Markey & The Co الم المجاهرة والمحارفة

OBITUARY LINES.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER. Oh, the sorrow deep and blighting, That o'crwhelms this stricken heart! Oh, the grief beyond respiting— Too enduring thence to part!

May bright spirits, sainted Mother! O'er thy mound now hover near— Earth, for me, scarce owned another Half so loving—half so dear!

Let the world, the cold world, lightly Speak of tears for those above— Surely mine can't seem unsightly— Tears whose fount is filial love!

Like the tvy's pure devotion, That outlives the rudest storm, Clinging, 'spite that storm's commotion, To the crush'd oak's prostrate form.

Thus, when Death's rude hand bereft thee, Of thy lov'd ones in tileir bloom, Thy true mother's heart was left them— This clung to them 'spite the tomb-

In thy code of life, forbidden Was vain show—a thing to shun— All thy kindnesses were hidden, Were from purest motives done.

No one could be more consistent, I In condemning all display— None, in warring more persistent 'Gainst the follies of the day,

Home was where thy world was centered— There thy fondest temple stood, Which no thought of thine e'er entered, But of home and for its good.

Often have I-ah, how often! By thy connsels sage been blest-Often did thy lov'd voice soften

Worldly cares within this breast! But, thy voice and wisdom never More on earth will cheer and guide— Both extinguished are forever In Elernity's dark tide!

E'en thy faults we must weign lightly— Faults, scarce chargeable with wrong, For they were, however rightly, Founded on convictions strong,

Peace, then, to thy memory cherished,
Peace attend thy gentle shade!
All kind feeling will have perished,
Ere thy fond remembrance fade!

In my inmost soul's recesses, Thy blest finage I'll enshrine, And, recalling tny enresses, Still in fancy b'fleve them mine! Montreal, November, 1878. W. O. FARMER.

## LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

(Reprinted from Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.)

In the autumn of 17%, a British frigate lay at anchor in one of the many noble, but unfrequented, harbors which indent the western const of bolond.

shore; "do you know whereabout this easile likes, and by what route we are to reach it?"

"Not exactly, sir, but the servant who brought you the letter told me that it lay right away to eastwards; and if we follow this path leading over the mountains, until we reach the top, we must get sight of it—as I think."

"Come along, then—let's lose no time;" and Pennant throwing his gun on his shoulder, led the way at a pace corresponding more with his own impatience than with the comfort of his rather heavily-lader follower.

"Well," he solitoquized as he went along, "it was kind-hearted of Harry Bingham to come to see me the very day of the Racer's arrival, and to get me an invitation from his uncle, too—a compliment. I understand, rarely paid to any stranger; but, after all, why should I be surprised at his good nature? Haven't we salled and fought together, and what friendly lies can equal those? I shall now see something of life on shore, I shall spin a yarn with my old messimate, and most likely meet his sister. I almost consider her an acquaintance; I wonder if she he as pretty and accomplished as I have figured her to be in my own imagination? I hope I shan't be late, though; I'm getting monstrous hungry, but to be left behind would be worse than losing my breakfast,"

"Hoy, Jim!" he exclaimed, as turning an angle of the path, he gazed in admiration on the mountains and lowlands which lay around and below him, here we are now—where's the castle?"

"There, yer honor, there," replied the sallor, pointing to a large and sombre-looking building the sall and the sallor.

"There, yer honor, there," replied the sallor, pointing to a large and sombre-looking building some few miles of—"there it lies; that is, I think you must be it, from all I have heard say; but I see some houses youder, and if yer honor waits with the portmantle, I'll just run over and ask."

Jim went off at full speed towards a cluster of

Jim went off at full speed towards a cluster of trees and large inwithern bushes, sheltered from the ocean winds by the mountain, and amidst which the wall of a cottage was partially discernable; he tarried longer than his master considered needful, and when within earshot was impatiently halled, and commanded to hasten his speed.

"What delayed you, man? I shall certainly be late. Well, what do you say?"

"I found the cabin a ruin, sir, and not a living soul near it, and so pretty a cabin as it was, too; I wonder any one had the heart to unroof it."

"And what have I to say to that, man? You went to enquire the direction to Dunseverick Castle, and instead of doing so you remain moping about the walls of an old house. What's to be done now?"

"We'll go an, sir, please, until we come on some one set us right, and meantime let's bear away for that big house, for I'm all but certain it's the eastle."

They descended the mountain, and continued their route aeross undutating and heather-chal lowlands, until a river, too broad and rapid to be passed, compelled them to make a detour, and joute threw them out of their course. They had lost sight of their landmark, and Jim was pondering how to proceed, when a shot, fired at no great distance, though not within view, decided his hesitation. Having rapidly ascended the summit of the nearest hill, Pennant found himself overlooking a narrow basin-shaped glen, across which three men were moving lowards him.

"It's some gentlemen," said the sailor, "and

cover close by, where they lay scattered about to be picked up singly by their relentless pursuers. Pennant, who had never before seen dogs shot over, was naturally surprised at their extraordinary instinct, and the perfection of their training, and he was too much excited to remark that one of the threemen had gradually moved off, while the pack was being bagged without a single miss by his companion. It was only whon his task was finished that the sportsmen seemed inclined to notice the intruders. Then, after a short conference with his follower, who immediately came towards Pennant, he sat upon a rock and occupied himself in carcssing his setters. The sailor begged his master to be civil to the messenger who approached them, for "he had heard that the people thereabouts were hard to manago, and it was dangerous to be mistaken for anything 'bad.'" The peasant slackened his pace as he neared them, evidently endeavoring to discover from their appearance what manner of persons they might be. When he came furly up, he merely uttered the usual salutation, "God save ye!"

"God save you kindly!" replied Jim, and then there was a pause, during which the envoy kept twisting a sprig of heather between his fingers, all the while throwing a stealthy, but searching, look on those he came to interrogate. At length he broke silence by asking "If they came far?"

"No," was Pennant's reply.

"The gentlemen beyond there just sent me to know what ye wanted, or what brings ye here?"

"Is he the owner of these mountains?"

"Is he the owner of these mountains?"

"Then, what is he?"
"What is he?" repeated the peasant, as if surprised at such a question; "why, he's nothing at all, by course, and his ancestors were always the same since the times iv Nonh—he's a real gentleman."

"I wish to speak to the

the same since the times iv Noah—he's a real gentleman."

"I wish to speak to him."

"Whirra, then, that's just what you can't do," answered the man, with an numistakably menacing air, while at the same time he raised his hat from his head as if making a signal; "anything ye have to say, say it to me, for his honor don't wait for you now, as you see he's going"—and Pennant did perceive that the sportsman was moving of at a very rapid pace, indeed.

"Where is he going?" demanded Pennant.

"Where is he going?" demanded Pennant.

"Where is he going? Ah, then, that's jist what I can't be after telling ye; maybe he's going" (with a significant look) "to get humbailiffs or spies dusked; or maybe he's goin' to see his consin, Col Blake."

"Why, that's exactly where I want to go myself."

"Waybe" asked the man (while a shade of

"Maybe," asked the man (while a shade of doubt passed over his countenance), "maybe ye're the officer?" "To be sure he is," interposed Jim; "he's the Luftenant from the ship, that's expected at the Castle."

"To be sare he is," interposed Jim; "he's the Luftenant from the ship, that's expected at the Castle."

"And why the devil didn't you say that afore, ye 'amedawn." (addressing the saitor); "who'd bave thought of meetin' ye here." Immediately he thrust his thumb and fore-finger into his mouth, and gave a long and loud whistle, which reschoed through the mountains, and seemed to accelerate the movements of the sportsman, who at once broke into a faster pace. Renewed repetitions of the whistle seemed but to increase the speed of the retreating gentleman, until he mounted a hill which would break the view, He then, after apparently making to some one else signals similar to those he had received himself, drew up and looked back to recommitte. The peasant seized the opportunity, and what with whistling and waving his hat, seemed at last to have inspired his master with confidence, for he threw himself upon the heather, and quietly awaited his messenger, who returned to him at a slinging trot, followed at a more leisurely pace by Fennant and his servant.

## CHAPTER I.

Michael Blake, "Master Mike," as he was anchor in one of the many noble, but untrequented, harbors which indent the western coast of Ireland.

The morning mists had cleared ber hull, and were still curling amongst the rigging, when, as four belts struck, a boat put off from the slip, and pulved stoutly for the shore. In addition to the usual crew, the boat carried the First Lieutenant, going on a visit to Colonel Blake, of Dunseverick Castle, for the grouse-shooting, and his sailor servant, Jim. Having been continually at sea from his iwelfth year, the young officer had his adior servant, Jim. Having been continually at sea from his iwelfth year, the young officer had his then about to engage, and the anticipated pleasure, combined with the fineness of the day and the magnificence of the mountain scenery by which he was surrounded, raised his spirits to the highest pitch, and made him for the moment the happlest of men. A distinguished officer at twenty-three, having no cares and abundance of money always at his disposal. Lloyd Pennant had never tasted any of life's troubles, and his time passed gally on, occupied with the duties of a profession which he loved, and in the society of messmates with whom he was an universal favorite.

As the boat proceeded on its way, the sailor dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon of a good hunter, and a small reserved life annuity, barely sufficient to furnish him with clothes and pocket-money—independent of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tagoon dentity of his claim to hospitality as a tag invariably addressed by the peasantry, was been engaged, could be set down to personal motives. His appearance was fine, his manners were agreeable and polished, and he possessed in an eminent degree that lightness of heart, and gaiety of disposition which then obtained such universal popularity for the race to which he belonged. Mike lived upon his relatives and friends, amongst whom his time passed pleasantly. The hunting season found him with those who kept founds. When the frost set in he accepted the hospitality of others, who possessed extensive covers or bogs, where cock and snipe-shooting abounded; and in autumn, he migrated towards the mountains, and made sure of some jolly days at the grouse; he lived freely, but never got drunk-that is to say, he could dispose of two bottles of sound claret without inconvenience, and at forty he enjoyed robust health, and an unimpaired constitution.

Perceiving that Master Mike was sedulously applying himself, with the aid of a limpid spring which bubbled up at his feet, to remove the traces of his rather precipitate flight, Pennant slackened his speed, so as to allow the necessary arrangements to be completed, and when he came sufficiently near, Mike advanced to meet him with the courtesy of a gentleman and the warmth of a friend. Heartily shaking his hand, he expressed his delight at making his acquaintance. "We waited for you as long as we possibly could this morning, and a keeper was left at the Castle to take you on. I certainly did not expect to meet you here, as your destination was elsewhere with Bingham, and this valley is seldom visited except by myself. All's well, however, and it is just the best spot in again separated, each selecting his own route the mountains; we meet for luncheon at twelve, about a mile from hence, where our tinned to accompany Mike, as he wished to provisions will arrive before us. I have nothing to offer you in the way of entables, but take a pull from my flask, it will help to sustain you," and having set the example himself, he handed the wicker-covered bottle to at their first meeting, and who was, in fact, Pennant-"and now, Phelim" (to his follower), "now for another pack, let's lose no not been formally presented; with a slight,

time. Led on by their guide, they soon found game in abundance, and had bagged two additional packs, before time warned them to turn their steps towards the place of rendezvous. Pennant's hand and eye gradually solf overlooking a narrow bash-shaped glen, across which three men were moving towards him.

"It's some gentlemen," said the sailor, "and now, yer honor, we'll soon be set right. But see, sir, the dogs are coming this way; let us stand here, and not disturb the birds."

As he spoke, two noble setters came bounding onwards. The mountain heather, in full bloom, shed its delicate fragance around, and as the dogs sprang through the cover they dashed the sparkling dew-drops from its tiny flowers; now they checked their speed, and then, after a momentary hestitation, again sprang madly forward. Suddenly they dropped, as if struck by lightning; after a short interval, they ratsed their heads above the surrounding heather, and making a cautious and stealthy advance towards their game, crouched close ugain. The sailor touched his master's shoulder in silence, and polined towards the foremost sportsman, who motioned them to remain quiet. As he approached, the excited dogs rended close up. A challenge from the old cock—a whirr which lift tumbled and rebounded from the earth like a tonis ball; the old hen, who rose at the head of her brood, shared a similar fate; and the affrighted outs pitched in another patch of became accustomed to the work, and Mike

as affording a more lucrative return for invested capital than the growth of men. It out visiting it."

pass the resting-place of my forefathers with distinction in the armies of foreign States; in comformity with the custom of his ancestors, was a time of unthrifty owners, if you will, for the gentleman would then have blushed to barter for hard cash what his station and dignity demanded that he should bestow, but, although not so money-loving an era as the abrapt hills directly facing each other, and in tained the grade of colonel before he returned present, it was, we maintain, one of more

high-minded feeling amongst the upper classes, and perhaps, too, of more real happiness and contentment amongst the poor. The ground Mike and his companion were now traversing consisted of small hills, they came suddenly upon a raised mound of earth, covered with a smooth, green turf, and totally divested of the heather, which grew everywhere around it. Enormous blocks of rough stone, which must have been carried road running right across both hills, parallel threatened the universal overthrow of perthere from a long distance and with extraor- to and close by the demesne wall, was overdinary labor, were placed at equal distances, hung by trees, and constituted the base so as to form a circle, in the centre of which of a triangle formed by the tongue of stood a group of old and well furnished haw- | ground stretching from it to the river. The thorns. In ancient times it formed, in the opinion of antiquaries, a Druid's altar, and was now commonly reputed to be the headquarters of the "good people," or "fairies." mid, the object of whose erection seemed a snow-white cloth, covered with cold meat mystery to Pennant. He seated himself upon and pasties, and garnished with flasks of cognac and earthen jars of home-brewed ale, was from this position a full view of the interior spread upon the grass, and some of the sportsmen sat upon the large stones, while others spanned its doorway, he saw his companion lay stretched upon the ground awaiting the kneeling, bare-headed, in an attitude of arrival of the rest. Outside the magic circle prayer, before a large and massive slab of were grouped the dogs and servants, both enjoying the allotted interval of repose, and bearings, which occupied the entire breadth every new comer rendered an account of his of the building, and stood just over the enproceedings, and exhibited the proofs of his trance to the vault beneath. After a few success. Pennant received so hearty a greet-ing from Harry Bingham and his friends, covered, and walking directly to the heap of that he at once felt at ease in their society, stones, with his eyes bent upon the ground, and Mike occupied the interval before lunchcon in inquiring after the health and wellbeing of the neighboring peasantry, some members of each family considering it a duty to attend and welcome the gentlemen on their annual visit for the grouse-shooting.

"Where," he asked, "is Owny Kearney? No man enjoys the sport more than he, and long as I'm coming here I never missed him

There was a pause, and it was only after the question had been repeated that one of the bystanders answered:

"In truth, yer honor, he's not ill, nor he's not well, and it's likely ye'll meet him further on; but after what happened between himself and the 'good people' of this place, God bless them" (bowing most reverently), "he felt delicate like, ye see, in comin' here."

"He did nothing, I hope, to vex them," said Mike, jestingly.

"Only a triffe after all, yer honor, and I think. begging the gentry's pardon, they mightn't have taken it so much to heart. Owny was returning from the fair last New Year's night, familiarly called by his acquaintances, and a little the worse for liquor, when some women that was with him (they're always making mischief) said they saw the 'good people' dancing among them bushes. On that, ye see, the foolish fellow rushes straight in, saying that he'd catch one and hould him till he got a crock iv gold. And sure enough he did make a snap at the leg of one of them that was runnin' up the big bush yer honor's sittin' under, when what did he catch but a branch that broke off in his hand. Well, after supper that same night he went out to fodder the cows in the byre, and what d'ye think, but the quietest baste of them all giv him a puck of her horn, and knocked out his

"I'm very sorry to hear it," interrupted

Mike. "That's not the worst of the story," reup such a whillabulloo that he nearly took the roof off the house. Ah, then, maybe ye think, ma'am,' says the butcher, that I'd be after killin' the tikes iv him; by gorra, I wouldn't take all the whisky that ever was made in the parish and touch a hair iv his head, let alone cuttin' his throat: he's not right, ma'am,' says he, whispering, 'an' if ye take my advice, ye'll sind for Darby Butler, the "wise man," he's the only one fit to deal with the likes.' Well, Darby came, and it's well known what he can do with the gentry,' but he hardly began his manouvres, when the calf shouted louder than ever they heard him afore. 'Mrs. Kearney, says he, shutting the book, this is a daugerous case. I'll send him back, av ye plase, but I think it's better let him stay where he is, until the people come for him, or may be it's one iv the childer we'll be obliged to put out on a shovel; well, there he's still drinkin every drop iv milk their own cows give, and all they can borrow beside, for they're afeared refuse him anything. Py Darby's orders, they buried him last night in the garden, leaving his head above ground, so that his friends mightn't have the trouble of goin' into the house for him, and the neighhors say that he's quieter, and more contented like in himself to-day, and they hope it won't

be long afore he's sent for." The luncheon over, toasts were given and responded to, the piper "lilted" his merriest igs, and the youngsters, who followed the different parties to enjoy the sport, danced themselves tired. The time for resuming operations had arrived, and the sportsmen on return to the castle. Pennant, who concompetent an instructor, was peculiarly struck by the appearance of one of the guests, whom he fancied to have been Master Mike's companion the only person of the party to whom he had but muscular frame, and classic features, this man appeared to attract the attention and to command the respect of all; the expression of his face in repose was daring and determined, although long lashes imparted a softness to his full, dark and lustrous eyes; but when he smiled and spoke, there was an irresistible charm in his mellow, sympathetic voice, and joyous, playful manner. In reply to his enquiry as to who this person was, Mike informed him "that he was Mister Edwards, the friend of a neighbor, who had come to the country for a few days' grouse shooting."

They had good success, their bags were soon refilled, and Mike proposed that they should stroll leisurely homewards. On near ing the woods of Dunseverick, they crossed the river, which had in the morning impeded Pennant's progress, by a clumsily-constructed wooden foot-bridge, and found themselves beside the ruins of an old abbey, hitherto concealed from their view by a double line of noble yew trees. There was a still loneliness about the place which awed Pennant, and a constitutional melancholy, by which he was often affected, crept over him, as Master Mike

"Pray, excuse me for a moment I never

curve, and swept round two small but shal in that service, and by his gallantry atthe narrow valley lying between them stood home, at his father's death, to take possession what remained of the ancient abbey, which of the large estates which he inherited. He contained the mausoleum of the Blakes. It married happily, and had every prospect of was surrounded and approached by a flat piece wordly enjoyment when the sudden death of of land, said in former days to have been the his wife and the circumstances attending the burial-ground attached to the monastery, but execution of Ulick Martin, which made a deep of the adjoining earth, and a rich and never- of scene. After years spent in wandering over failing verdure alone served as evidence of the the continent, he finally settled in Paris. use to which it was popularly supposed to The Revolution drove him from France, and have been in other times appropriated. A ruin was situate at its extreme point, nearly upon the water's edge, and half way between it and the wood stood a sort of rustic pyraa small green bank which faced it, and had of the abbey. Through the noble arch which marble, elaborately carved with armorial as if to avoid interruption, he knelt again, and remained for some time longer at his devotions.

"Here, too, Mr. Pennant," he said, as he rose, "I owe a duty. Within I prayed for my relations, here for a friend who was foully deprived of life in the prime of manhood." "And that pile?"

"That is the 'cairn,' formed, as you per ceive, exclusively of small stones, each one of them separately thrown upon the spot where the crime was committed by those who passed the way and offered up a prayer for the eternal happiness of the murdered man."

"And the assassin," inquired Pennant, "did he escape?" "He was hanged; that bank on which you

sit is formed by the rubbish jammed round the foot of the gallows."

The young man shuddered as he sprang from the descerated spot.

"Ah, I remember now; this must be the scene of the story which Harry Bingham so often told us aboard ship. There was a row, and some people killed, weren't there! and the murderer protested his innocence, and cursed or (something like) Colonel Blake, before he died; he was a gentleman, too, wasn't he?"

"The murderer was Ulrick Martin, the only child of one of the oldest and richest families in the county. Captain Desmond, Mrs. Blake's brother, was the victim, and the shock occasioned by his fate brought on premature confinement, which caused the lady's death. The bereaved husband naturally exerted himself to secure the punishment of so grievous a crime."

"Martin, as I recollect," interposed Pennant, "murdered Captain Desmond by shooting him through the head while he lay helplessly wounded; he deserved his fate; how could any one attempt to save him?"

"They did, however, and very nearly succeeded, too, for they were only defeated by the sumed the man, that same cow calved the arrival of Colonel Blake with the rearguard of and in the society of messmates with whom he was an universal favorite.

As the boat proceeded on its way, the sailor and proceeded on its way, the sailor and substituting and when they were about to part, he said in an authoritative and bair-menacing manner. "All that a nation that you, and don't make a blowed fool of yourself."

Well, Jim, my man, what's to be done now and the your consider the honor said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on said the young officer, when they were left on shore; "do you know whereabout this castle likes, and by what route we are to reach it?"

Not exactly, sir, but the servant who brought is was malled to find the manify, barely sufficient to furnish him with clothes and pocket-money—independent with the usual after dinplace in the deal, the unforth, and place in the calf, is worryin' their lives out. The devil a foot he put under him since he was born, and he never stops bawlin' and clothes and pocket-money—independent who part the said to five deal, in the calf, is worryin' their lives out. The devil a foot he put under him since he was born, and he never stops bawlin' and clothed him, he was defended in place in the calf, is worryin' their lives out. The devil a foot he put under him since he was born, and he never stops bawlin' and clothes and pocket-money and the gintleman that's cum in place in the calf, is worryin' their lives out. The devil a foot he put under him since he was born, and he never stops bawlin' and clothed him, he was derived the him, but the union that's cum in place in the calf, is worryin' their lives out. The devil a foot he put under him since he was born, and he never stops bawlin' and clothes who had fallen in the contlet. I pitch him, for there was no friendly to ken proper the said the same to white and head t other day, and the 'gintleman' that's cum in the escort; after the people fled, the unfortuwould credit and report it was denied him. He prayed that his memory might be rescued from obloquy by the discovery of the truth; and addressing Colonel Blake, he hoved when that day of justice would arrive that he might be enabled to support the upraidings of his conscience for having hunted down a man who had done him no wrong, and who was unjustly sentenced to die for a crime which he had committed.

> "As if to add to the horror of this melancholy tragedy, it soon became reported that Squire Ulick' (as he was generally called) had been privately married to the only daughter and heiress of Lord Kilclare. The Lady Marguerite accompanied her father, who had resided for many years in France, on his return to Ireland; her beauty and munificent charities, coupled with the popularity of her family, made her the idel of the people; but from that fatal day she has never been seen. The old earl, who was absent at the time, never again visited the estates, which were soon afterwards sold, and no trace of this last scion of a noble house has ever since been discovered: 'twas said by some that she had destroyed herself in a fit of madness, after her husband's execution; while others, who were present at the affray, declared that, in making their escape, they overtook some men carrying the lifeless body of a peasant boy towards a fishingsmack, which put to sea immediately the party reached her, and that notwithstanding the assumed disguise they easily recognized, in the dead youth, the well-known features of the unfortunate Lady Marguerite. Rory Mahon, Martin's fosterer, who first commenced the attempt at rescue, was the only prisoner taken; shot throught the body, he was unable to move; tried for the offence, he was cast for death, and subsequently had his punishment commuted to transportation for life. Many years have clapsed, Mr. Pennant, since the bleached bones of Ulick Martin and the hideous gibbet on which they swung were removed. The ballad which chronicled the lady's goodness and her lover's crime is now rarely chanted by the winter's fire, and their fate is almost forgotten save by those who, like myself, witnessed the fatal scene, and by the benighted peasant, who still devoutly crosses himself as he steals timidly by this monument, which perpetuates the recollection of their misfortunes. The squire is said to haunt the abbey, and many there are ready to affirm upon oath that they have seen him. Now let's move towards home : should you ever by any accident meet Colonel Blake here, avoid him if you can; under no circumstances ask any question or make any remark."

They entered the demense by a wicket-gate opening from the public road, and proceeded through a gloomy wood of old pine trees, by a walk which joined the main approach at a point presenting a fine view of Dunseverick Castle, as it stood proudly over the river, there widened to the extent of a moderately sized lake, and backed up and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with massive forests, above vhich again towered in the distance the naked summit of "Benmore," the monarch of the Erris mountains.

Colonel Maurice Blake, its present proprietor, was the representative of an old Catholic family, many of whose members had attained

The spot was peculiarly adapted to as the penal laws excluded him from military religious purposes. The river, after issu- rank at home, he entered the Austrian army, ing from the demesne, formed a sharp under the protection of an uncle, a field mar-

> the political aspect of the times, which sonal rights, decided him, from prudential motives, to return home and reside upon his property. The arrival of Colonel Blake, accompanied by a niece and nephew, the latter heir apparent to his estates, was bailed by the people of the neighborhood with the warmest demonstrations of joy. Although he had but few personal acquaintances, arising from the fact that he left Ireland while yet a boy, and remained but a short time at Dunseverick after he came into possession, still the incidents of his early life imparted a melancholy interest to his history, and all classes vied with each other in evincing their feelings of respect for a man whose domestic sufferings secured their sympathy, and whose military career reflected honor upon his native land. Harry and Kate Bingham, the children of Colonel Blake's sister, had lost their father when infants, and their mother died before the boy, who soon after entered the navy, had attained the age of twelve. Kate was committed to the care of Mrs. Bolingwood, a widowed relative of the family, who superintended her education, and under whose "chaperonage" her uncle intended that she should enter into society.

> The establishment at Dunseverick was similar to those then found in all Irish houses of its pretensions. There was "Tim the butler," who had been "bred in the place," and travelled round the world with his master, supported by a host of in-door subordinates, while the stables were crammed with a crowd of nondescript grooms, conchinen, and "gossoon "messengers in numbers quite dispro-portionate to the work they were supposed to perform. There, too, was "Larry the piper." who played in the hall during dinner, and was admitted to the parlor when the ladies retired, where he continued to delight the gentlemen with his "jigs," and "planxties," so long as they were able to hear, or he to handle the "chanter." Colonel Blake was a temperate and prudent man, but no example could repress the habits of excess and extravagance which prevailed in those times-he found it useless to oppose the access of hangers-on to the servants' hall; but he generally managed to escape from the dinner table early in the evening, leaving his place to be occupied by some more popular and congenial president. The public roads were then almost impassable, so that houses at any considerable distance from each other were difficult of access: some counties in the west were without a post-office, and the expense of letters became enormous, not only from the high postal charges, but from the great length of way it was necessary to send for them after they had reached the nearest office by the mail. Under such circumstances, "cousins" like Master Mike, and indeed all other visitors, were cordially welcomed, not alone on the score of consanguinity or friendship, but also on account of the interesting information which they generally conveyed. The ladies had refired, the Colonel had stolen away, and the decanters circulated with the usual after dinfate of an old one who had run through his estate, and was now reduced to the necessity of drinking nothing but claret." Pennant ventured to express his astonishment that claret-drinking should be considered as a symptom of decline, and Mike proceeded to enligten him upon the subject. "It is difficult for a stranger, ignorant of the habits and feelings of the Irish people, to form a correct idea of their wishes or their actual condition from ontward appearances, and therefore it is, Lieutenant, that you seem to consider as a mark of prosperity, the sure token of a man's being actually upon his very last legs. Now, for example, this poor friend of ours, Giles Dixon, has always entertained more company than any other man in the whole county : he began life with sixteen thousand a year, and I verily believe that at this moment his estate owes double what it's worth; no doubt he was greatly robbed, as he can neither read nor write, for his father always said he could afford to keep a clerk, and never would allow the boy to be tormented with learning;' still, you see, he can return a member for the county, and were he to give up his usual hospitalities, the consequences might be deplorable; in fact, if he lost caste his tenants would be most likely to vote against him, and then his influence being lost, he'd be unable to stand the country. If he hadn't the member at his back he couldn't keep the subsheriff quiet, now that, for want of cash, he's obliged to pay him in patronage. In fact, he must still keep open house as the only way to

keep the house open; he naturally, therefore, carries on as usual, to made the world believe that he's as well off as ever. I spent a month there lately; there wasn't an empty room in the house, the claret was on draught, and nothing else was produced at table. Giles declaring that his madeira and sherry were out of condition, that port was too hot for the season, and that a thunder storm had soured the beer. The excuses passed current, as the wine was particularly good; but when the company retired one night, and we were left alone after supper, he opened his heart, told me the real state of the case, and asked my advice as how he could economize. I told him that the claret was going very fast, and that in respect to it at least he might make some retrenchment. 'Why not give punch?' Give punch,' he repeated, with a look of astonishment, 'why, Mike, dear,' says he, 'where the devil could I get ready money to buy the lemons? The truth is, the poor fellow has neither cash nor credit, his rents are spent for two years to come. The rascally little grocer and brewer in his own town, sir, won't give him a gallon of whisky or a barrel of beer unless they get paid down on the spot, so that in reality he has no resource but to fall back on Nat Sneyd,\* who, standing in the rank of a gentleman, might be made personally answerable for the insult, if he refused him an occasionable hogshead of Chateau Margaux. The butcher is just as bad as the others, and if the estate wasn't so large, and the duty

\*A celebrated Dublin wine merchant,

fowls so numerous, I don't see how he could get on at all. There is nothing but turkeys and ducks for dinner one day, and geese and chickens the next, by way of variety: the remnants being every night devilled for supper. And the shoemaker I consider even more insolent than the rest, for he only sends one shoe at a time, to be tried as a fit, and keeps the other until he has the price of the pair in his pocket."

Long before the dinner-table had been deserted by the other guests, Pennant had betaken himself to the drawing-room. Kate dotting the extensive valley enclosed within the tombstones had long disappeared, the impression on his mind, determined him to was singing one of Carolan's charming airs to the higher range of mountains, and at length raised mounds had gradually sunk to the level seek relief from his mental sufferings in change the harp when he entered, and the hurried glance which she threw around as the door opened, and the nervousness which almost impeded her utterance as he advanced towards where she sat, plainly told that his appearance had been expected, and that his presence exercised an influence on the feelings of the lovely girl.

The young Lieutenant was the beau ideal" of a sailor, over middle height, with a well-formed and graceful figure; there was a daring in his eye, and an expression of determination in his countenance which attracted immediate attention, and although not strictly speaking a handsome man, there was a sincerity in his warm-hearted manner which made him a universal favorite in society. Ardently attached to his profession, he seldom left his ship, even when afforded an opportunity of mixing in society, so that he had but little experience of life on shore, and his heart was unscathed by the fascinations and hollowness of the fashionable world. This visit to Dunseverick formed the most delightful incident in Pennant's life: treated as one of the family, he enjoyed the privilege of Kate Bingham's society—when not on the memtains he joined the ladies in their walks, or mecompanied them in their excursions on horseback; after such opportunities of intercourse between two young persons gifted with personal attractions, and who had long known each other through the medium of Harry, and formed pre-conceived ideas of each other's merit, before they had ever met, that which might naturally be expected followed No declaration of love was made-no acceptation of vows solicited or accorded. Nevertaguess both mentally arrived at the conclusion that they loved-and that the passion was wiprocal. Pennant's stay was now drawing newards a close, as his leave would explic in a few days; each hour that he passed Bingham's society but added to the stimute which he had formed of her amiability and worth, and he determined on a declaration of his feelings before returning to his ship. the first time he felt dissatisfaction with his lot, and disinclination to continue in a sion which left him so little maste: own movements, and might, perhaps, witimately subject him to the loss of that pulse, for whose acquisition he was ready to sac other earthly interests. He resolved to seek his messmate to disclose to him the state of his heart, and through his instrumentally ask permission to declare his passion and distant Kate's consent to their union. Harry was delighted at the communication, assured him that he would "forward his suit by all the means within his power, that to secure his sister's happiness was his most fervent wish, and that were she favorable to his suit. ..othing would give him greater pleasure than their marriage." And it was finally determined that he should speak to his uncle on the subject at the earliest possible opportunity. The affair once put in training, Pennant's mind was easier, and when he met the family at breakfast next morning, the thoughtful and reserved manner of Colonel Blake, and the sly and jesting deportment of Bingham, left no doubt upon his mind that the communication had already been made, and that the most important event of his life was under consideration. how another had been sold out by the treach- could freely question him, he became so nerery of the coroner; he described in animated vous that he was unable to make the impairy. terms the splendor of the hunting establish- until the other slapped him on the survider ment set up by a young gentleman just come and assured him that so far all went well. of age, and deplored in pathetic language the His uncle raised no difficulty, provided estain inquiries, which Mike was commissioned to make, as to family and fortune, were, as to had no doubt they would be, satisfactorily answered. He ended by jocularly recommending a "nip of cognae" before the examination commenced. "When all's over," he added, taking leave, "you'll find me in the stableyard, and we'll take a canter to put your nerves in order."

Pennant was left alone just as the Colonel and Master Mike issued from the house. It is no exaggeration to say that he felt more nervous at the approach of the two gentlemen who paced leisurely towards him, occasionally halting in their progress, than he would have felt had he been ordered on the most hazardous professional service. Supposing that he was expected to await the interview, he stood stock-still, in a state of the most awkward embarrassment, until the Colonel, having given, as he supposed, his final instructions, retired, and Mike advancing, desired to hold some conversation with him touching the atlair which Harry had communicated to his uncle.

"I'm happy to say," continued Mike. "that there's no personal objection to yourself on the part of any member of our family, provided your connections and fortune are such as we approve of, and as our acquaintance is of but recent date, you will pardon my asking for information on these subjects."

"Really," replied Pennant, "I can supply you with but little. I am a Welshman; my father has been long dead; in fact, I never saw him. What the extent of my property may be I know not, nor has it ever entered into my head to inquire. My pecuniary supplies, derived from my mother, have only been limited by my demands, and have never tailed me; the only personal friends I have connected with home are an old gentleman, who occasionally visited us, and Lord Penruddock, with whose family we were always on terms of intimacy, and to whose kindness I am indebted for my appointment in the navy. But," he added, "Iam a gentleman by birth, as I am by station, and I have no doubt that an application to my mother will procure me satisfactory information on the subjects to

which you refer." "What is the name of your family place?" "The house in which I lived until I went to sea is called 'Cliff Lodge'; whether it belongs

to my family or not is more than I can tell." "Tis very strange," resumed Mike, after a pause, during which some doubts seemed floating in his mind.

"Not at all so," rejoined Pennant, " when you consider that at twelve years of age I left my mother, who brought me up, and that since then I have only seen her twice; once when taking advantage of my ship touching at a neighboring port, I came across to spend some days with her; and again, when she paid me a visit; when we laid up for a refit at

Portsmouth," "True, true cnough," said Mike; whose suspicions were evidently disarmed by the frank and guileless manner of the young man. " All very true; it is not to be presumed that you