

a colleen's put hers. 'Tis the wakest to the wall ; and 'tis never the woman's the wakest, between man and man. But that's no rayson for a man to let himself be made waker than he's bound to be ; and y'll need your strength before long, I've been thinking, if ye mane to hold your own. I've known 'em in Kerry, your honour ; and one knows 'em everywhere, if one knows 'em *there*."

Well, why not ? Why should I not realise that I still had left me some sort of will of my own ? I was not in prison ; I had the use of my limbs ; I had nothing to do but to pass through a door and down a flight of stairs in order to prove that my soul was still in my own keeping. Yet the thought felt almost like a temptation to commit a sin ; as if, before stirring hand or foot, I had to wait the orders of András Mári. No doubt a sharp illness is often followed by a similar lethargy, which requires for its conquest more energy than seems credible when it has once been conquered and forgotten ; but then it is of yielding to it that one is ashamed, not of breaking through.

I verily believe that the fact of my going out for the first time that morning is a greater proof of the influence she had gained over me than if I had stayed indoors. A slave who is conscious of his slavery, and who goes through a ~~form~~ of asserting his freedom, knowing, and in his secret heart preferring, that it shall be vain, is more really a slave than the one who takes his condition as a matter of course. A bird which hops out upon the table in the certainty of presently returning to his cage is far more a captive than the one which will not