THE RIVALS. By Gerald Griffin. CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

The most striking characteristic of the Wicklow scenery is that of intense, though not oppressive loneliness. The road which our polemic pursued, after leaving the mansion of Glendearg, was a wild and broken tract, winding amid a wilderness of mountain heath, and granite. Sometimes a stream, hurrying downward through the masses of rock that made the desert horrid, broke suddenly upon his path, foaming and glittering in the moonlight, and making a dreary sound in the moonlight solitude. Sometimes the distant barking of a dog augmented the sense of extreme loneliness which the scene occasioned, by the slight suggestion of a contrast which it afforded. Sometimes a gust of wind swept down between the fissures of the lulis, and hurrying along the valley side, sunk down and whist again, with a wail that had something in it of a supernatural effect. The beautiful terrors of the scene were, however, all lost on Davy.

A cloud had stolen across the moon, when he descended that rugged part of the road which leads downward upon the lake of Luggela. He stepped out upon a rock, which overlooks the valley on the northwestern side, and endeavored, in the dim light, to gather in the outline of the scene beneath him! This enchanting little region, like all the lake scenery of Wicklow, owes its principal fascination to the effect of contrast which is produced on the beholder's mind by the dreary wildness of the barren mountain road by which it is approached. While our pedestrian stood upon the rock, the veil was suddenly withdrawn from the disk of the "full-blown" moon, and a flood of tender light was poured upon the scene, clothing the cliffs, the lake, the trees, and the whole coup deeil in a mantle of bluish silver.

He saw, beneath him, embosomed among the fainting in the bosom of the distant vallies. with so gentle a current that the profound repose curl. Beneath him, on his left, in a nook of this sequestered valley, and commanding the beautiful plain before described, stood a mansion in the pointed style of architecture; and here the scene was enriched and humanized by plantations, pleasure grounds, garden plats, and other luxurious incidents, which gave a softening character of the calm expanse of water, from which the scene derives its name, and which occupied an area between three lofty mountains, each of which descended suddenly upon the very borders of the lake, and presented a variety of shore which was wonderful in a scene so limited. On one side appeared a tumbling cliff, composed of innumerable loose masses of granite, piled together to the height of a thousand feet, without a single trace of vegetation: farther on, the waters kissed the foot of a hill, that was clothed, from the summit to the very verge of the lake, in a mantle of the freshest verdure: farther on still, the shores were shadowed by over-hanging woods of pine and beech, and before the circuit of the basin had been made, the waters were found rolling in their tiny wavelets of crystal, over a level sandy beach, composed of triturated granite, and forming the border of the lawn already mentioned .-The effect of the whole picture was heightened at this moment, by the peculiar light, which softened down the rougher features of the scene, and gave a gentle and sparkling brilliancy to those parts that were distinguished by their beauty and refinement. Over half the surface of the lake, the gigantic shadow of Carrigamanne mountain (the granite cliff before described) was flung by the declining moon, with a sharp distinctness

of bright and streaky silver. The poor pedestrian remained, gazing long upon this scene, for he remembered the time when his young master, Francis Riordan, and himself were accustomed to spend the whole summer days upon the lake, paddling luxuriously along the mountain sides, or standing out in the centre and looking for trout. He remembered the time when he sat resting on his oars in the bow, while the slight and beautiful boy was wont to lie back on the stern seats, for many minutes together, gazing on the glassy water, and humming over that enchanting air, the character of

of outline, veiling half the waters in the deep-

est shade, while the remainder mimicked the

vault of the star-lit heaven above within a plain

* The air of Luggela, to which Moore has adapted

that perfection of lyric melody, commencing "No, not more welcome the fairy numbers," &c.

which is so exquisitely adapted to the scene from which it takes its name.

ATHOLI

On a sudden, the ears of Davy were greeted by a strain of music so singular, so novel in its character, and yet so sweet, that bound him to the spot, in an ecstacy of surprize and admiration. It seemed like a concert of many instruments, and yet it was little louder in its tones than the murmuring of a hive of summer bees. Sometimes it swelled out into a strain of wailing harmony like the moan of an Eolian harp, and sometimes faded away into

"A sound so fine that nothing lived 'Tween it and silence.

And then a rich masculine voice, improved into an almost magical sweetness by the loneliness of the place, took up the following melody, which was executed with a skill that told of continental accomplishment:

Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood, And thrills in the silence of even; Till faint and more faint, in the far solitude,

It dies on the portals of heaven! But echo springs up from her home in the rock, And seizes the perishing strain;
And sends the gay challenge with shadowy mock
From mountain to mountain again,
And again!

From mountain to mountain again.

Oh, thus let my love, like a sound of delight, Be around thee while shines the glad day; And leave thee, unpain'd, in the silence of night, And die like sweet music away. While hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye

fills;
Oh, say, "Like that echoing strain,
Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,

It will waken in heaven again, And again! It will waken in heaven again.

The song ceased, and the listener could hear the words, "Again, and again!" floating off and

In a few minutes a small boat emerged from brown hills, a little valley full of beauty, full of In a few minutes a small boat emerged from varied loveliness, full of character, and of rothat part of the lake which was darkened by the mantic interest. On his right was a deep glen shadow of the mountain, and gliding rapidly over rugged with masses of granite, and intersected the star-spangled abyss that lay between, buried by a small stream which supplied the basin of the its light keel in the sandy beach above described; lake, and whose origin was concealed amid the windings of the barren denie. Following the he saw from the head-dress of one, a plume of course of this stream, the eye soon beheld it colored feathers waving in the moonlight. The creeping out from among the rocks, gliding with night was so calm, that he could hear the voices many a snake-like winding along a green and of both with perfect distinctness. Perceiving cultivated champaign, and mingling into the lake that he of the plume was about to take the road to Roundwood, Davy hurried forward on his own of its gleaming surface was unbroken by a single tract, measuring his speed so as that he might encounter the stranger as nearly as possible at the point on the heath where the two roads joined.

In this he was successful. The stranger, in answer to Davy's courteous greeting, touched his hat lightly with his finger, and, folding his cloak around him, continued his journey in silence.— When they had reached that turn in the road at leisure to the retreat. Farther to his left, lay which, by a single step, the traveller may shut out from his view the delicious valley above described, the stranger, who seemed to be well acquainted with the scenery, turned suddenly round, and gazed for a long time, without the least sound or motion upon the moonlight scene. At length, seeming to gather his arms more closely upon his breast, and bending his head low, he strode forward at a more rapid pace, and soon overtook Davy, who was loitering a few paces in advance.

"Do you go to Roundwood, friend?" asked the stranger, in what Davy called an " Englified" accent.

This was the spell-word which, like the first speech addressed to a spirit, put an end to Davy's silence, and left him free to become as inquisi-

tive and communicative as he pleased. "A little beyant it plase your honor," he said,

touching his hat; "as far as Glendalough." "Do you live at the Seven Churches then?"

"I do, sir, just hard by the barrack of Drumgoff, where my brother keeps a little school. I was over among the mountains, a piece, at Misthur Damer's, of Glendearg, getting him to put in a good word for me with the Archbishop, in regard of the lase o' my little place, over.'

He paused, as if in the expectation that the stranger might put a word to sustain his share of the conversation, but the latter continued silent. "Great doings at Glendearg, sir," Davy,

added: "nothing but marryin', ever an always." Even this bait failed to awaken the stranger's curiosity, and for some minutes both were silent. "Dear knows, then, this is a lonesome road,"

was Davy's next effort at opening a confidential intercourse. "I wouldn't like to cross the mountains to Roundwood alone to night, not that I ever saw anything uglier than myself, thank heaven, in all my rambles, but people says a dale about sperrits, that way at night. Will you take it as an offence, sir, if I ask your honor one ques-

"That will depend altogether, my good friend, upon the nature of the question itself."

"Surely, sir, surely. Well, it's what I was going to say was, that I know a family from Dubin that come here last year, and of all the world, I never heard anything more like the tone o' Wilderming?"

their voice than what your honor's is, The Nortons, sir, a fine likely family indeed, and 'tis what I thought when I heard your honors', was that may be, says I, 'lis one o' the young Misthur Nortons I have there, and sure enough, says I, 'tis Misthur George, that went out with the pathriots, for I see the green feather flirtin' up in his hat, an' he comin' up the road?"

"My voice, then," said the stranger, "is not

unfamiliar to you?"

"I declare, then, no," said Davy, "I have a feelin' greatly in myself when I hear you talkin', as I may say." "And the best conjecture you can make is

that I am young Mr. Norton of Dublin?"
"I'm thinkin' so, sir."

"I hope I may not find all my old friends in Ireland so forgetful, and yet there are many there by whom I do not feel anxious to be recollected. Your name is David Lenigan?"

"It is, abo' boord!"

"Were you ever in service?"
"Never but the once't when I was coortin'

Gracey Guerin." "And would you know," said the stranger in

a hollow voice, standing still himself, and causing David also to do so, by laying a finger against his shoulder. "Would you know your master if you saw him again?"

At this question, David drew back with a secret misgiving at the heart, and a cold creeping of the skin, such as is occasioned by the extremest horror of which human nature is capable. He gazed fearfully on the tall figure that stood before him, and as the moonshine fell upon his worn and sallow countenance and large watery eyes, a terrific recognition began to awake within his heart. The stranger, meanwhile, remained standing at his full height, his head thrown back, as if to invite enquiry, one foot advanced a little, and one worn hand gathering the drapery of his capacious war-cloak around his handsome person.

After a long pause, Davy had recovered sufficient presence of mind to stretch out his hands towards the stranger, and exclaim, in a hoarse and broken whisper, while his teeth chattered, and his limbs shook with fear. "Oh, Masther Francis, is it you?"

"My poor fellow," said the stranger, still in the same loud and excited tone: "I am indeed your master, Francis Riordan."

The faithful servant remained for a consider-

Riordan: "but what a brilliant fortune I would were silent, a stream splashed at a little distance, then have lost! To see the cause succeed to and I thought of former times. I lifted my hands which I had devoted my life and labor, to come to heaven, and I said, No!-let my fate be back once more in health and honor to my native gloomy as it may, let me die young, and in a land, and even, before my youth had fled, to re-

"But, Masther Francis, arn't you afeered, for and this is my reward!"

"Afraid! of what?"

nately, as if to be assured that they stood alone to do their besht."
in the wilderness, and then said, "Why, then,
"But she has f nothin', sir, only of that ould business you know."

Francis smiled! "Nay, nay," said he, "Lacy I hear is alive and well, and for anything else I'll find proof of his falsehood; at all events, I can't think there is great danger of my finding people's memories so very acute. My enemies must not have sharper recollections than my friends."

"Ayeh, then, I declare I wouldn't trust Richard Lacy for forgettin'."

"Nor I, if it were his interest any longer to

remember." "Oh, then, Oh, then, Masther, 'tis it that is

his intherest, an' nothin' else. O dear! O dear!

down on you this blessed night." The moment he had said these words, the stranger seemed on a sudden to have lost a foot of his customary stature. His proud and soldier-like bearing was altered in an instant. He walked off the road and sat down, for some moments, on a rock which lay near, evidently greatly

able action suffering his agitation to appear?" "Come hither!" he said to his attendant, after a pause of painful silence, "what do you say of

affected, but not hiding his face, nor by any avoid-

"Oh, then, Masther Francis, I declare I don't like to say any thing about it to you .-You're sick and weary now, sir, afther your jour-

"Speak on, speak on," repeated Riordan in the same tone.

"Come on to Roundwood, Masther, an' I'll tell you, when you're well an' hearty in the mornin'. Dear knows, a sleep would be betther to you now than news like this."

"Speak, sir," cried Francis, in a voice of sud-

"She is—" Davy began—
"Dead!" cried the soldier, observing him he-

" Not dead, sir, no-" "Not dead, thank heaven! but ill?"

HRONICLE.

"Wisha, faix, that's not it, sir, neither."
"What then? What is it that you fear to tell me. Lenigan?" continued his master, "why do you hesitate, and moan, and look downwards? Out with it, man, whatever be the event. One thing at any rate, I cannot fear, and that is any talk with Misther Aaron!" Esther Wilderming's unkindness. I never will

should live to see her in her coffin." "Why, then, since you say 'coffin,' Masther," aid Davy, "I declare I'd rather see her in her coffin, than where she is to be, in Misther Lacy's

look upon her face with a sad heart, unless I

house." "Than where?" said Riordan, stepping back,

and speaking in a whisper.

"Oh, then, in Lacy's house!"
"What have you said?" cried Riordan, leaning with both hands on David's shoulder and speaking in a low voice. "Answer each question I shall ask you briefly, quickly, and most truly. Where is Miss Wilderming?"

"Over at Glendearg."

"And well?"

"Iss, purty well." "Married," he paused a moment, "married, or not ?'

" Not married, yet."

"What then? She is contracted?" "Yes."

"To whom?"

"To Richard Lacy."

"'Tis true, then!" the young man cried aloud, turning from Lenigan. He stood for some minutes in an attitude of

rigid agony, with both bands pressed upon his forehead, and the fingers twined in his hair, as if with the intention of tearing it up by the roots. "Let there be," he said at last, "no error

here. Is it that Lacy? Has she given herself away to my enemy?"

"To him, then, and to no other."

"Oh, you have said enough!"

"Wisha, dear knows--'

"I told her, at our parting, that I could not change, and I spoke the truth. I have been tempted, too. Wealthy, and beautiful, and high-born was the being that put my true affections to able time without the power of speech. "We the trial. I was poor then, and friendless, and I thought you were dead, sir," he gasped forth at went up all alone to the house top, in the calm foreign land, but never will I meditate falsehood

"Oh, then, sir," said Davy, "I have that notion o' the women, that if they wished to prove Davy cast a glance over each shoulder, alter- thrue, itself, they couldn't keep from rovin' an'

"But she has found her punishment even in her crime. Married to Richard Lacy! I am a fool to trouble myself about it-Davy!"

" Well, masther ?" "When is the marriage to take place?"

"This week, sir, as I hear."

"Ah, shame! And at Glendearg?" "Providen' she is betther before then."

"What, is she ill, then? What's the matter? Well, well, though she is worthless, I am sorry to hear this."

"Ah, masther, you're too hard upon her." " Do you think so, David? You are a faithful fellow." "'Tis unknown, sir, what coaxin' an' arguefyin'

Oh, Miss Esther Wilderming! the heavens look they had at her, over at Glendearg, to make her say the word that she'd marry Lacy." " Ha! do you know this?

"To be sure, I do. Didn't she remain shut up in her house for as good as four years a'most, without seein' a crather, hardly, until we heerd of your death?"

"Aye, I forget; you spoke of some such rumor. And Esther heard of this?"

"The world wide heard of it; sure it was printed in the papers all over Ireland. 'Tis after that, sure, Lacy come coortin' of her again, an' long while, only the death of her mother, an' Mr. Damer's arguefyin', an' every thing, forced head of it."

"Forced her?" cried Riordan, in a tone of extreme surprise.

"Iss-Misther Damer."

"And does he think," the young man exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, "does be imagine that he can complete this sacrifice while she has got a friend on earth to save her? Hold, Davy, den anger, springing to his feet, "you fling me stop one moment. You must return to Glenon a rack, and bid me sleep! What of Miss dearg, and take from me a note to Miss Wilderming. To-night I sleep in Roundwood; to-mor- cess to forgery."

row, some business takes me to Enniskerry, but I will be with you at Glendalough, to hear your answer, in the evening, and that must guide us in our future conduct."

He wrote with a pencil a short note, which he folded and placed in the hands of his attendant, bidding him to use the needful secrecy in its de-

"I'll give it to Mrs. Keleher," said Davy, " for, dear knows, I'm in no hurry at all to have

"What, is poor Aaron Shepherd living still?"
"Oh, then 'tis he that is, an' 'tis I that has

raison to know it."

" Poor Aaron!" "Dear knows, I think that man would bother the world, convertin' 'em. I declare to my heart what I ait an' dhrink at that house doesn't do me good, I'm so smothered from bibles, an' thracts of all kinds. Arguefyin', arguefyin', for ever. Erra, sure if a man had a head as long as my arm, 'twould set him to have answers ready for every question they'd ax him that way. But I'm promised a copy o' the Fifty Raisons next week, an' indeed when I get it I'll give Aaron his due. Well, masther Frank, good night, sir,

an' the heavens bless an' direct you. I'll go no farther now, as I'm to return to Glendearg." "Good night, good fellow. I will remember your honesty and your attachment, David, when

am once more at peace."

"Oh, then, don't speak of it, masther Frank. Tis enough for me to see you well, an' hearty, an' more than I expected to see, sure. Well, well, only to think o' this! Alive and here in Ireland afther all! That I may never die in sin, but it bates out all the fables that ever was wrote."

He turned away, and, as he descended through the rocks, Francis could hear him, at a long distance, in the calm moonlight, singing the following lines of a controversial ballad:

When woeful beresy And infidelity Combined for to raise disconsolation, You forsook that holy church That would not lave you in the lurch, And publicly denied your ordination. Your name it will appear Through Ireland far and near In Limerick, in Cork, and Dungannon, In Belfast and Dublin town Your conduct will be shown

An' they'll talk o' the revolted Father Hannan. Young Riordan remained for several minutes gazing on the moonlit desert, by which he was and burning noontide, to look to the east and surrounded, and delivering up his mind to the

length.

and burning noontide, to look to the east and surrounded, and delivering up his mind to the think of her whom I had left in our own distant romantic nature of the scene, and of the cirjoiced to give occasion to such a rumor," said island. The sky was clear and still, the woods cumstances under which he now beheld it, after years of suffering and of exile. " Alive, and here in Ireland!" so ran the current of his thoughts, " I left these hills in sorrow

and in fear, and now I come again, in joy and safety, to challenge the fulfilment of my youthful turn with all my youthful hopes accomplished." to my country, or to my love. I kept my truth, dreams. Ye hills, that seemed to my infant fancy the boundaries of earth itself; ye barren wilds, that my untutored eye could find as blooming as the gardens of Armida; ye lakes and streams into which I have so often gazed, and longed to dive into the mirrored heaven beneath; ye fresh, familiar winds, that even now waken in my mind a thousand sudden sweet remembrances; ye rocks, trees, waters, all ye shapes and hues that constitute my home, I hail you from my heart! There's not a bell blooms on the brown heath of these, my native mountains, but my heart loves with a particular fondness. There's not a rock frowns downward from those dreary summits but leaves the luxuries of all the tropics behind-hand in my estimation. Oh, and shall ye still greet me with the same young and constant smile; shall ye still offer to my sense the same unaltered sights and sounds; shall the winds blow, the waters run, the mountains and the rocks rebuke the morning with the same sad frown as in my infancy, and all remain unchanged, except my love? I will not think it. Now, from this time forward, I never will anticipate an evil .-My life has been a life of fear and toils, and now I never more will cease to hope. The cloud may gather dense, as night itself, above my head, but, 'till it bursts, I never will believe that it bears thunder in its womb. I must succeed: I

must be gay and happy." After this enthusiastic fit of musing, the young soldier threw his cloak around his glowing frame, and hurried off in the direction of his native vilshe wouldn't have any thing to say to him for a lage. Young nerves, young blood, young feelings and young hopes, combined to keep his spirits in that buoyant state to which his fancy had her to it at last, an' she got the sickness on the excited them, and he trod along the mountain path as if it were entirely by his own free election that he preferred the earth to air.

(To be continued.)

A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another, who was suffering and needed pecuniary assistance, drily asked him, "Friend, has thou

felt in thy pocket for him?"

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave :- "Suc-