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THE
MAID OF KILLARNEY;

OR,

ALBION AND FLORA :

A MODERN TALE ;

IN WHICH ARE INTERWOVEN SOME CURSORY REMARKS

ON

Religion and Politics.

“——— quanquam ridentem dicere verum
“ Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
“ Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima———

* * * * *
* * * * *

“ Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
“ Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.”—*Hor.*

LONDON :

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1818.

[*The Maid of Killarney* is a 12 mo. book of 7 inches by 4, sheet A contains the title p. i, page ii is blank, pages iii to vi preface, 7 to 12 the beginning of the story. Sheet B, 13 to 24; C, 25 to 36, and so on, omitting J, to sheet O, in which the Errata (five lines) occupies page 167, and at the foot of page 168 are the words *T. Inkersley, Printer, Bank Street, Bradford*. There are 25 lines on a full page.

The book bears no author's name, and therefore will require discussing in Mr. Brontë's Memoir.]

P R E F A C E .



THE Preface, which is honoured with the first situation, is generally the last thing executed, just when the Author's mind is in a state of the greatest exhaustion, and his views of himself and his work, deeply humbled. This, which might seem to be his loss, contributes no little to his advantage; for, did his Preface constitute the first part of his performance, it would of course be written just at the critical moment, when his work is engendered in his imagination, and its whole outline and finishing admirably designed and executed.

If he were then to write an account of what he would do, there is some reason to apprehend that his style might be rather inflated and high sounding, vain and irritating. But, how great is the difference between future prospect, and actual possession! The work, which at a distance, and in one hour's execution, seemed in his creative fancy, so fair and beautiful, now that he has watched some nights, and laboured many days over it, appears in its completion, much fallen from its original greatness, and as standing in more need of being excused than extolled. Nevertheless, as it has cost him so much, being unwilling that his labour should go for nothing, in all humility of mind, he sits down to write a Preface, full of modest suggestions, and with due deference to every critic, and every reader.

Hence, the performance alluded to is very unpresuming, and very brief: nor is this much to be regretted, because nothing offends more than self-sufficiency; and a long Preface to a book, like a long introduction to a sermon, generally meets with no better reception from the reader or hearer, than a surly and tedious sentinel does from a veteran soldier, who is impatient to see the interior of an ancient and famous castle.

Were it not for this propensity of our nature, Authors would scarcely ever be able to come at the end of their own story; and the writer of this little work, instead of offering a few wholesale excuses, might have produced a recommendatory and copious illustration of every sentence. Without farther preface, then, to his Preface, he would come at once to the point, by observing, that his main object throughout has been, he trusts, to do some good and no harm; to

correct certain errors, and establish certain truths, which to him appeared to be of no small consequence.

In order to accomplish this his much-desired end, he has endeavoured, as much as conscience and truth could warrant, and his abilities allow, to ingratiate himself with every reader, so far at least, as to obtain a patient hearing. Whether, therefore, he has attempted to appear shrewd or simple, humourous or grave, it was that by a species of innocent guile, he might allure to well-doing. In this, though following at an immense distance, he has endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of him of Tarsus, who became all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. Would that, like that glorious luminary, the author of this little volume could have proceeded with all singleness of heart; but he is too sensible of his own weakness fully to believe, and too candid openly to avow, that his motives were so pure. Perhaps he is not altogether insensible to praise or blame; and this might have been one reason why he preferred being anonymous, that at a safer distance, and through a wary loop-hole, he might so behold the fate of his little work, that whatever it might be, he who intended no harm, might receive none. Should he be treated in a hostile manner by any, he is aware that it will be his own fault if he does not profit from the circumstance, well knowing that an enemy will sometimes tell us those unwelcome truths, which a friend's partiality might be unable to discern, or his tenderness want fortitude to reveal. If good men approve, he will be glad; but should they, on the contrary, offer only disapprobation or neglect, he will still have left the consolation of knowing that he meant well.



THE
MAID OF KILLARNEY.

CHAP. I.

Wherein are exhibited a National Portrait or two, and a Scene very interesting and important, though seldom thought of.

“**W**HAT a beautiful lake!” exclaims Albion, whilst he accompanies his friend on the banks of Killarney. “Can England or Scotland produce any thing like this? Behold, how the broad sun dips in that watery mirror; takes his parting kiss of that silver wave; trembles in a long stream of light, and climbs the blushing heavens! Linger, he seems to admire his own image reflected gloriously in that broad crystal sea! Whilst he throws around his yellow beams, how various the hues, how picturesque the shores, how fantastic the rocks and trees, how sweetly mingled the lights and shades, how soft the music of the warbling birds, and falling streams! Thou Queen of Lakes, well hast thou merited all thy praise! Whilst I stand admiring thy beauties, ten thousand delightful sensations, like the softest dews of morning, descending from heaven, melt around and warm my soul!”

Mr. Mac Farsin, looking full in his face, very gravely asked him, whether he intended this inflated rhapsody for an introduction to an Epic Poem; and then added, “I think some of the Lakes in your own country, particularly those of Cumberland, are not much inferior; and I am sure, Scotland, my native land, has many a bonnier sea of glass within her heath-clad bosom.”

Here, Albion, changing the subject somewhat abruptly, began to treat of men and manners. “The Scotch,” said he, “are plodding and sure; the English, wary, phlegmatic, and profound; the Irish are free, humourous, and designing; their courage is sometimes rash, and their liberality often prodigal: many of them are interesting and

original; so that he who has once seen them, will not easily forget them, and will generally wish to see them again. What say you to this, Mr. Mac Farsin? Have I not drawn a very fine picture? Is it not a likeness?"

"Let me see, Albion: here is the sombre English picture, and here the grave Scotch picture, and here the variegated Irish picture. Most assuredly, I have seen worse portraits. But I think they are better calculated for high, than low life; more suitable for hanging up in the palace, than adorning the cottage. Whenever you would draw a character truly national, make a peasant sit for it."

"What you say, Mr. Mac Farsin, has undoubtedly some truth in it, and we shall presently see one of the originals. Behold yonder Irish cabin! you have never been in one. Will you go and scrutinize it?"

Mr. Mac Farsin the more readily consented, as various groups were now seen walking on the shores of the Lake, and occasioned frequent interruption; a kind of annoyance to which he was no where friendly, and which he could scarcely tolerate out of his own country. When from home especially, the disturbers of his tranquillity seldom had a large share in his good grace. This patriotic feeling, so lively at all times in England, was not likely to lose any of its wonted vigour in Ireland.

The cabin was now full in view, and within a few yards of them. Part of a mound of earth, the boundary between two farms, constituted one of its sides; its front wall and gables, were of mud hardened in the sun; it was covered on the roof with thin green turf, which the Irish peasantry denominate scraws; a sooty coloured goat, and a few smoky hens, strutted securely upon it. The smoke from a dark peat fire, urged its way out of a hole in the middle of the roof, and through the door, violently assailing the olfactory nerves of our travellers.

This was far from being an inviting mansion. Mr. Mac Farsin seemed to hesitate, as if he would go back; but Albion, knowing the string most likely to vibrate, said, "Come on, perhaps you may benefit through your seasonable advice, the poor ignorant inhabitants: you may do

their immortal souls essential service." Then taking him by the arm, they both stooping low, made their entrance.

The interior of the building corresponded perfectly with its outside. The whole furniture consisted of an old table and chest, falling to pieces, two or three low stools, and a bed of straw, in which there lay rolled up in a tattered blanket, a poor emaciated old woman in the last stage of a consumption. They could discern through the smoke at the side of the bed, a beautiful contrast to every other object. When they drew nearer, they distinctly saw a very interesting and lovely girl. She courtesied respectfully, and blushing rosy red, hurried out of the cabin, wishing them a good morning, and, calling back, saying, "Nanny, I will come to you again in the afternoon."

Mr. Mac Farsin drew near to the miserable looking creature before him, and said in a low and sympathetic tone, "How long have you been ill?" The poor woman, who till then seemed not to have noticed her guests, lifting up her languid eyes, said, "O dear, *Sur*, my dear gentlemen, I am heartily sorry to see your Honours in so poor a cabin as mine!" Here she stopped to draw her breath, and then added, "You have been accustomed to better houses."

"Never mind that," answered Mr. Mac Farsin, "our Great Master, though he was the King of kings, called in the meanest cottages, and did not think himself above instructing the poorest and most ignorant people. Tell me, do you expect to live long?"

"My dear *Sur*, I have been ill of a *sumption*, I think they call it, above six months, and God knows they have been long months to me; and now I am worn to a thread, and the bones look through my skin, and my poor *shoul* is ready to start out of my body."

"Well, Nanny, I think that is your name, do you hope your soul is prepared for its long journey?"

"Ah, your Honour, Nanny is my name, and was the name of my mother, and her mother too; and my *shoul* is prepared, thank God! well prepared—well—well—very well prepared. It will soon—soon—very soon—be in heaven."

“Tell me, Nanny, how your soul has been prepared.”

“Well, then, my dear *Sur*, I will tell you—if you will only let me have a little breath—I will tell you—from the beginning—the Priest”—Here Mr. Mac Farsin shook his head. “The Priest, I would tell your Honour, has been with me, and has anointed me, and given me the wafer, that is, you know, I have taken the body and blood of the blessed *Jasus*. O! blessed be his holy name: but—but—I must rest a little—this *hurstling* comes into my throat so, and almost chokes me.”

“But tell me, Nanny,” said Mr. Mac Farsin, looking sorrowfully, “do you hope that these things will save you? Do you expect they will take you to heaven?”

Nanny, recovering herself a little, and speaking louder and with greater emphasis, cried—“Ah! no—ah! no—nothing can save me but Christ!—Ah! no, nothing can save me but Christ! In myself I am all sin, but Christ is good; and I believe in him, and love him, and so God loves me, and makes me good.”

Mr. Mac Farsin, now brightening up, said, “You are perfectly right, Nanny: so far you are in the straight road to heaven; but, what think you of the Pope? Must he open the gates of glory to you, before you can enter in?”

“Ah! no, no,” answered Nanny, “Christ himself has the *keys*, and he must open the door, both to his Holiness and myself, if ever we get to heaven.”

“Do you think, Nanny, that the Priest can forgive sins, or that this can be done by Christ only?”

“Do you know, my dear *Sur*, I once thought that the Priest, 'specially our own Priest, Lavary, God bless his Reverence, could upon a *pinch*, forgive a body her sins; but now I am certain that none but my blessed Saviour can take away my sin, and guilt, and misery, that would sink me to hell. Glory be to God and his Holy Spirit, I see things now, glorious things too, which I knew nothing of when I used to fall down on my knees to hear the Priest say mass in Latin.”

“Do you wish then, Nanny, to die a Roman Catholic?”

“ My dear *Sur*, I would not die any other for the world; and yet I can't tell you why. I do not believe as Catholics, but I have been brought up in their way, and it is but a few weeks since my views were changed.”

“ Well, Nanny, I will not press the point: you possess the great essentials of religion, and I could wish you would die a Protestant in name, as well as reality. If it were left to me, I could like you to be a member of the Kirk of Scotland; but as it is, I am rejoiced to see what grace has done for you, and doubt not but you shall obtain the pardon of your sins, and everlasting salvation.”

Nanny, who all the while listened very attentively, but understood little of what passed, lifting up her feeble voice, joyfully exclaimed—“ O, salvation! salvation!—the name is sweet, it delights my poor *shoul*!—Oh, if my husband had but lived till this! but he died long ago; and the Priest anointed him, and he thought all was well, but he knew nothing of Christ. O my poor, poor husband!” Here she sobbed aloud, and the tears bursting from her eyes, ran fast down her pale cheeks, and from thence to her bed of straw.

Mr. Mac Farsin regarding her with a mixture of pleasure and regret, asked her whether she could read; and upon her answering, “ No, *Sur*, indeed, your Honour, not a word,” he next said, “ Did the Priest tell you of these things?”

She replied, “ He did not, my dear *Sur*.”

“ Then how came you to know them, Nanny, for they are precious truths, the solace of life, and the triumph over death?”

“ You saw that sweet girl,” answered she, “ you saw that sweet dear girl that was with me a bit ago; you see that blessed Bible, but I forget, it is under my bolster: God be praised for all his mercies! She comes and reads to me out of that blessed book, and prays for mercy upon my *shoul*; and talks like an angel, so *larnedly* and sweetly, about my heavenly Father, and my blessed Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, and the joys of heaven, and gives me such comfort! This is better than all she does to my body, and she does a great deal that way too. She carries me broth,

and potatoes, and sometimes a little tea, with her own white hands; and stands by my bed side, more like my child, than the daughter of Captain Loughlean; and says, in a sweet kindly voice, 'Nanny, what more do you want, and I will do it for you?' God bless her, and reward her, for I cannot!"—

"But Nanny," said Mr. Mac Farsin, "why do you keep your Bible under your pillow?"

"Ah! dear *Sur*," she answered, "the Priest is to be here soon; and if he knew I had a Bible, he would be very angry, and call me *harrytick*. He says such like books are not fit for any but *larned* men like himself; and that all ignorant people who read them turn crack-brained, and full of vagaries, and die *harryticks*. God bless him, dear sweet man! He is much mistaken in some things, do you see—Ah! very much mistaken, indeed."

Here a little rough headed girl, without either shoes or stockings, crept in, and sat down by the fire; and, stirring up the hot ashes with a half-burned stick, began to pick out some roasted potatoes, and to eat them, dipping them occasionally in a little salt that lay on a stool. "Is this your nurse, Nanny?" said Mr. Mac Farsin.

"Yes, your Honour," answered she. "This little girl is hired for me by Miss Loughlean, and does little things for me, and is very good, and very *biddable*, and *put on me*, and *off me*, when I was able to rise; but now I never get up, and shall never be dressed till the last day; and then I shall have clothes that will shine like the sun, and shall go into heaven, and sing glory to God for ever! Then I shall think no more of this cabin, and this bed of straw, and this sickness, but all will be happiness and joy—O! blessed, blessed thought!"

Mr. Mac Farsin, after giving Nanny, who was greatly exhausted with speaking, much good advice and encouragement, took his leave; and Albion, slipping a few shillings into her hand, accompanied him. Her blessings were heard following them till they had got several paces from the cabin.

On their way home to their lodgings, they were both thoughtful, and inclined to silence:—Mr. Mac Farsin,

meditating on the happy effects of religion, on a death-bed; and Albion, revolving in his mind the solid virtues, and matchless graces of Flora Loughlean. Their cogitations, however, were occasionally interrupted by the acrimony of the smoke of the burning peat, which brought tears in abundance from their eyes.

After they arrived at the inn, and dined, Mr. Mac Farsin said, "I must leave you here, Albion, for a few days, and go and visit a countryman of my own, who I understand lives about thirty or forty miles from hence. He is a mercantile man, and in my own line of business. We may possibly enter upon some speculation of mutual advantage: I could wish our tour to produce something more solid, than the beauties of lakes and mountains." So saying, he ordered his horse to be got ready, and set off immediately.

Albion, who began already to fear a rival in his friend, was inwardly rejoiced at his departure, though, if he had tried himself at the bar of his own judgment, he could scarcely have made the discovery: so deceitful and intricate are the windings of the human heart.

CHAP. II.

Giving a Description of an Irish Wake.

No sooner was Mr. Mac Farsin gone, than Albion began to prepare for a walk to the cabin. The first thing he did, was to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket; and then to recollect himself, whether he still retained in his memory, some of his friend's good sayings, or any scriptural expressions suitable for a death-bed. The truth is, he never before inclined to the house of mourning, nor was he much fitted for the solemnity of such a place. He was willing for the present, however, to persuade himself that his motives were pure; so off he sets, taking the direct road for the abode of sorrow.

On his way, he saw various peasants, both men and women, moving towards the same point, in a continually increasing stream. They walked lightly on, laughing and silking as they proceeded.

He had not gone far, when he met with a respectable looking gentleman, who, taking off his hat and bowing, asked, Whether he was going to the Wake.

Albion answered, "What Wake, Sir? I have not heard of any. Have you many Village Wakes in this place?"

"O! you are a stranger, I perceive."

"Yes, Sir, I am an Englishman."

"Then you are not much acquainted with our phrases and customs, I presume? I have myself been in England, and know what you mean there by a Wake: it is a Village rant, where they go to see and be seen, and to wrestle, and drink, and fight, and get into debt, which they intend never to pay."

"You have hit the mark, Sir. Our Wakes in England are exactly of this description. Be so good as to give me a sketch of your Irish Wakes."

"Ocular demonstration, Sir, is most satisfactory—step into this cottage, and you shall see."

By this time they had reached the cabin. What was Albion's surprise on beholding the strange motley scene that presented itself! The good old woman, whom he had visited the day before, lay dead, stretched out, and covered with a white sheet, on a bed of straw, in the middle of the floor. Around the corpse, in a circle, were placed about twelve elderly women; some with handkerchiefs tied on their heads, and others, with striped petticoats and aprons. They all held cheerful conversation with each other, except two or three, who sat at the head, and were weeping bitterly. In one corner of the cabin, were a group of young men and women, at various kinds of plays; and in another, a number of old people smoking and drinking!

"Now," said Albion's fellow-traveller, "attend!" In an instant all the old women that surrounded the corpse, began to sing out, or chaunt, in a most melancholy strain, all the while clapping their hands, as if in the bitterness of grief! After they had repeated this several times, Albion's guide, lightly touching him, whispered, "This is what, in your country, you denominate the Irish howl, and what we term the Irish Cry. It is used only at the

funerals of Roman Catholics, and is altogether a very unmeaning ceremony. But they quote for their authority, the mourning of the Israelites over Jacob's remains, as they carried them from Egypt to the sepulchre of his fathers."

"Pray explain it," said Albion, no little astonished at what he witnessed, "pray explain it a little farther; and translate to me a few of their sayings."

"Well, then," said the guide, "these three who sit weeping at the head of the corpse, are near relations, and the only real mourners, all the rest are but feigned; they are either neighbours who offer their service gratis, or a few practitioners who are hired for the purpose. As to their language, it is difficult to translate it; though somewhat pathetic in the original, it is but foolish and trifling, especially in a translation. One says, 'O! my dear honey, why did you die? Was it because they did not give you butter, and milk, and potatoes, that you left them? Was not Miss Loughlean kind to you? Open your lips, and thank her for her kindness! But you cannot look up, nor open your lips—your eyes are sealed, and your lips frozen in death! Has your dear husband met you, and welcomed you into another world? Speak, ah! speak to your dear children, whose tears are falling on your clay-cold face! Are you at last unkind? You always attended to their cries before: but now you don't hear them; and yet you seem to smile. Speak to us one word—all your friends and neighbours are around you, and yet you wont welcome them. Ah! woe—woe—is me!—If you don't mind us, send your thanks home, at least, to Miss Flora Loughlean!' Now, Sir, this is the Irish Cry, and the interpretation; and the whole scene you witness, is an Irish Wake."

At the name of Flora Loughlean, Albion eagerly looked around, to see if he could any where discover the object of his desire, but he looked around in vain. He saw many a blooming rose, but none to compare with Flora. Then, under evident disappointment, turning round to his guide, he said, "Sir, do you know any thing of Miss Loughlean?"

"Yes, Sir, I hope I do—I am her father."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Loughlean: I accidentally called here the other day, yesterday I believe, where I

saw your daughter, and was exceedingly pleased with her attention and kindness towards the deceased."

Mr. Loughlean, who had served as a Captain of Foot, under the Duke of Wellington, during his late campaign on the Continent, and was both a Christian, and a man of the world, hastily ran over Albion from head to foot, with a keen scrutinizing eye; and with all a father's anxiety, warily said, "Have you ever, Sir, met with my daughter before?" When Albion assured him he had never enjoyed the happiness alluded to, He continued—"My daughter is very young and inexperienced, what our witty beaux would call an innocent country girl; but, though I say it, who perhaps should not, she has some good qualities. But she is my only child; and a father's fondness makes favourable interpretations."

They now went out both together; and, on their way, had much general but interesting conversation. At parting, Captain Loughlean invited Albion to take a friendly dinner with him on the day following. Albion readily assented; and went to his apartments, thinking of the transactions of the present day, but more deeply occupied with the probable events of to-morrow.

CHAP. III.

The Dinner Party.

THE simple manners of the inhabitants of Loughlean Hall, would not allow them to dine in fashionable hours. They always preferred, when they could get it, the light of the sun, to the light of a candle, and a healthy and convenient, to an inconvenient and unhealthy division of the day. Their dinner was invariably on the table when the clock struck two. Albion, though a gentleman, was not so well bred as to keep his host waiting for him, till the patience of the company was exhausted, and all the most delicate dishes spoiled: he arrived at Loughlean Hall at half past one.

After the ceremony of introduction was over, he began to look around for Flora. Captain Loughlean deeming it necessary to apologize for her absence, said, "Flora is not

yet returned from her usual excursion. More, I fear, than her constitution can bear, she exerts herself in administering to the wants of the neighbouring poor and afflicted, who are very numerous in this part of the country."

Just at this moment, a light foot was heard in the passage. Flora stepped in. Albion and she soon recognized each other; and, as he was well bred, and she, though modest, naturally free, they soon felt perfectly at ease. In half an hour the whole party seemed as well acquainted, as if they had been known to each other for a dozen years. Dinner was at length announced, and they all sat down to a plentiful, but not superfluous table.

Albion, as far as good breeding would allow, began more minutely to scrutinize his new friends, for so he felt them to be already in his heart. Flora he carefully examined first. But whilst his eyes wandered over her, he felt a strange kind of diffidence, lest she should look up and detect him. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age. Her eyes were blue and expressive; her figure was graceful; her hair a light brown; her stature something about the middle size; her manners simple but engaging; her voice was soft and tuneful; and when she spoke, a sweetness unutterable pervaded her countenance. Her features were not so exact and regular as to constitute a perfect beauty; but what they wanted in this respect, was abundantly supplied by the fascination of expression, and all those irresistible charms which we sometimes see, but for which we cannot find a name.

Opposite Flora, sat her father, a man who had turned his fortieth year. He was straight and tall, had a searching eye, and commanding aspect: his attitudes were lively and natural, and his voice full and authoritative; so that had it not been for a certain benignity that shone out in all his words and actions, you might have thought him better qualified for heading a company, than gracing the domestic circle. In his earlier days, his cheerfulness approximated to levity; but ever since the death of his wife, which happened about three years after Flora's birth, a thoughtful air bordering upon melancholy, characterized his looks, even when he smiled.

Just before Albion, sat Doctor Laurence O'Leary, uncle to Flora, by the mother's side. His mind was cast in no ordinary mould. He thought but little in common with other men, and yet few could say that he did not think right. His mode of expression had something in it characteristic; and there was an *oddity* in his physiognomy and dress, which rendered him a perfect original. He had numbered his sixtieth year; yet he carried about him but few symptoms of decay, and was in full possession of all the activity and vigour of youth.

Albion himself was a well-bred, agreeable man, of soft and genteel manners, sterling sense, and a masculine and noble air: he spoke but little, yet he spoke well; and though his action was sparing, and his zeal not ardent, there was a sufficient expression in both, to make all he said interesting.

Such were the party in Loughlean Hall. After they had dined, and many preliminary remarks were made, "What think you," said Albion to Doctor O'Leary, who sat opposite, "What think you of Roman Catholic Emancipation? Would it benefit Ireland?"

"No, Sir," answered the Doctor, "it certainly cannot benefit the Protestants, and I think it will add but little to the comforts of the Roman Catholics themselves. They already possess full liberty of conscience, are under the protection of the laws, and may all get as high in the scale of power and influence, as their giddy heads, and still giddier principles, will carry them."

"But supposing, Doctor O'Leary, that they should be emancipated, do you think they would then be satisfied?"

"Satisfied, do you say, Sir, satisfied? Observe their ruling motive. They have already a great deal of power, but they want much more. If they now say, 'Why should our tenets preclude us from the British Senate?' But give them admittance, and they will then exclaim, 'Why might not a Roman Catholic sit on the British Throne?' And when the door is once opened, and the lion has got in, and begun to brandish his tail, and shew his teeth, and roar!—Shall the lambs say, 'My dear friend, be so kind as to walk out, that we may fortify the castle against

you!' Should ever Protestants and Roman Catholics sit together in Parliament, they will constitute a mixture of powder and sparks, that will blow the fabric of the State to atoms!"

"If such be the danger, Dr. O'Leary, how comes it to pass that our wise Statesmen do not more strenuously oppose the measure?"

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you:—Some of them are bad Christians, and care not what religion is uppermost; others are good Christians, but bad politicians, and see not their danger; and there are not a few, who selfishly wield the Catholic Question, as a mighty engine, for private ends; notwithstanding, they themselves perceive, that at every movement the Protestant cause is shaken to its centre."

Captain Loughlean, who sat all the while silent, but very attentive, said, "Gentlemen, I cannot help putting in a word for the Roman Catholics. I do not say that it would be well either for them or us, to suffer them to guide the helm of the State. They will ever be under the influence of the Pope; and the Pope's interest will for ever be opposed to that of the King of Great-Britain. The more conscientious they are also, the greater will be the load of mental bondage imposed on them by his Holiness, and the more imminent our danger. Therefore, I think, it is undoubtedly best, that all things should continue as they now are. In this, I do not blame the Roman Catholics; the fault lies in their creed. Many of them are good friends and neighbours, and none make better soldiers. Many of them, under myself and others, fought valiantly in the Field of Waterloo. At home, we have numberless political skirmishes, and dangerous party commotions; but when abroad, and opposed to the common enemy, Scotch and English, Welsh and Irish, Whig and Tory, melting and mixing, form but one mass, and that is borne against the foe, with irresistible destruction!"

This changed the conversation from politics to war; and Albion, addressing himself to Captain Loughlean, said, "Are you not proud, Sir, of your countryman, the Duke of Wellington? Do you think the world can produce such another General?"

To which the Captain answered, "Ireland is certainly happy in giving birth to such a hero, and England is highly honoured for her discernment and liberality, in seeing his worth, and vesting him with so much power. Hannibal was wily and persevering; Alexander was bold and rapid; Cæsar was wise to combine, and swift to execute; but Wellington, as a general, is wily, persevering, bold, and rapid; his powers of combination are immense, and his execution like thought! In all forward movements, his great antagonist, Napoleon, shewed himself an able Commander, and worthy of that martial renown his achievements acquired; but, in his retrograde movements, his fortune and abilities forsook him, and left him but little whereby to distinguish him from the crowd of Generals, that are carried, every age, into the gulph of oblivion. Of our great Duke, and of him alone, perhaps, it can justly be said, there is a General who never conquered by chance, whose every victory is the natural and obvious result of powerful combination, and noble execution."

Here, Albion, turning to Flora, who was busily engaged with her needle, asked her what she thought of these matters.

"Indeed, Sir," said she, "I could wish not to think of them at all. Happy would it be for the world, if it stood in no need of great Generals. My heart has often grieved, on reading of the blood that was spilt in war. If mankind, in compliance with the Saviour's golden rule, would do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, we should have universal peace, and a comparatively happy world." Here, Flora, rising up, left the room; and soon after was heard sweet music at a distance.

Albion listened attentively, and the conversation dropped — When Dr. O'Leary suddenly exclaimed, "O! Flora is at her harp. She often entertains us delightfully on that instrument." Captain Loughlean, smiling, said, "Doctor, your Niece never fails to find in you a very partial eulogist. Nevertheless, our guest, if he thinks proper, shall have a specimen of these great powers you allude to, after we have had a cup of tea." Albion bowed, and thanked him for the promised pleasure.

The Captain taking a glass of wine, and in the mean while pushing round the decanter, after a moment's pause, said, "What think you, gentlemen, of the Field of Waterloo?"

"Very highly," answered Albion: "I consider it one of the greatest battles ever fought, and followed by the most important results. But, Captain, how do men feel on the eve of these bloody engagements? Is there a heart that does not tremble at the approaching storm? And whether do good or bad men meet death most fearlessly?"

"Why, Sir," replied the Captain, "during that dreadful interval, when army is arrayed against army, and hedges of pointed steel, and rows of gaping cannon, present themselves, he must be thoughtless indeed, who does not experience a momentary awe. In the heat of battle, the spirits are afloat, and there is less time for reflection. The graceless bravado may boast, but none are so truly heroic, as those who feel convinced that to die will be gain."

"Captain," said Albion, "were you not hard put to it, in the Field of Waterloo?"

Here the Captain starting up, and stepping out like a Hercules, exclaimed, in a martial tone, whilst his eyes shot fire, "For a long time, Sir, there was the dreadful tug of battle, and many a heroic deed was done on both sides, whilst the blood flowed in rivers! But Britons stood true to their post, and thousands of them gloriously died. Oft did the British Lion stoop his royal head, covered with dust and blood, and as oft did he raise it again and renew the combat with redoubled vigour!—Oft was the world well nigh lost! But when the thunder of the Prussian cannon was heard on the enemy's flank, and our Great Commander darting through the ranks like lightning, exclaimed, 'Brave sons of Freedom, forward!' Every arm was nerved, every heart burned, and each man shouted, 'Death, or victory!' Then, what rush and ruin!"

This martial harangue had set them all upon their legs; and the Captain might have spoken, and they might have listened with rapture, much longer, had it not been that Flora stepping in, summoned them to tea.

CHAP. IV.

The Tea Table.

ALL writers that I am acquainted with, whether ancient or modern, whatever pernicious qualities they have ascribed to tea, have never once accused it of paralyzing the tongue: but, on the contrary, have represented it as infusing unusual vigour into that superexcellent member. Would, that it might with equal propriety be said, the tongue has been well employed, when under this mighty influence. But all Doctors, whether of divinity or physic, unequivocally assert, and satisfactorily prove, that there is more scandal over a tea-table, than can be found at the tables of drunkards, gamesters, or any other tables whatsoever.

It is a great pity there should be any ground for this heavy accusation. Tea, which is the most social, ought at least to be a harmless repast. If the case of some unfortunate wight must be argued at a tea-table, before a hospitable dame and her fair guests, we ought, surely, to expect as much justice, and more mercy from them, than from a judge and jury of our countrymen. But authors, particularly, ought to speak with caution on so delicate a subject. It might be well for them to consider, that they may themselves be one day arraigned at the tea-table, and that much of their good or ill fortune must depend on the decision.

My readers may by this time imagine, that I am going to open a school for scandal, at Loughlean Hall; but the tea-table in that hospitable mansion, is one of those pleasing exceptions, which we sometimes meet with, to a disagreeable though general rule. It is a well known fact, that no tea ever yet administered by Flora Loughlean, in her own house, has produced any dangerous symptoms in either the heart or the tongue.

After all were seated, and the sweet beverage handed round, Dr. O'Leary, holding the saucer in his left hand, and the cup high in his right, addressing Albion, said, "Attend, Sir, for a moment." Then quaffing off the savoury contents, he added, "We have just been conversing on politics; if you will have patience with me, I will give you one of

my brief political harrangues." Albion nodded assent, for there was no time to speak, and the Doctor proceeded.—

"As to our noble Constitution," said he, "I will not meddle with it. Whatever your restless demagogues may say, it is the most perfect in the world. If it has one fault, it is that its liberty sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, and is the amiable cause of crime and confusion. But I have much to say against many of our laws, and the manner in which they are expressed. I always lay it down as a maxim, that it is intended the laws should be universally obeyed. In order to this, they ought, most certainly, to be universally understood. But how impracticable is this! Consider the phraseology of our law-books. Here is a smatch of Latin; there, a scrap of French, and every where, tautology and perplexity without end. Even the most common instruments, a lease, or indenture, have so much repetition, obscurity, and nonsense in them, that he must have a good memory, and no ordinary share of leisure and patience, who can read them through, and understand them when he has done. And what quirks, and quibbles, and fine spun subtleties! Should your case be ever so straight and just the most learned Doctor of the Law cannot tell what may be the issue. Inattention to unmeaning punctilios, or the absence of even a word or letter, may cause you to lose all! How useless and burdensome are most of the law's ceremonies! How detrimental its delays! And as a necessary consequence, how great its expence! The losing man may indeed be painted naked, and the winning man in rags. Besides all this, many laws are intrinsically bad: some are licentious, and others arbitrary. Consider, moreover, the inadequacy of punishment. A man will be hanged for stealing a fat sheep, though he be hungry;—he will incur no greater punishment for murdering twenty men! In the name of common sense, what is the necessary tendency of this? Most undoubtedly, the man who robs, will find it his interest to murder also, for by so doing, he will be more likely to prevent discovery, and will, at all events, incur no greater punishment. It has always been a sorrowful reflection to me, when I have heard of robbers being hanged on the evidence of the person robbed, that in all

probability they came to their melancholy end, through that little remains of conscience, and tenderness of heart, which they still possessed, and which prevented them, even at their own peril, from imbruing their hands in their fellow creatures' blood. Let it not be said, these evils cannot be cured: they only want to be carefully examined, and boldly met, with a disinterested and judicious zeal, worthy of the great occasion. It is true, the Ministry and Parliament, that would apply a remedy to this fatal disease of the Commonwealth, must expect to meet with strong opposition from an interested quarter.—But let them boldly stand forward on the side of justice and truth, and sure success and lasting glory will crown the attempt. Let them repeal some laws, and strengthen, relax, and make others; let them so simplify their code, that it may have for its motto, "Every man his own Lawyer." Lastly, let them fairly proportion punishments to crimes; and as they have made this the greatest, so also will they make it the happiest of empires."

"True," said Albion, "but Ministers are so terribly assaulted by the Opposition, that finding it difficult to maintain their ground, and keep the Constitution entire, they have scarcely any leisure or inclination for healing the wounds of the body politic."

"Certainly," answered Dr. O'Leary, "it is even so. Those who are the most clamorous for the people's good, are using all the means in their power to obstruct it. Their own peculiar advantage is the ruling motive; the people's good their pretext. And,"—here he struck the table, till all the cups and saucers clattered, "and this obstinate disease," said he, "demands a speedy and powerful remedy. If there is delay in the application, the whole fabric of the State must totter!"

Flora smiling, and holding the table with one hand, and the tea-board with the other, said, "Dear Uncle, such another assault, will not only I fear, make my fabric totter, but bring it flat to the ground."

Captain Loughlean, who had hitherto been a silent, but attentive hearer, thought it high time to divert the subject, and accordingly said, "Brother, be more charitable! Some

of those men you blame, deserve certainly what you say of them ; but there are others, who intend Church and State no harm ; but, being misled by their more designing brethren, do really think their political views just, and their measures salutary." Then addressing Albion, he said, "I suppose, Sir, you sometimes play a Rubber at Whist?"

"Yes, Sir, I occasionally do, but I am no slave to the amusement."

"I am glad, Sir, that you are not ; for we never give a night's lodging to a pack of cards in Loughlean Hall."

"You perhaps object to them, Captain?"

"To tell you the truth, Sir, I do from principle. I readily allow, all things are liable to abuse, but cards have a natural and constant tendency that way. At best, they are but murderers of time. And this is not all. Those who are fond of cards, will play for money ; this gives a taste for gaming, and gaming produces covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and sometimes even worse effects."

"Will you give me leave to ask you, Captain, whether you object also to dancing?"

"Perhaps, Sir, you will think me austere, when I tell you I do. I object to dancing on the very same ground that I object to cards ; that is, not because like other things, it is liable to abuse, but because it has a natural tendency towards it. They may call it if they please a healthy exercise, the art of acquiring graceful attitudes and airs, and the school of politeness : but I call it the destroyer of constitutions, the underminer of morals, the consumer of time. Consider the dress, the heat and bustle, the nightly air, and the trifling and giddy manners of a ball-room : justly weigh these, and many other necessary appendages, and when you have done, tell me, whether in your cooler moments of reflection, you would choose for your wife the heroine of such a scene?"

"I suppose, Captain Loughlean, that to be consistent with yourself, you would condemn the Theatre also?"

"Most certainly, Sir, to be consistent with the *Christian character*, I would. This evil you have mentioned, though

last, is not the least. Take the *double meanings, the buffoonery, the meretricious ornament* of the stage, blend them well together, and tell me whether history records any composition so poisonous and destructive! Know, Sir, that I am not a novice; I have been what is termed, a man of the world; and in those days I indulged in the amusements alluded to. But, thank God, I am now convinced of their vanity; and hesitate not to say from my heart, that the reflection of them is bitter unto me; and that no influence of mine should be wanting, to keep a son, a daughter, or a friend, from coming into contact with them, or even harbouring in their hearts a desire after them."

"Well, Sir," answered Albion, "I do not mean to argue the point with you at present. You remember your promise. I was to have a little music—I prefer that to cards, or dancing, or plays. Will you have the goodness to prevail with Miss Loughlean?"

"Come, Flora," said the Captain, "let us have the 'Tempest!'" "Aye," says Dr. O'Leary, "because the 'Tempest' is Flora's composition: you are always entertaining us with thunder and lightning."

Here, Flora blushed, and would gladly have passed on to something else; but her father was peremptory, and she sung as follows, whilst her harp responded sweetly to her melodious voice.

The Tempest.

Black clouds the angry skies o'ercast;

The forked lightnings glance!—

Fast swells the boding fitful blast:

Deep thunders fast advance.—

I tremble, yet delight to see

Heaven vested in such majesty!

The lowing cattle seek the shade;

The Shepherd pens his flock;

The timid dove darts through the glade;

The eagle seeks his rock.—

May all oppress'd with equal fear—

With equal ease, find shelter near!

But, hark! the gusty tempest raves!—
 The bursting cloud down pours!—
 Old Ocean heaves his mountain waves!—
 The pealing thunder roars!—
 Dull—deep'ning—down the sky it rolls;
 Shakes the wide world, and steady poles!
 The minute-gun, and shrieking cry,
 Are faintly heard on shore!—
 Man—man the life-boat!—fly!—
 And ply the ready oar!
 One minute more—and all is lost!—
 Wide on the ruthless billows toss'd!
 “In mercy, heaven, avert the doom,
 “Which guilty mortals dread!”—
 So pray'd each saint—quick flies the gloom,
 Each billow stoops its head—
 The winds are hush'd—the thunders die—
 And all is sun, and crystal sky!

For some time after Flora had finished, Albion seemed to listen. Then, after delicately expressing his high approbation, he requested that he might be favoured with another piece. Flora obligingly complied, and played and sung many sweet airs, in a simple, tasteful, and very affecting manner. At length, Captain Loughlean said, “Flora, let us have one of the songs of Zion! I think the harp is best employed, when used as it was by Jesse's son.” Here Flora gave them a few of the sweet Psalmist of Israel's best productions.

If she pleased before, she was now doubly interesting. Her fine figure, her benign countenance, her full, melodious voice, her speaking and tuneful instrument, were all in sweet accordance: she seemed to enter with all her soul into the music. As a nightingale, hopping from bough to bough, and singing, when it has once perched upon its favourite branch, pours its notes more sweetly on the listening ear of night; so, Flora, having got upon her favourite theme, excelled herself. Dull must have been that ear, and discordant that heart, which could have remained unmoved, during her performance! Albion was not unmoved. Though no one was more susceptible of the

charms of music on former occasions than he; and though he had often the first opportunities, yet, whether it was owing to the tuneful pitch of his mind, or the exquisite skill of Flora, he felt as he had never done before—He was absorbed and lost in the most agreeable and refined enjoyment. But all dreams of pleasure are transient, and so were his. Supper was announced, and the music ceased.

Whilst they sat at table, "Well," said Dr. O'Leary, "I always like to see more of nature than art in music. Many prefer execution; but I cannot bear to have the eye entertained at the expence of the finest feelings of the heart. Those performances have the most genuine music in them, which make us feel the most. Nor do I like the modish method of singing. They often entertain our English and Irish ears with Italian words; but, indeed, it matters not in what language they sing, they so fritter it all away into a whisper, that you cannot understand them."

"No loss! no loss!" exclaimed Captain Loughlean. "Many of the words, or I would rather say, the ideas which these words convey, are very unfit for female ears."

"Yes," observed Albion, "amorous ditties, and amorous Novels, do more mischief than some will allow."

"Mischief!" replied the Captain, "Mischief!—The generality of Novels are what you Englishmen say of us Irishmen, when you liken us to our own bogs—green, smooth, and tempting, on the surface, but concealing underneath, the miry slough, or deadly pool; or, as the Doctor there would tell you in his phraseology, they are so many poisonous boluses, sufficiently incrustated with honey to make them palatable, but in no degree adequate to counteract their pernicious effects on the constitution. Our libraries want to pass through such another fiery ordeal as the library of the renowned Don Quixote did, when it was scrutinized by the Priest and Barber. But I must say of my girl, that she subsists on no such food. She reads nothing of the kind alluded to, but what first passes through my hands, and meets my approbation. And there are a few Novels which I have handed over for her perusal, which are not only harmless, but very entertaining and instructive."

Here Dr. O'Leary was preparing to speak; but a knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Burnet, a clergyman, was announced, who came to pass the night at Loughlean Hall. His person was agreeable, his judgment evidently sound, and his manners very engaging. After a little conversation, Captain Loughlean requested him to read a chapter in the Bible, and go to prayer; which he did with great solemnity and devotion, all the family kneeling in the meanwhile, and offering up their hearts to God.

Captain Loughlean then cordially invited Albion, as he was two miles from home, and it was now late, to lodge under his roof for the night. Our young Englishman, thanking him, readily complied; for, in plain terms, he was so well satisfied with present circumstances, that, [he] had no wish to change. But a cup of unmixed pleasure seldom falls to the lot of mortals in this probationary world.

No sooner had he laid him down upon his bed, than a crowd of reflections, some pleasant, and others painful, passed through his mind. He said to himself, "I now see, what I never saw before in so strong a light, that a man may spend a happier evening in the domestic circle, than at the card-table, or in the theatre, or ball-room. But my recent enjoyment may be purchased too dear. I fear I am in love! Fool that I am, who can tell whether the object of my affections would suit me; or if she did, whether she would be mine! Perhaps her heart is already another's.—Aye, that disturbs me—Perhaps Mr. Burnet and she—but I cannot bear the thought. I not only love then, it seems, but the horrid image of a rival haunts me. O, Solomon! thou wisest of men, thy words are most appropriate—'Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as as the grave!'"

Thus reasoned Albion with himself upon his bed, for three long hours; and then falling asleep, he dreamt of Flora Loughlean.

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CHAP. V.

Exhibiting a Scene, that may very profitably be contrasted with one in the first Chapter.

THE next morning, after breakfast and prayers were over, and a momentary pause succeeded to a good deal of social converse, Captain Loughlean said, "I have to request, Mr. Burnet, that you will visit a man not far from hence, whose name is John Saville. He is now upon the brink of eternity, and very ill prepared, I fear, for the bar of judgment. He has led a very wicked life. Infidelity, and all its train of evil consequences,—intoxication, swearing, gaming, and even blacker crimes, have stained his character, and constituted his frequent boast; for, lamentable to say, he has gloried in his shame! Amongst other things, he has often been heard to exclaim, in a kind of insolent and blasphemous triumph, 'Death shall never terrify me! There is no heaven—no hell—it is all an idle, enthusiastic dream!' Now, Sir, this hardened sinner has been the cause of serious mischief in the neighbourhood. Possessing a considerable share of wealth and talents, he has corrupted numbers of thoughtless young men and women, and should he die as he has intimated, without any symptoms of fear, or any consciousness of his having done wickedly, his unfortunate disciples may be rendered more hardened from the circumstance, and more firmly established in their guilty notions. I wish you, therefore, to visit him without delay, and perhaps our friend will accompany you. I do not think there is a moment to lose; for I have just heard that his last moments are approaching. I have no hope that you can do him any good, it seems to be too late for that; but your relation of what passes may prove beneficial to others."

Albion and Mr. Burnet went off immediately, and in about two hours after returned, when Mr. Burnet began thus—"O! Sir, we have witnessed a most melancholy scene!" "Well," said the Captain, "sit down, and let us have it from first to last; and I beg that no one will interrupt you, till you have finished. I wish to have an unbroken narrative, to have the whole picture at once, full in view."

“Know then, Sir,” answered Mr. Burnet, “that when we entered John Saville’s house, he appeared to be dying. He was breathing short and hard, and seemed incapable of noticing any of the surrounding objects. His wife and children sat by his bedside, weeping in the greatest distress, and occasionally exclaiming—‘Oh! that he had been prepared!’ Three men and two women, whom I knew to be amongst his most hardened followers, stood at a little distance, with evident self-complacency in their looks, and smiled every now and then in a sarcastic manner. At length, one of the boldest of them said, ‘Mr. Burnet, I wish you had been here about five minutes ago. You used to say, that John Saville would either turn penitent, or die in torments: but his last words were, ‘I have no fear of death; there is no heaven—no hell—believe what I told you; it will stand the test.’”—

Before I had time to answer this insolent and impious speech, John Saville shewed signs of returning vigour. His eyes that were fixed and dim, moved rapidly and brightened; his whole frame was convulsed; and shrieking wildly, he raised himself some inches from his pillow! This went through us all like an electrical shock!—But ere we had time to recover, the dying man staring round in a horrible manner, exclaimed in a hollow, tremulous, and loud voice, ‘O, ye demons, depart from my sight!—Ye cursed, deluded followers of a man already accursed!—I thought to carry it on bravely to the last—O, what is this!—Shame—confusion—and torments!—Go, ye cursed—to Christ!—How—how—how—can I meet you in hell!—O Christ!—O God!—O!’—

Here the dreadful and broken harangue ceased; and John Saville, sinking down, expired in the most exquisite torture. The whole bed shook with his last struggles! Awfully impressed, I turned round to address his wicked followers, who, overwhelmed with confusion, had hastily left the room, not daring to encounter a faithful remonstrance. A few of the neighbours came in, to whom I opened and improved the circumstance; and then offering all the consolation in my power to his distressed wife and children, we took our leave of a scene, the most painful and melancholy I have ever witnessed.”

Albion briefly replied, "It was awful indeed!" Flora turned pale, and wept! Dr. O'Leary was evidently moved, but said nothing. Captain Loughlean after some moments, proceeded thus:—

"What you have told us, Sir, does not at all surprise me. I expected something like this, from so wicked a life. If he had died when he made his first confession, it would have been said, he had no fear of death. But what will his deluded followers say now? Did we but know the last sentiments of Hume, and some others of his description, who died as a fool dieth, perhaps they might have differed but little from those of John Saville. Wicked men in general, die evidently under terrible apprehensions of impending judgment; and where there appears to be an exception to this rule, I believe it is owing to pride and vanity, which keep back the truth; or to death, who arrests the tongue, when it is at length inclined to make a full confession."

Just at this moment, the servant signified that dinner was on the table. They all ate with a good appetite, except Albion. He appeared dejected; seldom joined in the conversation; and when he did, his answers were vague, and his remarks incoherent. He loved Flora more than ever, and was more than ever tormented with the thoughts of a rival.

After they had dined, Dr. O'Leary, who was the first to notice his indisposition, took him by the wrist, and holding out his stop-watch, measured every pulsation exactly. After due examination, he said very gravely, and in a tone that would admit of no doubt, "You are, Sir, in a very high fever;" and without more ado, he goes for a bottle, pours out some drops into a glass of water, and gives it him to drink. Albion would fain have refused, but could not, out of mere politeness, lest he should seem to slight the Doctor's kindness, or cast a reflection on his skill.

Just at this critical juncture, Captain Loughlean, most unintentionally, but fortunately, said, "Mr. Burnet, I really beg your pardon: I forgot to ask after your wife and child, I hope they are both well!"

“Very well, Sir, I thank you,” replied Mr. Burnet. And had it not been for shame, Albion would instantly have said, “And I too, Sir, am well and happy!” The magic words wrought like a charm upon him; he was immediately cured both in body and mind! He jocosely said, “Doctor, I thank you for the healing efficacy of your medicine—I feel quite well.”

The Doctor evidently pleased with the compliment, and [he] being satisfied with the convalescence of his patient, as well as the efficacy of his medicine, laid by his drops for another, who might stand more in need of them.

A livelier spirit of conversation now pervaded the whole company. Albion addressed himself much more frequently to Mr. Burnet, and was willing to believe that he had never harboured one uncharitable thought towards him; nay, that he had even loved his conversation and company! so subtle and deceitful are the inward workings of the human heart!

Dr. O’Leary was going to make a long political harangue, when Captain Loughlean, interrupting him, said, “We have just been talking of the rapid increase of religious institutions; tell me, Mr. Burnet, what you think of the two greatest; I mean the ‘Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,’ and the ‘British and Foreign Bible Society?’”

“I think, Sir,” answered Mr. Burnet, “they are both excellent in their kind. The ‘Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,’ I liken to a stately Gothic church, compact and uniform, but not large enough to contain all that would come to it. The ‘British and Foreign Bible Society,’ resembles a noble and spacious edifice, of various styles of architecture, affording an adequate number of separate apartments for Christians of all denominations to worship in, without mutual interference, and constituting an impregnable bulwark against the common enemy. Or, if you will have another simile, the ‘Society for promoting Christian Knowledge,’ may be compared to the stately Thames, which, shaping his course through one kingdom only, and not venturing beyond his banks, flows gently on to his own London, and waters and enriches it through various pipes and conduits. The ‘British and Foreign

Bible Society,' is the mighty Nile, into which countless rivers pour their tributary waters, and who, majestically winding his irresistible course through different climates and nations, at length, disdaining his prescribed limits, swells out, spreading flowery verdure, and golden harvests, over the surrounding country! Nor do I see, Sir, any reason why these two great Societies should maltreat, or envy each other. They ought to recollect, that they are both employed in promoting the same good end, and that their various efforts may be of mutual advantage. For emulation has a spur that stirs up some to action, who would otherwise spend their time in guilty inactivity, and drowsy indolence."

The clock now struck four; and Albion and Mr. Burnet cordially taking leave of the company, and of each other, went home their several ways.

CHAP. VI.

Containing some incidents not very important in themselves, but possessing considerable interest to those immediately concerned.

As soon as Albion arrived at his lodgings, he found on the table a letter from Mr. Mac Farsin, in which he read as follows:—

"My Dear Albion,

"I have seen my countryman: we soon became acquainted: we have entered into a few speculations of a mercantile nature, which may prove of mutual advantage—I set off for Scotland to-morrow. I am sorry I cannot see you before I go. When you return to England, be so good as to take with you a few things which I have left behind at the inn, and keep them till I see you, or you again hear from me. Don't spend too much of your time in viewing lakes and mountains. It is much better you should be at home, improving your estates. Be sure you don't fall in love with any of those Irish girls. Place no confidence in new acquaintance. And, above all things, I beseech you, that as you are already rich enough in this world, you will endeavour to lay up treasures in the next. That you may

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be happy here, and hereafter, is the sincere wish and ardent prayer of,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER MAC FARSIN.

Cork, June 4th, 1817.

Well done! said Albion,—laconic and to the point!—And so—rich commerce thou hast charms, for Walter Mac Farsin; far more fascinating, than all the lakes and ladies in the world! But he is a trusty and warm friend; and I am sorry to lose him so soon: with all his stiffness and prejudice, he is an excellent man, I wish I were like him!

Having ended this soliloquy, Albion sat down, and continued very thoughtful during the remainder of the evening. After he had spent five days, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, sometimes reading or writing, and almost always thinking of Flora, on the sixth day of his absence from her, about three in the afternoon, whilst he was resting his head very pensively upon his hand, a knock was heard at the door, and to his agreeable surprise, in stepped Flora, and her Father!

After a few cordial salutations had passed between them, "Are you disposed Sir, for a walk?" said the Captain. "Flora and I will lead you to some of the beauties of the lake." It is needless to tell the reader that Albion cheerfully and readily complied. In a few minutes they were out and on their way.

After travelling half an hour, and ascending with considerable labour, the brow of a lofty mountain, they arrived within twenty yards of O'Sullivan's Cascade. A whitening sheet of water fell above seventy feet, with a tremendous roar! Opposite this stood the beautiful Island of Innisfallin; and all around, romantic mountains raised their fantastic forms.

"What beauty! what sublimity!" exclaimed Albion; "I have never witnessed so delightful a prospect."

"How often," answered Flora, "have I contemplated this scene, with peculiar delight! In this very place, I have thought away hours to moments, and the setting sun has frequently taken me by surprise. In these romantic seasons, I have sometimes wished that a Church might be

erected here ; for surely no place is better calculated for inspiring the sublime feelings of devotion ! ”

Captain Loughlean, raising his voice to no ordinary pitch, exclaimed, “ Pray, come a little farther off—the sound of that water quite astounds me ! And, Flora, don’t you see ! It is sprinkling you all over with dew. ”

When they had retired about a hundred paces, the Captain resumed.—“ Few countries,” said he, “ can boast of such a mixture of beauty and magnificence as this. But, Flora, I must tell you, that when you build your church, it must be at a respectful distance from your noisy favourite, or his voice will drown that of the preacher. But, come, a boat waits for us, let us take a sail. ”

They descended to the water’s edge, where Paddy O’Flanagan, one of the Captain’s tenants stood ready to receive them. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, was tall, straight and muscular ; wore a loose great coat, featly tucked up, and tied round his middle with a straw rope. On his herculean legs he had a pair of large rusty boots, waterproof : his broad-brimmed hat was so weather-beaten, that it resembled a piece of brown paper ; his hair was black and strong, his eyes dark and leering, and his whole physiognomy vested with great good humour.

“ Well,” said the Captain, “ I see Paddy you are equipped in style to receive us. You mean to give this English gentleman a genuine specimen of our Irish rowers. ”

“ Arrah ! ” cried Paddy, taking off his hat, and bowing to the ground, “ Arrah ! your Honour knows that I never put on this great coat, but either to keep out the heat, or to *commodate* some of your family, when they take a sail. At other times I row in my shirt. ”

Albion smiled, and said within himself, “ Surely, I should deem you another Charon, were it not for the good humour in your countenance, and the beauty of that lake over which you are going to ferry us. ”

As soon as they had all embarked, Paddy, with brawny arm, pushed his vessel from the shore ; and taking an oar in each hand, with measured and lusty sweep, made rapid progress through the water. The shore receded fast, and

in a short time, they found themselves in the midst of the Lake! The weather was mild, the sky a cloudless blue, the wind was still, and the glassy Lake reflected in its bosom the heavens, and all the surrounding scenery. The woods and groves seemed to grow downwards; the lofty mountains to point their rocky tops towards the nether skies; and a mock sun, as if he would rival the real one, blazed beneath in all his glory!

"I thought," said Albion, "the scenery from that mountain was unrivalled, but I find that from hence, both the eye and heart have richer entertainment."

"So think I," answered the Captain. "Here we have 'vantage ground—now there's a bull for you—here, I say then, we stand or sail in the watery centre, where all we see is sublime or beautiful, and where the fancy may paint the world beyond in the same glowing colours. Thus we may not only feel ourselves to be happy, but think that others are so too; and this, I conceive, must add to the quantity of our enjoyment."

"I see, Father," replied Flora, "that you have an imagination almost as romantic as your daughter's; I should not wonder if at my age you would have talked of building a church on that island."

Paddy, who had hitherto carolled to himself a tune, to which he kept time with his oars, could not refrain from saying, "And then, my dear Miss Loughlean, your own Paddy would have got good bread, and good potatoes, and milk too, by ferrying over the people." Just at this instant a fresh breeze sprung up, and Paddy unfurling his sail, and managing it to the wind, rested from his more arduous labour.

After they had sailed about an hour, and much agreeable conversation had passed, a water lily was seen rising and falling with the wave, on Flora's side of the boat.—She reached forth her hand to gather it, and Albion thought he never saw two such beautiful objects. Paddy himself, who was far from regarding her as he would have done a statue, laughingly said, "Arrah! my dear Miss Flora, when your sweet hand and the lily were under water, I could not tell *whedther was whedther*, they were both so white and shining."

Flora blushed, and secretly wished she had kept on her glove, and left the lily rooted where it was; for she could not bear even the thought of art or affectation.

They now approached the Eagle's Nest, that rock so universally celebrated for its echoes; and bringing the boat to, and placing themselves in a proper situation, Paddy drew out a large horn, and filling it with a mighty blast, like another Triton, there was such a mellow replication, and sweet mingling of sounds, that, except the melody of Flora's harp and voice, Albion thought he had never heard any thing so enchanting. After this was repeated several times with noble effect, Captain Loughlean fired a pistol: the sound was several times reiterated; sometimes soft, and sometimes loud as the original explosion; and then undulating, it died away in hollow murmurs, through the distant mountains!

But the sun was now verging towards the horizon, and Paddy, according to orders, resumed his boat and his passengers, and plied his way both oar and sail. The milder tints of evening, and the shadows of the mountains, stretching far over the Lake, formed a picturesque and lovely scene! As they glided on, they discovered at a distance several beautiful little islands, like emeralds set in silver, and hanging rocks, and shady groves. The enchantment of the scenery, and the pleasures of conversation, beguiled the time, so that ere they were aware, they found themselves landed within a mile of Albion's temporary home.

After Captain Loughlean had given Albion a pressing invitation to dine with him the following day, they parted, well pleased with the excursion, and with each other. Nor was Paddy's pleasure the least. For after he had been sufficiently compensated by the Captain for his labour, Albion, slipping a guinea into his hand, elicited from him such grateful ejaculations, as proved him to be overwhelmed with surprise and joy.

CHAP. VII.

A curious Coincidence.—A simple Narrative.

On the morning after her excursion, Flora re-entered upon her usual occupations. From six o'clock to eight, she generally read the Scriptures, and other books of a divine nature and tendency. At half past eight, she joined family prayer. Between that and nine, she breakfasted with her father and uncle. From nine to eleven, she perused history and the *belles-lettres*; such works as were calculated to refine, without sullyng the mind. She walked or rode out between eleven and twelve, for the sake of exercise, or to administer to the wants of the sick and afflicted. From twelve to one, she superintended the preparations for dinner. The afternoon, she devoted to fancy work, or more useful domestic employments. She gave an hour or two in the evening to her harp, and she concluded the day as she began it, with lively and spiritual exercises, full of heavenly enjoyment. Thus time never hung heavy on her hands, but seemed too short for her various delightful and profitable pursuits and avocations.

Sometimes this system was inevitably broken in upon, but it was in general kept up with nice punctuality. So economical was our fair heroine of her time, that it might justly be said of her that she *lived* more in a single day, than numbers of her age and sex, do in a year. Take the feelings and reflections of a trifling and vain creature, whose whole time is occupied with novels and articles of dress; and compare these with the reflections and feelings of Flora Loughlean. How vast the difference! The one is born in vanity, lives in vanity and goes out of the world in vanity. The other answers the end of her creation: her life is one bright course of the highest enjoyment, her death is gain. The one can never make a good wife or mother; the other will be a blessing to her children, and a crown of joy to her husband.

Flora had returned from her morning excursion, when Albion was expected at the Hall. On entering the parlour, a circumstance occurred, which, taking her by surprise,

somewhat ruffled her mind. She had given the housekeeper a strict charge in the morning, to send a little meat to a poor family in the neighbourhood, who had eaten nothing for two days. Just when she had sat down, she heard a cry of distress at the window, and looking out, a little ragged boy, weeping bitterly, exclaimed, "O! Miss Loughlean, my mother has fainted with hunger!" Flora ran to the housekeeper, and finding she had not sent the cold meat,—“O! you cruel woman,” said she, in an angry tone, “because you want nothing yourself, you have no feeling for the wants of others!” Old Mary, who had never seen Flora angry in her life before, began to weep and wail aloud, and to excuse herself as well as she could, by saying, “She had quite forgot, but would never do so again;” and then, following Flora into the parlour, pleaded hard that she would forgive her. When Flora’s first emotion was over, her heart relented for old Mary, and taking her by the hand, they wept together.

The Captain and Albion entered at this critical juncture: and astonished to find them all in tears, eagerly enquired what was the matter. Flora related the whole circumstance, not palliating in the least her own share of the guilt, but rather aggravating it, so that one would have thought she, and not Mary, was to blame. The Captain jocosely said, “Ah! Flora, I had hoped, that when some one would have made you a heroine, you would, like other heroines, have shined in angelic perfection. But I now see it must be said, here is a little spot—Flora was once angry.”

Flora smiled through her tears. Old Mary ran off to give the poor boy the cold meat, which had occasioned all the mischief. And Albion, laughing, said, “A curious coincidence indeed! This morning, it seems, is pregnant with misfortunes. About seven o’clock, I ordered my servant William to bring me in my writing-desk. He ran capering with it upon his head; something took his foot, and down came my desk, and was broken to pieces! About two hours after, I told him to clean for me a pair of boots, which I got made a few days ago. He put them so near the fire, that a great hole was burnt in one of them. He came in with it dangling upon his finger, and

making a long face. I was so provoked, that I believe I should have horsewhipped the knave, had he not scampered off as fast as his feet could carry him."

"Then, Sir," replied the Captain, laughing heartily, "I believe we cannot make a perfect hero of you either. But come, come! If all things were known of all, our most perfect heroes and heroines might have exhibited blemishes much greater than these. But our writers of novels and romances, either because they are unwilling or unable, seldom give us a genuine picture of real life: and in this, as well as many other respects, they mislead, and injure their readers."

The conversation, which now took a lively turn, was kept up without intermission, till after dinner, when the Captain, who had to go a few miles, on business of importance, and did not think it becoming to leave Albion with Flora, began to long for the return of Dr. O'Leary, who had been summoned to one of his patients, early in the morning. At length, the Doctor arrived, and the Captain apologizing, departed. But ere he had left the house ten minutes, Dr. O'Leary was again sent for, and Albion and Flora were inevitably left alone.

Had a superficial observer seen them, he would have exclaimed, "Surely they are much grieved at the circumstance! They are so silent—so shy—so distant in their looks and manners!" But a more discriminating judge would have said, "This is the sweet embarrassment of love unrevealed." Which of these two might be right, I must leave the reader to determine, and proceed to relate a circumstance which greatly relieved our hero and heroine, by affording them a subject for conversation. In the court-yard, a female voice was heard, singing sweetly, but wildly, the following simple verses:—

The sun doth run his joyful race,

Along the summer skies;

Sweet glee I see in every face.

But Ellen weeps and sighs.

It snows, it blows, the trees are bare—

It freezes fierce and keen;

I'm old, I'm cold, but who will care

About poor Ellen Green?

When dry, I lie on mossy bed,
 Beneath the willow tree ;
 Afar, the star weeps o'er my head,
 The dew so fresh and free.

When rain, amain, falls from the sky,
 Or snow o'erspreads the ground ;
 To pen, or den, or barn, I fly,
 And sleep both safe and sound.

But why lament those ills I bear ;
 Or say, that none for Ellen care !
 There is—there is—above the sky,
 One who will hear poor Ellen's cry ;

Jesus, his name—

Aye, 'tis the same !

He liv'd—he lov'd—he wept—he bled—
 And promis'd Ellen clothes and bread,
 And joys in heaven, when she is dead !

“Rather incoherent, but wild, and beautiful!” said Albion. “Pray, Miss Loughlean, Who is this? Is she in her right mind? But see! she comes”——

Flora threw up the window, and called out, “Ellen, come this way!” Ellen came up, leading by a red silken ribband, loosely tied about his neck, a very large dog, who drew after him a little car, which had in it a book, a work-box, and a small waxen doll. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, her figure was tall and graceful, her black hair floated in ringlets over her shoulders. She wore round her neck a garland of flowers, and carried another in her hand. Her dress was simple and clean, but a little fantastical. The sun, which had tinged her skin, had not been able to change the agreeable form of her features. There was a pensive wildness in her dark eyes, that moved the heart of the beholder to pity, and proclaimed that Ellen was crazed.

“Well, Ellen Green,” said Flora, “How do you do? It is long since I saw you.”

“Very well, my dear Madam,” answered Ellen, “Very well—very well.”—And then turning her eyes to heaven, she sung in tuneful, but wild accents,

Poor Ellen's well,
As all can tell,
Who have the Saviour seen—
There's one above,
The God of love,
Who looks on Ellen Green.

“But, Ellen,” said Albion, “What book is that you have got in your car?”

“That, Sir,” replied Ellen, looking timidly at Albion, “that book, Sir, is the Bible which Miss Loughlean gave me. O, it is a sweet companion! It comforts me, it supports me, it is the joy of my heart! I would not part with it for all the world.”

Albion then asked her—“What use do you make of that work-box and doll? And why do you keep so large a dog?”

“O, Sir, my work-box holds my needles and thread, and my paper and ink-bottle. And when I am alone in my little house, I talk to my doll. I take it upon my knee, and kiss it, and say, O, pretty doll! How happy I am when I read my Bible, and look to Jesus and heaven, and long to be there! Sometimes my pretty doll seems to smile, and looks as if it would say to me, ‘Ellen, I am very glad. Dress me, and take care of me, and don't let me lie on the floor, or give me away to rude little girls, who would throw me about, and break me to pieces.’”

Here Ellen's dog began to wag his tail, and to give to his mistress a side-long loving look, moaning piteously, as if he entreated her to go away. Ellen took the hint, and was about to leave them, when Flora cried out, “Ellen! you have not told this gentleman, why you keep that large dog.”

“O, Madam!” answered she, I forgot—my poor head often fails me.—Know then, Sir, that my dog is kind, and barks at, and threatens to bite rude boys and girls, who would disturb poor Ellen. He is a faithful and steady friend, and loves me, and I love him, and sometimes when I am hungry, I divide my bit of bread with him, and he is grateful for it, and would fight for me till he would die.

Here, Flora ran into the kitchen, and bringing out a large piece of bread and cheese, gave them to Ellen, who making a low courtesy, went off with her dog, singing as follows:—

He who doth feed the ravens dark,
 And clothes the lilies fair,
 To Ellen's cry will always hark
 And keep her from despair.

And now I go, where no one knows,
 To smell the hawthorn and the rose,
 That sweetly scent the gale—
 Or wander on the shore,
 To hear the ocean roar!—
 Or see the vessels glide,
 Along the foaming tide,
 With swelling, snowy sail.

Ellen, by this time, having turned the avenue that leads from the Hall, was lost to their sight and hearing; and Albion, being no little interested in her case, begged that Flora, would give him a brief account of her history. Flora replied that she would endeavour to gratify him, and began thus:—

“About two years ago, when my father was walking through the fields, he saw a young girl, very poorly attired, and evidently not in her right mind, sitting under a tree. She was weeping and lamenting aloud, and frequently repeating, “Ah! poor Ellen.” My Father was moved with the sight, and going up to her, asked what she wanted. She said some things in a confused and hurried manner, and all that he could collect from her was, that she was hungry—that some rude boys and girls of the neighbouring village had pursued and mocked her, and even thrown pieces of turf and stones at her. He pitied her, and brought her home. When he came in, he said, ‘Flora, you must take this poor creature under your protection, and let her want for nothing. The next day, he ordered a little house to be erected for her, in one of his own fields, to which she might retire, when she pleased, and be freed from all importunity. She soon loved this home, and the thoughts of it soothed her mind, so that there was less of distraction in her air and manner. The

clothes which I can no longer wear, I give her from time to time, and take her such food as she loves best, and is most suitable for her.

“After she had been about a year at her little house, she happened to stray into Mr. Burnet’s church on the Sabbath. He is a very faithful preacher, and speaks so plainly, that people of the narrowest capacities may comprehend him. On that day, he providentially said some things which arrested Ellen’s attention, produced for a few days deep sorrow, but afterwards great joy. Ever since, she has gone to hear Mr. Burnet, and, crazed as she is, it is thought that no one profits more by his discourses. She has a very refined sense of spiritual enjoyment, carefully abstains from every species of crime, and reads her Bible frequently, with great devotion, and much comfort. Her blameless and pious life, is well calculated to put to shame many, who, having better sense, make a worse use of it.

“One day, when she came to our house, I think it was about nine or ten months ago, that large dog which you saw, and which was then ours, fawned upon her, and she stroked, and patted his head, and frequently repeated, ‘Ah! pretty dog—Ah! pretty dog; I wish you were mine.’ My Father, struck with the circumstance—for this was a very fierce animal, laughingly said, ‘If he follows you, Ellen, you shall have him.’ Ellen seemed as if unable to contain herself with joy. She gave him a piece of bread, and ran off, coaxing him along with her. From that day to this, he has been her constant and faithful friend, and has often been of great use to her. He must be a bold person indeed, who would insultingly lay a finger upon her, when Lion is near. Between Lion’s courage, and my Father’s authority, she now leads a peaceable life, except occasionally, when she wanders from home. For sometimes the disorder of her head would carry [carries] her off, and she will prefer sleeping in the lonely woods or fields. But wherever she goes, by night or by day, Lion is her faithful and formidable guard.

“She is something of a scholar. She reads and writes very well; and her dialect is far from being provincial. Those verses she sung, are of her own composing. What

she was before she came here, is not perfectly known. Some say, that she had been well brought up, but that the death of her lover, and of her parents, a little afterwards, together with many other misfortunes, so wrought on her mind, that she became what you now see her. Be this as it may, Providence has not forsaken her—my Father has determined that she shall never want, and as long as I live, Ellen shall have a friend.”

Thus ended Flora's simple but affecting narrative. Albion listened with attention, and thought that he had never seen one so lovely, so good, and so kind. The remainder of the evening was spent in music, and promiscuous conversation.

CHAP. VIII.

The Attack.—The Victory.—Another Political Hint.

After Dr. O'Leary and the Captain had arrived, and supper was over, they prevailed upon Albion to stay for the night. Captain Loughlean himself performed family worship. And after much pious and interesting conversation, they all retired to rest, never dreaming of what was to happen ere day.

Albion for a long time slept but little. The story of Ellen Green, the music of Flora's harp and voice, her goodness, her beauty, her amiable simplicity, and sterling sense, engrossed his attention, and if his eyes closed at all, it was only in unrefreshing slumbers.

In one of these slumbering fits, he either heard, or dreamt that he heard, a crushing noise at his chamber window, as if someone was breaking into it. He started up, and looked out, but the night was dark, and he could see no one. He lay down again: the house-dog began to bark furiously, and to make several violent leaps against the door, as if he would burst through it. In a few minutes, a heavy footstep was heard in the passage, and immediately a voice shouting. “Arrah! dear Master, rise as fast as you can—they are here!”

Albion soon recognised in the alarmist, the Captain's faithful footman, John O'Flacharty, who had served him

during his campaign on the Continent, and who still continued to serve him, in his more tranquil abode in Loughlean Hall. The Captain rousing himself, as he had been wont, when an alarm pervaded the camp, exclaimed, "Order them to beat immediately to arms! Is the enemy near?"

"O, bless your Honour," said John O'Flacharty, "We are neither at Vittoria nor Waterloo, it is the Rebels, or a few Whiteboys, or Robbers, that have surrounded your Honour's house, in the sweet county of Kerry."

By this time, the Captain being wide awake, knew where he was, and looking out, he thought he saw through the darkness of the night, about nine or ten men in arms! Then turning round he said, "John, come and look out, you have very good eyes."

John, though one of the bravest of men, never lost sight of precaution, and so taking up the Captain's bolster, and rolling it round his head, he thrust it out at the window with considerable difficulty. "Now," said the Captain, laughing, "You have got on your head-piece, call out as loud as you can—'Who's there?'" John shouted like another Stentor, "Who's there? and *fat do you vant?*" The only answer he had, was first one shot, and then another, and another. John, drawing in his head rather hastily, let fall his bolster on the outside of the house, and a voice was instantly heard, savagely bawling out—"Huzza, we have hit him—he is down!" But John's precaution, ludicrous as it was, saved his life. Several shot struck his head-piece, but he remained unhurt; and immediately vociferated, in a triumphant tone, "You scoundrels, you shall soon know to your cost, that I am not down." Then running for his musket, he returned them a very unceremonious compliment.

By this time, Albion and the Doctor had got up, and hastily dressed themselves. Flora also came out of her bed-room, pale, and agitated, and old Mary ran about in great trepidation.

The Captain, like a good soldier, began immediately to muster his forces, and to order them, in the best manner he could, for attack and defence. He sent John to the

garret, to fire from above. He gave a blunderbuss to the Doctor, and assigned him his station. To Albion, he handed a double-barrelled gun, saying, "I need not exhort an Englishman to be courageous. With the cool characteristic intrepidity of your countrymen, stand and fire out at that window—I will guard this entrance." So saying, he took with him two large horse pistols, and his broad sword, and placed himself in the post of honour. This was the most vulnerable part. It was a back passage, where both the door and window were but weak and ill secured.

And now the firing was carried on briskly, though irregularly, both from within and without. Every now and then, the Captain shouted, "Trust in God, and fight courageously! We shall soon beat them off."

Flora, perfectly collected, though pale as a fading lily, went from room to room, anxiously asking her Father, Uncle, and Albion, whether they remained unhurt, and if they wanted any thing. On one of her visits to Albion, his gun, through frequent firing, or on account of being over-charged, recoiling severely, caused him to stagger back several paces. Flora alarmed, ran towards him, and asked him, with tender anxiety, whether he was hurt. Albion, having recovered, turned round, and with a look of ineffable tenderness, replied, "My sweetest Flora, I am well—take care of yourself, for if you be hurt, I am undone!"—

A ball at this instant entering in at the window, struck the opposite wall, breaking the looking-glass that hung upon it, but doing no other mischief. Flora now be-thought herself of a stratagem, or what military men would call a *ruse de guerre*. There was a watchman's rattle, which had lain neglected in an upper chamber for some years. Up she ran, and putting her hand out at the window, she sprung her rattle five or six times, with such good effect, that it might have been heard half a mile round. Shortly after, the firing on the outside of the house began to abate, and in a little time, entirely died away. The firing in the inside of course soon ceased also.

The day was now beginning to break, and the Captain, putting his head out, first at one window, and then at

another, reconnoitred the borders.—All was still. He then called his brave fellow soldiers into the parlour, and finding them all in good spirits, and unhurt, he shook them heartily by the hand, and thanked them for their able assistance. “Now,” said he looking up to heaven, “Now let us return thanks to God. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God has given us the victory, to his name be the praise!” Then, kneeling down, he prayed and gave thanks with great fervour and devotion.

After this religious duty was performed, he called old Mary, who was half dead with fear, and ordered her to bring them some refreshment. She did every thing, beginning at the wrong end; and they would have been but badly served, had not Flora assisted her.

“Pray, Sir,” said the Captain to Albion, “Will you excuse John’s sitting down with us? He has fought bravely. Like gallant fellow-soldiers, let us for this time drink out of the same cup, and sit at the same table.”

Albion, who was much pleased with the Captain’s noble generosity, answered, “Most certainly, Sir; it will give me great pleasure.”

After they had eaten and drunk, and dressed themselves a little more featly, and examined the windows, and some pieces of furniture, which had been perforated with balls, the Captain said, “Now Flora, since you have acted your part so well, let us have ‘God save the King’.”

Flora thought this a little out of time; the Captain, however, would have his own way, and she played and sung, whilst he and John joined with as much martial enthusiasm, as if they had just made a triumphant entry into the good city of Paris. When ‘God save the King’ was finished, “Let us sally forth,” said the Captain, “and see how all fares without.”

They saw a considerable quantity of blood in three places, and traced a sprinkling of it, for a hundred yards from the house. The whole neighbourhood by this time had taken the alarm, and a regular search was made after the banditti. Upon due enquiry, it was found that six men were missing from the next village, and had made

their escape. One woman came running to the Captain, and said, "When I heard the firing, I got up; and shortly after it ceased, my husband and I, looking out at the window, about break of day, saw three men go past. One had his arm in a sling, the other had his head bound up, and the third had a handkerchief tied round his hand. They were making all the haste they could, and were soon out of sight."

After four hours' careful research, the Captain, the Doctor, and Albion, returning, sat down to breakfast. Albion looked frequently at Flora with the greatest expression of tenderness; but she, reflecting on the hasty declaration of the preceding night, was more distant and formal than usual. She was complimented much on her presence of mind, and admirable *ruse de guerre*.

"The ladies," said Dr. O'Leary, "have been justly celebrated, in all ages, for their ready invention, and expert management, in the season of danger. Man is the most noble, the most courageous, the most profound, of all God's creatures here below.—Woman the most beautiful, the most sprightly, the most dexterous."

"Miss Loughlean," replied Albion, "is an illustrious instance of what you say. I believe she did as much with her rattle last night, as we all did with our guns and pistols."

"I wish," said the Captain, smiling, "I wish she had been with us on the Continent, she might have rattled off the French, through pure fear, and saved many brave lives."

Flora, looking down, and blushing, replied, "My rattle would have been of little service, had it not been for the efficacy of much more warlike instruments."

Albion, looking at the Doctor, said, "You have complimented the ladies on their beauty, sprightliness, and dexterity; don't you allow also that some of them excel in learning, and depth of intellect?"

"A few, Sir," answered the Doctor, "there certainly have been of this description; but, in general, they were never the objects of my admiration, nor do I think that they could ever have inspired me with love."

“Then, Sir,” replied Albion, “you can perhaps assign a reason, why but few of those intellectual ladies have ever been married? Is it because they were too wise to have any thing to do with our sex, or, that our sex being unwilling to be eclipsed, were afraid to have anything to do with them?”

“Why, Sir,” answered the Doctor, “I allow, in the first place, that some of these intellectual ladies you allude to, have had eligible offers of marriage, and yet out of pure choice, remained single. But I do believe, that by far the greater part of them were incapable of inspiring the other sex with the *tender passion*. The chief reason, then, why in general they have remained single, is not because men feared them, but because they could not love them. The education of a female ought, most assuredly, to be competent, in order that she might enjoy herself, and be a fit companion for man. But, believe me, lovely, delicate, and sprightly woman, is not formed by nature, to pore over the musty pages of Grecian and Roman literature, or to plod through the windings of Mathematical Problems; nor has Providence assigned for her sphere of action, either the cabinet or the field. Her forte is softness, tenderness, and grace. And here she not only can solace, but conquer man. But when she endeavours to cope with him in strength of arm, or nerve of mind, she greatly mistakes her weapons, and is either soon vanquished, or overlooked, and passed by. I do not say this of all women. For some have shone brightly, even in the learned world; but my rule is general, and admits of but few exceptions.”

The conversation now changed to the nightly attack; and Albion having regretted that they had not taken some of the banditti, the Doctor replied, “No loss, Sir!—No loss!—A few of them are wounded, and they have all left the neighbourhood, that is enough. Perhaps, if they had been taken, the Jury might have acquitted them, and then we should have been worse off than we were before.”

“Do you object then,” said Albion, “to a trial by Jury?”

“Certainly not,” answered the Doctor. “A Jury, well constituted, would be an impregnable bulwark of liberty and justice; but, according to their present constitution,

Juries, in my opinion, are frequently an obstruction to both. Nothing more than the consent of a decided majority ought to be requisite for a verdict. What an absurd idea, that one robust, unprincipled juror, may starve out, and bring over to his measures, eleven well intentioned, and less hardy men! A Jury also, ought to be so chosen, that is, they ought to live at so great a distance, that they should know nothing, if possible, but what came out on evidence, and that they might have nothing to fear from the resentment of coadjutors or relations. If a Jury be empannelled from a neighbourhood overrun by a banditti, or some epidemic disease that has laid hold on the body politic, who can expect that a robber will condemn a robber, or a rebel a rebel? The ignorance also of Juries, may sometimes be as bad as their prejudice. For these and various other similar reasons, I do believe and aver, that the cause of genuine liberty and justice requires, that Jurors should live at a considerable distance from the residence of the prisoner, upon whose guilt or innocence they are to decide; that they should be men of sound principles, independent fortunes, and a competent share of learning and knowledge; and that the agreement of two-thirds of their number only, should be requisite to constitute a verdict."

The clock now struck eleven; and Albion, having business of importance to transact at his lodgings, took his leave for the present of Loughlean Hall.

CHAP. IX.

The Departure.—The Return.

SHORTLY after Albion had arrived at the Inn, his honest Hostess brought him a letter, urging his speedy return to England, to settle accounts, and transact business of importance, connected with his father's death, which had taken place about two years before.

How rapid is the flight of time! How powerful the current of events, that constantly rushes down the declivity of this world! If ever these reflections occur with due force, it must be when an author, being charmed with

his own performance, scarcely perceives the hours as they glide by, and fondly dreams that he sees his charmed readers hurried along with him. But, alas! how transient too, is this illusion! How often are his dreams dissipated in air, whilst he, miserable wight, finds himself awake only to censure, disappointment, and regret!

In order, however, that the author of this little work may, at all events, incur no serious inconvenience himself, or cause a waste of time to others, he has studied brevity; and must, therefore, request the indulgent reader, to excuse his omitting to give a circumstantial account of the breaking down of coaches, the restifness of horses, and the adverse winds and calms, that may have retarded Albion on his journey; and after many tender adieus at Loughlean Hall, at once to imagine him in England, thoughtful and pensive in his chamber, or restlessly wandering through his spacious domains.

About three weeks after his arrival, whilst looking over his father's papers, he found the following fragment, addressed to himself, but which had never been delivered.

To my dearly beloved and only Child,

Albion.

My Son,

“I am now going the way of all flesh, and have left you ample worldly possessions. Oh! that I could but leave you an inheritance in heaven! They call you amiable, my Son, and they say right. You relieve the necessitous, you soothe the afflicted, and you are just and honourable. But do you love God supremely? Have you faith in his Son? Are you guided by his Holy Spirit? Have you undergone that change, without which no man shall see the kingdom of heaven? After having done all your duty, can you say from your heart, I am an unprofitable servant? And falling down at the Saviour's feet, can you plead guilty before him, depending solely upon his merits and mediation for a gracious acceptance with your Almighty Father? O, my Son, remember that not only must the outward conduct be holy, but all the inward views changed, and the feelings sanctified, before you can have any just ground for hope. Read the

Scriptures, and you shall see; for they—but my sickness and pain overcome me, I must leave this till another time—O, my Son—my Son—God bless thee, my Son!”—

Here, the faithful and tender remonstrances abruptly ended; and Albion, walking through the room in great agitation, repeated to himself, “O my Father! my Father! great was thy love to me. Often hast thou conversed with me in such language as this! Often, during thy illness, have I seen the tears roll down thy manly cheeks, whilst holding me by the hand, thou wouldst point towards heaven, and enlarge on this thy darling theme!”

For several days afterwards, the circumstance dwelt on Albion’s mind with increasing solemnity and interest. He would often exclaim—“Am I, indeed, an unworthy man, and in a state of condemnation! What is my crime! Are not my good works many, and my evil actions few!”

In this state of perplexity, he perused the Scriptures, prayed fervently unto God, and embraced all the means and ordinances of Divine appointment. Nor was he satisfied till he went unto Mr. Johnson, the excellent vicar of the parish, and opened unto him all his heart.

This good man was so much moved with the narrative, that for some time he could scarcely speak. At length, he said, “Thank God! Thank God! for his infinite mercies—this is a happy day! O! that thy Father was but living to see it.”

After much heavenly conversation, which they only can understand and enjoy, whose hearts are changed by divine grace, Mr. Johnson opened to Albion the Scriptures, and referred him to various appropriate passages for his private perusal and comfort.

Albion called several times afterwards on Mr. Johnson, and often read and meditated for himself. There was another circumstance also, which was of singular use to him—the good example which he had lately witnessed at Loughlean Hall. This, as a mean, pre-disposed his mind for any thing of a spiritual nature. For in the Captain and Flora, he had seen the amiableness of religion—he had often before witnessed its importance, but then it

wore such a garb of austerity, as induced him to think, that "Wisdom's ways were *not* ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace."

When Albion had pursued the course alluded to for about a fortnight, and had undergone as many fluctuations of hope, fear, sorrow, perplexity, and doubt, as would, if circumstantially related, fill a volume, he was brought at length to prostrate himself at the foot of the cross, and to plead, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* The Saviour heard his prayer, and revealing himself to him in all his mediatorial glory, the genuine light of the gospel broke in upon his mind, and with this, the consolations of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter! From that time, he tasted of solid and heavenly joy, such as the world can neither give nor take away.

But true religion does not destroy—it sanctifies the feelings; and Albion's love for Flora was now as fervent, and much more refined, than ever. He saw more clearly than he had yet done, her unspeakable value; nor did her charms lose any of their lustre through absence; on the contrary, they were heightened by it. For the busy fancy, unencumbered with reality, delineated them in colours of supernatural excellence.

Should it be asked, "What is Flora doing all this time? Does she ever indulge a kindly thought of Albion?" It must be answered, little is known on that head. Nevertheless, it was said by some, that she played more frequently than she had been wont, those airs most highly approved by him; and that when his name was mentioned, or his virtues, or manly graces, were the subjects of praise, though she remained silent, yet she would listen with evident attention and delight. But all this might have resulted from the false suggestions of suspicion, or been the effect of slander, which is ever busy on such occasions. Certain it is, however, that Captain Loughlean, calling on Albion's honest Hostess, who was an English woman, and had been his father's housekeeper for several years, informed himself respecting the character, circumstances, and connections, of his new friend, and seemed well-pleased with all she told him concerning them.

The Captain, perhaps, deemed this a prudent measure, as Albion promised he would soon return, and pliant youth is very susceptible of impression.

A few days after this, a gentleman, who had just come from England, and had been in company with Mr. Johnson, related at Loughlean Hall, the happy circumstances of Albion's conversion. The Captain heard the relation with rapture, and Flora seemed unable to suppress her sensations of delight.

Two months had now elapsed; and, Albion, having settled all his affairs, set out for Ireland, with a longing heart. When he saw that beautiful island rise out of the ocean like a blue cloud, he looked at it from the deck, till his eyes waxed dim, and he could view it no longer. But the winds were propitious, and the post horses good, and in three days from the time he left his mansion in Yorkshire, he found himself seated with his honest Hostess, on the banks of Killarney. He had not been in five minutes, before he eagerly inquired after the inhabitants of the Hall. She informed him, that they were all well, and that Flora about ten days before, had refused the hand of a gentleman of ample possessions, and heir apparent to the title and estates of an ancient Irish Earl. The reasons she assigned for this were, the youth's dissipation, and criminal disregard to religion and virtue. Albion trembled to think he had such a rival, but loved Flora the more, for her purity of principle, and noble disinterestedness.

It was now twelve o'clock at noon, and Albion, impatient of longer delay, set out immediately for Loughlean Hall.

When he came within sight of the venerable mansion, his heart palpitated, and he felt, he knew not what, under the near prospect of seeing Flora. Nevertheless, he collected all his resolution, and determined to meet her, rather as a cordial friend, than an ardent lover.

Whilst he was thus occupied with himself, he reached the avenue that led up to the house, and saw, at no great distance, a fair female form, walking slowly from him, and reading. His heart failed him—it was Flora! She did not see him, but went on still reading. He hastened his

pace; and had it not been that just at this critical moment, an old maiden lady, an Aunt of hers, came out, perhaps, in the first overflowings of his heart, all his resolutions might have vanished; and whether well or ill received, he might have made a full declaration. He said something in a hurried manner.—Flora turned round. The meeting was warm and kind, and they all three walked up together to the Hall.

The Captain saw them coming, and running out to meet them, welcomed Albion as a friend and a brother; and, almost ere he had time to speak, said, “Flora’s Aunt is come, and the Doctor and I must be a good deal from home; will you do us the kindness of stopping with us a fortnight, or three weeks, to guard the ladies! I mention this now, to prevent any unnecessary arrangements at the inn. Come, come, don’t say nay!”

Albion, with modest hesitation, complied. And had he instead of this, been put into the possession of a kingdom, perhaps it would not have afforded him half the pleasure.

Shortly after they had dined, the Doctor arrived, gave Albion a hearty welcome, and was as original and amusing as ever. In the course of conversation, something having been said about the modish method of preaching, the Doctor replied, “God forgive me, I have never been much burdened with religion; but I think I know what is right. Now, I do believe, that no preaching is good, or calculated to profit, except that which is truly apostolical; I mean that, which for its doctrine and style, comes nearest to the sermons of Christ, and his disciples. Let the minister hold up Christ, and he will draw all men after him. Let him preach the doctrines of the gospel faithfully and plainly, and his church will be crowded. But if he do otherwise, his voice will be re-echoed from the empty walls, and it will require no deep research to know the reason; but let him still remember, that his preaching should tend to sanctity of morals, as well as to purity and clearness of doctrine and theory. The style also of an apostolical minister, instead of strutting along with a majesty too awful to be approached; instead of dealing out its tropes and figures, to astonish and dazzle, will

march with a simple, yet dignified air, not inaccessible to the poorest, and most illiterate hearer."

"I am heartily glad," said Miss O'Leary, "to find my brother so orthodox; but he seems to me to deal out pretty liberally those tropes and figures he so much condemns."

The Captain and Albion were just going to reply, when their attention was called off, by a voice singing wildly, but melodiously, the following simple lines:—

The bright sun sleeps in the far ruddy west;
 Slow fall the shades of lovely evening grey;
 The soaring eagle seeks his rocky nest;
 The dusky raven wings his homeward way;
 Poor Ellen, too, devoid of care,
 Will to her mossy bed repair;
 And sleep away the silent night,
 Till the return of rosy light;
 Then, when the lark ascends the skies,
 Poor Ellen Green will cheerful rise;
 And go where'er her fancy leads,
 To gather cowslips, through the meads;
 Whilst Lion, sports it, round, and round,
 In gambols, on the flowery ground.

It was Ellen Green, who, with her dog, was passing by to her little house. They thought it best not to interrupt her pleasures. She was soon out of sight, and they returned to their social enjoyments.

CHAP. X.

Pleasing Embarrassment,—A Morning Walk.

THERE are times, when under certain circumstances, various reflections, some of a pleasant, and others of an unpleasant nature, flow in upon the thinking faculty within us, and are forcibly hurried round in strange and giddy confusion, greatly bewildering and perplexing the brain, and leaving nothing for remembrance, but a mournful wreck of inconsistent ideas. This is the *circling eddy of the mind*, which occasionally absorbs all men, destroys

the peace of numbers, and into which Albion was irresistibly drawn, after he had laid himself down upon his bed.

He often courted sleep, who, like a coy, coquettish mistress, as often fled from him with disdain, or only lulled him to unrefreshing slumbers, and presented him with startling dreams. Sometimes he thought that Flora loved him; again he feared she did not. He would then summon up all that a faithful memory could supply, and carefully examine and weigh each look, word, and action; yet still he could arrive at no rational and satisfactory conclusion.

“Her Father,” he would say to himself, “is friendly and generous. But all this, perhaps, is mere Irish hospitality.” Then he would slumber a little; and incoherent dreams placing him in England, would leave him to wander at a distance from Flora; or instantly transporting him to Loughlean Hall, would alternately delight and torment him, with her yielding kindness, and the horrid images of successful rivals. Again awaking, he would blame himself for his want of resignation to the Divine will, and earnestly endeavour to be more serene and tranquil. “Why,” he would exclaim, “Can I not leave this, as well as my other affairs, to the supreme Disposer of all events, who is infinitely wise and merciful, and has promised to make all things work together for good to those who love him, and unreservedly confide in his gracious Providence.”

Thus, waking, slumbering, dreaming, and in pleasing embarrassment, and self-reproach, Albion struggled through the long night, nor did he sleep soundly till the dawn of day. When he awoke, he felt refreshed, and joyfully hailed the return of morn, that lovely season, just before sun-rise, when the dappled East is suffused with heavenly blushes, and tranquil rosy light adorns the landscape.

Throwing up his chamber-window, he looked out. The larks were on the wing, and the air resounded with music. The dewy flowers in the garden underneath cast a sweet perfume. The early bee, whilst rifling their stores, sounded his mellow horn; and the cheerful husbandman,

going forth to his labour, adding [added] his whistle and his song to the gleeful concert.

The clouds now parting and folding, seemed to vanish into air, and the glorious sun raised his broad orb slowly over the blue mountains. The world was full of life and joy! Albion contemplated the scene, with more than a philosophical mind. With the eye of a Christian, he viewed it through the medium of faith; and his enraptured soul was carried through all the gradations of existence, up to the throne itself of God. There, contemplating the great first cause, he saw the various golden chains of Providence, by which were suspended the greatest and most minute concerns, and which cannot be broken or dissolved by any power short of Omnipotence.

When Albion had offered up his morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to his Creator and Redeemer, he went down with a heart well prepared to join in family worship. Sweet to him was the reading of the Sacred Word; and sweet that chastised, but ardent zeal, that glowed in every breast, whilst with one mind and spirit they knelt around the throne of grace.

When the season for Flora's morning excursion arrived, she set out, and Albion begged leave to accompany her. They had not gone far, when they met a poor old man, tottering under the weight of infirmity and age. Taking off his hat, and bowing low, he addressed himself to Flora, requesting that she would step into his little cottage, pointing at the same time towards it, and intimating that he was in great distress. Flora instantly obeyed the call of humanity.

When she entered, nothing but sickness and sorrow presented themselves. Four or five ragged children sat by the fire, or ran here and there, across the floor. Once they disputed loudly about a cold potatoe; but the possessor, by eating it with haste and eagerness, speedily ended the quarrel. Their father, a pale emaciated figure, leaned his head on an old chest by the wall, and with tears in his eyes, told them to be quiet. Then looking pitifully at Albion and Flora, begged their pardon, and said, "But I cannot well be angry with my dear little

babes, they have eaten almost nothing these two days. In general, they are very affectionate, but hunger seems to have changed their nature, and made them savage."

Flora, evidently much distressed, said, "How is their mother? Where is she? I have not heard from her for a considerable time. Did she get the milk and oatmeal I sent her last week?"

"O yes, Madam, she did. And if it had not been for your kindness, I think we must all ere this have died. Through illness, I have for a long time been unable to teach my little school, and want has overtaken me like an armed man. My wife, but yesterday, was brought to bed of twins. God bless them—they are both alive, and doing well. They are lying beyond that partition-wall. If it were not so poor a place, I would request you to go and see them."

"O! never mind the pooriness of the place. But I should like to have a candle, for I perceive it is rather dark."

"If you will have patience with me, Madam, till I get a rush-light.—But I am hardly able to walk—There, Madam—but go slowly with it, or it will go out."

Flora, carrying the rush-light, went into the apartment beyond the partition wall. What a scene of pity and tenderness! The poor mother lay on a wretched bed of straw, and on either side of her was a sweet little innocent, unconscious of her distress, and endeavouring to extract from her breasts the nourishment provided for helpless infancy, by the God of nature. They did not wail aloud, but every now and then, moaned low and piteously, as if disappointed of their expected beverage.

"Dear Madam," said their mother, looking upon Flora, "I am ashamed, yet very glad, to see you in this poor cabin. I am much obliged to you for your great kindness to me last week. If you had not sent me the milk and meal, my little ones and myself must have died. But, thanks to my heavenly Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, in the time of our greatest need, we always obtain relief. My dear husband, who is a good scholar you know, for about a month past, has kept no school; and my poor old

father, who went out a bit ago, is able to do nothing. I don't feel for myself, but I feel for my little children; and, above all, for these two little innocent creatures. Their moans go to my very heart."

Here the tears flowed fast from the poor woman's eyes, and pressing her infants to her bosom, she sobbed heavily.

"Have you not," replied Flora, "sufficient milk for these dear little babies? I fear you have not. You are without the requisite nourishment yourself, and how can you supply their wants! Why did not you let me know of your distress? It would have given me great pleasure to have afforded you seasonable relief. I knew not you were so near lying-in. I wish to give according to my ability to all, but especially to those who are of the household of faith. Had it not been that I providentially met your father a few minutes ago, whilst I was on my way to another place, I should have remained for some time longer, at least, an entire stranger to your distress."

"To tell you the truth, Madam, you have been already so kind to me, that I was quite ashamed to send to you. But when I heard the children cry through hunger, and these little babes moan, whilst I had nothing for them, I said to my father, 'Come here, father, and tell me what I must do.' 'O,' said he, 'I will go to Miss Loughlean, she is a good creature, God bless her!—She has enough, and won't let your little ones perish through want, that she won't, I'll warrant her.' With this he got up, and set off for the Hall. But God sent you out to meet him. But I dare not ask you for any thing, I am really ashamed."

"Tell me, Jenny, how has your faith all this while supported you, under your severe trial? Have you not at times been ready to sink in despair, and to cry out, 'There is no help for me in my God'?"

"To tell you the truth, dear Madam, yesterday, when my children cried for food, and I had none to give them, and little Mary came in with her mouth all bleeding, and I asked her what was the matter, and her brother Pat answered 'Mammy, she was eating bones in the garden, but she was naughty, and would not give me a bit, and I

am very hungry ; will you give me a piece of bread, or a potatoe ? Father won't give me any : '—To tell you the truth, dear Madam, when I saw and heard all this, and knew there was neither bread nor potatoes in the house, and heard my husband try to pacify the children, with a promise of food on the morrow, my faith almost failed me, and I was going to cry out, 'this is hard.' But I quickly remembered myself, and said, 'My Lord and Saviour, great as my sufferings are, they are nothing in comparison with what thou enduredst for my sake. And yet thou hadst no sin, and I am all sin, and deserve this and ten times worse at thy hands.' Then my husband and my father came in, and kneeling by my bed-side, we all prayed fervently for more patience and faith, and for a stronger hope anchored in heaven. Our prayers were heard. We got fresh comfort and joy. We remembered that the Lord told us we must have tribulation, and that 'the light affliction, which lasteth but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Then came into our minds these words of our Saviour, 'Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?' But not to trouble you, dear Madam, by telling you what you know much better than I do, I will only mention to you the other part of this gracious Scripture passage, which struck us, it was this—'Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat ? or, What shall we drink ? or Where-withal shall we be clothed ? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek :) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Now, dear Madam, in answer to our prayers, all these gracious promises were brought to our minds with unusual force, and we felt that we could cast ourselves upon the Lord, and were enabled to rejoice in the midst of all our troubles. But I have

spoke so long, that I have tired both you and myself. Pray, Madam, excuse me, for I know not when to stop, when I begin to talk of the goodness of the Lord. Blessed, for ever blessed be his holy name."

"Jenny, I am exceedingly glad to hear such language from you, under your present circumstances. Through infinite mercy, your good education is not lost. You feel, and you speak like a Christian, and a woman of sense. And you have this day taught me such a lesson, as I trust I shall never forget. Sometimes, in the midst of plenty, I fall short of that high and refined spiritual enjoyment, which you have just informed me has fallen to your lot, in the lowest depth of want and poverty. Go on in this bright course, and you shall have more happiness in this life, and more riches and glory in the next, than shall ever be possessed by some who inhabit palaces, and who, though they are pious people, fall far short of your Christian attainments. Here, Jenny, are five shillings for you, and when they are done, let me know, and you shall have something more. Send also to the Hall this afternoon, and you shall have some milk and bread for your children and yourself. I shall give you also some clothes for these little babies."

The poor woman, who could hardly speak for joy, managed to thank her; and pressing her babes to her breast, falteringly said, "You shall yet have plenty, my little dears. He who sent you into this world, will provide for you."

The silent tear stole down Flora's cheek, and taking the little innocents up, one on each arm, she went into the other apartment, where Albion sat talking with the schoolmaster. "Now, Sir," said she, "Here are two little petitioners, give me leave to speak for them. They are hungry and cold, I ask for them only five shillings apiece."

Albion, smiling, replied, "It is not easy to refuse such petitioners;" and putting his hand into his pocket, held out two guineas. Flora, well pleased, returned with the money and the babes to their mother, who was quite overwhelmed with this unexpected kindness. She had no

words adequate to express her gratitude; but her looks and manner spoke most eloquently. Her affectionate husband endeavoured to thank his bountiful friends; and the eyes of the little children glistened with joy, whilst they were heard whispering to each other, "We shall soon have plenty of milk and potatoes, for Mammy has got handfuls of money."

But happy as our Cottagers were, Albion and Flora felt that it was more blessed to give than to receive; and taking their leave, went in quest of other objects of charity.

After they had visited several poor people, and administered to the wants of both their bodies and souls, Flora, addressing herself to Albion, said, "There is yet one more, whom I should like you to see. She is a poor old woman, very worldly minded, and very discontented. Notwithstanding I have given her a Bible, and the Vicar of the Parish and my Father have often talked to her very affectionately and faithfully, respecting her depravity and the way of salvation, she still continues in the same graceless and disconsolate state; and all that is given to her can neither make her satisfied nor grateful. She receives the most liberal gift as if it were her right; and though she will not thank you for giving, she complains loudly of you for withholding."

"Her condition," answered Albion, "is very deplorable, and there can be little pleasure in doing any thing for her; but as God causes the rain to fall on the just and the unjust, so it is our duty, whilst we are administering to the wants of the righteous, not to pass by the miserable abodes of the wicked."

By this time, the old woman in question was seen at a little distance, hastening to meet them; and Flora, whispering, "There she comes"—said to her, "Well, Betty, how do you do?"

"Ah! Miss Loughlean I am very ill. I have seldom a day's health. What a sad thing it is, that one in my situation, has so little to eat and drink, and clothe herself. Many people, no better than I am, are rolling in plenty. But, do you see me, I that never did any body harm, can get nothing."

“Tell me, Betty,” said Albion, “does ever this Lady give you any thing? Somebody must supply your wants, for you seem plump and healthy.”

“Ah! Sir, do you see me, Miss Loughlean is very good. But I am not healthy. I am a great cheat, do you see. I have the rheumatic, and cough, and asthma, and twenty other complaints. And I ought to have nice things to live upon, do you see. But whilst the rich are filling themselves with every thing that is good, poor Betty must content herself with her potatoes and buttermilk.”

“Be this as it may, Betty, I think your potatoes and buttermilk agree with you very well, and all your pains and aches don't prevent you from stirring about. I have seldom seen young or old, who could walk faster and better than you can do. But, since you are so ill, do you ever think of dying?”

“Ah! do you see me, Sir, that I do, and I tell every body of it, but they won't believe me; they say that I am likely to live, and be a torment to myself and my neighbours many years. The hard-hearted knaves! I wish they were to be in my place but for one week, and then, do you see me, they would feel for poor Betty.”

“Since you tell me that you think of death, are you prepared for it? Have you repented you of your sins, and believed in Christ? Are you more desirous of loving and serving him, than of getting riches, and plenty of fine clothes? Think of these things, Betty. It is high time. You seem to me to be of an envious and discontented spirit, and to have very little sense of religion. This is a great sin, and will make you unhappy here, and for ever hereafter, unless you see your folly and wickedness in due time, and become wise and good.”

Betty, retiring a few paces, muttered to herself, “This is the way Miss Loughlean talks to me.” And then turning round, she said, “Be so good, Sir, as to give me a penny to buy a little tobacco. I have had none for these two days.” Albion gave her a shilling. Thanking him, she walked hastily off, and in a few minutes entered her cottage.

“Poor woman,” said Flora, “you are still the same murmuring worldly-minded being. May he, who has all hearts in his power, change you by his Divine grace, and give you the consolations of his blessed Spirit! Then shall you be less anxious about this world, and more effectually prepared for the next.”

The day was now far advanced, and Albion and Flora proceeded homeward. When they got within a quarter of a mile of the Hall, Albion suddenly exclaimed, “What a romantic little building!” pointing at the same time to the object which excited his curiosity.”

“That,” answered Flora, “is Ellen Green’s habitation. I saw her go past my window in the morning. I think she must be at home. Will you pay her a short visit?”

“Most cheerfully,” said Albion. “I wish to see her little dwelling, and should be glad to find her in it, and to converse with her for a few minutes.”

In the corner of a field, and on a rising ground, stood the little cottage. It was about three yards high, and as many wide; neatly built of stone and lime, and covered on the top with thatch. The wild brier grew up its sides, and it was overspread by the branches of a lofty oak. A clear stream of water ran past the door; and all around, primroses and violets mingled in sweet profusion.

Albion led the way; but when he got within a few paces of the door, out sprang Lion, with a tremendous bark, and made Albion start back suddenly, and stand upon his defence. And had it not been that Flora’s well-known voice soothed this faithful and vigilant sentinel, he might have proceeded to still greater extremities. But after all, he gave many a suspicious look at the strange intruder, and occasionally muttered a deep and threatening growl.

When they entered, Ellen received them with evident pleasure, and invited them to sit down. She had erected on one side of her cottage, a little bench of dry wood, and covered it over with soft moss. Here, Albion and Flora seated themselves, and were much struck with the furniture and various decorations of the dwelling. The floor was strawed with wild flowers freshly gathered, and garlands of roses and lilies were tastefully suspended from

the roof. Her Bible lay open in the window; her work-box was placed on a stool; and her doll reposed on a bed of thyme in a corner. Ellen herself sat on her little cart, crowned with a beautiful flowery wreath, and was busily occupied in making a collar of roses for Lion.

“I am glad,” said Flora, looking towards the Bible, “I am very glad, Ellen, to see that you have been lately reading in that good book. I hope it gives you much comfort.”

“O, yes, Madam! O, yes—that is the joy of my life. There I meet with my Saviour; and he talks with me in such a heavenly manner, and beckons me to the kingdom of his glory. He says, “Ellen, commit no sin, and believe in me, and I will take care of you upon earth, and, after you are dead, I will give you a palace in the skies.”

“This,” said Albion, “is a joyful hope, it is worth a great deal. Tell me, Ellen, do you love Christ, seeing that he has done, and will do so much for you?”

“Yes, Sir, this hope of mine I would not give for all the world. It is worth more than ten thousand worlds to me. But you asked me something else—I forget what it was—ask me again.”

“I asked you, Ellen, whether you loved Christ.”

“That—that is it, Sir. O, yes! I love him with all my heart. He died for me, and I could die for him. He is a God of love. Blessed, for ever blessed be his name!”

It was now near two o'clock, and Albion and Flora taking their leave of this interesting girl, directed their steps towards the Hall, lost in sweet meditation on the infinite mercy, and wonderful ways of God.

CHAP. XI.

The Disclosure.—The Conclusion.

AFTER Albion had passed several days at the Hall in pious conversation and rational amusement, and had risen very high in the esteem of his friends, he became anxious to disclose his heart to Flora, but waited impatiently for a favourable opportunity.

One evening, just after sun-set, when his impatience was wound up to the highest pitch, Captain Loughlean said to him, "Will you take a walk along the avenue? The season is inviting, and Flora and her Aunt are gone forth, we shall soon overtake them." Albion readily complied, and they found the ladies rambling about, and enjoying the beauties of the prospect. Here and there, lofty mountains raised their rocky heads, through the openings in the trees; the wild flowers cast a sweet perfume; the soft sounding of the cataracts around Killarney was distinctly heard; the song of the redbreast, and the cooing of the dove filled the branches with music. And to heighten the loveliness of the scene, the moon shone brightly in a cloudless sky!

This was a season of tenderness and love; and Albion and Flora luckily meeting, walked on together, some paces behind the Captain and Miss O'Leary, as they directed their course towards the Hall. The moon-beams playing through the branches, often fell on Flora's countenance and form, and Albion gazing upon her, thought that he never beheld so lovely a woman. In her conversation too, she discovered such refinement of taste, such nice shades of judgment, such piety and good sense, that she appeared to him a being of a superior order. Her manner was kind, and he sometimes thought he saw her look upon him, with an expression of tenderness. The moment was propitious; his heart overflowed with the warmest emotions, and he gave full vent to the feelings of his soul.

What he said, and what she replied to it, and how they conducted themselves in their tender embarrassment, is not known, nor is it meet it should. Such scenes could

not melt the ice of age, and might add too much fuel to the fire of youth. When they arrived at the Hall, thus much was evident—a smiling serenity sat on their countenance, the sure sign of inward happiness.

Albion hastily followed Captain Loughlean into his Library, whither he had just gone; and after considerable hesitation, said, “I confess, Sir, that never till this moment have I been a coward.”

“Well, Sir,” answered the Captain, “I hope you are not one now! I have lately witnessed your courage and prowess, during the attack on our fortress, and there is at present no enemy near.”

“But, Sir,” replied Albion, “I am a coward, and you are the only man I fear. I wish to make a request, and I tremble at the possibility of being denied.”

“What is it,” said the Captain, “you would have? Ask of me to the half of my kingdom, and it shall be granted you.”

“Then, Sir,” replied Albion, “I take you at your word. I ask no part of your kingdom; but I ask what I value infinitely more—I ask your daughter.”

“Have you asked herself?” said the Captain. “What does she say?”

“I have only to get your consent, Sir,” answered Albion.

“Then, Sir,” replied the Captain, “you have it, with all my heart. I am sensible of my daughter’s worth, and I love her as my own life; but I am greatly mistaken, if you do not deserve her.”

Albion, overcome with the tenderest and most grateful sensations, was endeavouring to make some reply, but the Captain would not suffer him. But, taking him by the hand, said, “I know you love my daughter, and I have not been insensible to her growing kindness for you. I am aware, also, that you are a gentleman of family and influence; but, above all things, I am pleased to think, you are travelling in the path of religion. Had it not been for this last consideration, we must have come to a

very different conclusion. Most assuredly I set the due value upon the worldly comforts of my daughter, but it would give me but small pleasure, to know that she was rich and great, if I thought her soul in danger of perdition."

Here, the Captain ringing the bell, ordered the servant to tell Flora to walk in. Just as she entered, "Flora," said her Father, "By your consent, I have been giving you away." And then pointing to Albion, he said, "Is this the object of your choice?" Flora hung her head, and blushed, but remained silent. Then the Captain taking her hand, put it into Albion's, saying, "Love her as I have loved her—She is yours." Their hearts were too full for utterance, and they sat down.

"Now, my children," said the Captain, "in two months hence, not sooner, you shall be married." Here Albion begged the time might be shortened. The Captain, smiling, said, "No—in this I must be obeyed." And then resumed—"Now, my children, in two months hence, through Divine permission, you shall be married; and I hope your lot will be as good as can be expected, in this uncertain and sinful world. But do not look forward to an uninterrupted flow of happiness. This is not the portion of mortals on this side eternity. Make up your minds for some difficulties, that when they come, you may rather meet them as the common lot, than struggle under them with impatience. When the young fancy is warm, it sees nothing but a gay prospect before it. But sage experience removes the delusion, and teaches more moderate expectations. Let me advise you both, then, whether in prosperous or adverse circumstances, to be fully resigned to the Divine will, constantly preserving a tranquil equanimity. Let each look upon the other as the best earthly friend. And be not blind to faults on either side, but cover them with a mantle of charity. Either never let your minds be ruffled at all, or be not angry at the same instant; let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Differ but seldom in your opinions; but if at any time you cannot agree, the law of God and nature requires, that the husband should bear the rule. And above all things, my children, remember that you have

immortal souls ; and encourage each other in the great work of laying up treasure for them in heaven."

Here the Captain's address ended ; and Albion and Flora embracing each other, wept tears of joy !

Thus, courteous Reader, have I led you to the end of your journey. If the way has appeared long, charge it on the badness of the roads, and the insipidity of your conductor : if it has seemed short, let it remind you of the brevity of life.

When you consider that in one single hour we have surveyed lakes, cataracts, mountains, crossed seas, and travelled over many leagues of land ; that we have wandered through the intricate mazes of politics, or journeyed through the more sublime paths of religion ; when you think of the hopes, fears, sorrows, and joys, of the various personages we have met with — Instead of censuring unreasonably the conciseness or obscurity of your guide's information, let me beseech you to reflect that this, the land of your pilgrimage, is a chequered scene ; that your seventy years in retrospect, will seem an hour ; and they only are truly wise, who sedulously *redeem the time*.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 61, Line 23, add " *he* " before " *had.* "

Page 71, — 12, dele " *he.* "

Page 101, — 10, for " *would carry her off,* "
read, " *carries her off.* "

Page 137, — 3, for " *adding,* " read " *added.* "

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