

having been carefully removed, and laid before the fire in the kitchen of the Rectory, which was near, he revived sufficiently to break the long silence of months, by exclaiming, in the most plaintive accents, "Mary, Mary, Mary!"

Let us leave him where, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps," beside the love of his youth, and the wife of his brief manhood, and turn to the "strange, eventful history" of the Twins.

CHAPTER II.

When the Twins attained the age of twenty-one years, they were as fine, manly-looking fellows "as you could meet in a day's walk" in any country; the bloom of unbroken health colored their cheeks,—dark-brown hair curled closely around their well-shaped heads,—they were exactly six feet in height, and as they walked arm-in-arm on Sundays or holidays, in their best attire, no stranger could meet them without admiring their appearance. Robert was an enthusiastic musician, and sang regularly with the Chapel choir; and William shared in such exercises, although, truth to say, he greatly preferred singing "Donnybrook Fair," or "The Boys of Kilkenny," with some rather wild companions over what is falsely called "a social glass," of which, to the great grief of his sober, steady brother, and other relatives, he was becoming too fond. Often, yielding to his brother's earnest entreaties, he promised to abstain before the practice became a confirmed habit, and acquired the mighty power which "strong drink" wields over its subjects; but as often his promises were broken under the temptations of companions, who wanted his funny sayings and comic songs to amuse them, and were utterly indifferent to the consequences to their boon-companion. One thing in particular foreboded evil for the poor fellow's future career: no inducement could prevail on him to take the total-abstinence pledge; he said he needed no bond to tie him down to sobriety, and refused to pledge himself along with his brother, who had never tasted intoxicating liquor, but

was quite willing to make the vow for his brother's sake. Alas! the Devil had "entered into" his heart for a season, and driven out the Angel of brotherly love!

While matters were thus with the twins, a troop of dragoons halted in the village of N——, in or near which the circumstances hitherto related in this story occurred; and the soldiers, having fed their horses, were refreshing themselves at various public-houses, when William came in with some of "the boys," after a long run on foot with the Kilkenny hounds (a common practice with some in that sporting county, who have not horses to ride), and of course he was quite ready and willing to take a drink from any one kind enough to give it; and one such was soon found. The sergeant-major of the troop was at once struck by the fine, manly appearance of the youth, and, handing some silver to a clever sergeant, told him to treat the young fellow, and try to secure him for the regiment; and so, after a short talk about the weather, the crops, shooting, and hunting, William found himself drinking a can of beer with the sergeant, as sociably as if they had been old acquaintances. The combined exertions of the two newly-made friends soon made a fresh supply necessary, which the sergeant provided, and which seemed stronger than the other; for before it was finished, William volunteered a song, and a third measure of ale. The song he gave with his whole heart, but, in searching for cash to pay for the beer, he could find none, when the sergeant said, "Never mind, old fellow: it's all one which of us has it; here is a shilling, and let us have more of the good stuff."

William went for beer, and the sergeant slipped away to the stables to report his success to his employer, who soon strolled round to William, now nearly drunk, and calling loudly for his friend. "Don't be in such a hurry, my fine fellow," said the sergeant-major: "you'll soon see enough of him; and I'll be shot if you'll be so anxious to see him, when he has you under his thumb for two or three months." "What