

THE SAILOR-BOY.

He rose at dawn and, mired with hope,
Shot o'er the scolding harbor-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce maiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the screw shall play.'

'Fool,' he answered, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.'

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying "stay for shame";
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.'

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than death to me.'

LIVING IN BARRACKS

Many years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but a set of merry boys and girls, and good-humored men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country: but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentlemen, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanry corps for the defence of their lives and properties; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion was selected, into which as many of the neighbors as the rooms would accommodate congregated. Despite of the burnings, piking, murders, and cruelties of the most atrocious description which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing and love making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The old house of Carrighbawn, situated some miles distant from the town of Killyshaglin, was selected for this purpose, its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and crannyhole was crammed full of guests. The mansion itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr. and Mrs. Synge. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as the cat's closet, had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping room. Dinner time arrived, and the whole company were assembled in the drawing room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cabicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when

a loud ringing was heard at the hall door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly withdrawn, and presently the servant announced: 'The Reverend Athanasius Welbore!'

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest, the most uncouth, and the worst dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands supplied would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping room! And Athanasius smilingly informed his hostess that he had brought his carpet-bag, and meant to partake of their hospitality for some days, he having received a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit the globe-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than Mrs. Synge would have made him welcome; but what was to be done? At last it occurred to her that she would throw herself on the kindness of the gay, good-tempered rector of the parish, a Mr. Skottowe, who had been inducted into one of the best bed-rooms, containing a large-sized bed. In the course of the evening she took an opportunity of candidly stating the difficulty to that gentleman, and appealed to his kindness to bestow a share of his couch on the Reverend Athanasius. Mr. Skottowe, of course, could do nothing but utter an apparently cheerful complacence; but in his secret soul he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whomsoever Mr. Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One little fact illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr. Skottowe's repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and stiff-looking white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some curious observer remarked that these articles were invariably marked with a series of brown diagonal lines: and by some skillful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the said pocket-handkerchiefs were doomed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first for a week as a cravat, and then doing duty for the second in the parson's pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarities full in his memory, the astute Mr. Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking complacently of the pleasant evening he had passed, Mr. Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and arms in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

'What's the matter with you, man?' said Welbore at last, looking at him curiously.

'Oh, nothing. I'm nearly well now.'

'Why, what ailed you?'

'Not much; but you know I'm one of the agents appointed to travel through the country and examine the poor people who are learning to read Irish: and unfortunately some time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonia Cremona—you know.'

'Sepak plan, man!' thundered Athanasius. 'Is it—?'

'Just so,' replied his friend coolly. 'But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that my warts annoy me.'

Vociferating a specially unclerical exclamation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locality abounding in the specific remedy for his cutaneous malady,

Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his clothes and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr. Skottowe, with a quiet chuckle, bolted the door, and and calmly betook himself to repose. 'The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment which he found open, every one in the house having by this time retired; and seizing two sheep-skin mats, together with the hearth rug and table cover, he lay down on the sofa, and having covered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of housekeeping on her hands, it especially behoved her to be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household. So about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's eye was the mingled heap on her best sofa.

'Dear me,' she thought, 'that careless Kitty! she has gone and heaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken.'

And with one energetic pull she dragged off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess had treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. When Mr. Synge reached the scene of action, he was very much inclined to think that his wife's supposition was correct. For there was Athanasius, still in a boiling rage, stalking up and down the drawing room, with a nondescript sort of nightcap perched on his head, while a crimson and gold table cover, wrapped round him shawl fashion, picturesquely surmounted his sole calico garment. The master of the house discreetly retreated, and sought an explanation from Mr. Skottowe, which that gentleman prudently gave him through the key hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two belligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our readers to imagine the scene at the breakfast-table. Poor Athanasius, gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half-choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr. Skottowe, with an air of mock penitence, sadly contradicted by the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laughed off everything unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mrs. Mahovey, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping room for the Rev. Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to dry not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentlemen as usual went out in a party to patrol, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

'How I wish,' said Mrs. Synge, laying down her embroidery, and politely trying to sup-