained some little time at Pembroke.”

“Twenty pounds, Fitzmaurice! That is a large sum; I should think ten would do.”

“No, no; nothing under twenty, and do pray be quick. There is not a moment to lose.”

Grumbling, yet still with more alacrity than

she ever before evinced on such occasions, Mrs. Fitzmaurice hastened to her secret *escritoire*, and in a few minutes returned with the requisite sum, just as I heard the coach clattering along the end of the street, and the well-known footstep of Mr. Davis hastening across the road from the Red Lion.

“There, Fitzmaurice,” said my wife, thrusting the money into my hands, “there’s twenty pounds for you. Now, mind you husband it carefully. You’ll have no need to stop on the road, and with respect to the coachman——”

“Good bye, my dear, I——”

“You’ll be sure to write and let me know how your uncle is.”

“Yes, yes.”

“And with respect to the coachman——”

“I can’t wait, God bless you ;” and with these words I hurried off to the Towy-bridge, my wife calling after me, “be sure you only give the coachman sixpence ; some folks, I know,

give a shilling; but you will go outside, of course, so sixpence will be quite enough."

And thus abruptly terminated my rustication in a Welch village, to the great vexation of the undertaker, who had been induced, on the strength of it, to set up his one-horse-chaise.

...the ... of the ...  
...the ... of the ...  
...the ... of the ...  
...the ... of the ...  
...the ... of the ...

BOOK THE FOURTH

THE PATRIOT

BOOK THE FOURTH.

---

THE PATRIOT.

---





## CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SUDDEN RESOLUTION—A MEETING WITH  
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

“HAIL, land of my earliest and best affections! Long, too long have I been a reluctant wanderer from thy shores; but now I return, friendless indeed, but in manhood’s prime, to associate thine interests with mine, to attach myself to thine injured sons, to live with them—to plead for them—to suffer for them—and, if necessary, to die for them. Oh, what are the enjoyments of wealth, rank, or intellect, compared with those which visit the pilgrim’s heart, when after many wanderings by sea and land, after many misfortunes, aggravated, haply by his own indiscretions, or, what is oftener the case, by the ingratitude of others, he once more

treads the green turf of his native land? Oh, never till now, did I feel the full magic of that little word—country. Now, indeed, I am at home. Every face I see wears a friendly and familiar smile; every tongue is tipped with a brogue that is more than music to my ear!”

Such were my reflections as I sat alone in my lodgings in Dublin, gazing from an open window at the crowds that passed below. Soon, however, my reverie was cut short, by a tremendous chorus of voices raised in every conceivable variety of intonation. Looking up the street to see what occasioned such dissonance, I beheld slowly advancing along the pavement, a tall, burly gentleman, followed close by a pretty considerable sprinkling of the seven millions.

As the stranger drew near the spot above which I was stationed, I had ample leisure to scrutinize him. Apparently, he was between forty and fifty years of age; cheerful and comely in face, with an eye slightly puckered up at the angles, and expressing infinite shrewd-

ness and humour. His build was Atlantæan, particularly about the shoulders, which looked as though they were capable of sustaining the weight of the two fattest Protestant bishops of the most oppressed country on earth.

And who was this Patagonian peripatetic, who walked, and talked, as though he should say “I am Sir Oracle, let no dog bark when I do speak”? Who but the mighty Agitator—O’Cromwell!

On what trifles do the leading events of life at times depend! The fall of an apple made Newton a philosopher. The sight of O’Cromwell confirmed me a—patriot! My wandering resolves—my undecided speculations were called home and fixed at once. I felt the soul of Brutus stir within me. “Yes,” said I, in a sudden transport of enthusiasm, “I too will devote myself, body and soul, like a Hannibal or a Plunket, on the altar of my country. I have got the best of all patriotic requisites, an empty pocket. It is astonishing what a fierce, outra-

geous love of country throbs in the bosom of him who has scarcely a sixpence in the world. Oh, to be as powerful as O'Cromwell! To be followed, like him, by the shouts of admiring thousands; to have the pulses of a nation beat as those of an individual, at one's lightest word and action; to be the barometer by which the funds are regulated, and the movements of troops decided; to be the bug-bear of Cabinets, freedom's bulwark and despotism's scourge; idolized on the banks of the St. Laurence, execrated beside the Danube and the Neva:—oh, but for one day, one hour, to wield the sceptre of this mighty demagogue!

Such were the ambitious aspirations of my newly awakened patriotism. Virtuous wishes! How have they been repaid!

Next day a grand Catholic meeting was held at the Corn Exchange, I went, and lo, the Agitator! He was seated in smiling dignity at the upper-end of the room, listening to a thin, sallow, acetous orator, who looked as if he

had been begotten of a crab-apple on a vinegar cruet ; and who was pouring forth hot words of spleen and passion, while his every feature appeared convulsed, like the Delphic priestess under the influence of oracular inspiration.

No sooner had this atrabilarious Demosthenes resumed his seat, than silence for a few minutes ensued ; and then a loud, unanimous call for O'Cromwell, which that illustrious individual was by no means slow to obey.

He commenced in dulcet accents, but when fairly launched into his theme—the enormous injuries inflicted on Erin by the sister-country—he recapitulated those injuries in a style and with a spirit that absolutely electrified his audience, whose attention he kept on the stretch for full four hours ; when, the business of the day being at an end, he sailed away, like some triumphant seventy-four with a tumultuous mob in his wake ; and next day, six columns of his “winged words” were on their way to every nook and corner of the three kingdoms.

“Here’s fame,” said I, as I slowly and thoughtfully quitted the place of meeting, “here’s power ! Here’s all that man can desire ! No wonder that the weaver quits his loom—the smith his forge—the labourer his plough—the clerk his desk—the apprentice his counter—that all professions, all trades are at a standstill throughout Ireland—when expert, enthusiastic patriots like these, ply hourly the wholesome task of agitation.”

On turning down Sackville-street, on my road back to my lodgings, I heard a familiar voice pronounce my name ; and looking round, beheld my old colleague Donovan, with whom it may be recollected I had had a little dispute in London, touching a certain libel for which he wished to make me responsible. He was now engaged as a reporter on a Dublin Journal, and filled up his leisure hours by occasionally holding forth at the Corn Exchange.

To meet Donovan and to ask him to dinner, were the acts of one and the same moment. I

had long since forgiven his behaviour to me, and as he seemed equally disposed to be conciliatory, we agreed to adjourn to a neighbouring tavern and pass a social evening together.

There are few greater pleasures in life—few that more actively call forth our dormant sympathies than sudden meetings of this sort; more especially after time, absence, and continual commerce with the world have wrought their usual blighting effects on our feelings. They are like sunny glimpses of spring bursting forth in the midst of winter; we feel that they are born and will die with the day, and relish them for their very evanescence.

In the course of the evening, when the good cheer had opened our hearts, Donovan gave me the history of that “cursed libel,” which it seems had not only been the means of subjecting him to fine and imprisonment, but had saddled him besides with a host of legal expenses, which he was only enabled to liquidate by the sale, at a heavy loss, of his Sunday Journal. “How-

ever," he added with vivacity, when he had brought his narrative to a close. "these things are all done with now; I have quitted London for ever, and am here a fixed resident in Dublin, where I have been upwards of three months. But what brings you over the water? A truant disposition, or a pressing necessity?"

"Oh, the old story, necessity," I replied; and without entering too minutely into the history of my adventures since we last parted (for I am naturally delicate in alluding to my own private affairs), I contented myself with a brief, rambling sketch, and then proceeded to ask advice as to the best and readiest means of putting my new resolves into execution.

"My good fellow," answered Donovan, your intentions are every way worthy of you; but here, in Dublin, they will be found, I fear, impracticable. The Liberal press is already overstocked."

"Then, what am I to do?—where betake myself?"



“Those are questions more easily asked than answered.”

“But, surely, your tact and experience can help me to some suggestion?”

“Upon my soul, I can't. All I know is, that in Dublin you have not the slightest chance. Why, even I have made no great hit as yet, whatever I may do hereafter; how then can you?—but I hate comparisons: let's talk of something else.”

But this was not what I wanted; so, in a few minutes, I returned to the charge, by announcing my intention of offering my services to the editors of the Dublin journals: whereupon, Donovan, jealous, no doubt, of such a competitor, said:—

“A good idea has just struck me. Why not try the provincial Press? A county newspaper, in a Catholic district, will be the very thing for you. You will find no rivals there; and, by exerting due tact, may make yourself as popular as you please.”

“But the arena is so circumscribed.”

“Stuff! How can you tell, till you try? But suppose it is, you can enlarge it.”

“Yes; but to fall back again, after all one’s efforts to emerge from it, to the condition of a village Hampden——”

“Better that than nothing.”

“Oh, of course; but I am by no means sure that my case is yet so desperate! However, let us drop the subject for the present; to-morrow evening I will call, and acquaint you with my decision.”

We separated shortly afterwards; and the next day, without hinting a syllable of my intentions to Donovan, I made the round of the Dublin morning and evening papers, with an offer of my services; but meeting with equal discouragement at every office I visited, and seeing, moreover, that there was not a moment to be lost, I resolved on adopting Donovan’s suggestion.

“I congratulate you,” said he, when we met

pursuant to agreement, “on your decision. In what way do you propose to proceed?”

“By advertising. I know of no other method.”

“Humph! Precarious, to say the least of it. Far better to work through the agency of private connexion.”

“But I have no private connexion, unless, indeed, you can assist me.”

“May be I can.—What say you to a trip, by way of experiment, to Ballinabrogue?”

“Why do you ask?”

“For five good reasons. First, because the district is the most decidedly Catholic in all Ireland; secondly, because it affords a fine opening for constitutional agitation; thirdly, because the inhabitants are wealthy; fourthly, because an important Catholic meeting is to be held there within the month, at which you may exhibit your eloquence to advantage; and, lastly, because the editor and proprietor of the leading Ballinabrogue journal is my very par-

ticular friend. Here is a goodly show of reasons for you !”

“ And equally unanswerable.”

“ Then you will think seriously of my proposal ?”

“ I accede to it at once.”

“ Good ; and I will pave the way for you by a letter of introduction to the proprietor in question, who, as my friend, will put you in the way of acquiring a connexion, which you may extend or not as you please ; and, possibly, should the editorial chair be vacant, enthrone you in that seat of honour.”

“ My dear fellow,” said I, grasping him warmly by the hand, “ I am eternally your debtor.”

“ Just what my confounded tailor says of me, whenever I chance to meet him.”

“ What is the name of the gentleman to whom you are going to introduce me ?”

“ Flannaghan ; and you’ll find him as able and willing to assist you, as any man that ever breathed.”

“Thank God for that; for I never was in more need of a friend,” with which words we parted; and early on the following day, having received testimonials, letters of introduction, and so forth, I mounted his Majesty’s mail, and made the best of my way to Ballinabrogue.

Nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the journey, except that the coach was stopped on the road, the guard robbed of his bags, and the coachman twice shot at from behind a hedge.

## CHAPTER XL.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!—ONCE MORE  
AN EDITOR!

THE first thing I did on reaching Ballinabrogue, was to ensconce myself in a suitable lodging; the second, to find out the proprietor of the county journal, by whom, as an old acquaintance of Donovan, I calculated on being favourably received.

Mr. Flannaghan, however, happened to be out when I called, engaged as witness on a trial at the quarter sessions; whereupon, leaving my credentials enclosed in an explanatory note, I placed it in the clerk's hands, with a special request that he would tell his master the instant he came back, that the person who left the

letter would himself call for an answer in the course of the day.

In the evening, accordingly, I presented myself again at the office, and was ushered into the proprietor's private room. I found him, just as Donovan had described him, a frank, jovial, good-natured Irishman — one of that class of beings with whom one is at home in an instant. Yet, though social in temperament, Mr. Flanagan was not without strong political feelings, being a staunch Catholic, and an equally staunch O'Cromwellite. I know not that I have any thing further to observe of him, than that he was held in general esteem among his neighbours ; moved in excellent circles (for he was a gentleman by birth as well as by feeling), and, in point of fortune, was in, what may be called, "easy circumstances ;" and this, independently of the emoluments he derived from his journal, which, being the oldest and the most liberal, enjoyed by far the greatest circulation of any newspaper in that quarter of Ireland.

Such a connexion was quite a god-send to an embryo patriot like myself, and more especially was it of value, because from the circumstances of his being a man of substance, and by no means a chick in age, Mr. Flannaghan had of late begun to entertain certain convivial predilections, which at times, when politics were fiercer than usual—and such was the case when I made my appearance at Ballinabrogue—rendered the conduct of his journal not a little irksome to him.

Under these circumstances, he naturally looked on me as an angel sent from heaven to his deliverance; so the question of writing, and upon what terms, was broached, even on our first interview; in the course of which I took care to let drop cursorily, and as if the details were drawn from me, a discreet sketch of the rise, progress, and termination of my connexion with the London Press, to which Mr. Flannaghan listened with marked attention; but taking for granted, that like a man of



the world, he would believe only one-half of what I said, I was resolved that one-half should be such as to ensure me a favourable verdict.

It was not till a late hour, after an agreeable, and, considering the circumstances, quite a confidential *tête-à-tête*, that I took leave of my hospitable host. The best part of the next day I spent in drawing up a political communication in the form of a "letter from a correspondent," with a view to keep alive public interest in favour of the approaching Catholic meeting. As this article was penned *con amore*, I am willing to suppose that it was skilfully executed; at any rate, it answered its purpose; for being peppery and personal, it drew from Mr. Flannaghan the *naïve* acknowledgment, that he could not have done it better himself. I should think not. But I did not say so.

This communication was followed up by some five or six rampant leading articles, which I had the good fortune to find favourably noticed by the *quidnuncs* in the neighbourhood—

so favourably, indeed, and so opportunely, as to induce Mr. Flannaghan, without further hesitation, to make over to me his editorial functions, to which he attached a weekly stipend, just sufficient to enable me to keep my head above water.

But this was not the only kindness I received at the hands of this estimable individual. As our acquaintance strengthened, he introduced me to many respectable Catholics, who, fascinated by my modest demeanour; by the consummate knowledge I appeared to possess of the state of parties in Ireland; and above all, by the freshness and enthusiasm which I brought to the stale question of Emancipation, treated me with signal respect and courtesy.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## HOW TO TALK POLITICS.

THE day appointed for the Catholic Meeting was now fast approaching. For some time previously, it had been the theme of general discussion throughout the country, arraying the two parties of Papist and Protestant more violently than ever against each other.

On the evening preceding it, I paid a visit to Mr. Flannaghan, who, since his retirement, had taken up his residence in a cottage just outside the town. As it was late when I called, I found him seated over his "night-cap," with a Protestant friend and neighbour, one Kelly, a lean, pompous attorney, with a short body and long legs, like a pair of tongs, whom I had once or

twice before seen in his company, and who, in common with many other persons of the same persuasion, bore with Mr. Flannaghan's politics in consideration of his excellent qualities as a man. The curtains were drawn, a cheerful blaze went roaring up the chimney, a box of Havannah cigars was on the table, and both gentlemen seemed imbued with a befitting sense of the comforts of their condition.

Mr. Flannaghan had evidently been just delivered of one of his smartest anecdotes; for when I entered, a dying grin still lingered on his guest's countenance.

"I can guess, O'Blarney," said the former, "what brings you here at this late hour. It is about to-morrow's Meeting."

"Yes, I am anxious to know whether you will attend or not."

"That will depend on the weather. You'll speak, of course."

"I can't avoid it, for the committee have placed in my hands one of the most important

resolutions. But surely, Sir, you'll say something, as well as the rest of us."

"No, no," replied Mr. Flannaghan; "at my age, men begin to sicken of public life."

"I wish to God, Flannaghan," said Mr. Kelly, "that all Catholics were as sensible as yourself."

"Why, I—certainly—*do*—flatter—myself," drawled out mine host, stroking his chin with an air of much self complacency—"I do flatter myself, that if I have one redeeming quality beyond another, it is just a sufficient stock of common sense to enable me to steer clear of all extremes. I detest your bigoted partisans who look only to their own side of a question."

"That's precisely my way of thinking," rejoined Mr. Kelly, "and therefore is it, that I feel such pleasure in chatting with you. Though we sometimes differ, (as who do not?) yet we always do so with temper."

"I wish I could say as much for some other friends of ours. Do you remember Hourgan

last Sunday at the news-room? What an ass he made of himself about your Attorney-General, Saurin? I never saw a man so violent."

"Come, come," rejoined Mr. Kelly, with a good-humoured smile; "you are too severe, Flannaghan. The fellow was warm, certainly; but then, consider, he had the best of the argument."

"The worst, you mean; men in the right never lose their temper."

"Why, surely, my good fellow, you won't pretend to deny, that William Saurin is a man of first-rate powers of mind? Even his bitterest enemies allow that."

"If for 'mind' you will substitute 'brass,' I will agree with you with all my soul."

"Hah! hah! I love a joke in season as well as any one, but this trifling is a little mistimed, for if there be one man distinguished beyond all his compeers by his learning, his sagacity, his boldness, his stern, strait-forward integrity, Saurin is that man."

“ I acknowledge him,” replied Mr. Flannaghan, “ to be a shrewd, bold, active——”

“ Come now, that’s handsome ; that’s just what I should have expected from you. Ah, Flannaghan, if all Catholics thought as you do, Ireland would not be what she now is—a hot-bed of sedition.”

“ And if she be so, Kelly, who but your Ascendancy-men are to blame ?”

“ You are hasty, my dear Sir, take time and digest your thoughts. Come, suppose we replenish,” and so saying, Mr. Kelly filled his glass, and handed over the ladle to mine host.

By this time the punch was beginning to *tell*, seeing which, I turned the conversation, by enquiring of Mr. Kelly, whether he had seen the King during his late stay in Dublin. But my efforts were fruitless. The demon of politics had taken full possession of both gentlemen, who, though usually shy of discussing public matters, yet seemed resolved, on this occasion,

to make up for past reserves by an inordinate exhibition of candour.

My allusion, therefore, to the royal visit, so far from being productive of good, only brought matters to a speedier crisis, for Mr. Flannaghan, enlarging on the question, said, "See, Kelly, what your party have reduced Ireland to! Before the King landed on these shores, we were, comparatively speaking, tranquil. If we had no great cause for hope, neither had we any for despair. But you took care that even this negative state of things should not continue; for, no sooner had his Majesty made his appearance among us, than, night and day you beset him, until you finally succeeded in confirming your old monopoly, while for us you procured—what? The barren honour—say rather, the insulting mockery—of a royal letter, comprising a royal blessing, and as much bad grammar as is usually to be met with in a King's speech. Can you wonder that we are indignant at such conduct?"



“My dear Flannaghan,” said Mr. Kelly, with assumed calmness, “this may be all very fine, but to say the truth, I prefer your punch to your principles. However, every man has a right to his own opinion.”

“Bravo! I see we shall make a convert of you at last.”

“Never, Mr. Flannaghan, never. Sir. If I thought that——”

“My good fellow, don’t think at all; of what use is reflection, if it tends only to confirm prejudice?”

“No man can entertain a greater horror of prejudice than myself, as I think I have sufficiently proved by saying nothing against your frantic Meeting of to-morrow.”

“Frantic Meeting! Rely on it, Kelly, no public Meeting at which O’Cromwell’s spirit presides, can be otherwise than rational.”

Up to this period, the Attorney had kept his feelings under tolerable restraint, but the name “O’Cromwell” now caused them to boil over.

“O’Cromwell !” said he, with vehemence, “pray, don’t mention that man’s name again. Nothing but the respect I bear you, can make me sit still, while he is made the subject of praise. He has done more injury to Ireland than all the Rapparees or Rockites that ever robbed—burned—or cut a throat.”

“Fine words, Mr. Kelly ; nevertheless, I think you will be puzzled to prove them. Did you read O’Cromwell’s last——”

“O’Cromwell again !”

“Yes ; and why not ? Once—twice—thrice—or a dozen times if I choose it ? I say, Mr. Kelly, I say Sir, did you read his last speech at the Corn Exchange.”

“Not I indeed.”

“Why, surely, you are not apprehensive of being too speedily convinced ?”

“This is poor trifling, Mr. Flannaghan ; but since you talk of reading, I wish I could persuade you to read Saurin’s Address to the Protestants of Londonderry ; it would help you to

a much sounder vein of thinking than you at present possess."

"What? I read Saurin! I thank God, I never yet perused a line of the bigot's nonsense."

"Don't abuse a better man than yourself."

"Better, Mr. Kelly?"

"Yes, better, Mr. Flannaghan. I speak plain English, don't I? How would you have me speak? Like O'Cromwell?"

"Egad, it will be news to me indeed, when I hear that you speak like him."

"Sir," retorted the Attorney, fiercely, "give me leave to tell you, that you are, without exception, the——"

I here attempted a second time to interfere. "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, cease these personalities. They're unworthy of friends, who, in their cooler moments, mutually respect each other."

"Respect!" thundered Mr. Kelly, "what respect can I have for one who has the assurance

to condemn a man, of whose writings he confesses to know nothing.”

“That is to say, I know as much about Saurin, as you know about O’Cromwell.”

“Granted; but, pray consider the difference——”

“Consider! I’ll consider nothing.”

“Oh, very well; I see there’s no contending with ignorance and bigotry.”

“This to me, in my own house?” exclaimed mine host, starting up, and thrusting his chair behind him, “there’s the door, Sir.”

Mr. Kelly rose at the same moment, and, with equal heat, while I, by endeavouring to appease him, only drew down his wrath on myself.

“What business is it of yours?” he said, “who asked you for your opinion, Sir?” then, before I could reply, he continued, “as for you, Mr. Flannaghan, from this time forward, I shall take care that we never exchange another syllable together,” and he rushed from the

nouse, banging the street-door after him like a whirlwind.

No sooner was he gone, than “I’m astonished, O’Blarney,” said Mr. Flannaghan, “at the strange—the absurd—the unaccountable prejudices which *some* fools entertain.”

“True; but *we* who are above such prejudices, should learn to make allowances for them in others.”

“Just so. I see you read my character to a T. Throughout life, it has always been my grand aim to keep my mind clear of prejudice of any sort, which, no doubt, has contributed to give me that advantage in argument, of which you have just now seen a proof. Poor Kelly! Upon my soul, I can’t help pitying him, notwithstanding his insolence. Did you observe how foolish he looked, when I asked him if he had read O’Cromwell’s last speech? Egad, I pressed him home there. He had not a word to say for himself—the hot, spluttering Potatoe!”

I did not tell Mr. Flannaghau that he was in precisely the same predicament as regarded Saurin's Address ; but, contented myself with passing a variety of delicate encomiums on his singular candour and magnanimity, which I could see gave me a wonderful lift in his good opinion.

Omnipotent flattery ! Let them say what they will of their Alexanders, and Cæsars and Napoleons, but thou art the only true conqueror.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A CATHOLIC MEETING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE important day at length arrived, and all was excitement in Ballinabrogue, and throughout the neighbourhood, for the Meeting was the first provincial one of consequence that had taken place since his Majesty's departure. I spare my readers any detailed account of it; enough to state that it was attended by full fifty thousand individuals, scarce one of whom but was convinced, before he quitted the hustings, that he was the most miserable wretch that ever crawled on the surface of the earth.

I have said that I shall be brief in my details of this great Meeting. But this brevity I do not intend to apply to my own speech,

which deserves a somewhat minute analysis, if only for the consummate ability which all allowed that it displayed.

People talk of the modesty of the young virgin, when she first reveals the secret of her heart to the man she loves; but commend me to the modesty of the young Irish patriot, when he makes his first oratorical appeal to his countrymen. With what a shrinking, bashful air he stands before them! In what meek, faltering, reluctant accents he addresses them! There is no swagger—no outrageous gesticulation—no Bobadilism or buffoonery about him. He is humbled—overpowered by a sense of his own unworthiness; and to more than woman's grace, adds more than woman's timidity. And then his brogue! What Syren sweetness in its melody, calculated to electrify Almack's! And then his language! How full of unsophisticated beauties, borrowed neither from Demosthenes nor Cicero! Did you mark that brilliant metaphor, proudly disdainful of sense,



and scorning the ignoble trammels of Syntax? Again. Heavens, what a flight was there! Our young orator has just perched an eagle on the chimney-tops of Derrinane, and peopled an English Cabinet with crocodiles.

Thus I spoke—looked—blushed—and gesticulated, on this, my first, occasion of holding forth in public. I commenced with a graceful apology for my intrusion on the time and patience of the Meeting; but observed that when I bethought me of the wrongs of unhappy Erin, which the stranger and the Saxon polluted with their vile hoof, my sensibilities would not be repressed. I then alluded to the atrocious system of corruption, by which the Ascendancy faction strove to perpetuate its power. I insisted that while there was freedom for all else in Ireland; while the breeze blew free over the mountain; the stream wandered free through the valley; the cattle pastured free on the moor (except when they happened to be *pounded* for tithe), while even the humblest Orangeman exercised

the rights and privileges of a freeman;—the Catholic alone, the legitimate inheritor of the soil, grovelled, prostrate in the dust, bedaubed from head to foot with the mud flung off from the whirling chariot-wheels of Protestantism, as it traversed Erin, like a pestilence, from sea to sea. Quitting this part of my theme, I reverted with characteristic modesty to my own sufferings in the cause of freedom, which I stated had been severe, protracted, indeed almost without parallel; and concluded amidst a tempest of acclamation that shook all the bogs about Ballinabrogue.

This able Philippic being fully reported in my own journal, soon found its way to the Dublin Press, by which it was praised or blamed, as squared with the politics of those who took it up. The Catholic papers applauded it to the skies; the Protestant ones denounced it with equal energy. By the former I was dubbed a patriot; by the latter a shoot from the stock of Antichrist.

Such lavish praise and abuse reacted of course on Ballinabrogue; and joined with my own personal activity, the zealous patronage of Mr. Flannaghan, and above all, with the apt, combustible diatribes which I thundered forth unceasingly in my journal, had the effect of raising me into considerable notoriety.

Even the haughty Protestants now thought me worthy of their special animosity; and well indeed they might; for such was the effect that my hebdomadal apostrophes to freedom had upon the Catholic peasantry, that Mr. Kelly was honoured by a shower of Papist brick-bats, at mid-day in the streets of Ballinabrogue; and a Protestant magistrate, whose conduct on some particular occasion I found it expedient to call in question, was tied to a tree, and soundly flogged by two enormous Terry Alts.

As a still further proof of my popularity, I may mention that on the day following the Meeting, when I happened to drop in acci-

dentally at the theatre, I was recognized by the gallery, and honoured with nine distinct rounds of applause. Another recognition also took place on this occasion, which trivial as it appeared at the time, was yet fraught with the most disastrous effect on my after fortunes. The play chanced to be Hamlet, and who should come forward as the representative of the moody Dane, but my old Galway friend—that friend who was the means of introducing me to the stage at Mollymoreen, and assisting me in my first matrimonial speculation!

As I was seated in a box right over the orchestra, there could be no mistaking the man's identity. He was something changed by time, which had ploughed two deep ruts down either side of his face; something more by tippie, which had coppered his nose, and encircled his eyes with a red, watery rim; still there was the same reckless assumption of manner about him, which had so impressed my unsophisticated fancy in the little way-side public-house.

While I sate pondering, half in sadness, half in pride, on the strange fatality that had thus brought us again together, under circumstances of so opposite a nature to each, he happened to look up, when I could see by his sudden, electrical start, that the recognition had been mutual. I took no further notice of him at the time, but early the next day called at the theatre, with a view of finding out his address, when I learned to my regret, that having been engaged only three nights, he had quitted Balinabrogue by day-light, but where he was gone to, the manager could not inform me. Fatal miss! But I will not anticipate.

When I look back on this period of provincial excitement, I reflect with pride on the share I had in promoting it. Yes, I it was who mainly contributed to raise the thunder-storm which was to clear the labouring atmosphere; and who put the peasantry through a wholesome, stirring course of arson, burglary, and abduction, in order that they might thereby

qualify themselves for the great part they were afterwards destined to play as freemen.

True it is, that some "boys" were transported and others hanged, for these lively outbreaks of public virtue; still this was in strict accordance with the "fitness of things," which from time immemorial has prescribed that the interests of the few should succumb to those of the many. True also is it, that while exhorting others to wrestle for their liberty, I myself made a point of keeping out of harm's way; but God knows, this was from no pusillanimous motive, but simply because it is the duty of a good patriot, like that of a good general, not to act himself, but to teach others how to act.

Weeks meantime rolled on, and the Millennium of freedom seemed hourly drawing nearer. Its spirit blazed up from every farm-house—its voice spoke in every bullet that whistled past a tythe-proctor. The agitation became at length so general, that it was no uncommon thing for an Orangeman, in accepting a neighbour's invita-

tion to dinner, to insert a P.S. in his note, to the effect, that he would come, "provided he was not shot by the way." It was evident from all this, that the peasantry were ripe for independence, and that nothing was wanting but the presence of a few Dublin *Pacificators*, to bid them rise *en masse* in arms.

But as no substance is without its shadow, so no good but has its alloy. It is to be lamented that the peasantry were at times more indiscriminate in the exercise of their energies, than they should have been. Not unfrequently it happened, that in the hurry and confusion of business, they would shoot the wrong man, and set fire to the wrong house. One instance of such unpardonable blundering I will here specify. Mr. Flannaghan's cottage was situated next to a tythe-proctor's, who had contrived to render himself odious by his indecent legal officiousness. Late one night, when I was passing by my worthy friend's house, I was astonished to find it in flames, and a vast mob

hemming it in all sides, so as to cut off every chance of escape from the inmates.

“Halloo, boys,” said I, rushing into the midst of them, “do you know whose house you’re burning?”

“Arrah, sure now, it’s the tythe-proctor’s,” said the man who stood next me.

“Tythe-proctor’s? It’s your friend, Mr. Flannaghan’s, the best friend you ever had.”

“Oh, murder!” replied the fellow, wringing his hands, “what’ll we do now?”

“Asy, Pat,” said his neighbour, who was evidently a philosopher of the Justinian Stubbs school, “sure one house is jist as good as another.”

Just at this moment Mr. Flannaghan rushed out of the house, with the tail of his shirt streaming like a fiery comet to the wind. No sooner was he recognized, than the penitent mob overwhelmed him with apologies, caught him up in their arms, and in spite of his shouts, protestations, and even menaces, passed him



twice through his own fish-pond, in order that one element might neutralize the injuries inflicted by another.

But this was not the only whimsical incident that diversified this period of agitation. The tythe-hunts were equally ridiculous. From the very first moment of my connexion with the Press at Ballinabrogue, I had advocated the abolition of these imposts; for I could not but see that pay-day, which, under any circumstances, is the day least respected in the Irish calendar, is, as regards tythes, held in absolute detestation. Frequent, therefore, and furious were my Philippics on this subject; and so well did they accord with the temper of those to whom I addressed myself, that not individuals merely, but whole parishes, began to be numbered among the defaulters.

Under these circumstances it became necessary to have recourse to the military; who, however, were no sooner drawn out in marching order, than intelligence of their movements

would be circulated far and wide, by sentinels duly posted for that purpose at every convenient point; so that by the time the troops reached the offending district, the devil a cow, horse, ass, pig, scarcely even an article of furniture was to be found in it; all were carried off to the neighbouring bogs, whither, if the soldiers followed, they were perty sure to get engulfed, and disappear—like ghosts through a theatrical trap-door—midst the shouts and caperings of the “boys,” and the encouraging melody of a dozen pipes and fiddles. Your Irish bog is no respecter of persons. Major, captain, cornet, corporal—no matter; his “great revenge hath stomach for them all.” I have known him to swallow even a K.C.B.!

## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MAN OF FEELING—BUT NOT MAC-  
KENZIE'S.

WHILE Mr. Flannaghan's cottage was being rebuilt, the ex-editor took up his abode at the house of a Catholic relation, by name Mahon, a quiet, amiable, single-minded recluse, who lived about three miles from Ballinabrogue, at the head of a narrow glen, well-known as one of the most romantic spots in the county. To this gentleman Mr. Flannaghan made a point of introducing me, and backed by his recommendations, to say nothing of my own deserts, I experienced a flattering reception.

Mr. Mahon was a widower in easy circumstances, with one only child, to whom he was devotedly attached. With this young lady,

whose lightest word was law at Bellevue (the name of her father's residence), I of course did my best to ingratiate myself, in which I so far succeeded, that my visits were generally looked forward to with satisfaction; for Mr. Mahon, whose mind the untimely death of his wife had touched, but not soured, with gloom, had been for some time gradually withdrawing himself from society; and all the world knows how cheering, under such circumstances, is the casual dropping in of a sprightly, accommodating visitor, who has got all the gossip of the neighbourhood at his fingers' ends, and is ever ready to be merry or grave, silent or talkative, as suits his host's humour.

The departure of Mr. Flannaghan, which took place the instant his own cottage was again ready for his reception, did not at all diminish my influence at Bellevue; indeed, it served rather to strengthen it, for it made the inmates—especially Ellen, with whom solitude had not yet become a source of enjoyment—more de-

pendent on me for the resources of an agreeable companionship. Accordingly an intimacy soon sprung up between us, which at length increased to such a height, that whenever my official duties were closed for the week, I invariably hastened over to the enchanting solitude of Bellevue.

The spot was indeed a paradise, and Ellen was its Eve. This young creature, just emerging from girlhood, was exquisitely beautiful in face and figure; full of gentle life as a summer-wind; of a fond, confiding disposition; artless and playful as a lamb—a being, in fact, wholly made up of sensibility. Oh, how different was her good sense and simplicity to the inordinate vanity of my first wife, or the stern, cold avarice of my second! Neither of these had ever engaged my affections; the connexion on both sides originated solely in interested motives; but Ellen was all disinterestedness. She loved me for myself alone. And no wonder, for I am a handsome fellow, and I care not who knows it.

Miss Mahon and I were much together, yet, strange to tell, notwithstanding such favourable opportunities, I could not bring myself to turn them to account. Passion and principle kept perpetually clutching at my heart-strings; while, to aggravate my sufferings, in stepped Modesty, bepainting my cheek with blushes, whenever any thing like an avowal of love rose to my lips.

Between these conflicting interests I had for some weeks a precious time of it, till one night, as I lay twisting and turning on a pillow which seemed stuffed with thorns, a bright idea struck me. "Eureka!" said I, starting up, "I have found it. I will enter into a compromise with my conscience by avoiding extremes, and pursuing the mean path of discretion and safety."

When once I had resolved on this virtuous line of conduct, it is astonishing how complete was my tranquillity. There is nothing like a good conscience to set a man at ease with himself and others.

Meantime, scarce a day elapsed but I found some excuse or other for making my appearance at Bellevue. I had always a new book to lend or to borrow; a new political topic to discuss with Mr. Mahon; or a new speech of O'Cromwell to read over to him and to eulogize. On these occasions, a bed was always at my service, and after dinner, when papa dropped asleep in his arm-chair, Ellen and I would indulge in a common-place *tête-à-tête*, or a more expressive silence, for as my conscience would not allow me to betray myself by my tongue, I had nothing left for it but to discourse with my eyes.

Sometimes, when the weather permitted, we would take a stroll together along the glen, or round by some romantic rocks; and there, while pausing to rest herself on the projecting fragment of a crag, twilight dropping like a silver veil round us, Ellen would open her budget of legendary gossip, and affect a charming displeasure when she found that I was not so full of

faith as herself. In the evening, the music-room was our usual place of resort, for Ellen's harp was always at hand, and there was a certain something in the act of singing and listening, that accorded wondrously well with the inclinations of both parties.

Fathers and mothers, ye whose pretty daughters may happen also to be Philomels, bear this in mind—*wherever there is a Philomel, there will be a Tereus!* Look sharp then, after the youth who stands close behind your child, drinking in the intoxicating spirit of her melody. Watch his every glance, sit in judgment on his every respiration. Take care that his eye rests not too fondly on the alabaster bosom that just heaves and swells like a soft summer sea beneath him; that in stooping to turn over the music-leaves—oh dangerous position that might thaw the icy virtue of an anchorite!—his sighs disturb not the ringlets of the blushing girl whose face is half-turned towards him, and (for such sighs possess a



strange power of transmigration) pass into her own heart, amalgamate with her own being;— fathers and mothers, take heed, I beseech you, to these things, or peradventure some fine morning, you may find that your Philomel has flown from the parental nest, to chirp in one constructed for her by Tereus.

When the summons to tea hurried us from the music-room, Mr. Mahon invigorated by his brief snatch of sleep would join us, when politics would usurp the place of sentiment; and the night would be wound up by a game at chess or backgammon, in both of which mine host delighted, the more so, as I invariably made a point of being beaten, with a flattering show of reluctance; or should Mr. Flannaghan, which he frequently did, drop in, we would engage in a sober rubber of whist, till it was time to retire to bed.

I have made the above confession of sentiment, at the hazard of looking, like Falstaff, an “exceeding ass,” for whose ears are so long

as those of a lover? But no matter. I glory in my weakness. Besides, I have lots of precedents to keep me in countenance. We may be singular in our wisdom, but there is no fear of our standing alone in our folly. Even the philosophic Gibbon bent the knee to love; why then should I hesitate to plead guilty to the delicate indictment?

In this delicious state of intoxication then, passed the only happy fortnight I have ever known—a fortnight of such full, rare sunshine, that it brought all my dormant virtues into blossom. But, alas! the halcyon season was not destined to endure. My sun had obtained its meridian, and was already journeying westward.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

DISCRETION *VERSUS* PATRIOTISM.

“WELL, O’Blarney,” said Mr. Flannaghan, calling unexpectedly one morning at my lodgings, while I was busy making additions to my private journal, “any news to-day? What say the Dublin papers?”

“Nothing of moment, except indeed that the Protestants in the North are beginning to get a little uneasy at our late ‘insurrectionary movements,’ as the Mail styles them.”

“And the Catholics too, if I may judge of others by myself.”

“Aye, indeed!” said I, staring at him with astonishment, “how is this?”

“Oh, I merely mean to say,” replied

Mr. Flannaghan, "that I have always entertained a dislike to extremes, which recent circumstances have not a little contributed to strengthen. I have no objection to our struggling for our rights in a Constitutional manner, but really when one comes to have one's house burned over one's head, the thing becomes too serious and personal to be tolerated."

"Yet in struggles of this nature, occasional irregularities on the part of the peasantry must be looked for."

"True, but why is my house to be burned down?"

This was logic to which there was no reply, so I contented myself with saying, "we must make allowances for slaves madly contending to recover their freedom."

"Very fine, no doubt," replied Mr. Flannaghan impatiently, "but why the devil am I, of all men in the world, to be sacrificed to this same freedom? Why am I to be ducked in a fish-pond, and without my own

consent? The truth is, O'Blarney, I don't half like these inflammatory articles of yours. Depend on it, they will bring us into serious trouble with the Government. There's that mischief-making Kelly is already talking about the necessity of proclaiming the district."

"Why, you have cooled down of late, Mr. Flannaghan," said I, with an arch smile.

"When you have been passed twice at night through a fish-pond, you will cool down too. But jesting apart, I have no longer a taste for patriotic martyrdom. With a man at my time of life, such distinction loses all its relish. Besides, Kelly, who is not without influence here, is so enraged with me on account of that foolish quarrel the other night——"

"Depend on it, Mr. Flannaghan," said I, "Kelly's quarrel is with me, not you. It is here the shoe pinches. I am a sort of provincial O'Cromwell in his estimation, and you re-

member the scorn and loathing with which he spoke of that illustrious patriot?"

"To be sure, he was the main cause of our dispute."

"Well, then, if Kelly still cherish anger towards you, it is solely because you were the means of making me known here. I am the more convinced of this, because he has already been heard publicly to declare, that he will not rest till he has reduced me, to what he calls, my level."

"Well, no matter; so long as you keep within the limits of discretion, you may set him, or a thousand such at defiance. I do not ask you to cry Peccavi; but simply to take care that you do not get my house burned down a second time. It is extremely embarrassing, and induces painful reflections, to awake and find one's bed-curtains in a state of conflagration. But I am forgetting the object of my visit, which was to ask you, as I suppose

you have pretty well finished your labour for the week, to accompany me over to Bellevue. I have been promising the Mahons a visit for some days past."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure," I replied.

"Then let us be off at once; we have no time to spare, for the weather at this season of the year is not to be depended on from one moment to another;" and with these words, he hurried me from the room, with such extreme impatience, that in the haste and confusion of the moment I left my MS. journal open in my desk at the table.

When we reached Bellevue, we found Mr. Mahon hard at work in his garden, and Ellen with her bonnet on, just preparing to go out. Of course I did not hesitate an instant as to which of the party I should devote my attention; so leaving the two gentlemen together, I offered my services as an escort to Miss Mahon,

which she readily accepted, and we wandered away for two or three hours, occasionally halting to rest at some of the cottages of Mr. Mahon's tenants.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Flannaghan and his host sat down to their wonted game at backgammon, while Ellen and myself flew off to the piano, where we busied ourselves in turning over a new number of the Irish Melodies.

Among the airs, "Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?" particularly caught my fancy, whereupon Ellen sung it for me, with a sweetness and simplicity that I have never heard surpassed — rarely equalled. Her voice was scarcely more than a gentle, flutelike breathing, but there was such a clearness, such a rich mellowness in its tones, that it was impossible to resist their magic. Oh, Music! — but I resist the temptation of a common-place.

When she had finished singing, "Miss



Mahon," said I, "you are fast spoiling me for my duties as an Irishman, by bidding me lose all sense of public injury in that of private happiness. Indeed, indeed, you have much to answer for."

"Oh," she replied, laughingly, "if you are to be diverted from your path by every will-o'-the-wisp that may happen to flit across it, there is little left in you for me to spoil? But tell me, what do you think of this last ballad of Moore's? Is it equal to his 'Love's young Dream?'"

"Certainly not; though tender and plaintive, it is too monotonous. I am loth to speak against Moore; yet you must allow, Miss Mahon, that, as a national poet, he has defects, and great ones too."

"Indeed, but I will allow no such thing."

"So I should have thought; yet his lyrics, however much they may soften and captivate, seldom stir the soul to action, like those of Burns. The majority are made to be sung at

a lady's piano, in white kid gloves; but who would think of singing 'Scots wha hae' in such dandy trim?"

"Now don't say a word more against Moore. It's high treason here, I can assure you."

"Happy poet, to call forth such praises, and from such lips!"

"What is all this you are talking about?" said Mr. Flannaghan, rising up from the game which he had just finished, and advancing towards us.

"Oh, nothing of consequence, Sir," replied Ellen, "we were merely chatting about Moore."

"So I could have sworn. Whenever two or three young folks are clustered together about a piano, Moore is always sure to be the theme of their discourse. But a word with you, Ellen. You would scarcely credit the difficulty I had in persuading this refractory fellow to accompany me here. He kept me in his room, heaven knows how long, while he coned over a pack of trumpery manuscripts, just as if he were some old bachelor busied with his week's

accounts. You must take him in hand, and teach him better manners."

"He is incorrigible, I fear," retorted Ellen, "I have given him up ever since I heard him speak irreverently of our Irish melodies."

"Can five minutes, then, have sufficed to sink me so low in your estimation, Miss Mahon? Oh, that I were but ten minutes younger!"

"Five minutes, man!" said Mr. Flannaghan, "why that is a century, when spent in pulling down a lady's idol before her face. But come, we must be going, O'Blarney, it's later than I supposed;" and accordingly we took leave of our hosts, and returned together to Ballinabrogue.

When I reached my lodgings, the first thing I learned from the servant who sat up to let me in, was that a lady had called, who refused to give her name; but mentioning that she was an old acquaintance, had requested to be shown up stairs, where she remained full half an hour, till finding that I did not return, she departed,

leaving word, that she would take an early opportunity of repeating her visit.

Concluding from the servant's description of the strange female, that she was Mr. Flannaghan's maiden sister, who now and then did me the honour of a visit, but whom my informant had not yet seen, I took no further notice of the circumstance, but hurried to bed, to dream of Ellen and Bellevue.

## CHAPTER XLV.

AN EVENING WALK.—AN UNEXPECTED  
SHOCK.

ONE fine evening, after an early dinner, Mr. Mahon, who chanced to be in better spirits than usual, accompanied Ellen and myself in one of our favourite strolls. Our road, selected by him, lay through a narrow rocky pass, which opened, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, upon a tolerably expansive valley, which was closed in on every side by ranges of sloping hills, except in the direction of Ballinabrogue, where the landscape gradually rose into downs, or rather wide, uncultivated moors, and sank again into level land, just at the outskirts of the town.

The pass was one that would have done credit even to the Highlands. It was nar-

row, deep sunk, and walled in on both sides by a rampart of rocks, piled confusedly one upon the other. Half-way up, and just at that spot where the pass opened on the valley, the rocks projected so far, that they nearly formed an arch over the road, which, with the lichens and wild shrubs that clung thickly about them, partially excluded day-light; so that when one looked through this natural tunnel (as it were) into the open valley beyond, the effect was singularly picturesque, from the bold contrasts of light and shade that at one and the same moment flashed upon the eye.

When we reached this romantic spot, which was rendered still more impressive by the fitful shadows of evening, Mr. Mahon halted, and turning round to me, who was close behind, with Ellen hanging on my arm, said—  
“ I never pass this place, but my heart does homage to the *genius loci*, by the seriousness, amounting almost to melancholy, that creeps over me. Ellen, however, will tell you that it

is a dull, unsocial spot, fit only to inspire abhorrence."

"And indeed so it is, papa," replied the lively girl, "I always feel as if a load were off my mind when I have passed it. What a gloom these frowning rocks fling down on us! No bird ever sings here, for the poor thing would be startled at the sound of its own voice. Pray let us hasten on to the valley. I can breathe freely there, but this horrid place quite stifles me."

"Had Orpheus been a native of Ireland," I observed, "I should at once have accounted for the odd configuration of these rocks, by supposing that they had been suddenly petrified while dancing a jig to the music of his lyre. Look, for instance, at that overhanging granite giant above us. One might almost swear he had been transfixed while in the act of bowing to his partner over the way. But listen, Miss Ellen, your old friend the night-owl is beginning his song again."

“My friend! No, no, he is too dismal a songster for me. Owls are fit only to be listened to by grave philosophers, or crabbed politicians, or gentlemen who have no ear for the melody of Moore’s verses. Now, don’t look so cross. You know it is quite impossible I can mean you.”

“Cross!” said I, in a whisper: “Oh! Miss Mahon, if you knew what was passing in my mind at this moment!”

“Something very dreadful, I make no doubt, if I may judge from your terribly wise countenance, so I am glad papa has not heard you, for he is but too apt to sympathize with the forlorn. Poor man, how I pity you! What can we do for you?”

Mr. Mahon just caught these last words, and misapprehending their import, said, “What, are you indisposed, O’Blarney?”

“Oh no,” I replied, laughing, “but Miss Mahon has been renewing her attack on me, for my late unfortunate criticism on Moore.



I saw you were absorbed in reverie, or I should have summoned you to my aid. But we loiter ; let us hasten on to the valley, for see the sun's disk is just dipping behind the hills yonder, and your daughter seems anxious to escape from this comfortless glen."

Thus chatting, we mended our pace, and soon reached the extremity of the pass, which brought us out again beneath the red, unobstructed light of day. After about half an hour's stroll, during which Ellen had diligently insisted on my admiring the various beauties of the valley, from I know not how many points of view ; had told me every legend connected with it, and lured me on to the exact spot where the last assembly of "good people" had been seen, and put to flight by a belated peasant ; Mr. Mahon proposed a return home, for the sun was just touching the horizon's edge, and a brisk wind springing up, hurried before it such heavy masses of clouds as betokened an inclement night.

Accordingly I drew Ellen's arm closer within mine, while her father preceded us by a few yards; and led on by the enchanting frankness and familiarity of her manner, which had been gradually assuming a more flattering character towards me; forgetting, also, in the impulse of the moment, all my virtuous resolves; I seized the favourable opportunity; at once avowed my love, and—but why dwell on the painful topic? Suffice to say, that the trembling arm of the gentle listener—the half-averted face, and low, deprecating voice, struggling to conceal what the heart too strongly felt, convinced me that I had not pleaded in vain.

Oh moment of irrepressible ecstasy! Am I awake? Is Ellen really mine? Down—down, thou busy, bewildering fancy, that lurest me on to hope, even while despair is tightening her folds round me.

No sooner had my declaration escaped me, and Ellen murmured some indistinct words of reply, than as if suddenly awakened to the

embarrassment of her position, she insisted on my joining her father. Accordingly, we made the best of our way back towards the pass, where Mr. Mahon stood waiting for us, when just as we reached its dark, rocky portal, we were startled by the sound of footsteps, and at the same instant a female figure, of most forbidding aspect, started up right before our path.

I know not why it was, but my spirits sunk as I beheld this intruder, who, fixing her eyes full on me, as if she would have blasted me by their lightning glance, disclosed the countenance of my first wife Catherine—that wife whom I had quarrelled with, and quitted at Naples!

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## A MATRIMONIAL EXPLANATION.

FROM the expression of my wife's countenance, I saw at once that I was recognized; nothing, therefore, I felt persuaded, was to be done, but to make up my mind for a scene; so summoning my utmost presence of mind, I addressed myself to Mr. Mahon:—"I think we had better hasten on, the sky looks threatening, and if we stay loitering here, we may be caught in a storm."

"You are right; but stay, let us hear what this stranger has got to say for herself. She appears to eye you steadfastly, and not with the most amiable expression."

“Oh! yes, she is a poor maniac,” I replied, catching at the first wild, random idea, that crossed my brain, as a drowning man catches at a straw, “whom I have met occasionally in my walks from Ballinabrogue to Bellevue, and who, because I have relieved her once or twice, and thereby established a sort of claim on her attention, imagines, unhappy creature! that we are bound together *vinculo matrimonii*, as the lawyers call it. Would you believe it, Sir?” I added, in the same under-tone, “she has actually got a strange whim into her head, that I am her husband? Very ridiculous, isn’t it? Nevertheless, I should not wonder if she were to occasion me some annoyance. These mad folks are often exceedingly tenacious of what they conceive to be their rights.”

“Nonsense, you are too sensitive; but let us be going.”

But my wife, who had hitherto stood at a slight distance, with all her jealous feelings roused into action, by the sight of Ellen’s

youthful countenance and figure, was resolved I should not escape exposure, so planting herself right before Mr. Mahon, she exclaimed, "But one word, Sir—but one word, as you value your own character and peace of mind."

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Mahon, waving her from the path, and at the same time preparing to move on.

"I do not ask your pity, Sir," she replied scornfully, "I ask only your justice. Hear me, Mr. Mahon, not one inch will I stir from this spot until I have exposed the real character of that man who stands beside you."

"Catherine," said I, letting go Ellen's arm, and advancing close up to my wife, "if you have been wronged, rely on it *I* will see you righted," laying all due stress on "I."

"Righted! yes, when disgrace and ruin——"

"Hush! Catherine, not so loud. Why should we expose our domestic differences to strangers? Forgive but the past, and any thing—every thing you may demand, I will at

once agree to. Come, let us be friends. Has Juliet so soon forgotten Romeo?"

"Friends!" she replied, with a loud voice and flashing eye, "yes, when ruin stares you in the face, then from very apprehension you will do me justice. But mark me, Sir! I seek far other justice than you can afford to bestow.—Mr. Mahon," she added, turning to that gentleman, whose suspicions began to be roused by the low tones in which this brief colloquy had been carried on, "that man whom you have so prematurely called your friend, was—nay, is still, my husband!"

Ellen here earnestly besought her father to proceed, which drew down on her a cutting reproach from my wife; till finding that Mr. Mahon seemed disposed to lend a favourable ear to whatever explanation she might have to offer, she somewhat softened her tone, and proceeded to detail the history of her first acquaintance with me—with which the reader is already conversant—of our subsequent mar-

riage, and departure for the Continent; of the frequent altercations that had taken place between us at Naples—in every one of which I, of course, was represented as the sole party in fault—of my abandonment of her, and her own consequent return to Mollymoreen, where she found Mr. O'Brien at the last gasp; and of the solemn vow she had made to apply what sums remained to her from the wreck of his fortune in exploring every quarter of Ireland, for the purpose of discovering and denouncing me.

Bearing in mind (she went on to state) the profession to which I originally belonged, and thinking it far from unlikely that necessity might have compelled me to resume it, she made a point, at every town she visited, of first directing her attention to the theatre. But all her inquiries were fruitless; not a single manager, of the number to whom she applied, could give her the slightest information of my “whereabout.”



Vexed at her ill luck, she returned to Mollymoreen, where she lived for some time secluded, a prey to chagrin; when one day, as she was passing by the theatre, she suddenly encountered an individual, whose features, she imagined, were not altogether unknown to her. The stranger seemed equally surprised at so unexpected a rencontre, and addressing her by the name of Fitzgerald, made himself known to her as the actor who had been the main instrument in forwarding her marriage with me.

This led to further inquiries, when the fellow—of course unacquainted with all the circumstances of our subsequent estrangement—frankly informed her that he had seen her husband but a short time before, in one of the boxes of the theatre at Ballinabrogue!

The start I gave at this part of my wife's explanation was too visible to escape so attentive an observer as Mr. Mahon: he, however, took no notice of it, but encouraged my wife to

continue her narrative, which she did in the following terms, breaking out occasionally into such fits of rage and jealousy when she mentioned my name, and the circumstances of my second marriage, that I thought she would have been suffocated:—

“From this moment I felt inspired with new life; the certainty that I had, at length, revenge within my grasp, gave me the first sensation of joy that I had known since I quitted Naples; and, hurrying without an hour’s delay to Ballinabrogue, I laid my whole case before a magistrate, by name Kelly, with whom, I believe, you have some slight acquaintance——”

“Kelly!” said I, unable longer to control my agitation.

“Yes, Kelly,” resumed my wife; “and, at his express instigation—for though at first incredulous, yet he soon became convinced of my sincerity—I took the opportunity of this wretch’s absence to call a few days since at his

lodgings, and there make such inquiries as I thought might tend to substantiate my case; nay, even to possess myself of certain documents, which proved, not only that he was my husband, but the husband also of another woman in South Wales;" and, as she mentioned the word "woman," she darted a glance at me, symptomatic of an immediate assault and battery.

"So then, you have dared to rob me?" said I, crimson with suppressed rage.—"Where are those papers?"

"They are safe, monster! and you know it; not one has been carried away. I have merely availed myself of their contents."

By this time I could not but see that all was over. My wife, it was clear, had perused my journal, which it was my usual practice to keep fast under lock and key, but which on that disastrous morning, in my hurry to accompany Mr. Flannaghan to Bellevue, I had indeed left open in my desk.

Catherine watched the changes in my coun-

tenance with an expression of malignant satisfaction.

“Mark me, Sir,” she went on to say, “your hour is come! What, you discredit what I say?—’Tis well; but hear me out. A letter has been dispatched to South Wales; aye, and an answer returned too, which proves your guilt beyond all question. Moreover,” she added—waving her hand to some figures, who now, for the first time, I perceived had been watching all our movements in the distance—“here come those who will conduct you back to Ballinabrogue, as such a wretch deserves to be conducted.”

It was but too true. To the astonishment of Mr. Mahon, his daughter’s affright, and my extreme disgust, three policemen, who must have been purposely concealed in the neighbourhood, no sooner saw the concerted signal, than, before I had time to arrange my thoughts, they rushed up and secured me without opposition. What a situation for a patriot!

My wife had, by this time, quitted the scene, so taking advantage of her absence, I resolved to venture on one final appeal to Mr. Mahon. But that gentleman was far too indignant to hear a word; and, drawing his daughter's arm, who was nearly fainting, poor girl, hastily through his, left me to the custody of the policemen; who, on our road back to Ballinabrogue, informed me, at my particular request, of all the circumstances attending my detection, which fully bore out my wife's statements. They further acquainted me with what they had heard relative to the substance of Mrs. Fitzmaurice's letter; who, it seemed, expressed no unwillingness to bear evidence against me, provided she could be assured of reimbursement for travelling expenses, &c.

As I listened to this statement, a gleam of hope shot athwart my soul. If my wife, thought I, refuse to come over, the main link of evidence will be wanting. But, alas! my hopes proved to have been built upon the sand;

for, in addition to the charges allowed by Government, which I was not lawyer enough to take into calculation at the moment, Mr. Kelly, on hearing the motives of my second wife's reluctance to stir from home, volunteered to satisfy her demands, "if only," said he, "to mark my detestation of a fellow who has been the means of disseminating such abominable political principles."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THE TRIAL.—AN IRISH ASSIZE COURT.

A MONTH had now elapsed since the events detailed in the last chapter, during which time scarce a day passed but I was busy in consultation with my attorney respecting the mode in which my defence should be conducted. As this person entered into my case with remarkable zeal, in the hope of gaining *éclat* by my acquittal; and had, moreover, engaged the services of the illustrious O’Cromwell, who happened to be retained on some important tithe question in the Civil Court, I was not without hopes of a favourable result; “in which case,” said I, “so far from doing me injury, my trial may actually be productive of good, for my

countrymen, who cannot but see that political motives have been at the bottom of it—for why otherwise should Mr. Kelly have taken such a deep, personal interest in it?—why, otherwise, have gone the length of insisting on the co-operation, and even arranging the plan of it, of both my wives?—my countrymen, who cannot but see through all this, will no doubt bear in mind that I am a sufferer in their cause, and recompense me for my sufferings by a handsome public subscription.” The consideration of this idea enabled me to keep up my spirits during the protracted term of my imprisonment.

Meantime the period fixed for the Assizes drew on, and the town was filled with visitors flocking in from all parts of the county; such a carnival is that season considered in Ireland as well as England, which dooms the unfortunate and the criminal to exile and perhaps to death.

The second day was the one appointed for my trial, the particulars of which (as it is far from my desire to make any parade of ego-



tism, or excite pity by any highly-wrought description) I shall take simply as I find them reported in the columns of my own journal. Strange that the very Paper which had so long borne testimony to my patriotism, should be the very one to chronicle my disgrace!

“BALLINABROGUE ASSIZES.

“CRIMINAL COURT.—BEFORE LORD NORVERY.

“IMPORTANT TRIAL FOR BIGAMY.

“FITZMAURICE *v.* O'BLARNEY.—This long-expected trial came on this morning. From an early hour the court was crowded to excess; all ranks and ages partook of the same curiosity; and in one corner of the court, close behind the jury-box, we ourselves counted not less than six individuals, whose united ages amounted to upwards of four hundred and fifteen years!

“The learned Judge took his seat on the bench precisely at eleven o'clock, when the prisoner O'Blarney was ordered to be placed at the bar. The appearance of this young man is

remarkably prepossessing. He is of middle-size, and well-proportioned, with a face full of intelligence and sensibility, and which created an impression in his favour, especially among the female portion of the audience. There is nothing in his look or manner to denote the criminal; indeed, there is an air of bashfulness about him, quite different to what we should have expected to see in a man charged with the diabolical crime of bigamy. He was dressed in deep mourning, with a small shamrock sprig in his waistcoat button-hole, just above his heart—a modest and unassuming trait of patriotism which seemed to produce quite a pathetic effect on Mr. O’Cromwell.

“The names of the jury having been called over, and each duly sworn, Mr. Sheilly opened the case in the following energetic speech, which was delivered with such extreme rapidity, that our Reporter has been able only to give a brief and hasty sketch of it, which, however, he trusts will be found correct in the main:—

“‘May it please your Lordship — Gentlemen of the Jury,—never in the discharge of my professional avocations did I rise with such painful feelings of embarrassment as oppress me on the present awful occasion. The crimes I have to expose are so colossal, and the criminal so Satanic, that my mind shrinks aghast from the overwhelming diabolism of the subject. Gentlemen, I have heard that no noxious insect can thrive in the consecrated soil of Erin. Alas! the sweltering reptile at the bar proves the fact a fiction. With these few remarks wrung from me in the agony of my spirit, I proceed to lay before you the particulars of this heart-rending case. The plaintiff is a young lady of Mollymoreen, who resided, up to the period of her inauspicious nuptials, with a venerable and universally adored uncle. The name of this estimable individual was O’Brien, and his niece bore the same patronymic. She was a lady of the highest accomplishments—the most consummate beauty. Simple, unsophisticated,

and twenty-six. Slim, susceptible, and a spinster. In evil hour, however, when her guardian genius slumbered at his post, it was her fate to descry through an opera-glass from the dress-boxes of the Mollymoreen theatre, the unparalleled prisoner at the bar. His person filled her with admiration, and he reciprocated the sentiment. But, alas! his love was not the inspiration of Cupid, but of Mammon. He fixed a fond gaze, not on the plaintiff's person, but on her purse. His attachment was not the holy and lambent flame, which burned of old on the altars of Vesta; but an illusory, phosphoretic radiance, like that which shoots from out the electric back of grimalkin, when stroked backward by the hand of scientific curiosity. The plaintiff's guardian, with the wary sagacity of age, soon fathomed the nature of the defendant's attachment. But his discovery was made too late. The land was ploughed—the seed was sown—and ready at the first opportune season to produce a copious crop of tribulation. Find-

ing this to be the case, Mr. O'Brien had no other alternative left, than to sob forth a reluctant consent to the nuptials. Disastrous concession! Frightful alternative! Within one brief year from their consummation, my unfortunate client was bedded—beggared and betrayed! I can image her distraction when the tidings of her husband's flight first reached her; when, in reply to her agonizing interrogatory, 'Where's your master?' the horror-struck footman, in the familiar but expressive language of his tribe, stammered forth, 'Master's bolted!'

“ [The learned gentleman was here interrupted by violent screams, which were found to proceed from an elderly lady, who, overpowered by her emotions, had fallen into the kicking hysterics, in which state she was carried out of court.]

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ continued Mr. Sheilly, ‘I perceive my appeal has struck home. I shall therefore proceed, without further comment, to the details of the prisoner's second marriage.’

This took place at Llandwarys, in South Wales. The unoffending victim, for whose afflictions even the crags of Snowden might shed tears, and the peaks of Cader-Iris veil their sympathetic summits, was a lovely, intelligent widow, universally respected by all who had the honor of her acquaintance. Five and forty times had Phœbus made his annual circuit of the globe, since this Cambrian floweret was ushered into being. Oh, that the sirocco of sorrow should have spared the infant bud, only to blight the full-blown blossom ! Gentlemen, of the prisoner's two victims, I scarce know which most deserves your commiseration. The one was the green and sportive spring ; the other, the mellow and voluptuous autumn. But the defendant gave the preference to neither. He was the personification of perfidious impartiality ; and, like the raging Boreas, blasted with equal alacrity, the opening buds of spring, and the ripe efflorescence of autumn.

“ ‘Gentlemen of the Jury, you are fathers—

you are husbands—you are men—you are Christians—above all, you are Irishmen—and, by these sacred titles, I implore you to mark your sense of the prisoner's atrocity, by a verdict which shall brand him, like Cain, with the stamp of imperishable infamy. Erin blushes for his birth—earth travails at his presence—Heaven cries aloud for his condemnation! He is a monster of moral deformity, compared to whom Cacus was a Cupid—Sycorax a Sylph—and Caliban an Adonis.'

“The Learned Gentleman sat down amidst the most vociferous acclamations from all parts of the Court, which were so long-continued, as to awaken the venerable Judge, who rubbing his eyes, and looking angrily about him, in the direction of the Jury-box, exclaimed, ‘Officer of the Court, wake the Foreman of the Jury;’ after which the certificates of both marriages were put in; and Mr. Sheilly proceeded to call witnesses, in corroboration of his statement, who

were subjected to a rigid cross-examination by Mr. O'Cromwell; but nothing occurred to invalidate their testimony.

“ When the case for the prosecution had closed, Mr. O'Cromwell rose for the defence. The following is as correct a report as we could give of the Learned Gentleman's speech, considering that he was inaudible at times, owing to the great confusion that prevailed throughout the Court.

“ ‘ May it please your Lordship,—Gentlemen of the Jury,—I am well aware that to a certain extent judgment must pass against my client. I mean not to deny the fact of his first, nor yet of his second marriage; but this I will maintain, that notwithstanding the eloquent vituperation of my Learned Friend, the evidence you have this day heard proves that defendant has been far more sinned against than sinning. In considering your verdict, gentlemen, I trust you will take this fact into your



consideration. Besides, do not let it escape your attention, that this prosecution has at least as much to do with politics as justice. The Protestant magistrate, Kelly, who takes such extraordinary pains to promote it, does so for the sole reason that the defendant is a Catholic and a Radical. But this is nothing new here, for Irish justice is notoriously of the Orange faction. Oh, my beloved countrymen, when shall we be free from this galling Ascendancy chain? Where is there a lovelier climate? Where a finer peasantry? Oh, it galls me to the quick, to think that where God has been so bountiful, man has been so base! We were designed to be a nation—we are a province. We were designed to be happy—we are miserable. But we have one consolation. WE ARE SEVEN MILLIONS!

“Mr. SHEILLY.—I beg my Learned Friend’s pardon. We were seven millions a month ago. We are eight now.

“ Lord NORVERY.—Mr. O’Cromwell, you are travelling wholly from the record.

“ Mr. O’CROMWELL.—My Lord, justice to my client compels me to shew that this prosecution is for the most part of a political——

“ Lord NORVERY.—Sir, we know nothing of politics here.

“ Mr. O’CROMWELL.—I should have thought otherwise, from your Lordship’s extreme hurry to——

“ Lord NORVERY (*in a loud voice*).—Sir, I will have respect paid to the Bench. I insist on it.

“ Mr. O’CROMWELL.—Really, my Lord, this interruption is most——

“ Lord NORVERY.—Oh, very well, Sir; I understand your meaning. If you fancy yourself aggrieved, you know how to apply for your remedy.

“ Mr. O’CROMWELL (*solemnly*).—My Lord, I have a vow—a sacred vow !

“ Lord NORVERY.—Enough, Sir. Go on.

“ Mr. O’CROMWELL.—Gentlemen, my client’s case is only another proof of the necessity that exists for cleansing the fountain-heads of justice in this most afflicted country.

“ His Lordship here again interrupted Mr. O’Cromwell, and the two parties continued addressing each other with inflamed gestures, at the very top of their voices, for full ten minutes, while the whole Court roared with laughter. At length, after a vehement altercation, Mr. O’Cromwell’s superior wind prevailed, and he proceeded as follows :—

“ ‘ Gentlemen, I repeat my former statement, this prosecution is almost wholly political. But thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be, until Irishmen have learned to know and vindicate their rights.

‘ Hereditary bondsmen ! know you not,

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?’

Yes, we are indeed a nation of bondsmen, and

England is our task-master. We are hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the *Saxon* is our overseer. Yet nature designed us for freedom. (*A sort of running duet here took place between Mr. O'Cromwell and his Lordship.*)

Our every hill is a fortress——

“ Lord NORVERY.—Mr. O'Cromwell, this is no Corn-Exchange meeting.

“ Mr. O'CROMWELL.—Our every road a defile——

“ Lord NORVERY.—Sir, I insist——

“ Mr. O'CROMWELL.—Our every field a redoubt——

“ Lord NORVERY.—This conduct is really——

“ Mr. O'CROMWELL.—Up, then, countrymen, and be stirring! (*Here his Lordship sank back exhausted with his vehemence.*) Up with your weapons—but let them be those of Constitutional agitation! Strike—but let it be in theory! Fight—but let it be in a contest of

obedience to the laws—to those laws which, were they but once thoroughly reformed, would make Ireland again, what she once was,

‘ Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea !’

“ When the Learned Gentleman had concluded, the venerable Judge commenced summing up the evidence; after which, the jury returned a verdict of ‘ guilty;’ whereupon his Lordship sentenced the prisoner to transportation for life.

“ The trial excited the most intense interest throughout; indeed, the oldest inhabitant in Ballinabrogue never remembers any thing equal to it.”

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

My narrative now draws to a close. When my trial was ended, I was conveyed back to prison, no longer buoyed up by that hope which had sustained my spirits, even up to the moment when the jury delivered in their verdict. All prospect of ever regaining character was lost ; for the sentence of the Court had placed a bar between me and society for ever. The Mahons had blotted me out of their recollection, and even Mr. Flannaghan had abandoned me to my fate. Both these were liberal, high-minded, intelligent Irishmen, yet both abandoned the poor patriot to his fate without a sigh ! The very peasantry of whom

I had so lately been the idol, treated me with equal indifference. A slight sensation, indeed, was occasioned by my sentence; threats were made use of, and a hint thrown out of a rescue; but in a few days, all this show of spirit evaporated; the peasantry returned to their usual duties, the town to its usual tranquillity; and the poor, imprisoned patriot was as completely forgotten as if he had never existed. Such is mob popularity!

I mean not to deny that I was guilty; still when I came seriously to reflect on my situation, I could not but feel that I was in a considerable degree a martyr to my principles. Hundreds had committed the same offence as I had done, but not being politically obnoxious, they had incurred only half the penalty. In one respect, therefore, my sentence was a compliment to the sense entertained of my public influence; but this was a poor consolation.

On the evening of the second day after my trial, as I was seated in my cell, companioned

only by my cheerless thoughts, a letter was delivered to me by the turnkey. On looking into the superscription, I saw that it was in the hand-writing of my first wife; and concluding, after what had taken place between us, that it might be of a forgiving, if not a penitential character, I hastily broke it open; but judge of my astonishment, when I found that it consisted of but this one sentence!—

“You once called me old; you were right, I  
“am old—far too old ever to hope to live long  
“enough to welcome your return from transpor-  
“tation!— “CATHERINE.”

“Insulting cockatrice!” said I, tearing the letter into a thousand fragments, “what an index to character is here! If this be not revenge in its subtlest, most malignant, and most feminine form, I know not the meaning of the term. Oh, woman, woman, what a mystery is that heart of thine! I thought I knew you. Alas



I might just as well have flattered myself that I had fathomed the mysteries of eternity. You were born to be our curse. *One* was enough to set all Troy in flames; can I wonder then that *two* have been my ruin? Yet, gracious God! who could have believed it possible that a sneer thrown out in a hasty, thoughtless moment, should have been so long remembered, and have led to such disastrous results? It is plain now, that wounded vanity, not blighted affection, has been at the bottom of my wife's recent conduct towards me. She never loved me, or she would not, when I so solemnly promised to make her every reparation in my power, have offered me up as a sacrifice to an ill-timed truth. Well, never again will I venture to call a woman old. Henceforth, she shall bloom an evergreen in my speech."

Scarcely had I recovered from the astonishment into which the perusal of this vindictive communication had thrown me, when the door of my cell was again unlocked, and the turnkey entered, with information that a lady was wait-

ing without, who expressed a wish to be admitted into my presence.—“Lady?” said I, peevishly; “I will see no lady. I have had enough of ladies to last me my life-time. I am the martyr of a too generous admiration of the sex. But stay,” I added, after a moment’s pause, “I can guess who is the applicant, so show her in; she cannot possibly treat me worse than her predecessor.”

The man accordingly quitted the room, and in a few minutes returned, leading in my second wife, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who was closely muffled up, as if labouring under the embarrassing consciousness of an *alias*. I rose to greet her, but as I did so, there was something in the repulsive coldness of her manner, that induced me to stop short and say,—“You have come, madam, I see, to exult over the unfortunate.”

“Unfortunate? Oh, Mr. Fitz—O’Blarney, is that the sort of language to be applied to you? I am the unfortunate. How could you have the heart to use me so? Such a wife as I always was to you! I am sure I thought I

should have dropped, when I found that you had run away, and left me with a horrid Irish name that does not belong to either of us."

"If you felt so much for me, as you say, why did you appear against me?"

"Because my brother and all Ilandwarrys insisted on it. I was told that it was the only way I could clear my character in the eyes of the world. Even the Squire himself——"

"What, did Mr. Gryffyths take part in the conspiracy?"

"Yes, he told us that, though he saw through you from the first, he was determined to say nothing till the proper time arrived. The attorney too kept constantly telling me that if I did not come over, the law would have compelled me to do so; then there was Mr. Rupee, he sent expressly for my brother, to say that he was convinced that you would be his death, for he had never had a day's health since he called you in, and that, therefore, it was a duty we owed society to prosecute you. In fact, the whole town cried shame on you, with the ex-

ception of the undertaker, who always stood your friend. But I think I can partly guess the reason of that.”

“Pray come to the point, and tell me the object of this visit.”

“Well, then,” rejoined my wife, drawing a small bible from her pocket, and placing it in my hands, “though I know you think I have come to upbraid you—and, indeed, it is natural you should think so—yet, believe me, I came here with the kindest intentions, merely to present you with this volume, in the hope that it may be the means of bringing you to a proper sense of your condition. I would have written my own name in it, as a proof that I forgive you, but, alas!—for shame, for shame, Sir; I wonder you can laugh at such things!”

“Do not grudge me one poor smile; it is the last I shall ever know.”

“Yes, and you have taken good care that I shall never smile again. But I saw from the first how matters would end. You will do me the justice to remember that I always prophesied

your ruin. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a sad business is this! To think that a woman at my time of life, should be so situated as scarcely even to know her own name. Was the like ever heard of?" In this lachrymose strain, Mrs. Fitzmaurice continued for the best part of half-an-hour, when our conference was terminated by the ringing of the prison-bell, which was the signal for the departure of all visitors, and the locking-up of the jail. Almost instantly afterwards the turnkey entered, and told my wife that her time was expired, and she must quit the prison.

This abrupt announcement had a strange effect on the poor lady's feelings. She moved towards me for the purpose of bidding me farewell; but as she did so, I could see her hand shake, and her countenance visibly alter. For a minute or two she struggled to conceal her feelings; but the effort was beyond her power: and just as I had seized her hand, and was faltering forth a "God bless you," I saw tears

—real tears rolling down her cheeks. A sight like this, so wholly unexpected, quite unmanned me. I tried to speak, but could not; so there I stood, rooted to the floor, with my wife's cold hand fast locked in mine.

“Come, come,” said the turnkey, “this will never do. I am sorry for the poor gentlewoman, but she must turn out. It's as good as my place is worth, to let her remain here after lock-up hours.”

“Good bye then,” said my wife, “God bless you, I forgive you from the very bottom of my soul,” and so saying, she hurried towards the door; but just as she reached it, stopped—turned once more round—then tore herself away, and the door closed on her for ever.

It was on a charming summer morning, in the year 1822, that the most aggrieved patriot that ever quitted the Irish shores, stepped on board the vessel that was to waft him to a New World. Who shall say what emotions were mine at this trying moment! Yet it was not for myself I grieved. No, it was the ingratitude of the land

of my nativity that pierced my soul with anguish. "Oh, Erin!" I exclaimed, "ungenerous Erin! Like Aristides, I have sacrificed my all in your behalf, and, like him, I am rewarded with banishment. Though, conjointly with abler, but not more disinterested spirits, I taught you the secret of your strength; lit up the beacon-fires of freedom in your farm-houses; and roused you from the state of base, contented tranquillity in which I found you but too willing to indulge;—how have you repaid me? By thrusting me from your presence with contempt and obloquy! Had I acquired titles, or heaped up riches, you might justly have distrusted my zeal; but I have neither pension nor Peerage; nay, I quit your service poorer than when I entered on it. Such was ever the patriot's lot. Belisarius begged his bread, and I am driven forth to herd with the kangaroos of Australia! Oh, that I had never been born, or being born, that my face, like the statue of Achilles, had been cased in triple brass! But Bashfulness first sowed the seeds of that ruin, of which pa-

triotism has since reaped the harvest. What, but the one, withheld me from returning a penitent to Naples; and kept me in a state of vacillation when, by a prompt decision, I might have secured the hand of Ellen Mahon, and in some remote corner of Ireland have lived to this hour in respectability? What but the other, made me court notoriety, and thereby hurried on my downfall? But complaint is idle now. Henceforth all hope is dead within me. Ye, whom I may perchance have wronged, be content, ye have now an ample revenge. Ye, who have unquestionably wronged me, be content also, from my inmost soul I forgive you."

Just as I concluded this touching soliloquy, I cast my eyes towards the shores of my native land. The last faint glimpse of its iron-bound coast was still discernible in distance—an instant, and it had disappeared, and I felt that I had seen green Erin for the last time.

---



## GENTLE READER:

The tale of the "Bashful Irishman" is concluded; and the autobiographer himself, his task accomplished, vanishes, like other phantoms, into thin air. The narrative was intended to be a sort of ironical commentary on the old adage, "Know Thyself"—the most difficult to be acquired, of all knowledge; for how often do we find, in real life, men, like O'Blarney, piquing themselves on the possession of that one faculty or acquirement in which they are the most deficient—some coarse, business-like John Bull, for instance, on his refined and lofty gentility; or some chattering Monsieur, on his philosophic depth of thought. In the selection of his hero, the author, some of whose oldest and most respected friends are Irishmen, has studiously confined himself to that class of low,

impudent adventurers who are to be met with in all countries; as Mateo Aleman has done in his Spanish Adventurer, and our own immortal Fielding in his English one. Perhaps also, gentle Reader, the author may have had another object in view—your amusement; but here, though he would fain hope the best, he dare hardly flatter himself that he has succeeded. No critic can be more sensible of the deficiencies of his tale than himself; nevertheless, he has done his best; and having penned it throughout (or at least endeavoured so to do) in a spirit of cordial and unaffected good humour, he trusts that you will take these mitigating circumstances into consideration, and adopting Portia's advice to Shylock, temper justice with mercy in your verdict.

independent adventurers who are to be met with  
in all countries; as Mateo Aleman has done  
in his Spanish Adventurer, and our own  
mortal Fielding in his English one. Perhaps  
also, gentle Reader, the author may have had  
another object in view—your amusement; but

THE

# MAGIC OF LOVE;

OR, THE

## ADVENTURE

OF

### DE GREY, OF GWYNNEVAY.

THE

MAGIC OF LOVE.

---

The ground-work of this tale is founded on fact, though the circumstances of the journey are in some degree fictitious. Of the three parties interested, one only survives. A slight sketch of the narrative has already been given in print. It is here materially enlarged.

THE  
MAGIC OF LOVE,

&c. &c.

---

IT was at the commencement of the summer of the year 1819, that I quitted Cambridge for the Continent. For some months previously, I had been in, what is called, an ailing state, the result of incessant application to my literary pursuits at the University ; which my father perceiving, insisted on my throwing aside my books, and accompanying him home to Gwynnevey, in the hope that the mild air of my native Welch valley might work a healing effect on my constitution ; but, finding that the change was of no avail, as I still persevered in my old system of study and seclusion, he called

in a physician from Carmarthen, by whose express injunctions I was interdicted from all but light reading, until my health should be sufficiently re-established to enable me to resume my favourite pursuits with safety; and finally despatched to pass the long vacation in Italy.

It was a sad day for me when the carriage that was to convey me to London on my road to the Continent, drove away from the old monastic halls of Gwynnevey. Though I had every thing that could render a residence abroad desirable; ample pecuniary resources—for I was my father's only son, and I believe I may add, his favourite child—and letters of introduction to some of the most distinguished families in Rome; still I felt a sense of discomfort and dissatisfaction at the idea of quitting home, which can only be appreciated by those who, like myself, have been torn suddenly, and as they fancy at the time, wantonly, from those pursuits from which alone they derive the slightest gratification.

At this period—I was just entering on my twentieth year—literature was with me not a mere pastime, but a continuous, all-absorbing passion. I breathed but the air of books. My mind fed but on the past. As for the world, I knew as much, and cared as much about it, as an infant, my society being for the most part restricted to those who cultivated the same tastes as myself.

My father, a disciplined man of the world, who, from the concurring circumstances of birth, fortune, and connexion, was entitled to move in a highly respectable sphere, made many attempts to polish off, what he termed, “the rough edges” of my character, by compelling me to mix with him in the gay circles of the metropolis; my sisters, too, were perpetually endeavouring to laugh me out of my “old-fashioned, bookish notions;” but their efforts were fruitless; I felt that I was out of place in modern society, being wholly made up of odd crotchets, and that high-toned, but vi-

sionary sort of feeling, which is one of the inevitable results of a studious solitude.

Mr. Wordsworth has well observed,

“ Books are a substantial world,  
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.”

This truth was never more fully realized than in my case; and it was with a listlessness amounting almost to apathy, that I took leave of this “substantial world,” to enter upon another which had nothing but its bustle and novelty to recommend it.

In such a frame of mind I reached Rome. My father had previously made me promise to avail myself of all my letters of introduction, foreseeing, that otherwise I should fall back on my old habits; but I was in no great hurry to redeem my pledge, contenting myself, instead, with solitary visits to those spots, over which the historians, and poets, and orators of old Rome have thrown an unfading halo. I sought the Tusculum, and thought of Cicero. I fixed



my eyes on the summit of the distant Soracte, and Horace's social ode flashed on my recollection; I bent my steps towards the Aventine, and my ear caught the sound, and my eye the spectacle, of the triumphal rejoicings of the Republic.

So passed a month, at the expiration of which time letters arrived from Gwynnevay, in reply to one I had sent, announcing my arrival at Rome; in which my father particularly requested to be informed, whether I had made myself known to the friends whom he had spoken to me about; for it was to the diversion afforded by society that he looked chiefly for my recovery.

The receipt of this letter reminded me of duties that I had too long neglected towards the fondest and most munificent of parents; and I determined on the following day punctually to obey his directions, — a resolution which was not a little assisted by the circumstance I am now about to relate, and which had

the effect of materially influencing all my after-fortunes.

I had been to pay a visit one evening to the Palatine, and was standing among its crumbling masses of brick-work, in that fixed, thoughtful mood which such a scene is so calculated to inspire, when the sound of voices diverted my attention; and, looking in the direction of the Circus Maximus, I saw a party, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, advancing from that quarter to the spot where I stood.

As they came slowly on, pausing every now and then to look about them, I had ample leisure to observe them. Two were of middle-age; but the third was a lady, who, judging from appearances, I should say had scarcely completed her eighteenth year. I never saw so lovely a creature! There are some faces which once beheld, though but for a moment, take ever after an imperishable hold on the memory. Hers was one of them. Her large, black eyes, were full of deep and earnest expression: her mouth

was small and exquisitely shaped ; her rosy lips, on which a thousand meanings seemed to vibrate, indicated extreme sensibility ; her complexion was pale, but clear : the contour of her countenance of a Grecian, rather than a Roman character ; and her slender figure, replete with that natural, easy grace, which we associate with a Juliet or a Miranda. Just such a vision, so youthful—so ethereal—so full of all that we admire and doat upon in woman—burst on the sight of the Indian Bacchus among the woods of Crete !

But it was not so much the beauty of the stranger that rivetted my attention, as the profound melancholy that characterized her every look and movement. There was no mistaking the expression that spoke in her eloquent eye, and quivered on her restless lip. So young—so attractive—what could render her thus wretched ? Could it be the influence breathed out, like a mildew, from the ruins that surrounded her ? Possibly ; for there is indeed a sad solemnity

—a majestic desolation in their aspect; and we behold them with something of the same sympathy, with which we should behold a noble mind in decay.

The party had by this time reached the place where I was standing, and, as they passed, the young girl just turned a glance towards me; but hasty as was that glance, it was quite enough to overturn all my speculations. 'Twas not the melancholy akin to pleasure, that is called forth in refined minds by contemplating the solemn ruins of the past, that threw its touching shadow over her countenance; but a deep, silent, corroding anguish that was gnawing at the very roots of life. Oh, how I longed to address her! But could I even have mustered courage enough to break through that conventional etiquette which perpetually, in spite of himself, clings about an Englishman, the opportunity would have been wanting; for in an instant, before I could call home my wandering thoughts, the strangers had disappeared; and left me once again to solitude,

in the cold, grey evening, among the ruins of the Palatine.

The whole of that night—that memorable night—I could think—dream—speculate on nothing but the fair Unknown, and the cause of the melancholy that threw—not a cloud, but—a dim, softening veil over her brilliant loveliness. No doubt, the romantic circumstances under which I had encountered her, had much to do with the matter; for my age—my inexperience—and more especially my course of study, rendered me peculiarly sensitive to such an influence; still, independently of these adventitious helps to the imagination, there was quite enough in the face—the figure—the air of the stranger, to justify the enthusiasm of a far more worldly man than I am, or shall ever be.

My favourite metaphysician has accounted for a sudden infatuation like this, by attributing it to the realizing of some image of female loveliness, of which all men, unconsciously to themselves, have entertained a previous conception.

Such was not my case. I had formed no previous theory of beauty. If I had ever thought of woman at all, it was only in connexion with a waltz, a ball-room, and a knot of lispng dandies; the present, therefore, was, in every respect, the dawn of a new existence within me; and whose first immediate effect was, to render me as active, impassioned, and full of hope, as before I was listless and reserved.

Under the influence of these new feelings, I haunted day and night the majestic ruins of the Palatine. I saw them under every varying aspect of light and shade—of sunshine and moonshine; sometimes I was there alone; sometimes I stood amongst them in the presence of beauty; but she, the most beautiful of her sex, came there no more.

Still I would not despond. First love, though timid, is skilful, and fertile in expedients, with ever a redeeming spirit about it; so, finding that my excursions to the Palatine were fruitless, I extended them to all the grand and

classic scenery in which the neighbourhood of Rome abounds ; to the heights of Frascati — the picturesque Alban Hill — the groves, the grottos, the cascades, and temples of Tivoli ; — to every spot, in short, which I thought was likely to attract the attention of youth and beauty ; and then, as a last resource, resolved on availing myself of my letters of introduction ; in the hope, that in society at least, if not among the *chef-d'œuvres* of art and nature, I might stand a chance of meeting with the Unknown.

Fraught with this idea, I permitted not a moment to elapse, but made my appearance at the house of the Countess C — to whom my father had specially recommended me ; and whose hobby it was to collect, once a week, in her saloon, all the literature, and philosophy, and science, and even fashion, of the capital.

By this lady, who was in high repute with the English at Rome, I was received with a world of urbanity, and introduced into several

delightful circles; but, wherever I went, the same disappointment awaited me; I could see—hear nothing of the Unknown.

At length, one day when I was sauntering along the Corso, with the Baron de G——, whom I had previously met at the Countess's *Conversazione*, and who was well known in Rome for his classic taste and erudition, and—what was with me of far more consequence just now—for the extent and variety of his acquaintance, a carriage halted close to the spot where we were walking; for the street being thronged with equipages, like Hyde Park on a spring Sunday, it became a matter of difficulty for any vehicle to proceed beyond a snail's pace.

At once, as if by instinct, my eyes were rivetted on this carriage, in which were seated two females; in the younger of whom I recognized—oh, moment of triumph, that even now, at the distance of eighteen years, I recall with transport!—my fair Unknown of the Palatine! She too seemed as if she remem-



bered me, for as the coach drove on, she threw on me a furtive glance of recognition (or did my vanity deceive me?), stamped, however, with all her former melancholy.

I cannot say what my feelings were at this instant; excited, however, as they were, I yet managed to repress them; and with assumed tranquillity, enquired of the Baron if he knew who those ladies were, in the carriage that had just passed us.

“In the dark green one, you mean. Oh, they are the wife and sister of the French Minister. Pleasant women, enough, but too loquacious.”

“No, no; in the carriage immediately preceding them. See, it is just now turning the corner.”

“What, you are interested in them?” he replied archly, struck with the involuntary eagerness of my manner.

“Not so. But I think I have met with them before—the youngest, at least—and have the curiosity natural to all of us, to know the name of, if not to become acquainted with, a

pretty woman. Who are they, or rather who is she?" and I felt my heart leap within me, as I put this direct inquiry.

The reply was all that the most sanguine enthusiast could desire; for not only did the Baron make me acquainted with the names of the strangers; but finding that I took an interest in his communication, proceeded also to acquaint me with the details of their history.

They were, it seems, mother and daughter, and of the distinguished family of Di V——. The younger, whose name was Hortense, had been affianced from an early age to a young Italian *élève* of Napoleon, who held a high military command in the capital. The match received the full sanction of the mother—a widow with this only child—but, unfortunately, before it could take place, one of those sudden political changes which were of such frequent occurrence among the Emperor's adherents, when he himself had been hurled from power—and which in this instance was supposed to have been hastened by the intrigues of the

Austrian Nuncio, to whom the young soldier had contrived to render himself obnoxious—not only deprived him of his military situation, but was the cause also of his banishment from the Papal territories — and this but a month before he was to have espoused Hortense Di V——.

When the news of her intended son-in-law's disgrace reached the ears of Madame Di V———a stern, cold, haughty woman, whose one engrossing passion was ambition—she insisted on her daughter's breaking off all communication with the young soldier; and though the poor girl implored her on bended knees to recall this harsh mandate, her mother was deaf to her appeal; and kept her under a state of the most rigid surveillance, until assured that her affianced husband had taken his departure from Rome.

For full six months Hortense had remained in this state of “*durance vile*,” but latterly her mother had been reduced to relax a little

in her vigilance ; finding that her child's health was slowly wasting away under the cruel shock ; and allow her occasionally to make her appearance at the *Soirées* of some of their friends, and among others, at that of the Countess C—— ; in the hope, no doubt, as my informant added, that her daughter, by her beauty, her accomplishments, and the rank of her family, might form such an alliance as might do credit to her mother's ambition.

There was nothing in this communication that, strictly speaking, should have caused me any despondency, for what was I to Hortense ? nevertheless, it produced an extraordinary effect on my mind ; and when I quitted the Baron to return home, the tumult of my feelings was such as it is far more easy to ridicule than remedy. I had been flung with a rude, stunning shock to earth from the seventh heaven of imagination. Hope's silver chord was loosed ; her golden bowl was broken ; and the glittering fragments lay shattered at my feet.

In vain I called common sense to my aid; in vain I turned to study for consolation; in vain I resumed acquaintance with my favourite classic and Italian poets; my feelings rejected all attempts at discipline; my thoughts were perpetually wandering to the Palatine, and brooding over the vision that had there first taught me I had a fancy to be fired, and a heart to be touched.

This was a wretched state of mind to be in—amounting, in fact, to a species of Monomania—I determined, therefore, to make one resolute effort to shake it off; and the Baron happening to look in on me one morning with an invitation to a *Soirée* at the Countess's, where he told me I should be sure to meet “all the world,” I gladly embraced the opportunity, if not of restoring my mind to a healthy tone, at least of reducing it to something like subordination.

But, alas! in my eagerness to fly from Self, I found that I was only rushing from Scylla

upon Charybdiss for on entering the saloon, among the earliest visitors, whom should I see, seated on a sofa, in an obscure quiet corner, but—Hortense herself! Yes, there she was—lovely, interesting, irresistible as ever! Next her, was a middle-aged lady, in whom, from the strong resemblance she bore to her daughter, I was at no loss to recognize Madame Di V——. Both had the same full, dark eye; the same hair, the same exquisitely chiselled outline of countenance; but the *hauteur* and stately dignity of the one, was tempered into softness and sweetness in the other. The one seemed born to command; the other, to love and be loved.

Of course as the most *distingué* females in the room, they soon gathered about them a crowd of those lively coxcombs, who, in Rome as with us, are always to be seen humming and buzzing about the ear of beauty. One, in particular, a handsome but intolerably conceited fop, paid Hortense the most marked

attention, from which, however, she shrunk with an eagerness that not a little displeased her mother, and convinced me that the coxcomb in question was considered of sufficient rank and fortune to be encouraged as a son-in-law.

It was with mixed feelings of pleasure and jealousy, that I watched at a distance this little scene; but when I saw Madame Di V—— rise from her seat, for the purpose of addressing the lady of an English attaché, drawing after her a crowd of beaux who felt their self-conceit wounded by her daughter's unaccountable reserve, a strange courage came over me; and hastening towards her, at the same time mentioning the name of our mutual friend, the Baron, I introduced and placed myself by her side. By *her* side! What a world of bliss is contained in these few words!

How I looked—what I said—I cannot at this distance of time pretend to recall; my manner, however, must have convinced Hortense of the deep—the intense interest I took

in the circumstances of her story, for she repaid me with gentle words and grateful looks; in fact, I so far contrived to interest her feelings, by talking with her in an earnest and impassioned style, which suited the temper of her mind, about the various scenes I had visited in the capital, and the associations they called up—not forgetting, be sure, the Palatine where I had first seen her—that her usual reserve gave way, and something like an animated conversation took place, in French, between us; but when I happened accidentally to mention that I should quit Rome for Naples in a few days, she gave an involuntary start; her countenance assumed an expression of the utmost eagerness; and, after looking timidly and anxiously about the room, she said, in a low voice, with a forced effort at composure, “We go, to-morrow, to Cardinal F——’s. You know him, I believe?”

“Yes, I was introduced to him a few days since.”



“Possibly, then, we shall see you there?”

I had only just time to reply in the affirmative, when Hortense abruptly changed the conversation; and with good reason; for, on looking up, I saw Madame Di V—— returning, on which I quitted her side, and mixing with the gay throng which now filled the room, was soon lost to the eyes of both.

On returning to my hotel, I occupied myself for some hours in thinking over all the circumstances of my conversation with Hortense. Her hint about the Cardinal's *Soirée*, which I could not but remember had been put in the earnest and pleading tone of a request that I would be there, especially engaged my attention. “What could be her motive,” said I, “in asking me such a question, and in such an anxious manner? Was it merely that she was pleased with my conversation—flattered by my respect, and evident sympathy; or was a deeper feeling?—but no, no; 'tis sheer madness to cherish such a hope! However, be the cause what it may,

at least by to-morrow night I shall have known enough to regulate my future conduct.

On my arrival next night at the Cardinal's, I looked in vain for Madame Di V—— and her daughter; they were not there; and after waiting some time, I was sullenly preparing to move away, when the Baron stopped me at the door, and engaged me in conversation for a few minutes—most fortunately, for while I was talking with him, Hortense and her mother entered, accompanied by the same young fop who had so excited my aversion the previous evening.

As the party drew near us, Madame Di V—— halted an instant to speak to the Baron; and just at that instant Hortense, catching my eye, thrust a letter into my hand, which she had scarcely done, when her mother hurried her forward. All this transpired in less time than I have taken to describe it; and my curiosity, and perhaps a more flattering feeling being excited beyond all restraint—the more especially when from a distant quarter of the room I saw

Hortense's eyes turned frequently towards me—I hurried home, unfolded the precious document, and read the following lines:—

“ You told me last night you were on the eve of quitting Rome for Naples; you saw too that the intelligence affected me; but you knew not—you could not know—the deep cause I had for emotion. At Muro, within three days' journey of the city you propose to visit, *he* lives whom I hold most dear on earth. But a week since, a letter was conveyed to me in secret from him; and in that letter he implores me, by the memory of our past, and the hope of our future happiness, at all hazards, to fly this hated place and rejoin him. When I say *him*, you know to whom I allude, for your manner last night convinced me that my story was not unknown to, or unlamented by you. Pity me then, and do not misinterpret my motives, when I supplicate your aid in escaping from a home which has become my dungeon. You start at this application from

one to whom you are, comparatively, a stranger! You are astonished at the boldness that could have suggested it! Alas! it is not boldness, but the frenzy of despair. Long and severe were my struggles before I could bring myself to address you. I thought of the censures of the world; of the indignation of my mother; of the scorn that *even you* might entertain towards me; but I thought, too, of him, and for his sake I have resolved to brave everything. Should I remain here a week longer, my doom is sealed, for my mother has insisted on my accepting, without further hesitation, the hand of a man I detest. Do not, then, reject my supplication, but aid me to rejoin him; and two hearts that you have saved from breaking, shall bless your name for ever. I will entrust myself unhesitatingly to you. You are manly—you are generous—you have sisters, you told me, whom you love, and by whom you are loved; imagine, then, that I am one of them, and be to me a brother. Oh! if you did but know the

agony I have endured ; the long, dreary days and sleepless nights that have been my portion since he quitted me, you would not hesitate to grant my request. I have no friend to advise me ; no hope, but in you ; though I have numbered few years, yet my heart is already wrinkled ; the accents of kindness are unfamiliar to my ear ; and when they fell from you last night, I could have wept from the strange delight they gave.”

The letter then went on to state that Madame Di V—— intended setting out immediately to visit a relation who resided near the Alban Hill ; and that on the following morning, the writer, availing herself of this only opportunity of escape, would meet me by daybreak, at a spot which she specified near the Aventine ; and concluded in the following words, penned evidently under feelings of the strongest agitation, and so blotted with tears that I had the greatest difficulty in decyphering them. “ Forgive me, if I have been too bold

or too rashly confident : my brain is wandering ; I scarce know what I have written ; but still, even amidst my darkest apprehensions, a something assures me that you will not betray or desert me. Hark ! a voice—my mother's voice. I must break off.

“ HORTENSE.”

My emotions, on reading this letter, were of a strangely complex character, made up of surprise, admiration, and bitter disappointment. First, I was struck with the simplicity—the confidingness—the strength and purity of affection—the mixture of timidity and resolution—of gentleness and desperation—that it developed in every line : secondly, I felt but too painfully convinced that it crushed out the last faint spark of hope, which even up to this moment I had unconsciously nourished. For a time this last feeling predominated ; but soon a worthier spirit prevailed ; I felt it impossible to refuse a request thus urged ; so resolved, at whatever risk to my own peace of mind, to show Hor-

tense that I was not unworthy of the noble confidence she had reposed in me.

No sooner had I formed this resolution, than, without allowing myself a minute's pause, I proceeded to make preparations for carrying it into execution; the hurry and bustle of which luckily allowed me no time for those discreet, but in many instances erroneous, reflections, which are usually styled "second thoughts."

How slowly passed the night that was to usher in the eventful morning! Vainly I strove to compose myself to sleep; the excitement of my nerves would not be allayed; and hour after hour I lay listening to the slow ticking of my watch, vexed—maddened with its monotonous click, click; and then vexed with myself for being such a slave to impulse. At last—oh, joyful sight!—a few faint streaks of day came trembling in at the window; on which I leaped from bed, dressed, arranged what few conveniences I had to carry with me, and then hurried off to the place of rendezvous.

On reaching the spot, where I found my carriage and horses in waiting, all was still and solitary. I took out my watch. It wanted but ten minutes of the hour at which Hortense had appointed to meet me. Yet she came not. What could be the reason? My first idea was that her flight had been detected; my next that her timidity had taken the alarm, and she had repented of her desperate enterprise; but I did injustice to her firmness of character; for, just as St. Peter's Basilic struck six, I could discern a figure wrapped up in a mantle advancing towards me. As it drew nearer, there was no mistaking the shrinking, bending form of Hortense. She trembled from head to foot, as if she apprehended the worst, whereupon I said, "Courage, lady, remember, I am your friend, your sworn brother and guardian."

"My generous benefactor!" she replied, looking up timidly and beseechingly in my face, "you will save me then from this detested marriage? Speak; let me know my fate at once."



“I will; and more than this, I will restore you, at all hazards, to the arms of him—(I could not bring myself to pronounce the word ‘Eugene’)—from whom you ought never to have been separated;” and so saying, without allowing her time to pour forth her thanks, I hurried her into the vehicle, which soon left the Eternal City many long miles behind.

For the first three or four hours, Hortense was in a constant flutter of alarm. At every sound of wheels she started, turned pale, and flung herself back in the carriage; and not a horseman passed, but her fears instantly suggested that he had been dispatched in pursuit by her mother. How harsh—how ungenerous—how cruel—must have been the conduct of that mother, the very mention of whose name thus acted on her daughter like a spell of horror!

By sunset, however, my young fellow-traveller had so far regained her composure, that she readily closed with my proposal of resting

for the night at a little town or village which we reached just as darkness was gathering round us ; and at an early hour on the following morning we resumed our route, which we continued without intermission, until we arrived at Venafro, where we made our second night's halt, and thence struck at once into the heart of the Appenines.

From this period our course became one of difficulty, if not danger ; for though, generally speaking, the Appenines present no such formidable appearances as the Alps or the Pyrenees ; yet they are not without their steep declivities, and narrow, rocky defiles—and unfortunately it was among the worst of these that our course lay—in winding along which the traveller has need of all his caution. Nor are these the only hazards to which he is subjected, for among the secluded recesses of the mountains lurk hosts of ferocious brigands.

The evening of the third day was drawing on, when we came to one of the wildest and

most secluded passes to be found in the whole Appenine range, and which ran along the edge of a black, thunder-splintered cliff. Here, for the first time, the landscape assumed an aspect of imposing, not to say terrible grandeur. Above us rose a vast wall of loose, toppling crags which seemed ever ready to fall on our heads; and before us, a stormy sea of mountains, some lifting "sheer, abrupt," their sharp naked summits to the sky, with deep channels worn into their sides by the action of the wintry torrents; and some swelling up more gradually from the valleys, their huge foreheads frowning with the eternal gloom of pine and fir.

Our progress was here necessarily slow, for the road was broken, craggy, and narrow—in fact, little better than a foot-path—and so full of sharp turns and angles, that more than once I was compelled to leave Hortense in the carriage, and go forward and assist our driver in guiding the mules' heads.

Night, meanwhile, came striding forward at

a giant's pace, and the unsettled aspect of the West betokened an approaching storm. To increase our embarrassment, we found that we had mistaken our way; and as to go back was now quite as useless as to go forward, we had nothing left for it but to push on, in the hope that we might reach some convent or osteria before the storm should burst on the mountains.

We had maintained our course for upwards of half an hour along a pass which seemed interminable, when a brisk wind sprung up; a broad, red, and dusky light gathered for an instant round the horizon, then faded into a dull glimmer; the trees rocked and groaned; and the sultriness, which had prevailed more or less throughout the day, began to be succeeded by a damp, oppressive chill. Almost immediately afterwards—so quick is the transition from calm to storm in these elevated regions—we could hear the hurricane uplifting its voice among the pines, and whistling shrilly through the clefts in the precipice above us.

At this moment we were winding round a projecting crag, beyond which, as well as we could perceive by the faint light that was left, our road began to slope a little, when suddenly, without any other warning than one vivid flash of lightning, the whole fury of the tempest was let loose on us. The thunder burst in stunning crash upon crash right above our heads, till the disjointed masses of cliff and crag seemed rocking to their very foundation; and the rain fell in such a deluge, that the little streams which we had constantly heard trickling across our path, now swelled to the size of torrents, and dashed in cataracts into the ravine beneath.

Fortunately, just previous to this, I had prevailed on my companion to quit the carriage, and walk forward with me—my mantle being closely folded round her, so as to shield her as much as possible from the rain—while our postillion followed, guiding the mules, who had become quite restive from fright, and kept

plunging towards the edge of the cliff. I say fortunately, for scarcely had we advanced a hundred paces, when a second thunder-clap, louder than any that had yet preceded it, detached a fragment of rock, which overhung the road we had passed but a few minutes before. Down fell the enormous mass, crushing and bearing down all before it, right into the very middle of the path; and hardly had the postillion time to let go his hold, and make a desperate bound towards us, when it came in contact with the carriage, and hurled it over the edge of the pass into the glen; from whence, heard far above the roar of the hurricane, came up the piercing yell of the mules, as they bounded from crag to crag, and then plunged into the black abyss.

“Gracious heavens! What cry was that?” exclaimed Hortense.

“’Tis the mules,” said the driver, “they’re gone right over the cliff, and are dashed to atoms by this time.”

“Gone?” murmured Hortense, with a shudder that shook her whole frame, “gone? it will be our turn next.”

It seemed, indeed, but too probable, for night was around us in all its gloom, and by the lightning only were we enabled to track our progress. Under these circumstances, I felt it was madness to proceed; so seating my companion on a bit of broken rock, that projected into the path, I proposed to go forward alone, and see if I could discover any cave or recess where we might find shelter till the storm had subsided.

But she was too much terrified to hear of my proposition. “Don’t leave me,” she whispered, “I am sure you will be lost if you do. If we die, let us die together.”

The postillion, who was close behind us, here volunteered to go himself, and look out for a place of shelter, which enabled me to direct my whole attention to Hortense; so taking my seat beside her, I wrung the wet from her mantle,

chafed her cold hands, and endeavoured to inspire her with confidence.

In a few minutes our guide returned, with intelligence that he had discovered a recess hard by, whither we instantly proceeded to support Hortense. 'Twas a damp, forlorn spot, and the wind moaned through it like the low wailing of a ghost; but I heeded not its gloom; I felt only that *she* was by my side; that it was her head that reclined on my shoulder; her small, white hand that gently clasped mine; her sweet voice that in low, fervent tones, acknowledged me as her friend and brother. In her presence all was cheerfulness. It was desolation only when she was absent.

We remained in the cave upwards of half an hour, when the rain having abated, and my young companion having recovered from her first alarms, we ventured to pursue our journey; and were soon rewarded for our perseverance, by finding the path become less



irregular and precipitous as we descended; and hearing in the pauses of the wind, the distant ringing of a convent bell.

A few minutes more toilsome walking brought us on level ground, whence we could distinctly see through the darkness, apparently but a few yards ahead, the glimmering of a light. "Thank God, we are safe now!" said I, pointing out this welcome ray to Hortense.

"I trust so," was her faint reply, "but what a night has this been for us all!" and as she spoke, I could feel her arm quivering like an aspen-leaf within mine.

The rage of the tempest was by this time greatly abated; but the lightning was still vivid, and, by its frequent coruscations, I could see that we were, indeed, approaching the habitations of men. The bark of a dog confirmed me in this opinion; the light too, which we had before noticed, became every moment more distinct; and, following its direction, we at length arrived under the walls of one of those

small convents which are so frequent among the Abruzzi, and the more inland branch of the Appenines.

The monks had just quitted the chapel, and were about retiring to their cells for the night, when our ringing brought them to the portal. There was no need of words, for the dismal plight we were in sufficiently told the nature of our wants; so, ushering us into a kind of hall or refectory, the good fathers instantly got ready a cheerful fire, together with the best repast their scanty means would allow.

Spent with the day's toil, Hortense declined any further refreshment than a single cup of wine; and just waiting till her room was prepared for her reception, retired to the only convenient chamber the convent had to boast, and which was devoted to the use of benighted travellers like ourselves; while I remained up, drying my clothes by the fire, and conversing between whiles with the Superior, who invited me to occupy his cell; but on my expressing

a desire to remain where I was, he quitted me at a late hour, after trimming the lamp, and throwing fresh logs on the hearth.

All was now silent within the convent, though without, I could still hear the wind whistling about its old walls. 'Twas an hour for meditation, and I felt its power. I thought of the events of the last few days; of the sudden transformation they had effected in my character; and of the strange magic of that passion which had compelled me, as it were, to minister to my own despair. "Yes," said I, aloud, while at the same time, to drown the sense of loneliness that crept over me, I kept quaffing cup after cup of wine, "she whose very presence is sunshine; without whom, all is sterile and cheerless in nature and my own heart;—this divine being, so loved—so revered—so worshipped—I am become the means of resigning to another! And can he prize her as I do? Can he make the sacrifice to her that I am doing? Why, even amid the wildest fury of

the tempest, when death spoke in the thunder, and glared on me in the lightning, I felt a tumultuous thrill of rapture, such as I never felt before, while I clasped this treasure in my arms; felt her breath upon my cheek; and heard her whisper, 'We will die together.' Die together! Yet we may not live together!

At this instant the convent clock struck twelve. I rose and went to the casement. The storm had rolled away in distance. The sky was without a cloud. "All is still," I continued, gazing abroad on the night; "*she* too sleeps; and perhaps at this very moment, while I keep lonely watch, is dreaming of Eugene. See, they have just met! How she welcomes him—hangs about his neck—feeds, stifles him with kisses, and calls him—God, I shall go mad!" and rushing to the table I quaffed another full cup of wine, in the hope of driving away the phantoms that a too vivid fancy had conjured up.

By this time it was past midnight, and, find-

ing that slumber, despite all my efforts, was gradually stealing over me, I took up my mantle, which I had stretched out before the hearth to dry; and wrapping it round me, threw myself along the floor in front of the fire; and, in a few minutes, sunk into a profound sleep, from which I was only awakened by the morning sun glancing in at the window.

My first sensations on rising, were merely those of chill and numbness; but soon, other and more unfavourable symptoms, aggravated by my late state of health, began to develop themselves; and by the time my sister—for as such she was considered by the monks—made her appearance at the breakfast-table, I had become so seriously indisposed, that the Superior, who was a bit of a leech in his way, insisted on my retiring to his pallet—a proposal, however, which Hortense would not hear of, so at her earnest entreaties I was supported to her own room, where she, and Padre Battista vo-

lunteered to play, between them, the parts of nurse and physician.

But the former was my chief attendant. For four days, during which my state was really critical, she counted the long, dull hours, beside my couch. When I woke at midnight from dreams of horror, it was to see her angel form bending over me; when I started from a feverish doze, to see the mid-day sun streaming in through the closed windows, or its declining ray giving place to the brown shades of evening;—still, there she was; and though I would fain have released her from such irksome attendance, and even the Superior insisted on taking her place, she would not be denied; but if she ever quitted the room, it was but to return in a few minutes, prepared for fresh offices of kindness. She it was whose hand administered my medicine; wiped the damps from my brow; and freshened my glued and clammy lips. She seemed to feel no weariness—no disappointment at the temporary frustration of her hopes; but

wore ever an encouraging smile on her countenance, speaking in accents that fell like music on my ear, and moving about with the light, noiseless tread of a fairy.

The fourth night was the crisis of my disorder, and, during the whole time, I lay in a state of almost constant delirium. My ears rung with strange noises, my veins seemed charged with fire, and all those spectral illusions which fever is so apt to conjure up, were let loose on me in dreams. First I thought that I was pacing alone, at sunset, over an Arabian desert, when suddenly I heard a strange hurtling in the air; and gazing far into the distance, beheld on the horizon's verge, a gigantic column, whose head was hidden among the clouds, rushing towards me. On—onwards came the tornado, filling my mouth—my eyes—every pore of my skin with dust, and crushing me to a mummy beneath its weight. A sound, as of the rush of mighty waters roused me from this state of torture, and, lifting up

my feeble eyes, I descried, first, the indistinct heavings of a surge, then the long, unbroken swell of billows, till, at length, a whole ocean burst in thunder on the desert, sweeping me far away on its bosom, now tossed high up in the air, now plunged into an abyss, midst the roar of the winds, the bellowing of the waves, and the shouts of a thousand unknown monsters.

A change ensued. The scene was Gwynne-vay. It was a summer day-break, the air was brisk and elastic, the hedges were alive with music, and the dew-drops hung half-melted on the thistle's beard. Before me, at no great distance lay the sea, darkened here and there by the shadow of a passing sail; and behind, my native village put forth its glad beauty in the sunshine. But, hark! whose is that fairy step that comes gliding down the lane? She hastens towards me. Heavens, 'tis Hortense! But the maiden's cheek was wan, the spirit of a premature decay lent a fatal lustre to her eye, and her voice seemed to have caught its tones from



the grave. While I was yet rambling with her among the woods of Gwynnevay, a cloud rolled between us, the landscape assumed an altered character, and I stood solitary in the churchyard, low down in the lane, where the elms meeting overhead, cast ever a cool shadow on the earth. But where was Hortense? Gone; and in her place, stood my rival, Eugene, glaring on me like a dæmon. A sword was in his hand; but what of that? I rushed on him; the steel snapped like glass in my grasp; and, burying the fragment in his breast, I bore him to the ground—spit—trampled upon him, and—“Hah! hah! the fiend is dead!” “Dead?” repeated a mocking voice at my ear. ’Twas his. An icy hand grasped mine. ’Twas his. A glassy, freezing eye fixed its horrid glance on me. Still, ’twas his—and I woke with a shudder that convulsed my whole frame.

It was some minutes before I regained my recollection; but, when I did, the first object on which my eyes settled, was Hortense, who

was seated by my side, pale with watching. The instant I recognized her, I exclaimed, "Speak to me, lady; let the last music I shall hear on earth, be your voice," and I sank back again in a swoon; from which I recovered only to hear the stifled sobs of my young nurse, who was watching each change in my countenance, with eyes dimmed with tears.

When she perceived that I was again conscious of her presence, she whispered, with a forced smile, that belied her words, "You are better now; I am sure you are," and was rising to shade the lamp from my eyes, when, mistaking the object of her movement, I said "Do not leave me; I have had frightful dreams; *he* was with me; if you go, he will return."

She saw that my thoughts were wandering; so placing her hand gently on my mouth, she said, "Hush—you must not speak; the Superior has enjoined silence on us both."

Padre Battiste here entered the room, and had no sooner taken my hand, on which a refreshing

moisture was beginning to break out, when he pronounced the crisis of the fever to be past.

“Thank God,” cried Hortense, clasping her hands, “My friend—my brother—if you had—but no, no; the worst is passed. Come, let me smooth your pillow. See, father, how much brighter his eye is! How calm he lies! He can breathe freely now.”

The Superior made a sign to her to be silent, and was preparing to administer an opiate, when, with the wayward feeling of an invalid, I made a sign that Hortense should give it; and receiving it, accordingly, from her hands, I soon dropped off into a long, dreamless slumber

In a few days my strength was so far recruited, that I was able to take short walks in the convent garden with Hortense, occasionally accompanied by some of the monks; and the pure mountain breezes that blew about me; the quiet in which I lived; and, above all, the constant presence of my young fellow-traveller, completed the work of restoration; so that at the

end of a fortnight I felt strong enough to resume my journey. I had proposed to go even earlier, but my gentle nurse, with that disinterestedness which formed so prominent a feature in her character, would not hear of my proposal. Even the claims of love were, to her lofty mind, inferior, under the circumstances, to those of gratitude.

Early on the morning of the fifteenth day, we took leave of our hospitable entertainers; and, as no better means of conveyance were to be had—our carriage having been found dashed to atoms at the bottom of a ravine—we hired a couple of mules, and under the direction of an active young peasant, whom the Superior had engaged for a guide, and provisioned with all things needful, we set forward for the little town of Muro, the place of Eugene's abode.

Our journey throughout this day was delightful, especially to Hortense, who feeling, for the first time since her flight, a tolerable sense of security, began to develop a thousand sprightly

traits of character. Her disposition, indeed, was naturally cheerful ; and there was a buoyancy in her every movement ; a sunniness in her smile ; a laughing witchery in the tones of her voice, that had all the effect of intoxication on my mind. I had already had experience of the kindness of her nature ; I was now to become acquainted with other and rarer qualities. Though her manner was soft and deferential, still there was a conscious dignity—a uniform sense of propriety about her—a proud, but not austere reliance on her own innate rectitude of intention, and an unvarying confidence in the integrity of mine, that had I been inclined to presume on my situation, would have awed me into shame. She had taste, too, and fancy, and a mind fertile in intellectual resources ; and the various grand and lovely scenes over which we passed, drew forth all these refined qualities.

Sometimes our road would lead us along a narrow strip of valley, shut out from the world by huge mountains, among whose recesses were

perched the rude summer cabins of the Appennine peasantry ; and at others, into the heart of a dark glen, where the sun looked in on us, through woods of cork and chesnut, over giant crags unscaled by human foot.

One landscape, in particular, struck us with such involuntary admiration, that we both halted by tacit consent to enjoy it. We had been toiling for some time up an ascent of almost mountain elevation, when, on reaching the summit, we saw crag, valley, and meadow, and waving woods, and villages hanging on the sides of hills, robed in the rich, green drapery of summer, with here and there the towers of a convent gleaming through the trees, basking in the meridian sunlight at our feet ; while in the far perspective, where sky and land seemed peacefully commingling, we could catch a glimpse of a town, which Hortense's ardent imagination instantly suggested to her as Muro.

It was a scene to feel, not to describe ; and

I was reluctantly preparing to quit it, when our guide approached, and suggested that, as many a long mile yet lay between us and the place where we were to make our night's halt, we should seat ourselves and take some refreshment; and, without waiting for a reply, he produced from his wallet a bag of boiled chestnuts, the remains of a fine ham, a loaf of bread, and a small flagon of wine. It was a homely repast, but mountaineers are seldom fastidious, and as I sat beside Hortense, listening to her sprightly talk, and gazing on the vast landscape around, which was hushed into a sabbath stillness, except when now and then the piping of a shepherd's reed, or the tinkling of a mule's bell, came sounding up from the valley below us, I would not have exchanged my situation for that of the proudest monarch in Europe.

Our guide's tongue was not idle during this mountain bivouac, and he indulged us with various anecdotes of the brigands, in which all the Appenine peasantry abound; till, finding

that Hortense began to be alarmed, he stopped short, and rising from his seat, said, "We have delayed so long here, that we have not a moment to lose, for if night should surprise us before we reach that village"—pointing to a small cluster of cottages which, though they seemed close beneath us, were in reality many miles distant—"we might be exposed to some hazard."

This decided us, and, remounting our mules, we resumed our journey; but we had not advanced further than a hundred yards, when we heard the shrill tones of a bugle; and presently a small troop of Austrian cavalry appeared, winding round the base of a low, broad hill before us.

Hortense was the first to see them, and, pointing them out to my notice, exclaimed, exultingly, while her whole countenance was lit up with animation, "Eugene, too, is a soldier!" Never had I seen her look so lovely as at this moment. Expression had given the last magic touch to her beauty. When I had



first met her among the ruins of the Palatine, she reminded me of some soft, sylvan landscape seen on a day when winds are still, and skies are clouded ; she was now like that same landscape, when laughing breezes play about it; and all its graceful features are drawn forth, and live, and glow, and sparkle beneath the inspiring influence of a cloudless sun.

“ Eugene is a soldier,” said I, repeating her words ; “ are all manly excellencies, then, summed up in the word ‘ soldier ? ’ ”

“ You mistake me,” she replied ; “ I meant not that—how should I, when I bear in mind what you have braved in my behalf ? But Eugene was the friend of my childhood ; we grew up together ; and my heart was wholly his, before I knew I had one to bestow.”

“ Well, lady, well, I meant not reproach ; though feelings that I could not—but no matter ; you are my sister.”

“ I am, I am,” she replied, eagerly, with all the charming vivacity of her nation ; “ and no

sister ever loved a brother dearer than I will love you."

By this time the sun had wheeled towards the West, and long, pensile streaks of gold and silver edged the clouds, which lay piled up in fantastic masses on each other, while a warm, purple glow hung like a glory over the landscape.

"What a divine sunset!" said I, addressing Hortense. "Of all the sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds for our use, I know few equal to those we feel when gazing on a scene like this. There is a something in this hour, so tender—so holy—so fraught with simple, yet sublime associations, that it seems to partake rather of heaven than earth. The day, with all its selfish, common-place interests, has gone by, and the season of intelligence—of imagination—of spirituality, is dawning. Yes; twilight does indeed unlock the Blandusian fountain of fancy: there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past;

the dead—the absent—the estranged—come thronging back on our minds ; and thus, lady, will it be with me, when you are no longer by my side. Never, at this hour, shall I recal the past, but fancy will bring you to my mind.”

“ Such was the way,” replied Hortense, “ that Eugene used to speak, when it was no crime in me to listen to him ; and it was the remembrance of his last conversation with me, on an evening like this, at Tivoli, that pressed so heavily on my mind, when you met me with my uncle and my mother on the Palatine.”

“ Happy Eugene ! to be able to call forth such feelings ! Would to God that his lot were——” then suddenly checking myself, I added, in a more equable tone, “ see, Hortense, how the cold evening is saddening over those rocks, that but a few minutes since blushed with the red light of the setting sun. Just such a change—so sudden, so cheerless—will take place in my fortunes, ere another day goes down on the Appenines. You now shed

light and warmth on them; but when once your enlivening presence is withdrawn, they will be as dull and lonely as before.”

“Not so,” returned Hortense, kindly; “it cannot be as you say. But you talked of quitting us?”

“Even so.”

“This must not be. You must stay with us, and share in the happiness you have yourself created.”

All further conversation was here put an end to by the guide, who informed us, not a little to our surprise and dismay, that it would now be wholly impossible to reach the village before darkness overtook us, unless, indeed, we were prepared to lose our way in a wild district infested by brigands. He added, however, that there was a little ruined chapel hard by, within which, as the night was warm, and dry, and clear, we might perhaps make shift to rest till daybreak.

To this, Hortense was by no means willing to

concede ; but seeing that I pressed it, apprehensive of the hazards to which we might otherwise be exposed—for our little party was wholly unarmed—she gave up the point ; and in a few minutes we reached the chapel, which was erected close beside the road. The walls alone were standing ; and within, right under what must have once been the main window, was fixed a plain crucifix, which no sooner caught Hortense's eyes, than, alighting from her mule, she threw herself on her knees before it.

How touching is female piety ! How sweetly fall its accents from the lips of the young and the beautiful ! I had heard the solemn choirs beneath the majestic roof of St. Peter, where religion puts on her most imposing form ; but never was my heart so touched—so purified, as when I saw Hortense kneeling in that lone chapel, among the dim, silent mountains, looking the very incarnation of peace and piety.

When she had risen from her knees, we pro-

ceeded together into the heart of the ruins, where, after a diligent scrutiny, I discovered a small nook, which had apparently once formed the oratory, but was now detached from the main building. / As this wing or angle was the most sheltered part of the chapel, being surrounded on all sides but one by low walls, just outside which rose a thick grove of firs, I proposed to Hortense to make it her resting-place ; and having collected some dry moss and leaves, to form a sort of couch, and spread my mantle over them by way of coverlid ; I quitted her for a short time, while I arranged with the guide to stay and take charge of the mules in the wood, which ran sloping down a small mound into a meadow below.

I was absent but half an hour, looking about in all directions to see that no one was observing us, yet when I came back I found Hortense buried in deep sleep. There she lay, beneath the light of the now risen moon, which never watched over the slumbers of a purer being ;

with one snowy arm half hidden beneath her head, and the other pressed on a bosom that just lightly heaved with a serene swell, like ocean on a breezeless summer day. How lovely she looked! A warmer flush than usual glowed on her cheek; a faint smile, that might have become the sleeping Psyche, played round her lips; her long, silken lashes drooped over her eyes, which were shut up, like sweet flowers at twilight; her delicate, swan-like neck, on whose alabaster surface lay one or two straggling ringlets, was partially revealed; and beneath the mantle that concealed the rest of her figure, peeped out one small, slender foot.

I was dazzled—bewildered by this image of transcendent beauty, and stooping down, I imprinted one kiss—the first, the last—on the peach-like down of the young sleeper's cheek. But hark! she moves—she smiles—a name escapes her lips. Is it mine? Am I the subject of her dream? Have I called forth that smile? Mad, conceited fool! 'Tis Eugene's

name she murmurs. With a sickening feeling of despair, I started from the ground as I heard this word; and, stifling a groan that struggled to my throat, I rushed from the chapel, into the thick, dark grove that frowned beside it.

It was now night. All was hushed around—below—above—while I, restless and desponding, moved alone amid the solitudes of earth. Alone on earth! What a dreary, hopeless feeling do these few words convey! Yet this, I said, must be my destiny. A few hours, and the form that now gilds my path will have passed away, leaving but the memory of what has been. Well, better it should be so. To walk with her—to listen to her—to banquet on her smiles—to draw in love from the liquid lustre of her eyes—to share her thoughts, yet be compelled to restrain my own—to be devoted to her, yet dare not to tell her that I love—to be studiously reserved, when my heart is at my lips.—Oh, God! I should sink



beneath the struggle, were it to endure but another day.

In vain I strove to shake off the gloom with which these feelings inspired me. The very hour served to enhance it. What—I continued, looking up to the blue, quiet sky—what is there in the holy stillness of a night like this, that should thus cast a deeper shade over my mind? The stars that send down their tranquil radiance on earth; the moon that walks the steadfast floor of heaven in the spirit of peace and benignity; the breeze that brings the various harmonies of creation to my ear, till the very soul of sacred melody seems breathing in them—surely, these are sights and sounds to elevate, not depress me. Where then lies the secret of the dark spell which night holds over my feelings? In the power with which it enforces meditation, and by consequence melancholy—for with me, at least, reflection has become but another word for sadness.

Thus, restless and moody, I was slowly

making my way back into the chapel, when my attention was called off by the sound of footsteps; and presently I could hear voices at the bottom of the slope. I listened, the strangers evidently drew nearer, so concealing myself behind one of the thickest of the trees, I watched their movements, and could see, by the pistols in their belts, and the relics at their breasts, that they were brigands; a discovery that was confirmed by the imperfect fragments of their conversation which I overheard; and which related to some enterprise in which they had lately failed, on the road between Muro and Naples.

What a state of intense anxiety was mine at this moment! What should I do? How protect the young sleeper in the chapel? I was unarmed. My guide was at some distance. He might wake. The mules might stir, in which case inevitable destruction awaited our whole party.

The brigands were by this time right under-

neath me ; but as the nature of my hiding-place screened me from observation, I endeavoured, with extreme caution, to steal back into the chapel, if not to awaken Hortense—for I feared the effects of alarm on her mind—at least to keep watch beside her.

But the practised ear of the robbers had caught the sound of my tread. “Hark!” said one, “some one is stirring here. I heard a footstep.”

“Nonsense,” replied his companion, “’tis only the wind among the trees.”

Both then halted an instant, and the first speaker unslinging his carbine, and bringing it to the ground with a heavy clang, stood leaning on it, and darting his eyes right towards that part of the grove where I was stationed. ’Twas a moment of unutterable agony, for from the keen, suspicious glance of the ruffian, I made sure we were discovered, and in an instant I should have sunk to the ground, had not the fellow, apparently satis-

fied that he was mistaken, relaxed his scrutiny, and said, "it is of no use loitering longer in this neighbourhood; we had far better return to the pass above Venafro; for the travellers, whose broken carriage Jacopo saw in the glen, must have reached Naples by this time," and so saying, I could hear them slowly retiring; on which, after thanking God for my timely deliverance, I quitted my hiding place, and went to search for the guide, whom I found fast asleep but a few paces off me in the grove, with the mules tethered to a tree, beside him.

I waited, until convinced the brigands were out of hearing, and then woke the guide; and having acquainted him of the dangers which we had all just escaped, I bade him keep watch outside the chapel, so that, should any more of the troop come up, we might be better prepared to make resistance; and then entered the little nook, where I found Hortense just waking from her sleep; and remained by her side till day-break summoned us to departure.

Brightly broke the morning—the last morning that I was to meet, face to face, on the Apennines with Hortense. The mists were fast rolling off, like smoke, from the mountains' sides; earth was steeped in dewy freshness; and my young fellow-traveller, refreshed by sleep, and anticipating ere the day should be many hours older, her reunion with Eugene, partook of the cheering influence of the season.

How different were my sensations! Every mile that brought her nearer to happiness, was bearing me further from it. I made several efforts to rouse myself, or at least, to conceal my depression; but it was of no avail; and I rode for miles beside Hortense, scarce able to make any reply to her apt remarks when any bend of our road brought out some, more than ordinary, picturesque feature in the scenery.

Seeing this, she prevailed on me to alight from my mule, and ramble on with her on foot; and on one particular occasion, when I had made no answer to some sprightly question she had

put, she began bantering me with that arch, yet delicate familiarity, which is so irresistible a weapon in the hands of beauty.

“ See, what it is to be a philosopher !” she said, “ I have asked you a simple question three times, but your thoughts have been wandering with the sages of old, in the clouds, and you have not yet made me a reply.”

“ Forgive my rudeness, but I was thinking at the time——”

“ I know you were, you looked so grave. But why are you so? Are you not well ?” she asked, in a more softened tone.

“ No, my mind is weighed down with——”

“ Come, come, you must not give way to dark thoughts. Remember, you are still bound to adopt whatever regimen I shall prescribe. So let me see you smile. Good. Upon my word, you do wonders for an invalid ! Oh, if you did but know how much more a smile becomes you than a frown ! Now don't shake your head so gravely at me. I am silly—I

know it; but it is your fault—you have made me so—so happy,” and flinging back her sunny tresses, she held out her hand to me with a smile that went to my heart like a sunburst.

In this way we kept chatting on, Hortense doing all she could to raise my flagging spirits, until we reached the village, which we had missed the night before. Here we halted to breakfast, at a small osteria; and then set out again on our journey; and, in less than two hours, reached the last chain of hills, that alone divided us from Muro.

'Twas a lovely landscape that now spread itself out at our feet; but, witnessed by me with feelings far different to those of Hortense. I saw nothing in the broad, elevated valley, at one end of which the town is situated; in the classic ruins that adorn it; and in the clear, chattering stream that winds through it, but objects calculated to impress me with bitter regret; she, nought but what was enlivening and

beautiful. She looked on the prospect with the bright eyes of hope. I, with the clouded ones of disappointment.

On—on, we went, and now we have passed the hills; have reached the level-ground; and are halting within a mile—yes, within one short mile—of Muro! This halt was made at my request. I had resolved on no account to see Eugene; indeed, the sight of his happiness would have roused feelings in me, that I would not, for the world, have betrayed; so, hastily furnishing up the first pretext that presented itself, I said, “’Tis the last favour I shall ask of you, lady; but, as it is just possible you may have erred in Eugene’s abode, or he may have been discovered and compelled to fly, let us send forward our guide, and here await his return.”

To this request, Hortense, wondering, no doubt, at its singularity, acceded, though not without reluctance; and, accordingly, we dispatched the young muleteer into the town, who returned within the hour with a note, written in



evident haste by Eugene, and to the effect that he had been expecting his mistress's arrival for some days ; but that, having been discovered, he dared no longer remain within the States of the Church ; and had, therefore, set out for Cagliari, where some friends were staying, through whose influence at the Court of Turin, he was not without hopes of obtaining employment in the army. The letter concluded by imploring her to lose not an instant in rejoining him, and was clearly written under the sanguine idea that Madame Di V—— might have relented, and allowed her daughter's departure.

The receipt of this letter was a sad blow to Hortense ; all the enthusiasm which she had evinced during the morning, was at once put an end to ; and I could only restore her to composure, by acceding to her request that I would not lose a moment in setting out for Cagliari.

In fulfilment accordingly of this promise, we hastened on to Muro, where we discharged our guide—the difficulties of our journey being now

nearly at an end—and, travelling at the utmost speed that circumstances would admit of, reached Naples at the end of the third day.

Fain would I have detained Hortense at this superb city, but she was in agony to depart; seeing which I interposed no further delay, but finding on enquiry that a vessel was lying in the harbour, which was about to sail for the Sardinian coast, I engaged for a passage in it, and embarked the very morning after our arrival at Naples.

Had either of us been in the mood, we might have lingered with admiration on the magnificent scene that presented itself, as we floated over the waters of this unrivalled bay. We might have marked the heights of Pausilippo—the little isle of Ischia—the frowning Vesuvius—and, above all, the splendid appearance that the city we were leaving behind us, made from the sea; but other thoughts engrossed our attention, and we cast but an idle look at this most beautiful of landscapes, in a region teeming with beauties.

Our voyage was brisk and prosperous; and, no sooner had we lost sight of Naples, and were abroad on the open sea, than Hortense's usual cheerfulness began to return; and she would sit for hours upon deck, listening to the mysterious sounds that ever and anon came wafted towards us; and bending a lively, inquisitive glance over the waters, in the hope, as she laughingly observed, that she might be the first to catch a glimpse of the Sardinian shores.

We had been about three days at sea, when, on the morning of the fourth, the cry of "Land" was raised by a sailor at the mast-head; and soon afterwards we discovered the distant island coast, hanging like a cloud in the horizon. Hortense, of course, was among the first to greet this welcome object; and, after gazing on it for some time in silence, she turned to me, and said, "How slowly the vessel moves! See, the land seems to recede as we advance!"

"Slow?" I replied, "I was only just wondering at the rapid progress we are making,"

and bade her mark the swelling outline of the coast, which was gradually becoming more broadly and distinctly traced on the horizon.

Towards evening we came within sight of Cagliari, and, by sunset, had approached it so closely, that we could hear the convent bells ringing for vespers ; and perceive the vessels in the offing, and even the palaces, churches, and streets, rising up, like the work of enchantment, from the sea. A few minutes more, and we had cast anchor within a bow-shot of the town ; from which several boats instantly put off, for the purpose of assisting us to land.

At this instant Hortense and myself were standing alone at one end of the vessel. I seized the favourable opportunity, and, in a voice half-choked with emotion, which I strove in vain to subdue, thus, for the last time, addressed her : “ Lady, De Grey has kept his word, and the time has arrived when you and he must part. I anticipate your reply—I respect its motive—but my resolution is unalterable.”

She looked at me as I said this, with unfeigned astonishment. "Part!" she exclaimed, "surely you will see Eugene? You have been my saviour—you must become his friend. Oh, if you did but know him!"

"Too well I know him, and too well, but too late, I know myself. You, lady, have taught me that knowledge. When I first met you, I was a cold, shy recluse, living alone in a world of abstraction; but you breathed warmth into me; you brought all my better thoughts into leaf; you taught me that I could love, and, perhaps, even that I was worthy to be loved. If I now confess thus much, it is only because my motives can no longer be misinterpreted; and because, in spite of myself, my feelings at this hour, when we are about to be separated, will find a voice. Lady—Hortense, from the first moment I beheld you, your image filled the void which I had so long felt in my heart. Asleep or awake, absent or present, it has never left me for an instant. You start.

Surely my words cannot take you by surprise !  
'Twere not in human nature to feel otherwise than I feel. How could I be insensible to your beauty? How forget the forbearance—the tenderness—the devotion—the noble disregard of self, you shewed me at the convent—or, that rare magnanimity of soul, which, judging of others by itself, selected me as the object of its confidence? If these are things to be forgotten, what is there that deserves to be remembered?"

“ My kind—my noble benefactor——”

“ No thanks, lady. I deserve none. I have but done my duty, and it is the consciousness of this, joined with the respect—the reverence I entertain, and must ever entertain, towards you, that sustains me at this parting hour, and has enabled me to repress my feelings, even when my heart was bursting. 'Twas not when I was most reserved, that I was least sensible of the magic of your presence. Often, during this memorable journey, have I longed to tell you of the deep—the impassioned feelings with which

you inspired me—that my existence was bound up in yours; that I had no other use of being than to devote it to you; no sense of suffering, but when you suffered; of enjoyment, but when you were happy; that I loved you with a passion, fervent, exalted, disinterested as ever yet beat within man's bosom;—often, lady, have I longed to tell you this; but I respected your situation; I felt, too, that you had placed confidence in my honour; and that I was bound by all the ties that can bind an honourable man, to prove myself worthy of it.”

“How shall I thank you? What shall I say?”

“Nothing, lady; yet stay; when to-morrow's sun sets, look at it, and think of me. I shall be gazing at it too, and 'twill be some little consolation for me to feel that both of us, at that moment, are dwelling on the same object. 'Twill be no treason to love, that you should bestow a passing thought on friendship.”

“I will—I will—but you must not give way to this melancholy. You must return home—

mix with the world—and, in the arms of some other woman, learn to regard me as a sister.”

“Never. None can again be to me what you have been, but must be no longer. You were the first woman I ever loved; and to your name, fancy, and sentiment, and memory will cling henceforth for ever. When I am sad, I will think of you; when I am cheerful, I will think of you; you shall be a pure, holy talisman, to wean me from ignoble thoughts, and prompt to generous actions; and when I die, yours shall be the last name that shall escape my lips, and be found graven on my heart's core. And now, dearest Hortense—sister—idol of my soul—in parting with whom I seem to part with hope, and even life itself—farewell; be happy, be prosperous; but do not forget De Grey, or the hours passed with him among the Appenines.”

By this time the boat was close under the vessel's bows, and Hortense and myself embarking, we were speedily conveyed to land.



Not a word transpired on either side. The thoughts of both were too deep for utterance. When we reached the quay, we instantly proceeded to the house, whither Eugene had directed us in his letter. It was easily found, being situated within a few yards of the Castle. A light was burning in the passage. Hortense rushed in. A stranger advanced to meet her; and I just heard the words "dearest Hortense," when, before she could turn round to bid me farewell, I tore myself away, and quitted her sight for ever.

On returning to the vessel I sate down, like one stupified, on deck. "But a few minutes ago," I said, "and Hortense was here beside me. She is now gone—gone, with her angel smiles—her voice so full of music—her countenance so radiant with beauty—gone, never to come back!" and, fairly overcome by my feelings, for I knew not the bitterness of my bereavement till now, I wept and sobbed like a child. Still, while even the slightest trace of day re-

mained, I kept my eyes fixed on the shore, striving through the mist to catch the last glimpse of Cagliari. Suddenly, I saw two figures moving along the quay. "'Tis Hortense and Eugene," I said, "they have come to look for their benefactor," and watched them as they proceeded slowly back into the town, till the sea-fog shut them out from my sight.

Within a few days I again reached Naples ; and thence set out for Rome, by way of Muro, and the Appenines ; anxiously retracing every scene over which I had so lately travelled with Hortense. 'Twas a sickly feeling to pamper, but I could not help it. The chapel where I had watched her sleeping ; the hill from which I had pointed out to her the first view of Muro ;—but, above all, the little mountain convent, where she had shewn me such unwearied kindness in my illness ;—oh, who shall say, with what emotion I again beheld these objects. Yet, forlorn as they all appeared, they were still sacred, for they were indissolubly linked with

the memory of Hortense. "Here," I exclaimed, "she sang her evening Ave Maria; and here, from the spot where I now stand, she bade me mark the distant Mediterranean. Perhaps, she is gazing on it still; but she thinks not of me; oh, no! far happier thoughts engross her mind, and De Grey, like a dream, is forgotten."

This bitter, perhaps ungenerous reflection, continued to haunt me for years; and often, in the midst of crowds, when a fairer form than usual flitted across my path, I turned, with a sigh, to the recollection of Hortense. I thought of that sweet, pale face, which had so often bent over me in sickness; of those rosy lips which mine had once pressed; of that smile which used to greet me in the morning; and all those endearing graces by which, unconsciously as it were, a beautiful girl winds herself into the affections of man. Even to this day, her image blooms green in memory. Every spot that I visit brings her to my mind. She is beside me in my father's halls; she walks with me at sunset among the

woods of Gwynnevay ; her voice speaks in the summer wind ; and ever, when in dreams the Appenines rise before me, I see her gliding, like a spirit, among their solitudes.—But years have passed ; and they are gathered to their kindred dust, Eugene and his devoted Hortense ; their very names have long since perished ; and all that is now known of them is, that they once existed.

THE END.

---

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,  
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



**University of California**  
**SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY**  
**405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388**  
**Return this material to the library**  
**from which it was borrowed.**

---

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 120 676 2

U