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BALLITORE AND ITS INHABITANTS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

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BALLITORE & ITS INHABITANTS

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

BY BETSY SHACKLETON.

From Carney's-hills to Narraghmore,
From Moone to Inchiquire,
'Tis claſſic ground round Ballitore,
Sin' auld lang syne.
Joseph Harvey.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY RICHARD D. WEBB AND SON.
1862.

[illegible]

Abraham Shackleton
|
Richard (succeeded as teacher 1756)
|

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John Gough one of 2 brothers, excellent te. taught a school in Dublin 1752 – 1774, when he went to Lisburn

a school girls at Edenderry under Ebenezer + Margaret Mellor dispersed R Q P 1773 -

Clonmel for awhile (Grubbs?)

Dublin - School St

PREFACE.

WHEN the editor of this little volume became a Ballitore schoolboy in June, 1819, he had just entered his fifteenth year, an age which is probably exceeded by no other period of life in the capacity for suffering or enjoyment. He had lately been removed from a boarding school in a dull country town, situated in a flat, uninteresting district of Ireland. The superintendant of the establishment was coarse, sensual, hypocritical and cruel; the social arrangements of the place were cold and comfortless, the discipline was harsh, the house was like a barrack, the play-ground like a barrack-yard, and the mental diet scanty and unattractive.

It was a deplorable place, and is fruitful in dismal recollections. Oh! what a change to Ballitore!

This village is embosomed in a beautiful valley, the little river Griese meandering through the fields, with wooded hills on either hand. One of these is called the Nine Tree Hill, and although not more than five hundred feet above the sea level, it commands a very extensive and lovely prospect of the plains of Kildare and Carlow, and the distant highlands of Wicklow, Kilkenny, and the Queen's County, including some of the loftiest elevations in Ireland, for example, Lugnaquilla, Thonalagee, Cadeen, Mount Leinster, Black Stairs, and Slieve Bloom.

The School-house was—and is, for the house still stands, though the school is no more—a venerable two-storied building, with a court-yard in front. Having been built at different periods within the last hundred and fifty years, it is full of

all sorts of small rooms and labyrinthine passages, such as excite curiosity when first inspected, and cling to the memory through life. Behind the house was the playground, a fine cheerful open yard, ornamented with lofty poplars, and separated by a green painted railing from a large and beautiful garden and orchard.

The school was then well filled, and the master was James White, son-in-law to the second Abraham Shackleton. All who knew him can testify to the sweetness of his disposition, the vast range of his acquirements in philology, mathematics, and general knowledge, his prodigious memory, his remarkable modesty, and his entire freedom from pedantry or the ostentation of learning. Besides his rich intellectual endowments and the great scope of his attainments, he was generous, high-minded, and so kind-hearted, that many of his pupils, whose parents or guardians failed in keeping their engagements with him, continued still to experience his protecting care, and have acknowledged their life-long debt of gratitude to him. He always appealed to the higher feelings of his pupils, and endeavoured to lead rather than to compel them into the paths of learning. Corporal punishment he detested, and he considered that any advantage arising from the agency of emulation is more than counterbalanced by the spirit of envy, and the other bad passions which it is apt to excite in the breasts of disappointed candidates. The school was full of life, ease, and social enjoyment; for not only was there a free and friendly, yet respectful intercourse between the pupils, their master, and his wife and sister, but the boys had also this advantage, that in the village itself, which contained many families,—all living in competence, on the same social level, but with great simplicity and freedom from ostentation,—

there were many open doors to such of them as had any claim from relationship or community of literary taste. In this last particular the Friends in Ballitore were noted above all others in Ireland. There was probably no living member of the sect who exceeded James White in the vast stores of his knowledge.

In an open part of the village, near the market-place, lived William Leadbeater, and in their little parlour his admirable wife might generally be found pursuing her literary avocations, yet always ready with cordial and polite courtesy to bear with the interruptions of visitors, whether rich or poor, old or young. With them lived their three gifted daughters.

At Fuller's-court resided Ebenezer Shackleton, whose first wife was the second daughter of Mary Leadbeater. He was a sagacious man, of a penetrating, original, many-sided intellect, generous in no common degree, disliking or despising mere profession, but doing as much good in secret as would have made an enviable reputation for a more ordinary individual.

Then there was Betsy Barrington's venerable old house, a very temple of comfort, kindness and hospitality, the resort of "Friends travelling in the ministry." Many of the old "Ballitore boys," of whom not a few are now beyond sixty, have delightful recollections of the cordial welcome, the snug little parlour, the well-spread tea table, the piles of alphabet cards, and the enjoyment they had in seeking their destiny in a time-worn copy of *Wither's Emblemes* (printed in 1635), in which their kind hostess took such innocent pride, and of which she told so many stories of predictions in its pages having been wonderfully fulfilled.

During our school days the Mill-house was the home of Lydia, the widow of Abraham Shackleton, and with her lived her sons Richard and George, and her daughters Betsy and Mary, of whom the younger son and daughter alone survive. Lydia Shackleton had been a beauty in her youth, and at an advanced age she retained a fair complexion, great dignity and ease of manner, active and industrious habits, a good memory, and correct and fluent language. She was one of the most lady-like women it has ever been our lot to meet. A native of Manchester, which she left when very young, she retained her English accent through life, and was fond of relating anecdotes of the home of her childhood. She was a descendant of Judge Fell, so often mentioned in *George Fox's Journal* as a protector of the persecuted Friends, and whose widow took for her second husband the founder of Quakerism. She also claimed as one of her ancestors the celebrated martyr Anne Askew, who perished at the stake in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Besides the families we have named, there were Thomas and Fanny Bewley, their young and beautiful daughter Lucy, Mary and Anne Doyle, Doctor Davis, and many others, who formed a somewhat numerous circle of intelligent and unaffected people, united by the ties of friendship, affection, and mutual esteem.

It was in this charming Ballitore, which, though sadly stripped of its former ornaments, still contains a community of Friends who live in the same ancient simplicity, that the writer became acquainted with Betsy Shackleton, the author of the following pages. She was then in her thirty-sixth year, having been born in 1783. The recollection is as fresh as if yesterday of her lively manners, expressive countenance, dark hair, dark eyes, fresh complexion, and sweet smile, her sympathizing disposition, and energetic and industrious

habits. She was ever doing or contriving some good thing. Deeply and truly religious herself, she aimed rather to guide and instruct the tastes, habits, and judgment of her poor neighbours than to imbue them with her doctrinal opinions. She was diligent in her attendance at the poor-school, and took an active and zealous part in every effort for the benefit of those who required her sympathy and assistance. To her sick friends she was a willing nurse, to the suffering a sure sympathizer. She delighted in the unostentatious exercise of that power which none possess in such perfection as accomplished and sensible women, of purifying, elevating, and judiciously directing the tastes and habits of the youth who come within their influence. Having acute feelings with a delicate perception of poetic beauty and a strong sense of humour, she enjoyed with keen relish the writings of Pascal, and the finer passages

LEA CO. CILL

of Burns and Cowper; and she reproduced with dramatic fidelity the idiomatic wit and drollery of the Irish peasantry, in a series of Dialogues which she wrote at the commencement of the temperance reformation, with a view to popularize her own views of the best means of promoting habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety among our people. Many of these were printed in large numbers, and widely circulated.

Her domestic affections were intense, and were lavished with a vehemence which overwhelmed her with affliction, when, in 1811, her darling sister Lydia, first wife of James White, died of consumption after a lingering illness, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. This beloved relative was of a remarkably sweet and engaging disposition, and was truly "an angel in the house."* Betsy

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* Betsy Shackleton wrote a short Memoir of her sister, from which we make the following extracts:—

"She finished her course at the age of twenty-four: she

Shackleton lamented this loss most bitterly—and her grief—unlike that ordinarily felt for the death of relations or friends—continued with remarkable

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was then a wife and a mother, and was like the guardian angel of all who came within her sphere. How did the unsparing consumption feed upon her spirits, as well as undermine her health! yet she resigned up her husband, her child, her friends, and the world, which had so many charms for her innocent, happy mind, to Him who made her. She enjoyed and possessed the world's good things as not enjoying or possessing them, for she was loose from the world, and not spotted by it. She skimmed lightly over the path allotted to her, scattering her benefits, and not looking behind her to admire or even think of the good she had done.

"She had from childhood an originality of genius and a sweetness of temper which rendered her entertaining and interesting to all who knew her, being entirely unaffected, unconscious of her virtues, her talents, or her beauty. Her features were regular, and her countenance lovely. She evinced remarkable fortitude on many occasions; indeed, whenever there was occasion for courage or presence of mind, she displayed them; yet her tenderness and sympathy for the afflictions and pains of others was exercised to so great a degree as sometimes to injure her health. She early displayed an independence of mind which taught her to wait upon herself, to invent improvements in anything she was employed about, and to despise ornament, or the grandeur that springs from wealth. To the poor she was ever kind and attentive, and would debar herself of gratifications, or even of necessaries, to assist them.

poignancy almost as long as life lasted. She attached herself to her sister's only surviving child with all the affection of the fondest mother, and after her niece's marriage, in 1832, her anxious affection was unsparingly bestowed upon her children.

The death in 1826 of her aunt Leadbeater, to whom she was tenderly attached, was also very severely felt by her, and it was to assuage by employment the anguish of this bereavement, that she shortly after wrote a little volume of "Recollections" of her venerated relative. A few copies only were privately printed for circulation amongst intimate friends; for, although correct in her delineation, she depicts a being so good, so guileless, and so free from the unamiable infirmities of humanity, that she would be naturally liable to the charge of exaggeration.

The "Recollections" suggested the composition of the following reminiscences of her own childhood. A copy of this little work, in the author's own handwriting, was presented by her to the editor more than a quarter of a century ago, and

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"In 1806 she married James White, a man who could appreciate her uncommon qualities. Their virtues and talents were not lost upon each other. Simplicity and truth bound them together, and their sphere of usefulness was enlarged. Her first consideration in every situation of life was, "How can I be useful?" A few months before her first child was born, she read Euclid with much pleasure; this she chiefly did to give her thoughts an agreeable turn, as other women read novels in order to divert their minds.

"I shall go no farther. I am not capable of raising my thoughts from earth to heaven, from the fleeting joys of this life to the eternal felicity prepared for the righteous. Though I am fully persuaded that her enjoyment is greater than it has entered into the heart of mortal man to conceive, yet my nature deplores that she should lose her earthly treasures—though I believe the revelation which describes all tears to be wiped away from their eyes in that blessed country, yet it seems to me that she weeps for her husband, for her child, and for us. When I see the garden flourish, and the sun paint this fair creation, I regret that her eye is dim, and that she is covered up with the heavy earth, forgetful that she basks in the divine rays of the majesty of her heavenly Father. Let me therefore cease to lament the ravages of the worm on the dear form. Let me consider it but as the shell of the immortal soul—a shell which was intended for corruption, to mingle with the dust."

the recent publication of the charming "Annals of Ballitore" having induced him to search for it among his papers, he has been so struck by the vivid sketches of old times, the lively delineations of character, and the amusing incidents with which it abounds, that it occurred to him to publish a small edition, so that the pleasure of its perusal may be partaken by a larger circle than was practicable while it remained in its manuscript form.

Besides the insight it gives into the character of the writer, this little book is a contribution to that valuable class of literature which faithfully depicts the real workings of the infant mind. Betsy Shackleton was deeply sensible of the misery which children suffer from harshness and want of sympathy. She regarded with dislike approaching to horror the discipline to which they were sometimes subjected by the generation then passing away, and was most anxious to promote a kindlier

and more considerate treatment of that which was rising around her.

From the remarkably sensitive and reflective character of her mind, it will be justly concluded that she was diffident and had an humble opinion of herself. This will be more fully seen from the following letter, which, a few hours before her death, she dictated to her niece, Hannah Suliot,* for the satisfaction of her sister Mary, who was desirous to know the state of her mind. While dictating it, she found great difficulty in speaking, and the last few words could hardly be understood.

"Dear sister Mary,

"Thou wishes to know the state of my "mind at this awful period. I have nothing to "boast of and little to encourage. I hear a good

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* Daughter of her sister Lydia White, and wife of Theodore Eugene Suliot, of Franklin Mills, Ohio, United States, where she now resides with her family.

"deal of usefulness; but those acts are not fit to enter into the kingdom; they are mixed with earthly things—vanity and hypocrisy—so that I really believe that some actual sins that have been repented of are more acceptable in the Divine sight than such proud virtues. How can He who is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity permit of beings clothed in such virtues to enter the kingdom? But there are precious promises that we shall be washed clean by the Redeemer. I am sometimes afraid that I address myself too familiarly to the great Creator; yet we are invited to come boldly to the throne of grace. At other times I am so struck with the insignificance of myself, and the inconceivable greatness of the Creator of the universe, that I wonder how I can suppose it possible that I can be noticed; but then we are assured that the very hairs of our head are numbered. Thus do I converse with

myself of fears and hopes; but mercy is the pervading subject, and the close of all contemplations. Thy very affectionate sister."

Betsy Shackleton died of a lingering and painful illness on the 9th of March, 1843, in the sixtieth year of her age, and her remains rest in the Friends' burial ground on the hill side at Ballitore, where repose so many worthies, including her own ancestors for many generations.

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BALLITORE & ITS INHABITANTS
SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

The way to the village.—Aunt Fuller's dog Fox, and her very genteel daughter Debby.—Terrors at a funeral.—The handsomest woman in the world and her parrot.—Infant criticism on Quaker inconsistency.—A child's imaginations.—A farrier surgeon.—The meeting-house.—Notable members of the congregation.—Some particulars of Quaker costume.—The extreme difficulty of sitting still.—Molly Haughton.—Aunt Mellor's wonderful bonnet.—Grandfather Shackleton.—Adventure in the meeting-house.—Joshua Beale.—Bob Hudson.—Infant intolerance.—A village baker and her maid Poll Pepper.—The first Abraham Shackleton's first house in Ballitore.—Vicissitudes of aunt Mellor.—Beauty preserved without soap or water.—Joe Willis's house and garden in the golden days. —Johnny Gavin's splendid signboard ... ... 1 *to* 26

I WILL go back to the utmost stretch of my memory, beginning at the Mill-house, where I now write. Captain Peaton lived here at that time. On our way to the village we walked close by the Mill-pond 'till we reached the corner of the Mill-field, and proceeded along a path by the hedge.*

My Aunt Fuller lived at Fuller's-court. Her dog Fox used to frighten me with his very shrill bark, which I thought resembled the voice of his mistress. I looked upon her daughter Debby as a person of very great gentility, because she wore high-coloured silk gowns which made a rustling noise as she walked into meeting. From tradition and from the happy verses handed down from the golden age, I learned that there had been an orchard in the mill-field, of which I never saw any vestige. I remember, however, the large trees which met at top over the road from Fuller's-court to Molly Haughton's neat cottage.† Molly was very neat; she also had a smart little dog. In

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* It took pretty nearly the same direction as the present road from the Mill to the village. Forty years ago there was a very pleasant open path across the Mill-field, which is now entirely enclosed by a wall and hedges.

† This cottage stood midway between Fuller's-court and Ballitore House, on the same side of the road.

1789, Molly's husband, Joss Haughton, died. My grandmother took me to the funeral. I was very much frightened at the prospect, thinking we were either to go into the grave with the body, or up to the sky. My only consolation was the reflection that all the people would not go to the funeral unless they expected to come safe back, and therefore I had as good a chance of safety as the rest.

The next house was Bob Bayly's.* His wife I conceived to be the handsomest woman in the world.† At this house there was a parrot which

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* Now known as Ballitore House. Bayly, as an heir of the Strettells, the original founders of the Quaker colony at Ballitore, was the owner in fee of the principal part of the village.

† If not "the handsomest woman in the world," Kitty Bayly, formerly Kitty Yates of Moone, was remarkable for her beauty. Before Bob Bayly married her, he had paid his addresses unsuccessfully to another celebrated beauty, who soon after married John Stratford, afterwards Earl of Aldborough. There is a tradition that the rivals and their lovely brides happening to meet at a ball, Bayly, who could never pronounce *th*, addressed Stratford as follows:—"Well, Jack, which of us has got *de* best of *de* bargain?" The future Lady Aldborough was more eminent for her personal beauty than for some more important qualities.

I longed to see, as much as we can long for what we deem to be quite out of our reach; and such was the notion I had either of entering that house or of seeing the parrot, much less of hearing it speak.

Nearly opposite Bayly's was Hannah Haughton's.* I wondered that a plain Friend like Hannah who would not wear ribbons herself was satisfied to sell them, though I don't suppose I mentioned my surprise to any one. I believe children think very deeply without ever proposing their doubts. Perhaps in the present happy age for children the case may be different, for their thoughts and meaning are now sought out. In my time our inquiries were often thought impertinent. I am persuaded, however, that even now children do not communicate their best and finest thoughts, for many of them could not be uttered. This reminds me of the grandeur of some of my ideas

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* This was the house occupied for nearly fifty years by Betsy Barrington, whose admirable character, beaming countenance, and hospitable parlour were so well known to the visitors to Ballitore, and to so many of the schoolboys.

when about four years of age. Pascal speaks of "the grandeur and the misery of man." They are often combined, and they were so with me, when I walked about the parlour wondering how I came into the world, how the parlour was made, how the ceiling was held up, how the world was created, the ground spread out, and the sky supported—still recurring to myself as I walked about between the earth and sky. Perhaps the original ideas of children come nearer to the Divine sublimity and simplicity of the Bible than all the philosophy of the learned. About this time I remember lying in bed grieving at the possibility of my father and mother dying; and sometimes I was tortured by the idea of men being hanged. The image of the condemned man coming out to execution was vividly before me, and the anguish of his mind. I pictured to myself the horrid spectacle of a field of battle; the contending armies moving towards each other, the cannon, the swords, the bloodshed, appeared to me in their unsophisticated reality, unhallowed by policy or custom. Such are the views of children. Cruelty and injustice appear to them in their naked deformity.

A row of poor cabins was separated from Hannah Haughton's by a gate, as at present. Mary Kelly, who was nearly supported by Hannah, lived in one of them. Ned Lennon, a farrier, lived in another. He bled Anna Taverner in his best style when his hand was steadied with whiskey.

The Meeting-house was on the other side of the road, as it is now, but there was no patten-room,* nor any women's meeting-room. The roof was supported by a pillar from which issued two great arms. These, I dare say, added to the solemnity of its appearance in our young eyes. The gallery ran the whole length of the building opposite to the entrance, so that there were fewer seats then than at present, but this deficiency was compensated by the side seats, where I believe every person had his or her own place. My aunt Fuller sat in the highest corner; next sat my grandmother, who was worthy to sit in the front of the meeting [*i.e.* in the gallery], but her weak eyes forbade her sitting opposite to the light. She wore a singular black bonnet composed of several pieces, having a pasteboard front, a crown like a hood, and a large cape. She always took this off in meeting, and appeared in a black hood, one of the symbols of a plain Friend. She wore a cloth cloak all the year round, with a little standing collar. She also wore a green tabinet apron, another symbol as characteristic as the black hood. Both of these were only worn in meetings and only by Friends who were most strict or in the highest estimation. Next to my grandmother sat Debby Wilson, who wore a soft silk cloak which I cannot forget because I longed so much that my screeching lutestring was like it, for I could not stir my hands without the whole meeting hearing my rustling. Next sat

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* Patten-room, a small room used for cloaks and umbrellas, and in which women left the pattens which were in former times commonly worn by them when they walked the streets in dirty weather.

Madge Boake, Nelly Hudson, Abby Widdows, Molly Webster and Molly Hudson, all old or elderly, and sitting according to their degrees of rank. Under the gallery sat my mother, Abby Haughton, Anna Taverner, and my two aunts, Mary* and Sally Shackleton. The latter had lately begun to speak in meeting. Anna Taverner also spoke now and then with great elegance and feeling. Her delicacy and her English accent, no doubt, added to the charm of her sweet voice. All these last-mentioned Friends wore black hoods but not green aprons. I used, while in meeting, to long for a hot day in summer, not only for the charm of hot weather, the wonder it excites, the happy and languishing idleness and the brilliancy of nature, but that I might see what sort of clothes these black-hooded Friends would wear, and wherewithal I should be dressed myself. I remember the pleasure with which I viewed their little white silk or muslin handkerchiefs, their summer gloves and light gowns; but, above all,

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* Afterwards Mary Leadbeater.

Anna Taverner's. I think I see her elegantly and feebly creeping into meeting, with a harebine* gown of the most delicate shade and exquisitely neat. All the rest of her habiliments were spotless, and put on with a peculiar grace, suiting her stooped and weakly but beautiful person. I was so blind as not to know 'till I was a big girl that she had a beautiful face. Anxiety and debility had given a sorrowful expression to her countenance. Through these I could see no beauty, and I even thought her unusually the reverse. Abby Haughton's smooth forehead and smiling mouth pleased my fancy, and she was really very pretty; so was my mother.

We, children, sat on a little seat at the head of the meeting, facing the gallery. I can associate little else but pain with my meetings. Being very impatient and restless, I found it impossible to sit still. I am persuaded that no Friend in the meeting laboured harder for stillness than I did, and I used to try to wish that meeting might not break up soon. All in vain; as soon as I came home, I was told of my misconduct. As I have experienced so much woe when a child from my behaviour in meetings, I am inclined to make great allowance for the restlessness of children at such a time. I suppose I should have been more still, had I been less watched by myself and others. Let any grown person be placed before his judges with orders to keep perfectly still, will he not feel his nose itching, his back aching, his curiosity burning to see objects behind him, and, in short, his whole body weary of remaining in the same position. It is a species of torture, and not of the lightest kind.

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* A thin, rather stiff woollen material for women's wear now no longer manufactured.

On the seat behind me sat Hannah Haughton, Jenny Boake, and other grown-up young Friends of our rank.

I forgot to mention Molly Haughton who sat on the side seat. She was a distant relation of Bob Bayly's, and wore a large black satin cloak. This had belonged to the late Susy Bayly, who

had been brought up a Friend, and was one of the renowned family of the Strettells. I may as well acquaint the curious reader that Molly was a tall, straight woman, with long taper waist, large hips, and small head. Her old-fashioned cap was worn so as to expose her large forehead, and was tightly bound by a ribbon, which I verily believe compressed the part it surrounded. We know that the human form may be changed by pressure. Molly was a pleasant woman. When we visited her she generally welcomed us with a scolding for our long absence; but this was done in a good humoured way. "Oh ho," she would say, shading her eyes with her hand, "is thee come at last? "It's time for thee. 'Tis good for sore eyes to "see thee. We ought to nick the post, or spread "rushes under thy feet. Well! what news? "Did thee hear So-and-so was married? And, "by all I hear, it was a poor match enough. "They tell me she had a fine fortune, but there's "no believing the half one hears." The price of provisions and fuel was generally discussed. We always found Molly well stored with news of every kind, and it was a pleasure to add to her stock, for she never heard anything with indifference. She was either surprized, or shocked, or glad, or sorry—just as we wished. The most indifferent of our jokes was complimented by the ready laugh, whilst the sympathetic sigh was as much at our command. If the subject were quite indifferent, even to Molly's taste, she would say, "Now does thee tell me so?" or "Is it possible?" or some such comfortable expression. We may smile at this, but it is one of the secrets of domestic happiness to be easily pleased with what we hear. How many sources of enjoyment are closed to the fastidious taste; and, moreover, our fastidiousness paralyzes the social powers of our companions.

Molly was a very neat, industrious, economical body. We entered her house by the kitchen, where the utensils were always shining and the maid sat at her spinning. In the parlour, which was furnished with bright oak chairs and tables,

Molly sat at her knitting, with her feet on a stool, and a switch beside her on the surbase to beat the dog for barking at strangers. While using the switch she accompanied the strokes with a few smart words, which served at once to scold the dog and welcome the guest. Tradition says that Polly Taylor—for this was Molly's maiden name—was a fine handsome girl, that she wore a magnificent stay hook, and that she performed extraordinary feats of agility.*

But to return to the Meeting-house. The more gay and dressy friends sat on the seat behind Jenny Boake. My aunt Mary Mellor, my mother's younger sister, was one of these. She wore a high-cauled bonnet, kept up by wire, and having a broadish ribbon round it. It was fastened by a very long pin, which my brother Ebenezer and I thought she drove into her head when she put the bonnet on. Her long hair was turned up in a peculiar style, which was considered dressy. She also wore a black silk cloak, and in winter a muff into which she sometimes put my little cold feet, when I have been so happy as to sit beside her in meeting; and not being a strict Friend, she allowed me more latitude in fidgetting than fell to my lot when I was near the elders.

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* Molly Haughton died in 1818, aged eighty.

On the back seat sat Becky Widdows, Lucy Webster, Hannah Webster, and some other young women who thought too humbly of themselves to sit up higher. Old Jenny Miles also sat on the lowest seat.

At the men's side my grandfather* sat next the gallery steps, which were in the middle of the length of the room. I recollect seeing him with his head leaning on his hand, his face down and the tears falling from his eyes. I knew that this was caused by devotional feeling, and I seemed to catch his fervor, for I wished to be like him, putting up rapturous petitions, making covenants with my heavenly Father, confessing my sins, and being so affected as to be unable to restrain my tears. Yet even after these devotional meetings,

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* Richard Shackleton.

I have received my usual portion of reproof. Probably when the sparks which were kindled by myself or by something better had gone out, my natural carelessness and restlessness returned even with redoubled force. Such has been the case through the days and years of my mature life, so that I have learned to understand the confusion which follows the compassing ourselves about with sparks of our own kindling. My father and Ephraim Boake sat under the gallery also. I remember being affected at my father's tenderness in meeting. Ephraim Boake sometimes dropped a few words to us; so did my grandfather.

On the side seat sat Ben Haughton of Prospect, Joe Haughton,* John Haughton, and Tom Boake.

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* Afterwards "Joseph Haughton of Ferns," an elder in good esteem, and remarkable for the heroic meekness and moral courage with which he maintained the peaceful testimony of Friends, during the hottest time of the rebellion of 1798, in the county of Wexford. As an indication of his courageous firmness, it is related that on one occasion he happened to be riding homeward on a lonely road by moonlight, when, on passing the end of a lane which led to a graveyard, he heard a plaintive cry coming from thence. He rode up to the entrance, fastened his horse to a tree, and entered

Joss Webster sat low down. Dick Manders, Dick Miles and Johnny Gavin sat inside the door; they had lost their membership in the Society either by marrying out or by drunkenness.* The Ballitore school-boys occupied the forms which filled up the middle of the meeting-house. As these forms had no backs, they were a great hardship upon the gristly bones of youth.

We hung our cloaks upon the back of the women's lowest seat, there being no cloak-room, or patten-room.

The gallery was not used except when ministers from other meetings visited us. The front of it was closely boarded up, and the boarding was so high, that we, children, could see nothing of the preachers except the tops of their bonnets or hats, until they stood up to address the assembly. This circumstance increased my veneration for them and my impatience to hear them speak.

When I was about eleven years old, my father and mother went to the Dublin Yearly or Half-year's Meeting, leaving us under the care of Molly Haughton. One day, as she took us early to meeting, I gratified myself by sitting in every part of the house to which I was not accustomed. While I was in the gallery, in walked Tom Boake, a quiet sedate young man. I sank down upon the floor, and was so overwhelmed with fear and shame at being seen by him in such a place, that I could not bring myself to come down. There I sat during the whole meeting, afraid to breathe or stir. I had a wretched time of it, and plenty of leisure to make good resolutions. Oh! if ever I was delivered from such miserable bondage, how

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the cemetery. At length he came to an open grave which had been recently dug. Looking in, he saw two bright eyes, and found that the cries were those of a poor goat which had fallen in, and was unable to extricate itself. He helped the animal out, and rode home. There are thousands of stalwart men who would rather march to the cannon's mouth, than perform such a feat under such circumstances.

* Bob Hudson and Johnny Gavin frequently got drunk together, and when tipsy were always careful to use "the plain language." It is related that on one of these occasions Johnny exclaimed, "*Oh! lapis, lapis calaminaris.*" Bob inquired what that meant. Johnny quoted a text of Scripture by way of explanation, and Bob gravely remarked, "Johnny, thee is a very religious, good man."

sober and steady I should be. Alas! my resolutions were something like Tam O'Shanter's pleasures,

—— like the snow falls in the river.
A moment white, then melts for ever.

At long last the dreaded moment arrived for breaking up the meeting. Much as I suffered during the sitting, I trembled at every noise indicating the breaking up, and the disclosure of my imprudence. My heart was ready to jump out of its place when the Friends rose. I could see them through the chinks of the boards moving quietly away. I knew not whom to dread most. The Ducketts were so genteel, all dressed in silks, that they seemed the worst of all. At length I saw Molly Haughton talking to them at the door, and heard her mention my doings. The fear of being caught in the gallery now overcame every other feeling, and I crept down the steps, scarcely raising up my guilty head. The formidable Ducketts laughed at me, and I got home safe, only to plunge into some other scrape. I believe I had reached the climax of my mischievous exploits about that time. I remember little else but a succession of faults and fits of remorse, broken resolutions and fruitless repentance.

Joshua Beale of Cork spent some time at my father's, helping to make some alterations in the school, which for a time were deemed improvements. He said I was proud; I believe he was mistaken. I don't know what a child could be proud of, who was always on the stool of repentance, and who wished to be like anybody but herself.

At the other side of the way from the meeting-house lived Bob Hudson, a butcher, who sometimes was drunk, and sometimes came to meeting, according to the different states of his mind.

At the same side lived Tom Johnson who kept a large shop and sold drugs. His good wife Betty was my aunt Fuller's daughter, who married Tom, out of the Society. This fault was enough to prevent me from having anything to do with them, for I was very intolerant. Nevertheless, I played with their children at Molly Webster's school. I once even ventured to go home with them, but was frightened at myself for entering their parlour. They left Ballitore about the year 1794, when they saw a distant prospect of the rebellion. After some time they removed to London, and finally returned to live in Dublin, where all their children were married, and where two of them, with the father and mother, died. My aunt Fuller also removed to Dublin, and died there in 1799. Her daughter Debby died before her. They left behind them a great many silk gowns and quilted petticoats, and fine cotton stockings with clocks in them of Debby's knitting. My aunt also left behind her the sweet savour of having fed and clothed the poor, and paid her husband's debts. The cleanliness of her kitchen is also spoken of to this day.

In the centre of the village was a row of very middling houses, where pretty good ones, built by my uncle Leadbeater, now stand. John Wilson, a shoemaker, inhabited one of them; he was

a sort of a Friend, and married Betty Widdows, the faithful servant of Deborah Carleton. Another of these houses was occupied by Judy Horan, a baker. She was a widow, who reared her two little boys with care, encouraging them to work in a small garden that she might keep them out of the street. One of them is now (1826) a respectable priest, with whom she lives. Poll Pepper, her attached servant, attended the oven, ran many miles for barm, (for there was no made barm in those times) and carried loads of bread, scolding or petting the children meantime. It was said that she had been cured of the dropsy by eating raw oatmeal. She was blind the latter part of her life, and for some time before she died was supported by the neighbours.

It was in the next house to this that my grandfather was born in 1726.* I suppose my great grandfather lived there before he took the present School-house; and after he took it the boys continued to go to school in his old dwelling, and did so, I believe, for half a century.

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* We have it from the best surviving testimony that the house in which the first Abraham Shackleton opened school and where his son Richard was born, still stands, and is that which is now occupied by Owen Finn, a respectable shopkeeper, and son to Dolly Finn so frequently mentioned in the "Annals

About the year 1795 my aunt Mary Kathrens (formerly Mellor) and her husband came from Dublin to live in that house. She had married out of our Society. The first time I happened to be near her and her husband, as we were going to meeting, I walked at the other side of the way, so great was my zeal against transgressors. Her husband was very sickly and fretful whilst she was cheerful and full of hope. They were poor, but she had a pleasure in exerting herself. She kept the post-office, took in needle work, and dealt in various matters, though she had no shop.

She had two children—Mary, who was very shy, and James, a noble creature, with black eyes and an arch smile. My uncle Kathrens died of consumption in 1796. My aunt did all she could to ameliorate his sufferings, and when he was gone, she consoled herself with the reflection that she had done her duty, and that his sufferings were ended. She lived in Ballitore till after the rebellion of 1798, when she returned to Dublin, where her fine son died of the small-pox. After some years she married Henry Chambers, who soon became sickly. She nursed him tenderly till he died. She subsequently laboured under a succession of heavy trials; pecuniary difficulties came thick upon her, but her fortitude and good humour supported her. We see few wrinkles upon her pleasant countenance, and now at the age of seventy she appears little more than fifty.

Next door to my aunt Mellor lived a pair named O'Hara, with a large family of sons. That house, which is still standing, was originally built for an inn. Of Susy O'Hara, who had been a

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of Ballitore." William Leadbeater built the porch to keep the old house from falling, and he divided the large schoolroom, which occupied the ground floor, into the present shop and the apartments behind it. It is related that the boys used to watch out of the front window, for "the man with the wig," who came up from the School-house of later days (where the family and the boys boarded and slept) with word that "dinner was ready."

beauty, it was said that she never washed her face, but rubbed it with flannel and flour. They had one daughter, also named Susy, who was very pretty, and died young of consumption. The first time I heard of the hectic flush was in her case.

Then came Paddy Murphy's house with steps up to the hall door. We only heard of the beauty of the house, when it formerly belonged to Ben Wills.* It always wore a reduced aspect in our degenerate days. We used to hear that in the golden days gone by were to be seen Joe Wills's beds of tulips, his fishpond, his trees, his walks, and all that could charm the eye. I cannot conceive how that little spot of ground between the street and the river could contain such an elysium as my father and my aunts used to describe, and which I only remember as an ugly common, till Dempsey built his house at the corner.

Then came Johnny Gavin, a shoemaker. The

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* This house stood on the site of a range of buildings, one of which is now the post-office. Behind, "in the golden days," were a garden and orchard, and in front, stretching down to the river, the elysium described in the text.

front of his house was adorned with a splendid sign, on which was painted a gentleman with a bright blue coat drawing on a boot. Johnny was a strange-looking man, who strutted about with a conceited air. His daughter was a belle, and his father a degenerate Friend.

Paddy Gannon lived at the corner of the street, and kept a public house, as did many others after him at that same corner. His wife was a fine-looking woman. They were several years without children, and afterwards had plenty; but they had little reason to rejoice in any of them, except one hump-backed daughter, who was very ingenious and industrious. Like many other publicans, these poor people finally sank into abject poverty.

Next to these lived Paul Brennan, a tailor. He had a beautiful wife who died in her prime, and it was said that Paul tore his hair with grief.

The Borough was a collection of miserable cabins, which were arranged into narrow lanes, on the site occupied by the present Market-house and the ground behind it. Tom Murray blowing his bellows at a miserable forge is present to my recollection. He was weak and thin, and loved good eating; his wife Biddy was strong and industrious, and tried to keep him in order. They both died of fever in the same week, in 1818. Their son settled at a distance. Molly, their only daughter, lived many years, to remind us of her languid, helpless father.

Jem Lyons' house stood alone in the Borough. He was our grave-digger for many years, but was at last laid in the grave himself. His wife, Bet Lyons, was a conspicuous character in my grandmother's kitchen.

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CHAPTER II.

Molly Webster, the incomparable village school-mistress.—Joss Webster, the wool-comber—and their excellent daughter, Lucy Allmint.—Ned Miles.—Abby Widdows, and her fortunes in trade and in architecture.—Her daughter Becky.—Betty Malone.—Peggy and Nancy Brett.—Bill Lennon, the enterprising butcher.—Nurse Lennon's reminiscences of old times, and of Edmund Burke 27 *to* 52

BUT the house in the Borough which I best remember was Molly Webster's. She was for many years an eminent personage in our village, as school-mistress, doctress, and interpreter of dreams. Some said she also had the gift of fortune-telling, but I never was witness to its exercise. I believe there never was a better school-mistress. Those who remember her, make many invidious comparisons between the schools of the present days and Molly Webster's. Indeed I fully believe that Bell, or Lancaster, or Owen

Finn never taught children to read in so short a time as my teacher. Nor was she severe. She certainly kept a little birch rod always beside her, which she sometimes held in threatening posture; and some rare times she inflicted its smart upon the skin of a plebeian. I never remember feeling it on mine, nor even the brass thimble with which she tapped the head of a dunce. In teaching the alphabet she patiently went on from + (criss-cross) to the final Zed, which she called *izzard*. She said A and the pupil said A; she said B and the pupil said B. If she was in a pleasant humour, and the pupil was very young or very good or very pretty, she would make the impression more delightful as well as more lasting by saying A was an apple-pie, B bit it, C cut it; or C for cat, D for dog, or for Debby; T with a hat on, round O, crooked S, Q in the corner, and so forth. But all these incitements to beguile us into the road to learning would never have succeeded without steady perseverance. She was also wont to hold out

encouraging language, such as "Sweet girl"—"Lovely, fine boy!" My sister Margaret she called "the lily of the valley"—my brother Richard "the rose of Sharon." She also talked of gilt books, the favour of our parents, one of her husband's cackajay apples, a new laid egg, and so forth. These, indeed, might make us love our school, but it was the patience, the perseverance, which taught us to read. She was no less expert in teaching girls to work. I remember contemplating her powers while she was settling my work, with a feeling I could not describe. She appeared to me to be a sort of creator. She led us through all the gradations of hemming, and sewing, and running, and felling, and stitching, 'till we were fit to work a sampler. That was the highest of our ambitions, except it might be to work flowers upon a pocket. We soon learned the marking stitch; then to make letters; then little stiff sprigs; then great flaunting flowers such as never grew. The mistress knew the various stitches which an accomplished girl

LA CO. CILL

ought to learn—double cross stitch, hem stitch, queen stitch, Irish stitch, chain stitch, oielet holes, &c. Indeed we had an unbounded opinion of her knowledge and capacity.

A number of impressions of seals hung in a frame at her back. She sat near a window. Many books lay in the window-seat. I believe a Bible was one of them—the Universal Spelling Book, the Pennsylvanian Spelling Book, Reading Made Easy, and no doubt many of the little books which were then given to good children, such as Cinderella, Sinbad the Sailor, Tom Thumb, The House that Jack Built, &c. Bags of old samplers hung near her. A bed was in one corner of the room, and a large box of apples at the foot of the bed; for her husband, Joss Webster, dealt in apples besides being a wool-comber. A chest of drawers stood near the bed, and I think they generally lay more or less open, for the hen laid in one of them, and the cat kittened in the other. I believe I never thought of this being untidy, but, on the contrary, a very great perfection; and

indeed only what I would wish, if I had a house and a chest of drawers. I thought the mistress happy to have such tame hens and cats.

People with sore fingers, the scrofula, consumption, coughs, pains, aches, sick children, or any other calamity came to the mistress for relief. She was never at a loss—a handful of rue, a handful of elder, a handful of vervain, ditto marsh-mallows, twenty snails—all pounded, and put down in a cruiskeen with a pound of lard or fresh butter. Let it *simper* all day. Strain it, and rub the part affected for nine nights. Poultices of herbs, decoctions, and infusions were all prescribed in their turn, and often succeeded. These prescriptions by no means interfered with the business of the school. They were at her tongue's end, and sometimes we saw frightful sores and heard talk of others yet more dreadful.

The mistress sometimes amused us even in school with wonderful stories. If she saw us biting off our threads, she would tell us of a beautiful young girl who did so. At length she became very ill, and grew worse and worse 'till she died, was opened, and a large ball of thread was found in her stomach. This story made an indelible impression. There was another story to frighten us from sighing. Stealing and lying were of course followed by terrific consequences. Molly was a useful woman in her day, but I suppose her terrors and superstitions would hardly do for the present age of refinement.

Another remarkable trait in the character of this illustrious person was her extreme want of neatness in her house. Nothing but her consummate skill in teaching could have induced my mother to send us to such a dirty place; but it was extraordinary to behold the perfect propriety of her dress when she went out visiting. Her stiff camlet gown was taken out of its folds, her milk white apron, her cap and border were all perfectly neat, and her conduct and conversation were fit for any company. She was frequently invited to drink tea at all our parents' houses, and her scholars were always glad to see her,

and eagerly listened to all she said. I never remember her husband bearing her company on these visits, but he was a more diligent attender of meetings than his wife. He remembered the hard frost in 1739, and took his father's cattle to water at that time

Joss Webster, her husband, carried on his trade of wool-combing, and there he treated his pets to potatoes roasted in his comb-pot. The like of these I never tasted, so sweet and hot, and given out of his greasy hand to "the best girl in forty shillings." He generally wore his shirt sleeves tucked up to his shoulders. He had a venerable countenance adorned by fine grey hair; and an inflexible temper—but I remember nothing of it.

This pair had no son, and two of their daughters married out of the Society. Lucy alone remained to help them. Sometimes she went to service, and gave them almost all her earnings; or if they appeared to want her at home, she stayed with them. She passionately loved her father, and was very affectionate to her mother. She lived as servant both with my grandmother Shackleton and with my mother, and was most faithful, affectionate, and irritable. When I was a child, she and I sometimes fought not only with our tongues but with our hands.

Joss and Molly Webster removed to Athy for some years, and then returned to Ballitore, but not to the Borough, which had been destroyed in the rebellion. Several people had attempted to supply Molly's place as village school-mistress, but no one succeeded. They wanted a certain something which to this day, it is said, has not been supplied. On their return from Athy the old couple settled in the house next the bridge, where Molly resumed her throne and Joss his comb-pot, much to the satisfaction and benefit of the village. But they were grown old and feeble; Molly seldom went out; Lucy was now at service near Carlow, and it was with no small joy, tempered with a degree of incredulity, that Molly heard of her daughter's hand being solicited by a rich tallow chandler aged about seventy. This report was happily confirmed, and after some time they were married. I believe Lucy was then about forty. They were married in Ballitore and the wedding dinner was given by Fanny Bewley.

It was said by the neighbours that Lucy was now rewarded for all her filial attentions; but I believe her chief enjoyment was in the prospect of being able to help her parents more than ever. As they grew more feeble, she persuaded her husband, Billy Allment, to invite them to his house, and there she dutifully attended the three old people. Her father and husband died within one week, and her mother was most tenderly cherished for many years 'till she died of old age. Lucy now gives vent to her inexhaustible kindness, good nature, and generosity in providing for her sister's children.

Ned Miles' house also composed a part of the Borough. I believe he had been reduced from affluence or very easy circumstances to the low state in which I remember him as a shoemaker. His wife Betty became childish, and I was much frightened on hearing her doating expressions.

Beyond the Borough and towards the bridge was the house of Abby Widdows, which was built by herself. She also made the ground of her garden, which had been covered by the river. She was not a little proud of this achievement. Abby held about the same rank in the village as Molly Webster, but she aimed at much higher things.

Hers was a singular character, very goodnatured, passionate, proud, enterprising, industrious, and weak. Her accounts and her language were confusion beyond all comprehension or interpretation or disentanglement. Yet Abby was a worthy woman, and I believe she was more clear in her views of heavenly virtue than of justice between man and man, of policy, or of the need of sacrificing our own pleasures or fancies to the claims of circumstances. In early times when she was a young widow she had a course of successes, and was consequently thought to be a clever woman.

She succeeded so well in the business of tailor, which she carried on by the assistance of journeymen, that she embarked in the shoemaking line, kept a shop, built a range of cabins (which was known as Abby's Row), and had a set of wretched tenants. But at length she got out of her depth, and was obliged to call a meeting of her creditors, who treated her with great lenity. So far from being ashamed of this misfortune, she always spoke of it as a very respectable era in the course of her mercantile career. Her creditors were shopkeepers, but she always gave them the title of merchants or "marchants." Yet it was told of Abby that when first engaged in business, she one night lost her rest because she owed fourpence. This delicate feeling must have soon worn away by repeated rubbing, or the poor woman could not have dragged on her existence.

Her son Peter was one of my father's assistants' in the school, and being deeply in love with Jenny Boake, the boys nicknamed him "Peter Boake." In process of time he went to America, where he still lives. Her daughter Becky lived as servant in our family; she afterwards went to Dublin, to Suir Island, and to Cork, living at service in a Friend's family in each place.

At length poor Abby's affairs becoming more and more embarrassed, she was reduced to sell some of her encumbering property; but she was always angry with her deliverers. She gave up housekeeping on her own account, and lived as housekeeper to my father. She was a very important person in the kitchen, took her meals in the parlour, and slept in a large room in the midst of her own furniture. She and I had many tiffs, but I listened to the story of her misfortunes with respect and sympathy, and became a party in her displeasure with those who took her house from her.

She left us in 1797, went to live with my grandmother Shackleton, who was then in a state of dotage, and built a good house for herself during that service. It was destroyed during the Rebellion, for which she was indemnified by government.

She then refitted it, went to live there with her daughter, and kept the village post-office for a short time; but all was confusion—letters, dockets, and accounts. She kept shop, sold earthenware, baked bread and cakes, and always found it difficult to make ends meet. My grandmother and my aunt Sally lived with her for a short time, till the former died in 1804. She then had a succession of lodgers, both old and young—men, women, and children. At length came my aunt Chandlee, who remained in her house seven years, and died there of a tedious illness in 1823. Abby died shortly after, at an advanced age.*

Becky carried on a part of her mother's business very quietly and respectably, fell into ill health, and died the last day of 1825. Though very unpretending, and far from conspicuous in any way, yet she is much missed, and we recal with pleasure and regret the time when her mother sat in her arm-chair by a great stone-coal fire, knitting as fast as her fingers could move, and cordially receiving her frequent visitors, whom she was wont to entertain with a relation of her confused affairs. The guests usually rose up from their seats as wise as they sat down, except that their ideas were more indistinct. It used to be said if Abby only possessed a door case, she would build a cabin to match it. She was formed for high life, which appeared in her manner of issuing orders, in talking of her tenantry, of her houses and lands, in her carelessness of money, and in the easy grace with which she sat in her own parlour. Oh Penury! how many noble souls dost thou sink and cramp, how many extended views dost thou limit, how many generous purposes dost thou defeat!

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* In a letter from an old Ballitore schoolboy, enumerating the tender or amusing reminiscences called up by a perusal of the "Annals of Ballitore," the writer observes that he "must not omit Abby Widdows and her griddle and pikelets, with as much tea and sugar as we could consume (when money was plenty) for a tenpenny bit. One of my schoolfellows almost broke the bank one night by drinking sixteen cups, and thereby earned a nickname which I shall not mention to ears polite."

Opposite the house which Abby Widdows inhabited in old times, and where my uncle Leadbeater

now lives, stood a row of houses belonging to Betty Malone, Bill Lennon, and Paddy Dempsey. Betty Malone was a widow when I first knew her, with two daughters, Susy and Peggy. They were an ambiguous sort of Friends. The departed husband was, I suppose, born in membership, and was probably disowned for marrying Betty, though the smallness of her cap always made me take her for a Friend. Her daughter Susy was a fine-looking girl, and remarkably neat. She was deranged when I first knew her, and died of consumption. Peggy also had been very pretty. One day she went out of meeting, as it were to stop the bleeding of her nose; but in reality to elope with James Brett. This pair had a daughter named Nancy, who was sent to school by her father, and became as accomplished as she was amiable and sensible, but a cloud of sorrow overcast her countenance. Nancy was always respected, and I believe her friends redoubled their attentions to her when she needed them most. Her natural taste for drawing having been cultivated at school, she drew a little view of the bridge and the central part of Ballitore, which is very correct, and was much valued by my aunt Leadbeater, to whom she presented it, and who hung it over her chimney-piece. Nancy at length fell into delicate health, and was carefully attended. She recovered for a time, and was then suddenly seized with inflammation, of which she died in a few days, much lamented by her relations and friends.

In the next house to Betty Malone, but of inferior degree, lived Bill Lennon, whose wife was my nurse. The house was built with the help of her wages, and against her better judgment. It was too large for their means, and was always a clog upon their exertions. Bill was a butcher; he was a man of considerable talents, a good accountant, a politician, and was gifted with no common eloquence. Above all, he had a spirit of enterprise capable of raising him to the highest mercantile rank if he had had the opportunity of exercising it. His trade of butcher, however, in the small village of Ballitore, prevented him from rushing

into any great extremes; but he was unfortunate to the utmost of his ability. He was always in debt, but always furnished with resources to keep out of jail, and to carry on the business. He seldom paid his rent; but his agreeable company and advice were so necessary to his landlord that they were not only on good terms but were particularly intimate. Their politics agreed, and their eloquence was very much of the same stamp. Their friendship was still farther confirmed by the excellent yarn stockings which my nurse knit for the great man, by the clothes she washed and mended for him during his stay in the country, and by the care which she took to have his umbrella ready if a shower came on. The most powerful monarch stands in need of such accommodation, whether they be in the shape of coaches or umbrellas, of yarn stockings or of costly ermine. Deprive a king of his washerwoman, and see what a poor figure he will make upon his throne.

Benjamin Wills, the landlord of Bill Lennon, and of many other tenants of more or less note in Ballitore, was a person of great consequence amongst us. His presence or absence made a vast difference. The very expectation of Mr. Wills coming down produced no small sensation in the breasts of the villagers, but in none more than in that of Bill Lennon, whose extravagance and thoughtlessness were increased by the frequent presents made by his wife's rich relations on the Curragh of Kildare—the fleeces of wool, the sacks of oatmeal, potatoes, and various other provisions which the good old farmers thought they never missed. A woman's going out to nurse is often destructive of domestic comfort, and an entire breaking up of domestic economy. Those who have extravagant husbands are particularly tempted to try that resource, and they are the very women who ought to stay at home.

My poor nurse was so unfortunate as to have the charge of three of our family in succession. As I was the first, she was most partial to me, and to this day she relates my wise and amusing sayings, and speaks of the time when she was nursing me

as the height of her prosperity and happiness. My father's school, by her account, was then too full to admit another scholar. The garden was so beautiful that one might suppose, from her description, that, like Calypso's, "an eternal spring embroidered her isle." She speaks of the flowers as if they were always in blow, as if the fruit was always on the trees, and larger and in greater perfection than the degenerate fruit of the present day. The schoolboys were all pleasant; their parents all rich and generous; the kitchen full of servants, all in high spirits; worthy, honest Friends constantly coming to the meetings; swarms of beggars fed at our doors; loads of beef and mutton brought from the butchers; the Four-tree Field was greener than ever it was since; the inhabitants of the village were cheerful and innocent; there were no impositions; no striving who could get most business; no taking houses or lands over poor people's heads; or, if such a cruel circumstance ever occurred, the tyrants never had luck after. Even the Fates were just in those days. Then she spoke of "the old master"—my grandfather Richard Shackleton—how pleasant he was! how full of his jokes! how he scolded her for not going over the water (the phrase we had for crossing the bridge to the Retreat) often enough. How he did not know his own cows, but desired them to be put in pound when he saw them wandering about the village, thinking they belonged to some careless fellow. And "the old mistress"—how sober and discreet she was, and so respectful to my mother's nurse. And there was Nanny McConnaughty, the housekeeper at the Retreat, who asked my nurse to drink tea with her in the pantry. And there was the widow Fuller, who always gave her cake and wine—none of your home-made wines, but real foreign wine. And there was good-natured Mrs. Haughton (cousin Betty, my mother's housekeeper), who brought up my nurse's supper *herself*, and insisted on her eating it. To be sure she was a little passionate, but it was over in a minute, and "the best sort of people are always so." And there was Miss

Peggy Abraham, who used to sit for hours with her in the nursery, telling her about England. In short, by my nurse's account, Ballitore was a paradise when she was young and blooming. But it must not be thought that I heard of her beauty from herself. I could only gather it from the most distant hints, such as comparisons between the real beauties of those days, and "what they now call pretty girls"—from remarks upon her present poor looks, and her assertion that she had once a pretty clear skin and complexion. She was, however, very handsome, and had hands fit for a duchess. She remembers Edmund Burke, says he was a fine, large, pleasant, comfortable-looking man, and very familiar. She did not like him the worse for praising the beauty of my elbow, which owed all its beauty to my being a fat little child when he saw it.

William Gill, the old steward, was also a favorite with nurse. When she had done nursing us, she returned to her home, where she experienced a succession and a variety of troubles—death of children, loss of property, the illness of herself, her husband, and children, her eldest daughter marrying to disoblige her, and lastly the unpromising conduct of her son, who was foolishly indulged by his mother and as foolishly treated with severity by his father.

I ought not to forget that in my childish days my nurse gave me twopence every fair day, and sometimes accompanied this gift with a present of black cherries. At length I thought myself too big to accept my nurse's money, and refused it. I believe she did not afterwards press it upon me. At that time I had no doubt but that when I should grow up, I could and would relieve her from all her difficulties, little knowing how prudence and selfishness grow with one's growth; and as little how difficult it is to do good, and peculiarly so to such a family as that of my nurse, who had the most mistaken ideas of independence, or spirited conduct; for they thought they had "a high spirit." They were indeed very easily offended, and particularly so with such of their

creditors as were urgent for payment. Yet I believe this disposition, when it took a right course, preserved them in a state of mind far above all the little pilfering ways which are too common among the poor. The dishonesty of Bill was that of the merchant who borrows money which he is uncertain of being able to repay. His poor wife was very particular to pay little debts incurred by herself, but she thought it a poor mean thing to demand money from her son or her husband.

Bill became dropsical, and died in 1816. The house, the trade, the difficulties, and the high spirit all now fell to his son John, who married an industrious good young girl. His landlord forgave him several years' rent, and paid him a sum of money to leave the house. For several years it did not look likely that John would provide comfortably for his family; neither his wife nor his mother could conceal from the public that he was indolent and inclined to drink. Whether his reformation was effected by the care and advice of a good wife, or by his own wise reflections, or both together, we cannot say; but the truth is that John Lennon is now not only the best butcher in the village, but a sober, industrious, and obliging man. His mother is comforted in her old age. She lives with us, yet is always wishing to be on a floor of her own, always lamenting the hard times, the degeneracy of every thing both in nature and in morals, the mixture of pride and meanness in the "quality" now-a-days and the misery of the poor. She makes frequent inquiries every session of parliament about the probability of Catholic emancipation being conceded, but says she does not expect it. She is angry at the Union, which deprived us of our Irish parliament; angry at the informer Reynolds, who betrayed his countrymen in 1798; and hates the Orangemen, though not because they are Protestants, for she likes the nobility and gentry. Some years before her husband died, she lived at the Ballitore Inn, where she made great acquaintance with travellers of rank, and always remarked

that if they were not upstarts, but real quality, they were humble and polite, and treated her with proper respect. Whilst a servant or a person of low degree demanded the best of everything, a gentleman was content with what was convenient; he would give up his room to a lady, and would put up with one of an inferior description. A duke or a lord would eat a potato and lie upon chairs sooner than give her any trouble. She had indeed met with some solitary exceptions, but she always found that they were newly-created peers or peeresses, who had not learned how to behave themselves.

So much for my poor nurse, whose virtues only required to be thrown into a better light than was her hard fate, and whose errors were drawn forth and exposed by the same unfortunate circumstances. The same may be said of her husband, if not of her son.

I have little to say of Paddy Dempsey. He was shot in the mill-field by the Suffolk Fencibles who guarded the Mill House, which was a barrack in 1798. His wife, Poll Dempsey, survived him many years. She was a baker, and when unable to bake on a large scale, she made pikelets and carried them about the village. Her son Christy is now a man of considerable consequence at the sign of The Three Birds and the Sheaf of Wheat.

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CHAPTER III.

Harry Fletcher, the Ballitore Orpheus.—Isaac and Margaret Williams.—A "fancy tailor."—The charms of simplicity.—Thoughts on the Bridge—of a dear, departed sister—and of aunt Leadbeater.—The Retreat, the home of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton.—Delightful associations connected with the house and garden.—An infant prodigy.—Recollections of the old couple.—Characteristics of aunt Leadbeater.—Job Scott dies at the Retreat.—The troubles inseparable from an open house in the good, old times.—Nelly Hudson, her husband, and family.—The reported death of Jack Hudson ends in a supper of rashers of bacon ... ... 53 *to* 83

AS we move towards the bridge, we arrive at the little house where Molly Webster lived when her daughter Lucy was married. We learn from the people of an earlier generation that Harry Fletcher once resided there, and kept it remarkably neat; that he played the flute more sweetly than ever it was played in Ballitore; and that he was the best painter that ever painted my father's house.

Isaac and Margaret Williams inhabited that cottage for some years, and also kept it very neat. Their garden as seen from the bridge was beautiful. A pyrocanthus grew up the end of the house; a bower was seen at a distance close to the edge of the river, and a frilled window-curtain secured their daughter's chamber from the public gaze. If Harry Fletcher had thus adorned his dwelling, and if we had only heard of it from the old people, we should have thought it almost like enchantment. My reason tells me that Harry's improvements never exceeded Margaret's, but my imagination is in favour of Harry. Probably Jane Williams's voice was as sweet as Harry's flute, but having only heard of the music of Orpheus and of Fletcher, I knew no difference between them.

That little house still stands, and is now inhabited by the first "fancy tailor" who ever settled in Ballitore. Alas, what will Ballitore come to? What has become of that charming simplicity so often described as one of its peculiar attributes? Is the last vestige of it gone with

my precious aunt Leadbeater? What shall be given in exchange for this invaluable gem? Let us try to preserve it if the least particle still remains. Learning, industry, politeness, truth and sincerity are all good—some of them excellent; but we cannot do without Simplicity, with her open brow, her soft voice, and gentle smile. She is sister to that "Good Matron" which my aunt has so sweetly described, and distinguished from the more steadfast and reasonable personage, Philanthropy.

We are now standing upon the bridge, gazing on that river—that winding Griese which fills us with pleasing and melancholy associations. It reminds me of my happy childhood, when I rowed a boat from the mill through all the weedy difficulties 'till we shot under the arch of this bridge, and past the shallows 'till we reached the little creek at the end of our shrubbery. Oh! happy days, when *she* helped me to row who now lies mouldering in that graveyard which I see from this bridge. It is now more than fifteen years since I followed that dear body to the silent grave, cut off as she was in the bloom of beauty and of happiness. Oh! that my grovelling thoughts could follow her to her blissful seat on high. How many have followed her, but that first invasion of my happiness is still the most grievous. Will Time never blunt the point of that sorrow?*

The view of our river must always recall my beloved aunt Leadbeater to my mind—sweetly and softly recall her, as softly as the winding and the murmuring of that stream. I think of her wandering on its banks, and celebrating its beauties in the days of her youth. I think of her enjoying it and living beside it through her whole life, even to old age. I think of her leaning over her garden wall, her mind filled with poetic images, and overflowing with benevolence and friendship. As I stood beside her, she pointed out to me Harry Fletcher's house, the Retreat, and all the little scene. The pleasure of being with her, of sitting

with her in the house or in her bower, of walking with her in her garden, of listening to her, of sharing her overflowing sympathy, was so easily obtained that I did not prize it enough. It is like a charming vision that has past away. Those blessings which are most necessary to our existence are least prized by us. My aunt's company seemed as necessary as the air or the water, and her benefits were as plentifully showered upon us. But there is a Source which can never be dried up or taken from us. There still remain bread and water to nourish and comfort us, if we could wholly resign that which is taken from us by Divine appointment.

Now comes the Retreat, which I long yet dread to approach. Of my own family I cannot speak with indifference—perhaps not with impartiality; and now that many of them are laid in the grave, any pleasure I may have in describing them must be of a melancholy kind. I remember the Retreat almost as long as the house in which I was born. When we were children, we often spent the day there. The idea of neatness and exactness is connected with the Retreat and with my grandmother. We entered a neat little paved yard, and then a very small hall or passage. At the right hand was the kitchen, and on the left was the parlour, which was covered with oil-cloth. I remember the patting of my aunt's feet on the floor. Near the door was a little closet. I forget its contents. Then the fire-place, with a low straight brass fender. A green, wooden-bottomed chair stood at one side, and my grandmother sat in a common arm-chair on the other side, a window at her right hand, and a clock behind her. Two windows looked into the garden. Between them stood a table, and on that table a very small bright brass hand-bell, which I longed to ring but dared not touch. I think a mahogany cheese-board was also a piece of the parlour furniture, and stood in the middle of that table. In the corner of the room next the door going to the garden was a bookcase. I was particularly pleased with those books. Many of them were for children, and

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* Referring to her married sister, Lydia White, previously referred to in the Preface.

my aunt Leadbeater either directed my choice or handed me what I asked for. I was not fastidious. If the book was for children, I was content. In another corner was a corner-cupboard, with a leaf which was let down at dinner time for a sideboard. My grandfather Shackleton had a peculiarly shaped chair. The back rose from two sides and one corner appeared between his knees. A velvet cap also hung up, to be ready for him when he took off his hat. I believe the parlour was whitewashed. The fireside was adorned by a favourite cat, called Minny, who was famous for opening the parlour-door. I believe the simple latch was visible to both men and cats, although the handle was a civilized brass one. There was a hall between the two parlours, through which we went to the garden. In this hall was a little pewter cistern and tiled sink, where I delighted in washing my hands. The best stairs went out of this hall, and were so polished with dry rubbing that they were dangerous to walk upon. My grandmother's cloak and garden-bonnet hung upon the banisters. The back-parlour was the scene of my grandfather's evening devotions. He retired there regularly every evening for a considerable time, and his family thought they observed the traces of his employment upon his countenance. In the back parlour was a bed, where Nanny McConnaughty died. I don't know whether there was always a bed in that room, but I know that my grandfather's desk was there, and that there was another corner cupboard which contained the finest of the china. On ascending the stairs we see several greenhouse plants in the lobby, which separated the two best rooms. In one of them Job Scott died. We go through the other to a little closet or passage, where my aunt Mary had a small bookcase with wire doors. From thence we enter my grandmother's room, of which I have gloomy and heavy recollections. The bed, and the drawers, and even the powder-boxes seemed to me to be dark and heavy. A closet was off this room, where I believe my aunts slept. The common way down stairs from thence was by a back stairs that ended in the

kitchen. There were rooms higher up, where I suppose Molly Hudson and the servants slept. I thought the kitchen was remarkably neat and pleasant. When I now reflect on it, I think it must have been greatly crowded, but the impression upon my mind is cheerful and agreeable. A cupboard behind the door contained more than all the preserves that I could conceive. If my mother wanted any nice thing that she had not, I thought of course my grandmother had it in that cupboard. A mangle stood at the windows; a high-backed seat stood by the kitchen fire, and extended itself into the middle of the floor. Over the fire-place hung a variety of kitchen utensils, all bright and in good order, which Biddy Cody cleaned once a week. She was not one of the servants, but a poor woman who wanted help, and was very feeble. She also distilled herbs, and when a child I had a foreboding that when Biddy should die we should have no more peppermint water, and such like. So it proved. We now depend upon essences which are too dear to give to the poor. Formerly we had great jars of distilled waters, which were good for every complaint.

There was a little pantry off my grandmother's kitchen, of which I have very pleasant ideas. It was there I was first allowed to assist in making cakes—that is, to cut them out with a glass tumbler. A fowl-yard and hen-house were at the back of the house, and these provided plenty of eggs.

Everything at the Retreat seemed to me so secure and so proper, that I thought my aunts very happy. Even the birds' nests were as they ought to be, and were not robbed. In short, I thought everything at the Retreat nicer and better than what we had at my father's.

Molly Hudson was a person of great note in the house. My grandfather had invited her to stay a while there, when her brother's house was burnt. She accepted the invitation, and lived with them as long as the family remained together. As she had been by trade a dressmaker, she cut out the gowns of the family and helped to make them. She was very pleasant and accommodating, often paid a visit

to my aunt Chandlee, who lived at Athy, and took care of my sister Margaret in Wicklow. I remember asking her how old she was. She answered twenty, which seemed to me a great age, but I believe she was above sixty at that time. She died in 1812, aged eighty-six.

My grandmother's garden was very neat, and in my eyes had the same air of perfection and security which I had not observed anywhere else. The hedges were clipt, the auriculas stood in the blowhouse, or out of it, as was most proper; the hyacinth and tulip roots were duly taken up, and rubbed, and spread out, and hung up in paper bags, and as duly put down again to bloom and fade; the saffron crocus was pulled and dried; and the caraway seeds and all the herbs—everything was done with due care and consideration. The little walk from the blowhouse to the field which ran parallel to the road was overshadowed with variegated shrubs and trees. A grass plot nicely shorn was opposite the parlour windows. A flower knot was adjacent, but I forget the exact position. A clipt hedge separated this pleasure-ground from the kitchen garden. Fine apple-trees grew among the cabbages. A bower of framework covered with green creepers was a most attractive spot, and gave an additional charm to the garden. I believe this was my aunt Mary's bower. I remember her sitting there at her work, whilst her little materials lay on a spider-table beside her. This I thought was as it should be, and if I were grown up, I would always sit at my work in a garden.

We walked on from that bower to the garden-house, where Dick Manders kept his tools. A narrow serpentine walk led us to the dwelling-house, between little yew-trees or junipers nicely clipt into long oval shapes. The garden extended a long way behind the house, and it was there that we feasted upon the small fruits. Two sides of it were fenced by neatly clipt hedges, and close to the hedge was a smooth grass walk forming a little terrace, from which there were sloping beds of strawberries; and at intervals grassy steps, which delighted me for many reasons; one of them was

that we had not the like in our garden; another, that I could run up and down them with ease; and a third, that like all the other walks they were smooth and short as velvet. At the other side of this part of the garden was a wall covered with fruit trees. I remember when very young walking round the garden with my grandmother. She walked with an ivory-headed staff, either to support her, or to point out to Dick Manders what was to be done, or to knock little pieces of stone or clay off the grass. I also remember her pointing out to me her variegated trees and shrubs, which grew at one side of the flower-garden. I thought these walks very tiresome.

After my aunt Mary became, in 1791, my aunt Leadbeater, she continued to live some years with her parents at the Retreat, and her little daughter Elizabeth was a great pet in the house. It is said that she could read a few words at three years old, aud I believe she read fluently at four.

My grandfather died in 1792, at Mountmellick, of a violent fever. Many Friends accompanied the funeral to Ballitore. I remember the neighbours coming in to sit with my mother soon after his death, and lamenting his loss as if he could not be done without. It was expected that my grandmother would sink under the affliction, but it is now believed that her faculties had begun to decline about that time, and that she was thus spared the acute suffering which must have been caused by such a privation. My grandfather was lamented by people of all denominations, as well as by his family, his neighbours, and distant friends. He was very fond of me, and it was thought he helped to spoil me. He was of a most sociable disposition; his talents were bright; his understanding strong, comprehensive, and highly cultivated; and while his wit was sparkling, it seldom caused pain to others. I can well believe how much he must have been missed out of the village, particularly as he had resigned his business to my father, and troubled himself little about the concerns of his farm or household, leaving all that to "the mistress," as he called my grandmother, so that he

had little to interrupt his social enjoyments. Nor was he idle, for he had a very extensive correspondence, attended all the Friends' meetings with which he was specially connected and many others besides, and was often named upon religious appointments in the service of the Society of which he was a prominent and highly respected member.

His company was an ever new delight. His return from his visits to England or to various parts of Ireland was always hailed with joy. He called to see all his friends, and spoke cordially to the poor neighbours whom he met in the street.

My grandmother, although of a more sedate and orderly disposition, was also much beloved by her friends and neighbours, and, though so different from her husband, was quite a companion to him. She had a sensible and well-cultivated mind, a great knowledge of history, and a good taste in general reading; and, above all, they were closely united in religious fellowship.

When my father was from home, my grandfather attended a good deal to the school. I believe he visited my mother daily. I have a faint remembrance of the animation with which he entered our parlour, of the cheerfulness he created, and of running for his arm-chair, and mounting upon it with my arms about his neck. He often kicked up riots among us, and then ran away to tell my grandmother what he had done; upon which she gravely reprimanded him, and pitied my poor mother for being disturbed, and the children for being teazed.

I cannot remember very much about my aunts Mary and Sally at that early period, for I was only nine years old at the time. I knew that my aunt Mary wrote verses, and was very industrious at her sewing and knitting, and that she induced me to be industrious by setting herself a task along with me. My aunt Sally spoke in meeting; always came to visit my mother when she was unwell; used to cut our hair; was very droll, and visited the poor.

It was when I grew older that I became more attached to both my aunts. There were certain

peculiarities in my aunt Mary which always pleased me, and are now hallowed by her death. She liked to drink cold water out of a tin porringer, I believe from her associating it with the kindness of her father's pupils or old servants, who thus quenched her thirst in her childhood. She liked hard eggs, and usually prolonged the pleasure of eating them by adding crumbs of bread. She roasted her oysters and added crumbs, with butter and pepper, her eyes glistening with pleasure while preparing this feast. If this pleasure was anything like that of an epicure, we more than forgave it; we loved it and sympathized with it, because she handed round these nice little morsels to all of us with so much kindness and affection. No species of enjoyment was too little for her. She would roast the head of a snipe in a candle, and cook cheese in the same way, and then hand them to us in like manner, while we amused ourselves by expressing our detestation of the smoky morsel, which she took in good part, as she did all our freedom and our criticism. When we asked her a question that it was not right to answer, she would begin the lines:—

> "The secrets of thy friends do not disclose,
> Lest by so doing thou resemble those
> Whose ears are leaking vessels, which contain
> Nothing; but what's pour'd in runs out again
> Straight at the mouth," &c.

and a great deal more from her favourite poem, *The Maiden's Best Adorning.* We stopped our ears, but she went on to the end. We all laughed, and meanwhile she kept her secret inviolable. She was the best listener I ever knew. I believe she was never absent or inattentive. She looked as though she were drinking in with pleasure all we had to say. Yet she was not gazing upon your face, nor uttering little unmeaning sounds of approbation. She went on with her work, or even with her writing, while we talked or read to her, but her whole countenance showed that she was attentive and lost nothing.

In 1793, Job Scott died of small-pox at the Retreat. He had visited Ballitore very frequently before he took ill. On these occasions he took

particular notice of me—I do not know why, except that he saw or felt that I loved him, and was touched by his preaching. At one time, when my aunt Mary and he took me with them to Castledermot, he told us the names of all his children. They were Oziel, Lydia, Sarah, Mary, James, and Ruth. Oziel has since died. Lydia and James are, I have been informed, bright and literary people. His wife, whose name was Eunice Anthony, died some years before he left home. I wrote down all the little stories he told me about them in a diary which my aunt taught me to keep, and which one of the school-boys burned some time after, when we had a quarrel. When Job was going to the half year's meeting, he stopped at our house, sent for me out of meeting, and took me with him to Dublin. This he did with my father's permission; but as my mother knew nothing of the matter 'till I was on my way to Dublin, I had no clothes but those I wore, and she thought it necessary to send some after me. Job then returned to Ballitore, took the small-pox, and died. He was attended on his death-bed by my father, my aunts Mary and Sally, Doctor Paul Johnson, and Anne Tuke of York. My aunt Mary, seeing so many about him, was backward in visiting him; but he liked her company, and sometimes wondered that she was not more with him. The notes kept by her and my father respecting his illness were thrown in the background, or destroyed by those who stood higher in their own opinion. He died the 22nd of Eleventh-month, 1793. I saw him once while on his death-bed.*

I will now leave that abode of peace called the Retreat. It was really a retreat from worldly cares to my grandfather; but my grandmother seemed to me to be always busy, anxious, and overdone—"hampered" was her word. They were seldom without company, either paying them a visit, or travelling to and from the various Friends' meetings that were held in different places. According to my aunt Leadbeater's journals, their friends' visits always delighted them. Nothing appears in her accounts but sociability, joy at meeting, and sorrow at parting. I suppose my aunt Sally, in her reminiscences of those times, lets us behind the scenes. Sheets, bolster-cases, and pillow-cases had to be aired; fires had to be made; beef steaks and mutton chops had to be dressed; geese, ducks, and chickens had to be killed; big tables to be laid out; head, foot, and side dishes to be provided. Sometimes company arrived on a washing day, or a wet drying day. This was inexpressibly teasing and "hampering." My grandfather laughed at all these things, which only elicited flashes of his pleasant wit. My aunt Leadbeater lent a hand of help, and was fatigued and incommoded like other flesh and blood; but her angelic mind forgot all that was disagreeable, and restored itself in the beams of friendship. She would accept of assistance from her friends, and all was right.

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* Job Scott, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, was a very eminent minister in the Society of Friends. His "Journal" which was popular amongst them for nearly half a century, is written with remarkable clearness and power, and affords an excellent exposition of their doctrines, as held by the founders of the Society; the evangelical idea being frequently put forward, whilst the chief prominence is given to the doctrine of the "Inward Light." In the account of his last illness, published at the end of his "Journal," there is no reference to any of the Shackleton family as having ministered to him at that time. It is greatly to be regretted that the notes which they furnished were suppressed, on the part of the compiler, as they would have doubtless added to that freshness, variety, and human interest, the studied absence of which is one of the principal causes of the dryness that is such a marked defect in the greater number of the writings of Friends published in the last century, and which accounts for the comparative neglect into which they have fallen.

The avenue from the Retreat to the high road was overshadowed with trees before the rebellion. Nelly Hudson lived at the foot of the hill; Jack, her husband, had leave to live there too; but he was either not thought of, or was deemed an incumbrance, if not a nuisance. Yet he was a quiet, civil, tall man, and had formerly been handsome; but the poor fellow had an unfortunate liking for strong drink, which hurt his character, weakened his intellects, and reddened his eyes so as to destroy his beauty. John, the eldest of their large family, was usher to my father; he was in love with Betty Wilson. He once told

one of the school-boys that he would not show him how to do his sum, "if he cried his eyes out" —a harsh speech which called forth my sympathy towards the boy to a painful degree. The present is a far happier age for children, for they are not expected to perform impossibilities. Yet Roger Ascham two hundred and fifty years ago, and John Locke early in the last century, had the sense to know that the true way to make children like learning or anything else, is to make it agreeable to them. This seems a truism at the present day, yet we still speak of it as a new discovery.

Madge or Margaret Hudson was the eldest daughter of Jack and Nelly. She was considered a pretty girl, though she had a cocked nose. But she had black eyes, red cheeks, a small mouth, red lips, and white teeth. She was as dressy as she could afford to be, and withal very notable. She married a north countryman, lived in plenty in the north for many years, and then went to America.

Sally, the next daughter, was also considered handsome. She dressed more unlike a Quaker than her sister, was often visited and advised about her inconsistencies, which the poor girl did not understand, although her mother boxed her ears to make her comprehend our principles. She was very industrious. Her brother Richard gave her a little fortune, and she married her sister's brother-in-law, who was so diligent at business that he had not time to come to Ballitore to be married. Therefore Sally considerately went to him. They also lived very comfortably in the north of Ireland, and then went to America, where she soon died. Both she and her sister became religiously strict Presbyterians, though they never could understand Quaker refinements. I believe their worthy and industrious mother, who still lives, is much in the same predicament; but she does not trouble her head about such things, and thinks we should all keep to the profession we were born in.

Her second son Richard was a good little boy, and gave his mother the first shilling he ever

possessed. He served his time to a woollen draper in Dublin, afterwards went into business for himself, had a golden sheep over his door in Westmoreland-street, paid the rent of a better house for his mother, married a fine looking girl, drove into his native village in his own gig to show his wife, and lived a few years in apparent prosperity. His family were all exalted. Our friend George Downes, when a lad, helped to attend his shop. But alas! it was a bubble, and it burst. Poor Richard felt his misfortune so deeply, that he became subject to epileptic fits, which sometimes maddened him and always weakened his intellects. His wife and children went to her father, and poor Richard spent the remainder of his days with his mother in Ballitore. She was poor, but she never thought him a burden, though her nights were generally disturbed by his frightful malady. No affection is more strong, more invincible, more enduring than that of a mother. When more disturbed in his mind than usual he has often wandered away for many days, leaving his mother in the utmost distress till he was found. George Downes used to make it a point to pay him a respectful visit, when he came to Ballitore to regale himself with his intellectual friends; for he did not shun the humbling sight of the ruins of intellect. Richard Hudson dragged on his existence till the year 1825, and had one hundred fits within the last twenty-four hours of his life. His mother deeply lamented her son. When I spoke as if I thought his death must be a relief to her, she did not join in with me, or seem to like the notion.

Her third daughter, Jane, was sent to the Friends' Provincial-school at Mountmellick, in the hope of making a Friend of her; but it was in vain. I know of no advantage she gained there, except that she learned to work neatly with small stitches, instead of her mother's rapid mantua-making flourishes. She came home, left off the little Provincial-school bonnet, gradually ceased attending Friends' meetings, and then went to church. I believe her mother was secretly so well

pleased with the good matches which her two elder daughters had made, who became more steady and religious after they had completely left us and our meetings, that she did not wish to prevent Jane from taking the same course. Jane married John Atkinson, a respectable man, who lived in Ballitore till he died. He left two nice little girls and a boy, who are all well brought up by their mother. They all live with old Nelly, and are employed in mantua-making, quilt-making, spinning, knitting, and doing everything that could be wanting in such a little family. Ellen Atkinson is the nice mistress of the Lancasterian school.

Molly, Nelly's fourth daughter, is of a strong large make, suitable for the heavy work of the house, and seems to have a mind and taste comformable to her outward appearance. I never heard that any one troubled his head as to her "way of thinking." She makes patch-work quilts, is a great spinner, and seems likely to lead a single life.

Abby, the youngest of Nelly's children, was considered handsome. As she grew up, she became very dressy. As she was born after her father was disowned, she was at liberty to make her bonnet any shape she liked, and to wear as many ribbons as she pleased. She had many admirers, but they were dismissed from various causes, and she is still unmarried, her beauty rather faded. She inherits her mother's taste for mantua-making.

While I am speaking of this family, I may as well mention that Nelly broke her leg a few years ago. Dr. Davis was called in. As she was an old woman, the leg recovered but slowly. A bone-setter was called in, who succeeded no better. She wished that he should consult with Dr. Davis, who told him that he would not consult with a person "not of his own profession." The bone-setter afterwards mentioned this circumstance, and said that Dr. Davis refused to talk to any one "who was not a Quaker." In spite of etiquette and cross purposes, poor Nelly got well, and now stumps about at the age of eighty.

During the great snow of 1814 it was reported that Jack Hudson, Nelly's husband, was dead. My brother Richard and I then lived with James White at Ballitore school, and Jack's residence was next door. Richard and I talked over his negative virtues—what a quiet man he was—how he was the last of his family (that is, of the original stock of Hudsons)—how he told me, the last time I met him, that he was as weak as egg broth; and we made some grave reflections upon the uncertainty of life—how Jack was as well as we were the evening before—and how little we knew what would happen to ourselves before the next evening. We expressed our uneasiness at the difficulty there would be of carrying poor Jack to the graveyard through the snow. At length, Richard said he would go in and see the family. He knocked at the door. John Atkinson, a relative of the deceased man, opened it, whistling. "Thee does well to keep up thy spirits," said Richard. "Why?" said John. "So poor Jack is gone!" said Richard. "No, indeed, he is eating his supper of rashers of bacon. Will you come in, and take share?" For joy that Jack was alive, Richard accepted the invitation, and then came in and related his adventure to me. I admit that it seemed rather flat to us that all our reflections and faint praises and lamentations went for nothing. We learned that Jack had fainted in the morning, and this gave rise to the report of his death.

Nelly Hudson was the last hostess and caretaker of several old people. Molly Hudson, who lived at the Retreat, ended her days with Nelly in 1812. Jenny Darcy, a sister of Ephraim Boake, who had been a beauty, and whose picture hangs in Jane Thomas's parlour, also died while under her care. Sally Neville, a poor Friend from Athy, boarded with her for several months, and died there on the 29th of Sixth-month, 1827, a day memorable for the funeral of my beloved aunt Mary Leadbeater. Sally was troublesome to herself and others, owing to an odd temper, and a very untoward set of children whom it is needless

to describe, both because they were not inhabitants of Ballitore, and because they are instances of the ill effects of being surrounded from infancy by unfavourable circumstances. No doubt Robert Owen and Spurzheim would cast their mantles of charity over their errors, whether organic or occasioned by education.

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CHAPTER IV.

Murder of Mark Lyons.—Denny Lyons' long courtship, and its happy conclusion.—Maurice Lyons, the carpenter.—Hannah Kealy, and her delicate attention to blind aunt Sally Shackleton.—An austere family.—Apparition of John Dunn.—View from the head of the Mill Avenue.—Retrospect.—The school-house.—The parlour.—A little girl's fancies.—Playing "meeting."—"Laughing at heaven."—Ballitore post-office seventy years ago.—The study.—The writer's literary favorites, John Woolman's Journal, Thomas Ellwood, Piety Promoted, the Spectator, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, etc.—The lodge.—The dairy.—The dining-hall.—The air-pump, the electrifying machine, the solar microscope, and the telescope.—Views from the Nine-Tree-Hill.—The exquisite sense of enjoyment in youth ... ... 84 *to* 110

OPPOSITE the cabin inhabited by Nelly Hudson in my childhood lived Mark Lyons and his large family. Mark was an inoffensive man. At the time of the rebellion of 1798 he was very old and feeble. On the fatal morning of the

27th of Fifth-month [May] he took refuge in our graveyard. Perhaps he looked upon it as a sanctuary; but no asylum is secure from the ravages of civil war. A soldier gave a rapid glance into the burial-ground, spied the unresisting victim in a corner, drew his trigger, and shot him dead. But I will not mix up any more of the horrors of the rebellion with these recollections, which I am gathering for my own amusement.

Mark's eldest son, Denny Lyons, was an ingenious carpenter and a handsome quiet man. He commenced a courtship with Fanny Flood when they were both young. She was servant to Hannah Haughton, and kept the kitchen remarkably neat. In this she was much assisted by Denny's handy work. He put up shelves, drove nails, kept hinges in order, made a salt-box so small that it was the wonder of all who saw it, and a thousand other little conveniences which were prompted by inventive love. Fanny in return regaled her lover with a nice cup of tea and a plate of toast beside a comfortable fire.

Denny grew fat, and being of an easy disposition and enjoying so much comfort in his single state, he suffered year after year to roll over his head, without delivering Fanny from the pangs of suspense. The lines of age were also making their inroads upon Fanny's countenance, and, to add to her misfortunes, Denny's mother was bitterly hostile to the match, and some even said that she left her curse with him if he married Fanny. Twenty long years were thus trifled away. During this period Fanny had spent some golden evenings, but their brightness only served to deepen the gloom of others. One would suppose that Denny had been held back by some unseen power which at length ceased its influence, for in spite of his mother's influence, the fair one's wrinkles, and his own increasing coldness and laziness, they were married, to the great surprise of the neighbours and the inexpressible joy of Fanny. I ascribe this happy conclusion to Fanny's good humour and neatness, which Denny thought would make him comfortable; and so it proved, for their house

was most attractive. Fanny always looked joyful. Denny continued to supply her with household conveniences; her old mistress helped to furnish the dressers, and ornaments of curled shavings were suspended from various parts of the house as emblems of the owner's trade. After some happy years spent together, Denny fell into ill health; all the cares of his wife and the skilful attention of Dr. Davis could not restore him, and he died in 1821.

Maurice, the youngest brother, is also a carpenter, and resides in his brother's house. He has a large family, and expresses himself with considerable fluency. We seldom enter Maurice's gate and walk up that green lane, except when bearing our departed friends to the silent grave. We are told that our graveyard was formerly embowered in trees; but they were cut down before my time, except a few solitary stunted firs.

As we walk up the village to the high road we pass Maurice Lyons, ascend the hill, and at our right hand find Hannah Kealy's. She has a husband whose name is Mat, but the house is generally known by the wife's name, an error which we frequently fall into in Ballitore; I do not know why. I remember nothing of this couple till 1798, when their home was burned. Their present dwelling is very comfortable. The gable-end faces the road. An elder hedge stands in front of the door, and would quite interrupt the view of the village, but that my aunt Sally persuaded Hannah to cut a vista through it, which gives them one of the prettiest of our views, embracing the village, the bridge, the river, the adjoining fields, the road animated by the inhabitants moving to and fro with their dogs and cows, horses and cars, whilst the hills of Prospect and Mullaghmast bound the landscape. Hannah Kealy takes care to keep the vista closely clipt, "lest Miss Sally should hear of it; for the poor thing cant see it now,"—for Hannah lived at one time with my aunt, who has been quite blind for many years.

The family of Dunns—John, James, Betty, and

Mary,—have lived, as long as I remember, in a small cabin on the left hand side of the road as we walk towards the Mill Avenue. They were all unmarried, and seemingly of very stern tempers John was more kind to his sisters than James He was a tall, bony, strong looking man, giving out his opinions with a loud, firm voice, as if they were incontrovertible. I believe the dislike of both brothers to our sex was equal. John died a few years ago of a tedious illness. James still lives, and is a great Scripturian. He deals out Scripture phrases at a great rate, and preaches patience to his sisters when in violent pain or grief, or oppressed by poverty. He never pronounces a soothing expression, and even tells his dying sister that all her pains are too little. He gains a poor livelihood by making little chairs, tables, stools, and boxes, which are either bespoken or are carried by him to the neighbouring fairs. He picked up the craft by his own genius, and has made chairs for the use of their own house, which combine the properties of both chair and table, the back of the table being made to turn down. Nevertheless he is a stern and disobliging brother, and keeps his own little store of provision separate from that of his sisters.

Betty, the eldest sister, has ever since I knew her had a very large quantity of grey hair, which she told me had been beautiful when she was young. She also told me that she had been very handsome, and had many lovers. It is often said that she boasted of "never having kissed man's lips, barring her brother John's." But I suppose there have been very few of these salutations among this austere family.

Soon after John's death, his sisters said they heard a noise in the cabin at night, and that, looking out of their bed, they beheld their departed brother sitting on a stool at the fire. He nodded as if he had something particular on his mind. They said, "What brings you there, John?" He made no reply, but gave a long look up, on which they concluded that he owed some money in the village. They enquired in all the shops, but did

not find that he owed anything. He continued his visits 'till Betty's leg was badly hurt, and then disappeared. Betty was a very formal person, made long speeches, and professed to dislike or disdain all mankind. She had a tedious illness, and died in 1826, leaving Mary and her cross brother to live together. Mary was the least eminent person in the family; nevertheless she also made pompous speeches. The whole family had a turn for biblical knowledge, and were ready to make religious reflections upon every subject. They were Roman Catholics.

Ballitore Inn and the adjoining row of houses were not built 'till later times than those to which these recollections refer, and therefore they shall pass unnoticed by me at present. The Kealys' houses at the opposite side of the road are of older date. James and Nelly Kealy were the oldest of the family that I knew. James was a miller to our family 'till a short time before his death. He was a quiet, respectable man. His wife was more talkative and entertaining. She lived servant with my grandmother, and I believe her wedding dinner was given by her mistress. When I was a child, she used to sift oatmeal at our house every year. I liked to be with her, listening to the old stories and learning to sift. This old couple had several children, mostly engaged in the milling business. Their only daughter was married to a north countryman.

We now stand at the top of the Mill avenue, which was planted at each side with elm-trees by my great-grandfather himself. The Mill House stands at the foot of the avenue, green hills rising behind it, and the Griese winding through the valley, between its verdant banks. The village looks particularly pleasing from this point of view, for we perceive no ruined tenements, nor the fronts of poor-looking houses, nor the wretched cabins which are seen at the other end of the village. We are reminded of nothing but comfort and cleanliness when we observe Betsy Barrington's whitewashed house, enclosed in her pretty garden, with other little dwellings half hid among

the trees. All looks like the abode of happiness, and peace, and love. Such are the ideas which always feed my imagination when I look down upon Ballitore from the top of the Mill Avenue, or from many other points along the high road; and particularly so when I am returning home after a long absence.

I have very little recollection of the Mill when I was a child. My father rebuilt it in 1790, when my uncle Leadbeater and he were in partnership. Joss Haughton from Carlow was their clerk. He had a good wife with a sorrowful countenance. I believe children greatly dislike the appearance of sorrow. I never think of that woman without compassion, though I have been told she was not particularly unhappy. She had a sister with her who had red hair, and wore a bib and apron, and a frock of an old-fashioned shape. They lived part of their time in a small house attached to the mill, and the remainder in part of Abby Widdows' house. As the milling business was bad at that time, my father and uncle dissolved the partnership. Joss Haughton returned to whence he came, and my father set the mill to Peter Delany, a genteel, plausible young man, whose father was wealthy. He made money, and was doing very well 'till the rebellion of 1798 drew near. There I leave him. He occupied the Mill House where we now live, and which was much smaller than it is at present.

I have now walked in imagination round by the Mill, as I remember that little circle in my early years, and have noticed many of the families who resided within it. I have gone over the Mill-field and down the street into the village; penetrated into the recesses of the Borough; past over the Bridge to the Retreat; passed rapidly by, yet casting a mournful glance at the graveyard; have ascended the hill, and looked down from the high-road upon my beloved Ballitore; have fancied that the Griese resembles that happy stream in Calypso's Isle, which returned upon its steps, "et sembloient ne pouvoir quitter ses bords enchantés." I have taken the whole round, and

have not ventured to view that one house which interests me more than any place upon earth—the house where I was born, where my father was born and all his children—where I experienced my first and purest joys, and my first and most bitter sorrows. I have shrunk from the description, as I should shrink from viewing it if I returned to Ballitore after a long absence. Nothing seems to me so mournful as to return to our native place, which we left in our youth, and to find ourselves grown old and most of our companions dead. It is with a degree of this feeling that I now approach that old building. When I was young, the wall of the court-yard in front was lower than it is now, and was surmounted by rails a little way at each side of the entrance. The front of the house had very much the same appearance as at present. There was a large bow-window in the corner, near the kitchen window, and it was used for a green-house. The floor decayed, and it was taken down. A low wall and rails separated a little strip of a yard next the kitchen from the main yard, and kept the immensity of beggars from the kitchen window; and it was so natural to me to hear of beggars standing at the rails, that rails seemed to me to be made for beggars to stand by. The pump, as well as the brew-house, was visible through these rails.

We enter the hall door—which way shall we go? Joy and sorrow await me everywhere. Let us turn to the left. We enter the little parlour, alias a little hall; but it was a parlour a hundred years ago. In the window seat stood an immense bell, which I could scarcely lift. It was rung for the boys to go to school and such like purposes, and appeared to require no small strength to swing backwards and forwards. The flags of this hall were the newest and the most level in the house, which made it a desirable place either to whip a top or to play Scotch hop. On the other hand its vicinity to the parlour was objectionable. The parlour opened from this little hall. At the left hand side was a table with a

mahogany tray upon it. Then came the cupboard. The top shelves were decorated with the best china, quite out of my reach. Not so the under shelves, for I was obliged to dust them, which was a great burden to me after the novelty was over. I used also to reckon the silver spoons, and to put by the tea things after breakfast and tea. I remember, while carrying these things along the floor, feeling my mind quite oppressed at the idea of ever, ever putting by these things. It seemed a most sorrowful and wearisome prospect that I should every day of my life have to go through this routine. Indeed I had such a dislike to every other employment as well as this, except when novelty lent its charm, that I used to be pleased at any commotion or alteration which rendered it unnecessary for me to go through my usual track. For this reason I liked to hear of the French coming; whitewashing, painting, making listing carpets, my mother going abroad, &c., were all agreeable to me. But, above all, I delighted in going from home, and was equally glad to come back again. In the under cupboard were decanters of wine, tea, sugar, and our little porringers. The closet which now opens from the corner of the parlour was of modern invention. A cherry-tree table stood near that corner. Then an oak arm-chair with leathern bottom. Then the fire-place with its tall chimney-piece; the white spots of the Kilkenny marble are still in my memory. In these spots I pictured to my imagination a lion in his den, a sugar tongs, my aunt Mary with her hair down, and her skirts sticking out, like one of the figures in *Gay's Fables*, a little bird, and so forth. The marble was framed in wood. A broad piece was at top, on which were pasted maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, marked with the names of the boys who drew them—Trevor, Fay, Turner, &c. I thought Brazil was the most distant part of the world, and therefore in my waking dreams I always travelled to Brazil, across all the quarters of the globe which I saw between that and Ireland. I suppose we had a low fender—certainly no

hearth rug, for they were not heard of at that time. If our hearth was black, and our curb polished bright enough to be dangerous to stand upon, we thought we were very genteel. My mother sat always at the side of the fire next the window. A little round table stood beside her, and four substantial walnut chairs stood between the fireplace and the window. The old windows with their massy frames and seats still remain; but the shutters are now inside, formerly they were outside, and were bolted within. The windows were opened and shut for that purpose with a thundering noise. My mother's little clumsy work-box, given her by her grandmother in Manchester, stood in one of the windows, and the youngest of us usually sat upon it. Upon a large table between the windows stood my father's desk. It was regarded as a very great curiosity, because it folded up, like all the portable desks now made; but it was then a modern invention, was considered very convenient, and was shown to every one who came to the house. I can just remember a green cloth covering the table, but my father became uneasy at having his table dressed, while so many people were naked, and he cut them up into garments. In the corner near the Library was our baby-house, made by Tim Lyons the carpenter, and painted by my father. The roof appeared to be slated, the walls brick, the panes of glass black, and the frames white. The steps up to the hall-door were also painted, and the door was secured by a puzzling lock, which could be opened if you placed the letters thus, TITUS. I was long before I knew the secret. The baby-house consisted of four rooms, a bed-room, a drawing-room with the floor painted in stripes, a kitchen, and a parlour. The furniture was appropriate. My sister Margaret had a doll dressed like a very precise Friend, with black hood, cape, gown, &c.; but my father did not like it, which surprized me. The study-door comes next, then another large heavy chair, then the old cabinet which still stands there, but is mounted on a higher frame than heretofore. Formerly its feet

or supporters were four round solid balls, about as big as a man's head. They were worm-eaten. Under the cabinet my father kept his camera obscura. When a child, I was afraid to look under it. Probably some nurse had frightened me about it. Another chair stood between the cabinet and the parlour-door. I don't like that chair, for boys in disgrace often sat upon it. "Go sit behind the door," is a painful sound to me. The parlour was covered with a listing carpet, manufactured by ourselves, assisted by the schoolboys, and every one who happened to come in. The warp was nailed upon the floor, and the weft was worked with wooden needles. While a carpet was making the parlour was all in confusion; it was a time of delightful variety and idleness, and everyone was pleasant. As I am no longer a kitten, but a grave old cat, I should now think a carpet-making time a time of no comfort or enjoyment. Confusion is no longer agreeable; idleness has lost its charm. But to return to our parlour. A large map of Africa hung over the table next the door; a map of Europe at the other side of the cupboard; opposite the parlour-door hung a map of the Roman Empire, and opposite the study-door was a chronological and biographical chart. I remember William Penn was entered as a statesman, George Fox as a divine, and that I was a little proud of this. Our little chairs and stools stood by the windows.

As there was a ledge under the window, wide enough for us to sit upon it with our feet upon the window stool, we made use of this elevation as a preachers' gallery when we had play meetings among ourselves. I generally preached. My nurse relates that she once laughed at me, and I said "Nurse Lennon was laughing at Heaven." Many of our plays were of this kind. We built up our chairs atop of each other, and went riding to Castledermot meeting. Amongst my many and endless misdemeanours, I used to climb up the side of the cabinet, and sit on the top of it. This was a sad example to set to the younger ones. At that time my father kept the Ballitore post-office,

in the upper part of this cabinet, and four small cells only were required for the purpose. On one of these was printed "Dead letters," and "Newspapers" over another. Various curiosities were kept in the drawers; a little door in the middle enclosed some private drawers, and was itself a vehicle of concealment. The lower drawers were devoted to domestic purposes; one of these, which contained pieces of cloth, &c. for mending the boys' clothes, was often rummaged and consulted upon by my mother and the tailor.

Let us now enter the Library, or Study, as we always called it. My father kept it in exact order. I could tell the learned names printed over the different classes of books, but I prefer reminding myself of them as they appeared to my own view. The first division to the left hand was headed Theology. It was there I found John Woolman's divine Journal, which I read through; the beginning of the journal, which concerned his youthful days, his errors, repentance, and reformation, was of course the most interesting and the oftenest read, but I neglected the essays at the end. *Thomas Ellwood's Journal* was regarded as an entertaining book. It was delightful to read of him without his hat, running "a fair course" through the fields, and his father chasing after him—then the hat was restored, and then retaken—all the boxing, and cuffs, and persecutions which befel the poor young man in his father's house were highly diverting. His sister's kindness was a pleasant relief. Then there was the "mountier cap," the scarcity of money, the twenty shillings lent him by his father, the imprisonment, the bed under the table in the bow window—Gulielma Maria Springett—how he defended her from an attack of ruffians—all was delightful, 'till he was married to some orderly body; and then I stopped, and have been ever since intending to finish it when I should acquire an orderly taste—but I have not yet put my intention into execution. "*Piety Promoted, or Dying Sayings of the People called Quakers,*" was also to be found in that corner—a precious book, fit for all ages and I believe all

tastes. We must all die, and we therefore feel an interest in the state of mind in which our fellow-creatures leave the world. *Select Lives of Foreigners* was also a great favorite of mine, and I was interested by the Journals of Thomas Chalkley, and George Fox; but I never read them quite through, much less over and over again, as was my practice with favorite books.

The next division was Physics, which I did not care for—nor for Mathematics—or Philology, except that I found Dictionaries under that head. When we turn the corner of the room the two volumes of *Pine's Horace* were conspicuous, with an urn of Derbyshire spar standing between them, and on each side of it a bottle containing some strange animal preserved in spirits. I forget where I found my favourite volumes of History, the *Spectator, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Sandford and Merton, Telemanchus,* or delightful *Gulliver's Travels*—how I thought myself too happy as I read them, swallowing the story down like stolen waters. I do not know why my grandfather did not like me to read *Robinson Crusoe*, but I read no farther than to that part in which his perplexities, difficulties, and dangers, and solitude were at an end. I read *Pascal's Thoughts* as a school book, translating it from the French, but I did not then know that it contained a mine of wisdom and instruction. In the last division there were some concealments of forbidden books, which I did not fail to discover, but I forget what they were. A table stood near the window, upon which stood a box containing curiosities, my father's desk, and an air-pump. Two globes stood on the floor, under a loose shelf were some large fossils, and various ornaments, maps and scientific articles, hung round the room wherever there was space for them. A press contained letters from my father's correspondents, all sorted and labelled. Keys, labelled also, hung near the door, and a number of walking sticks stood in one corner. My father sat very much in this little room, which was seldom used by anyone else.

Let us return to the hall. A large bin for oats stood opposite to the hall door. A little room at the foot of the stairs was called the Lodge, because William Gill, tho old steward, lodged there. He died when I was a child, and the room was afterwards used for a shoe-closet, but was still called the Lodge. Another closet was afterwards devoted to the same purpose, but still retained the same name; and when we came to live at the Mill House, we unconsciously called our shoe-house the Lodge.

Walking through a narrow passage towards the back yard, the pleasant, cool, and lightsome dairy was on the right hand, and at the end of the passage was the laundry, where Betty Brady the washerwoman told us long and entertaining stories.

On returning to the hall, we pass the lodge and enter the boarded hall, where the boys' boxes were kept. It was also one of the many places used either for play or study. I forgot to say that there was a stone sink behind the hall door where the boys washed themselves, and where the servants washed them twice a week. So powerful is habit, it never entered into our heads that there was any impropriety in this public situation.

Passing through the boarded hall, we enter the Dining Hall, where were two long tables. At the upper end of the room was a fire place, in which was kept an immense fire in winter. I have a cheerful idea of this room, though I hardly know why. My mother sat at the head of one table at dinner, and my father at the foot. The ushers presided over the other table. The boy's bird cages hung up and down the room. We girls dared to look at them when the boys were in school. We played a good deal in the dining hall, at those times running over the tables and forms. In the evening it looked very pleasant to see the room lighted with six candles, the boys reading or doing what they pleased, my father sitting amongst them, his favorities asking him questions—for he had favorites, though he might not acknowledge it, and in matters of moment where justice was concerned, I have no doubt he

was impartial. But it is impossible for us not to observe one child, or one man, or woman to be more amiable or engaging than another; and if we observe it, we must love them better; and if we love them better, we must either manifest our affection or restrain it. My father was not a man who could easily conceal his feelings. He frequently showed the boys experiments with the air-pump and the electrifying machine, and we were generally admitted on these occasions. I do not think I ever listened to one of the lectures which accompanied these experiments, 'till I had first gained some instruction for myself by my own free will; and as to lectures on the globe, I only longed for them to be over. In this room my father showed us the magic lantern also, which was inexpressibly amusing. Loud laughter was not enough to express our wonder and delight. The solar microscope also gave us great pleasure; we were all astonishment when we saw the gigantic mites contending with each other, and not less so as to behold a flea as large as a lobster, or a cutting of my father's beard magnified to the size of a thick transparent tube. As to our telescope, it was not very large, nor powerful, but I shall never receive as much pleasure from Herschel's, if I ever see it, as from that small one of my father's. How delightful to plant it upon the Nine Tree Hill, and to be able to reckon the panes of glass in a house so distant that we scarcely discerned whether it had windows or not! or to see the owner of the house walking in or out of it, and his children playing on the lawn, and discover upon a distant hill men, cows, or horses, which were not perceptible to the naked eye! The first view of such things produces a young delight which never can be equalled. The next happiest day to that on which we experience any species of pleasure for the first time ourselves, is that on which we witness the same enjoyments in a young person whom we love.

THE END.