

## THE LATE F. W. LORING.

The family of the brilliant young writer, Frederick W. Loring, who was slain by the Apaches near Wickenburg, Arizona, in November, 1871, while serving with Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition as a correspondent of the *Tribune*, have recovered the effects that were on his person when he fell. In his pocket-book, along with some unfinished sketches, were the following graceful verses, now first given to the world:

## I.

Do you ask me, starry eyes,  
To describe the lover true?  
Wonder not at my surprise,  
Who should know as well as you.  
Think of all that you have seen,  
All the lovers that have been;  
He is true whose love is shown,  
For her sake, and not his own.

## II.

What he does, he does alone;  
Yes he hopes it wins her thought,  
All that in his soul has grown,  
To her sovereign feet is brought;  
To his soul her image clings,  
She seems woven in all things,  
And each thought that in him stirs,  
Is not for his sake, but hers.

## III.

For her sake he will endure,  
For her sake will sacrifice;  
Bravely bearing, her love sure,  
Censure, slander, scorn, advice.  
If another wins her heart,  
Sadly he will from her part;  
Sadly, bravely, true love is  
For her sake, and not for his.

## IV.

That is the true lover sweet—  
True as ever I am true;  
For my love is all complete,  
Perfect, since it comes from you,  
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!  
For I could not let you go,  
I must keep you where you have grown,  
For my sake, and for your own.

## V.

For your own, because I love  
More than any other can;  
More than ever love could move,  
Heart of any former man;  
Look at me and then agree,  
Nove have ever loved like me;  
For whatever I may do,  
Is because I live in you.

## VI.

Kiss, and so shut speech away.  
When old age our life has spent,  
'Twill be time enough to say,  
What is love in argument?  
For the present all stars shine;  
You are here and you are mine.  
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,  
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.

## KITTY BLAKE; OR, CONNEMARA, CON AMORE.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

One bitterly cold night in the February of 1872, I quitted my comfortable study for the purpose of ensconcing myself behind a white tie, and of encasing my person in those stereotyped sable garments which cry, "Open, sesame," at the portals of Society.

My friends, the Wilkins, were indulging in a fit of insanity, and the attack, which in the commencement promised to be of a somewhat mild form, gradually assumed graver symptoms, until it culminated in a tremendous ball. Vainly I pleaded a necessity for reading up a case with which the eminent firm of Tozer and Bulsome had entrusted me. Vainly I declared to Wilkin, upon the honor of a man and a brother, that I was "out of that sort of thing;" that I had read that particular chapter in the book of *Life clean through to the end*, and that I was only good for the mahogany; he didn't or rather wouldn't see it, and with a sense of bitter injury at my heart, and an unmistakable sense of frost at the tip of my nose and my extremities generally, I pulled myself together, dressed hurriedly, and arrived at Harley Street in a humor the very reverse of amiable, and with the full determination of merely showing myself to Mrs. Wilkin, imbibing a glass or perhaps two of sherry, and getting back to resume the perusal of a novel.

*L'homme propose.*

The crush had not as yet been well turned on, so my ascent to the drawing-rooms was no very difficult task. Upon the lobby Mrs. Wilkin was standing, behind a huge bouquet which commanded the staircase like a great floral gun; and Wilkin was prowling in the immediate vicinity, with the air of a man who had succeeded in losing half a sovereign, and was engaged in looking for it as though he wanted it very badly indeed.

"Ah, Mr. Brookley! I'm so glad that you have come. Freddy told me you were doubtful—all clever men are, but you know I always believe in you, and I look to your aid to make this little affair go off well."

I groaned in spirit. This meant stopping until the candles were snuffed out—until the tallow-faced greengrocers were paid off—until the milkman arrived at the area railings, and until I should be jibed by disappointed cabbies as "the cove as was a-playin' the pianer."

"By the way, Brookley, there's a little Irish girl stopping here, a Miss Blake. Come, and I'll introduce you as a friend o' mind," observed Wilkin, dragging me, *bon gré, mal gré*, towards a mass of *tulle illusion* surmounted by a bunch of white flowers.

Now any Irish girls whom I had hitherto been fortunate enough to meet had, somehow or other, been always too much for me. If I was *blasé*, they were saucy. If I was *déçagé*, they were sentimental. If I was learned, they were blissfully and gushingly ignorant. I had been invariably foiled, and my most skillful fencing went for nothing. I had not been able to score a palpable hit under any circumstances whatsoever.

I held back much after the fashion of a dog being led to corporal punishment through the medium of a collar and a string—bowed a grim ungainly bow, and proceeded to fiddle with the buttons of a pair of soiled, bulgy gloves, and to glare in every direction save that supposed to be occupied by Mrs. Wilkin's Hibernian guest.

At this juncture an attenuated, waxen-looking, half-fed artist hung in chains, and clad in garments shilshing with grease and threadbare from age, proceeded to pound away upon the piano, aided and abetted by a pudgy man, who appeared to be blowing his whole person into a battered cornean, and another conspirator, who discharged his duties to society and to Wilkin by dolefully scraping upon a violoncello.

"This is our quadrille," exclaimed a very sweet voice at my elbow, with just a touch of the brogue pervading it like a perfume, and a soft little hand placed itself confidently upon my arm. I had not asked her to dance—she had evidently taken it for granted.

Would I say that I never danced? that I had sprained my foot? or invent some patent and plausible excuse?

No! It would not be fair to mine hostess, so I sullenly resigned myself to my fate.

"This is my first visit to London," chirped Miss Blake.

"Oh, indeed!"

"I live in the wilds of Connemara."

"I wish you were there just now," was my inner thought.

"It's the wildest place on the face of the earth, and the loveliest—but won't you secure a *vis-à-vis*?"

I compounded with a pink-faced youth, who was in the talons of a tall, lean, vulture-like woman, to face me in the forthcoming melancholy ceremony, and to assist in carrying out its sad solemnities in all their funeral details.

"Have you ever visited Ireland, Mr. Brookley?" asked Miss Blake, at the conclusion of the first figure.

"I should think not. Ireland is a wretched mistake."

The moment the words escaped from my lips, I could have parted with a good deal of ready money to have been enabled to draw them back again. They were childish, rude, ungentlemanlike, and I turned to her to apologise.

The hot flush was upon her cheek, the little hands were clenched until the gloves threatened to "burst up," and her flashing eyes met mine as she hotly retorted—

"You must be an English boor to say so."

The *pas seul* commenced, and, to use a stage phrase, Miss Blake "went on."

What a charming figure! What an elegant turn of the head! What grace in every movement!

I had committed a thrice accursed mistake, and I felt it. She went through the entire figure alone. She would not deign to take — to touch my outstretched hand. I had no words at will to cudgel into a proper form of apology, and I was bewildered by her beauty.

Lovely blue eyes, with sweeping blue-black lashes; a dainty little nose, with a rosebud mouth, and teeth like muffed diamonds; radiant brown hair in massive plaits — and her expression!

*Ay de mi Alhama!*

We did not speak during the quadrille. The pink-faced youth — confound his impudence — struck up an acquaintanceship with her, and treated the vulture-looking woman badly. I felt inclined to hurl him at his partner, impale him upon her nose, and rush frantically from the house. The charming disdain with which I was treated by Miss Blake rendered me more miserable, and it was only when the laws of society compelled her, at the conclusion of the dance, to take my arm, in order to be conducted to the place from whence she came, that I ventured to exclaim —

"I implore of you to forgive me — I did not know what I was saying — I am worse than a boor. Hear me for one moment;" and in a few eager words I honestly revealed to her the irritated and inflamed condition of my mind, upon finding myself stranded in a scene so utterly at variance with my mood, and compelled, as it were, to drink the bitter cup to the uttermost dregs.

My pleading was full of the redeeming influence of earnestness, and I succeeded in achieving her forgiveness. She danced with me again and again. I saw the candles snuffed out, be-

held the tallow-faced greengrocers paid off, met the morning milk without flinching, and returned the playful banter of the cabbies in a mood so utterly different from that which I had pictured to myself a few short hours previously, that—

"Pshaw! who can control the inner mechanism of the heart?"

One glorious morning in August last found me seated beside the driver of one of Blaneon's long cars which travel between Westport and Clifden, and, as a consequence, through the heart of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Connemara. I had, amongst other vows, registered one—that, so soon as circumstances would permit, I would undertake a pilgrimage to Boljolderun Hall—to the shrine of Miss Katherine, *alias* Kitty Blake.

It is unnecessary for me to state that I had many reasons to urge me to take this excursion, and that I had one in particular; in fact, my heart, had somehow or other, slipped from beneath my waistcoat—had travelled, in company with Miss Blake, to her mountain home; and it was with a view of recovering it, and of taking the young lady in question into the bargain, if my luck was up, that I was now perched high in air, behind a pair of "roaring gimlets," and joggling along the roadway skirting that desolate but romantic inlet of the Atlantic, known as the Killerin.

In a happy moment I negotiated with the driver, Phil Dempsey, for possession of the box-seat, and almost ere we had quitted the town of Westport, I had come on close, if not confidential, terms with that worthy son of the whip.

Phil is a crooked, hard-featured, sententious little man, whose word is law, whose decision is an *ultimatum*. He knows every man, woman, and child along the road—their belongings, their respective histories, their hopes, and their fears. He carries small parcels for the "quaitty," and a letter, if good cause is shown why it could not travel by the legitimate course of Her Majesty's Mail. He has all the Dublin news, and is regarded in the light of "a knowledgeable man."

Instinctively I led up to the subject nearest to my heart.

"Me know the Blakes av Boljolderun? Begorra, I do thin, breed, sused, and generation. They're decent people av the rate ould stock. Miss Kitty travelled wud me a few weeks ago; she kem from Dublin, but she was over the water beyant, in London. Sorra a much good that wud do her, or any wan else."

I expressed a hope that she was looking well after her trip.

"Och, rosy an' well, shure enough; and why wudn't she? What would thurble her? Her father thinks diamonds is too poor for her, and her mother wud burn the house av she riz her little finger. They'll not be thurbled wud her long; she's too dawny a creature for the boys to lave alone. I tuk a Mither Crane from Dublin over to the Hall last week, an', be me song, he was mighty tendher on her."

This was alarming. I endeavored to probe into the antecedents of this abominable person, but I could only ascertain, after a deal of circumlocution, that he was the possessor of "an illigant portmantle," and that he was "a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man."

"Good morning, Father James, good morning kindly."

This was addressed to a Catholic clergyman, who was swinging along the road with a jaunty air, bespeaking the motion of one to whom a twenty-mile walk was no uncommon occurrence.

"That's wan o' the most knowledgeable min in this country, sir," observed Dempsey, when we had proceeded a little distance; "but he wan't bit intirely, cute as he is—an' there's the spot," he added, pointing to a small patch of strand directly beneath us.

"This is how it kem about, sir.—Git up, ye bastes!" (addressing the horses), "don't let the gentleman see yez thrate me that way; git up."

—Well, sir, Father James was on his bades and his bravery one wintry mornin', and he was prayin' away, whin a boy kem runnin' up the boren cryin' murder, an' that a man was wracked below on the rocks forinast ye, an' that he wasn't expected for to live, an' for Father James to run to him at wanst, for the love av Heaven! So Father James run the bades and the bravery into the pocket av his small-clothes, and away wud him to that very spot, sir, as nimble as a roe; an' shure enough, there was a poor sayfarin' man yin' for dead on the say rack, an' not as much breath in him as wud cause the eye av a midge to wink.

"Have none of yez a tent av sperrits about yez," says Father James. "Have none av yez a tent av sperrits to put betane this poor man's shammy an' the cowld?" says Father James, risin' at it.

"Now, sir, they were all afeard to say 'Yes,' becase he denounced potheen from the althar, an' if they wor to say 'Yes,' they'd be only kitched by the holy father. At last Biddy O'Donoghoe, who is always as bowld as brass, says—

"Arrah, where wud we get it, Father James? Maybe ye'd have a drop in that bottle that's stickin' out av yer coat-pocket."

"How dar' ye, ye ould faggot!" says Father James, but he pulled up short, for shure enough, whin he was lavin' the house, he run it into his buzzum, thinkin' it might be wanted, an' forgot it intirely; so he lifted the poor sayfarin' man's head up, and gev him a scoop. Bedad, but it put life into him, sir!" cried Dempsey, giving the horses a tremendous cut, probably with a view of instilling a little life into them—"it put life into him, and he gev a great sigh."

"He wants another sup, yer riverance," sez wan.

"Let me hold the bottle, Father James, sez another.

"Whist, ye haythens!" says his riverance, holdin' up his hand, for the poor sayfarin' man was thryin' to spake, but the rattles was in his throat.

"Say wan word," sez Father James, 'to say ye die a Christian an' a Catholic.'

"The poor man thried, but he was that wake that he cudn't."

"Say wan little word to let me know that ye die a Catholic," says Father James.

"The sayfarin' man made a great strugle, and screeched, loud enough to be heard in Leenawn, 'Down wid the Pope!'—an' he died, sir, an' that's how Father James was bit intirely."

The car was pretty well crowded, and upon one side amongst the occupants was a sergeant of a militia regiment, proceeding to the depot stationed at Galway. This gallant son of Mars was seated beside a very good-looking young girl, to whom he paid the most chivalrous and marked attention. Now it was the sergeant's habit, at intervals along the road, to bound gaily from the car, enter a *shebeen*, remain there a few minutes, and then rejoin the vehicle, betraying all the symptoms of having "laid on" a little refreshment during his temporary absence. His attentions to the young lady became more marked as we proceeded on our journey, and such exclamations as "Gelang ow o' that, sargint," "Lave me alone," "Single yer freedom, an' double yer distance," tended to prove that the gallant warrior's potations were carrying him beyond the laws of conventionalism. At length, after a playful but elephantine effort to snatch a kiss, the young lady appealed to the driver.

"Misther Dimpsey, I'd have ye to call to this young man—he's insultin' me, sir."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Dempsey quietly turned in his seat, and eyeing the sergeant sternly, exclaimed—

"See here now, sargint, av ye don't lave that young woman alone, I'll take them three strupes av yer arm, an' lay them across yer back."

A roar of laughter from all the occupants of the vehicle followed this sally, in which the gallant sergeant joined with a heartiness and good-will that clearly demonstrated how keenly he enjoyed the observation, although it told against himself.

"Are ye expected at Boljolderun, sir?"

"Well—yes—oh, yes, certainly," I replied, somewhat confusedly.

"Yer an English gentleman, by yer way av talkin', sir?"

"Yes, I'm English."

"Maybe yer from London, sir?"

"I am."

"An' seen Miss Kitty over there. Whew!" Here he gave a prolonged whistle, which might have been intended for the horses, but I felt that it bore direct reference to myself.

"Troth, thin, you are expected, sir, an' there'll be bright eyes and red cheeks at the cross-roads whin we rache there, or I'm bocagh—Miss Kitty will be there, sir, in her pony-carriage."

I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed.

"You seem to be very well aware of Miss Blake's movements, Mr. Dempsey."

"Arrah, didn't she tell me herself, the oray-ture. Didn't she say to me, says she, 'Dimpsey, take care av a very handsome young gentleman that's comin' to see me from London,' says she. 'As it the gentleman that I posted all the letters to in Westport, miss?' 'Go ow o' that, Dimpsey,' says she. 'Blur-an-agers! why didn't ye tell me ye wor Misther Brookley, and I'd have roused the griddle for ye, sir, an' no mistake.' I could have taken Phil Dempsey to my arms and cherished him."

"Begorra! there's the cross-roads, and there's Miss Kitty in her basket shandhradan, like a pitaytee creel. Didn't I tell ye, sir, how it wud be?"

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I experienced that sinking sensation at the heart, which the immediate prospect of a meeting with the adored one never fails to create; that I pretended to be looking the other way, and not to have perceived her; that I bounded from my perch with the agility of an acrobat, and that I "tipped" Phil Dempsey to the utmost limit of his satisfaction.

"I tuk good care av him, miss," observed that worthy in a tone known as a pig's whisper, "but he was as wild as a young colt in me hands; but he's a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, an' I wish yes joy."

"Stupid creature! I never can understand him," said Kitty Blake, with a saucy toss of her head; "I'm afraid he has been taking the mountain dew as he came along."

At this crisis we were joined by Mr. Blake père, a splendid specimen of paterfamilias, who welcomed me to Connemara *con amore*; my portmanteau was placed in the basket-carriage, and Kitty rattled away with it, leaving me to walk across the mountain to the Hall. And such a mountain, bare and bleak and precipitous; and for any step I made in advance I made two in the opposite direction; but I pushed bravely on, and sacrificed a brand new pair of patent leather buttoned boots during the excruciating process. But what cared I for boots, or mountain, or physical anguish? Was there not love light in the eye of Kitty Blake?—was I not approaching the Mecca of my hopes?

I remained a month at Boljolderun Hall. I held the stereotyped interview with Blake père in his study, which terminated most satisfactorily—