

he was not only reconciled to, but pleased with, his lot, and more than satisfied with the decision at which he had arrived. No thought of self commendation crossed his mind for the sacrifice he had made. He could not have done otherwise. What was he to "sit at home at ease," while William was away in the army? Tush! he only wondered that the plan of reunion had not originated with himself, and excused his foolishness on account of the tumult of his mind.

He received a shilling as enlistment pay, was sworn in a soldier before the mayor of the city, and slept soundly that night in the bed next his brother's, with as gentle, fearless, noble, and affectionate a heart as ever beat within the bosom of peer or peasant, and a clear proof that the gifts of nature, or—as I should better have written—of God, are not limited by rank, clime, or condition.

As The Twins had been bold riders over hedge and ditch, a few lessons from the riding master taught them the coragon seat on horseback, and the right use of the powerful cavalry bit, so that they were fit to parade with their troop on its arrival at the headquarters of the regiment in Dublin, when the quick eye of the colonel immediately noticed them, and riding along the line to have a nearer view, he called up Captain Selbright to inquire where he got the two fac similes.

"Pon my word," whispered the adjutant, was a very matter of fact person, "they are as like as two eggs of the same hen," to the major, who delighted in Shakspeare, and whispered in reply.

"May I never read the immortal Will again, if they were not born to act in the 'Comedy of Errors,' for they would be irresistible as the twin Dromios, or—By cock and spur, sir, we must get up the play, and astonish the natives of this dull town!"

I must not attempt to tell all the fun occasioned by the close resemblance of Bob and Bill, as they were soon familiarly called by their comrades, with whom they were primo favorites, but take the following.

Sauntering up the rails outside the University, they were asked by one of the women always to be seen selling oranges there.

"Why, thin, boys, how does yer sweethearts know the differ betwixt ye?"

To which Bill, assuming a serio-comic look, answered:

"Oh, marn, I leave all that to my wild brother Bob. I never had a sweetheart, but was very near getting my eyes scratched out by a young woman yesterday, who thought it was Bob she had, instead of my innocent self; indeed I don't know—"

"Hould yer prate, cried the orangewomen, 'I see a laughing divil in yer eye,' and I'll be bound you have half a dozen locks of hair in yer false bussom this minit."

"Come along, Bob," said Bill, "or I'll get the worst of it."

Their friend, the captain, was enjoying his cigar at the mess room window, with an acquaintance, when Robert passed, and the visitor remarked that he was the best looking soldier he had ever seen.

"Oh," said the captain, "I'll bet you a sovereign I'll show you just as well-looking a fellow, and I'll bet another that you will not know the man again."

"Done and done," said the other.

"Come here a moment, Mahor," called out Capt. S., stepping aside; "send Robert here at once, and let him be dressed just as you are."

"I am Robert, sir," said Bob, with a salute, and a smile.

"Well, then, send William."

And in a few minutes one of the brothers came up, and Capt. S. asked,—

"Which of you are here?"

"William, sir."

"All right,—now, my friend, is not that as handsome a fellow as the other?"

"Nonsense, don't think to make a fool of me, he is the same man who was here before."

"I will thank you to hand out those two sovereigns; and you go William, for your brother, who soon appeared to the astonishment of the loser of the wagers."

I must take up the thread of my narrative, and not let it slip through my fingers again, although, if truth permitted, I would gladly give it a different ending.

The cornet of Capt. S.'s troop (cornets rank next to captains in the cavalry) took a dislike to William Maher, which vented itself in his keeping him continually under espionage, and having him punished for faults which, but for him, would have passed unnoticed; and, of course, the Irishman's fiery spirit rose up against this tyranny.

Reader, if you have not been acquainted with the working of the army, you can hardly conceive the annoyances which a superior can inflict on those under his authority in a regiment; and which have often led to acts of violence, and even murder, and in this case produced the most disastrous results. It originated in a thoughtless remark of a young lady who was walking with the cornet, and seeing William passing by, said to her companion,—

"Why, Mr. M—, do not the military authorities suit the officers to the men of their regiments? for instance, now, how much out of place Major Simpton or Capt. Smith must look riding beside such a soldier as that now passing? Oh, by the way, I must really entreat your pardon,—so thoughtless as I am, talking in this strain to you, and forgetting you are so very little yourself! Do, pray, forgive my indiscretion, for I really think personal appearance of small importance, if, as the poet says, "the heart is in the right," and, besides, now I think of it, is not all the fighting done by the the soldiers?"

Poor Cornet M—, who stood five feet five when wearing high-heeled boots, and had vainly expended much time, and unguents of many kinds, in cultivating a moustache which would not grow, fairly gave way under these cruel blows, and walked on muttering what certainly were not blessing. Spoken of as so very little, and as useless in the field of battle, by "the lady of his love," and contrasted unfavorably with a private of his own troop,—what remained for him but suicide, or revenge? The former would be very unpleasant, and so he chose the latter, and "fed fat the grudge he bore" against poor William, whose inclination for jovial company found too easy indulgence, and frequently brought him into trouble notwithstanding all the efforts of Robert, who had been promoted to the rank of sergeant, and was constantly employed in the orderly room. Four years passed during which the regiment was quartered in various places in England, and spent six months in Manchester, Captain Selbright's native place, where the Captain's father showed the Twins the kind attentions which the discipline of the army prevented on the officer's part. The old merchant frequently had the men at his table, and found great pleasure in the society of Robert—a well informed gentleman though but a sergeant,—while his grandchildren, nephews of Captain S—, were delighted with the stories, songs, and drolleries of the volatile Bill. When they bade farewell to the wealthy "cotton lord," they

did not go empty, but bore with them to old Ireland, where they had been ordered, substantial proofs of his regard, and under promise to apply to him if he could in any way advance their interests. Once again, after a short stay in Dublin, we find them quartered in K—, and once again, on the first day they could get leave, they walked among the friends of their youth,—I mean those whom death and emigration had not removed. The old people who had supplied the place of parents were "laid side by side" near their parents' graves; and it is no shame to the bronzed soldiers that, sitting with clasped hands, they spoke with tears, in the retired old churchyard, of the father and mother whom they had not known, and the elders who had loved and cherished them in youth, and looked with fond delight on them in their prime of manhood. Well would it have been if a lightning stroke from heaven had laid them in death on the graves of their ancestors.

#### CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

On one Saturday, the principal market day in Kilkenny, when Robert was engaged in the orderly room, William went into the canteen, and drank three or four glasses of ale with some of his comrades, and then walked into the town, and met friends, to drink and were treated by him in return. The day was warm, the drink was good, the company pleasant, old friends and old times were talked of; then came the joke and song, then the party,—the country people to jolt home on their carts, with many an Irish shout, and snatches of songs, which their writers would hardly recognize as their own; and William to reach the barracks as well as he could, and be ready for roll-call; but his fate was against him. He might have passed over the upper bridge, which spanned the silver Lore, and so got into the barracks probably unnoticed, but in his drunken wisdom he thought himself quite steady,—"all right boys,"—and so strolled down through the town in a very zig-zag manner, until he arrived at John's bridge, the most densely thronged thoroughfare of the city, where he halted to gaze down into the river, or up at the noble castle of the Lords of Ormon. He had not been long here before drowsiness overpowered him, and grasping the stone coping of the bridge, he sank into a sound slumber, from which he was roused by Cornet M—grasping him by the collar, and ordering him to barracks, "for a drunken ruffian." Half asleep, and wholly drunk,—recognizing the officer, and with his hot blood inflamed by drink,—he struck savagely at his assailant, but only succeeded in knocking off his hat, and falling himself on the street, whence he was taken to the guard room, heavily ironed, and left to await his trial by court martial.

The sad news soon reached Robert's ears, and in a state of distraction he rushed to the guard-room, to find his brother a prisoner, under one of the most serious charges which can affect the British soldier. No language can in any way describe his anguish and despair for he knew but too well what must follow. He went to the rooms of Cornet M—, and was ordered out with curses on his head. The once proud man flung himself on his knees before him who had his brother in his power, and with bitter tears besought him for God's sake to have mercy, and that both would seek an exchange into an infantry regiment, and never more trouble him, but pray for him night and day. All in vain, the poor puny thing in the shape of a man, that he could have easily torn limb from limb, led him like a child to the door, and pushed him down the stone stairs, on which he fell