

The Cabinet of Irish Literature

Selections from the Works of

The Chief Poets, Orators, and Prose Writers

of Ireland

With Biographical Sketches and Literary Notices by

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best means of capturing it soon, and fetching | size of a barn to carry all the presents sent it home quickly.

Barney lived several months anyhow on the reputation of that thrunk. By that time he had laid a great part of the countryside under tribute, and left few districts undone. pear that Barney had seen in Amerikay every man, woman, and child that ever left that Atlantic City, Montana and the borders of THRUNK COMES HOME! Mexico, and he must have had a thrunk the

with him to the owl' ones at home.

It's now forty-five years, and some odd months into the bargain, since the great day on which Barney came home from Amerikay. His thrunk is still up the Tyrone way, and Putting two and two together, it would ap- still expected, and it cannot come too soon or too sudden: as Barney promised our mothers and fathers, they, in their turn, have been as part of Donegal, and crossed the ocean; and, liberal with us, so that at the present time moreover, that he had been entrusted with within the broad bounds of the Barony of presents from every mother's soul of them. Banagh there isn't, I suppose, man, woman, He had called on naybours' childre alike in | chick, or chile that isn't in the expectation of New York and San Francisco, Manitoba and | big things on that great day when Barner's

BRAM STOKER.

Bram (Abraham) Stoker is the second son | passenger to tell me what they meant; he champion of the university. He is a barrister | could not but be touched. I shall never of the Inner Temple, and holds the medal forget the last glimpse which I had of the of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving. | inn-yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, several papers, and editor of an evening news- | the wide archway, with its background of those of Sir Henry Irving, with whom he the Sunset, The Snake's Pass, The Watter's-Mou, The Shoulder of Shasta, Dracula, Miss Betty. From Dracula, a sensational romance, excellently imagined and invented, we take our extract, by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co.]

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL.

(FROM "DRACULA".)

of the late Abraham Stoker, of the Chief | would not answer at first, but on learning Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and was that I was English he explained that it was educated at Rev. W. Wood's school, Dublin, a charm or guard against the evil eye. This and Trinity College. At the university Mr. | was not very pleasant for me, just starting Stoker was distinguished in various ways. He for an unknown place to meet an unknown was auditor and president of the Historical | man; but every one seemed so kind-hearted, and the Philosophical Societies, and athletic and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I After having been critic and reviewer for all crossing themselves, as they stood round paper, Mr. Stoker threw in his fortunes with | rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the has been since 1878. He has published Under | yard. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the boxscat—"gotza" they call them—cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we set off on our journey.

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although, had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank When we started, the crowd round the gable-end to the road. There was everyinn door, which had by this time swelled where a bewildering mass of fruit-blossomto a considerable size, all made the sign of apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we drove the cross and pointed two fingers towards by I could see the green grass under the me. With some difficulty I got a fellow- trees spangled with the fallen petals. In

and out amongst these green hills of what | before a shrine, who did not even turn round gling ends of pine-woods, which here and many things new to me: for instance, hayseemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. white stems shining like silver through the excellent, but that it has not yet been put in On this were sure to be seated quite a group of order after the winter snows. In this respect home-coming peasants, the Cszeks with their it is different from the general run of the white, and the Slovaks with their coloured, always really at loading point.

Beyond the green swelling hills of the the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mounsink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions right before us:

ing began to creep round us. This was em- | was a moment's pause to light his lamps. phasized by the fact that the snowy mountainthere was a peasant man or woman kneeling | patch of gray light ahead of us, as though

they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the as we approached, but seemed in the selfroad, losing itself as it swept round the surrender of devotion to have neither eyes grassy curve, or was shut out by the strag- nor ears for the outer world. There were there ran down the hill-sides like tongues of ricks in the trees, and here and there very flame. The road was rugged, but still we beautiful masses of weeping birch, their I could not understand then what the haste delicate green of the leaves. Now and again meant, but the driver was evidently bent on | we passed a leiter-wagon—the ordinary pealosing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I sant's cart, with its long snake-like vertebra, was told that this road is in summer-time calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old sheepskins—the latter carrying lance-fashion tradition that they are not to be kept in too, their long staves, with axe at end. As the good order. Of old the Hospadars would not evening fell it began to get very cold, and repair them, lest the Turk should think that the growing twilight seemed to merge into they were preparing to bring in foreign one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, troops, and so hasten the war which was oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up | dark firs stood out here and there against the to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians them- background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, selves. Right and left of us they towered, as the road was cut through the pine-woods with the afternoon sun falling full upon them | that seemed in the darkness to be always and bringing out all the glorious colours of closing down upon us, great masses of graythis beautiful range, deep blue and purple in | ness, which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghost-like clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceasetains, through which, as the sun began to lessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I touched my arm as we swept round the base | wished to get down, and walk up them, as we of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow- do at home, but the driver would not hear covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, of it. "No, no," he said; "you must not walk as we wound on our serpentine way, to be here, the dogs are too fierce;" and then he added, with what he evidently meant for "Look! Isten szek!" ("God's seat!") and grim pleasantry, for he looked round to catch he crossed himself reverently. As we wound the approving smile of the rest, "and you on our endless way, and the sun sank lower may have enough of such matters before you and lower behind us, the shadows of the even- go to sleep." The only stop he would make

When it grew dark there seemed to be top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow | some excitement amongst the passengers, and out with a delicate, cool pink. Here and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in as though urging him to further speed. He picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre lashed the horses unmercifully with his long was painfully prevalent. By the road-side whip, and with wild cries of encouragement were many crosses, and as we swept by, my | urged them on to further exertions. Then companions all crossed themselves. Here and through the darkness I could see a sort of

there were a cleft in the hills. The excite- | he was speaking the horses began to neigh ment of the passengers grew greater; the and snort and plunge wildly, so that the crazy coach rocked on its great leather driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a chorus of screams from the peasants and a stormy sea. I had to hold on. The road a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, grew more level, and we appeared to fly with four horses, drove up behind us, overalong. Then the mountains seemed to come | took us, and drew up beside the coach. I nearer to us on each side and to frown could see from the flash of our lamps, as down upon us; we were entering on the the rays fell on them, that the horses were sengers offered me gifts, which they pressed driven by a tall man, with a long brown upon me with an earnestness which would beard and a great black hat, which seemed take no denial. These were certainly of an to hide his face from us. I could only see odd and varied kind, but each was given in the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a | which seemed red in the lamplight, as he blessing, and that strange mixture of fear- | turned to us. He said to the driver: meaning movements which I had seen out- "You are early to-night, my friend." The side the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the man stammered in reply: cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned which the stranger replied: forward, and on each side the passengers, last we saw before us the Pass opening out | Leonore: on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain-range had separated | The strange driver evidently heard the words, hour less than the time". Then turning to me, he said in German worse than my own:

"There is no carriage here. The Herr is the next day; better the next day." Whilst | driver said in excellent German:

Borgo Pass. One by one several of the pas- | coal-black and splendid animals. They were

"The English Herr was in a hurry." To

"That is why, I suppose, you wished him to craning over the edge of the coach, peered go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, eagerly into the darkness. It was evident my friend; I know too much, and my horses that something very exciting was either are swift." As he spoke he smiled, and the happening or expected, but though I asked | lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with each passenger, no one would give me the very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as slightest explanation. This state of excite- white as ivory. One of my companions whisment kept on for some little time, and at pered to another the line from Burger's

"Denn die Todten reitnen schnell"-("For the dead travel fast".)

two atmospheres, and that now we had got for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The into the thunderous one. I was now myself | passenger turned his face away, at the same looking out for the conveyance which was to | time putting out his two fingers and crossing take me to the Count. Each moment I ex- himself. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said pected to see the glare of lamps through the | the driver; and with exceeding alacrity my blackness; but all was dark. The only light | bags were handed out and put in the calèche. was the flickering rays of our own lamps, Then I descended from the side of the coach, in which the steam from our hard-driven as the calèche was alongside, the driver helphorses rose in a white cloud. We could ing me with a hand which caught my arm now see the sandy road lying white before in a grip of steel; his strength must have us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. | been prodigious. Without a word he shook The passengers drew back with a sigh of his reins, the horses turned, and we swept gladness, which seemed to mock my own dis- into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked appointment. I was already thinking what | back I saw the steam from the horses of the I had best do, when the driver, looking at | coach by the light of the lamps, and, projected his watch, said to the others something which | against it, the figures of my late companions I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly | crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked and in so low a tone; I thought it was "An his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina.

As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over not expected after all. He will now come me; but a cloak was thrown over my shoulon to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or ders and a rug across my knees, and the

"The night is chill, mein Herr, and my | horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary master the Count bade me take all care of effect, for under his caresses they became you. There is a flask of Slivovitz" (the plum- | manageable again, though they still trembled. brandy of the country) "underneath the seat, | The driver again took his seat, and shaking if you should require it." I did not take any, his reins, started off at a great pace. This but it was a comfort to know it was there all time, after going to the far side of the Pass, the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway little frightened. I think had there been any which ran sharply to the right. alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. in places arched right over the roadway till The carriage went at a hard pace straight we passed as through a tunnel; and again along, then we made a complete turn and great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on over the same ground again; and so I took and whistled through the rocks, and the this was so. I would have liked to have swept along. It grew colder and colder still, asked the driver what this all meant, but I and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that really feared to do so, for I thought that, soon we and all around us were covered with placed as I was, any protest would have had a white blanket. The keen wind still carried no effect in case there had been an intention the howling of the dogs, though this grew to delay. By and by, however, as I was fainter as we went on our way. The baying curious to know how time was passing, I of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as struck a match, and by its flame looked at though they were closing round on us from my watch; it was within a few minutes of every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for the horses shared my fear; but the driver I suppose the general superstition about mid- was not in the least disturbed. He kept night was increased by my recent experiences. turning his head to left and right, but I I waited with a sick feeling of suspense. could not see anything through the darkness.

a farmhouse far down the road—a long, flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound the same moment; he at once checked the was taken up by another dog, and then horses and, jumping to the ground, disanother and another, till, borne on the wind appeared into the darkness. I did not know which now sighed softly through the Pass, a what to do, the less as the howling of the wild howling began, which seemed to come wolves grew closer; but while I wondered from all over the country, as far as the the driver suddenly appeared again, and imagination could grasp it through the gloom without a word took his seat, and we reof the night. At the first howl the horses sumed our journey. I think I must have began to strain and rear, but the driver fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the inspoke to them soothingly, and they quieted cident, for it seemed to be repeated enddown, but shivered and sweated as though lessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared far off in the distance, from the mountains so near the road, that even in the darkness on each side of us began a louder and sharper around us I could watch the driver's motions. howling—that of wolves—which affected He went rapidly to where the blue flame both the horses and myself in the same way arose—it must have been very faint, for it —for I was minded to jump from the calèche | did not seem to illumine the place around it and run, whilst they reared again and plunged | at all-and gathering a few stones, formed madly, so that the driver had to use all his them into some device. Once there appeared great strength to keep them from bolting. a strange optical effect: when he stood be-In a few minutes, however, my own ears got tween me and the flame he did not obstruct accustomed to the sound, and the horses so it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the far became quiet that the driver was able same. This startled me, but as the effect to descend and to stand before them. He was only momentary, I took it that my eyes

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which went along another straight road. It seemed either side. Though we were in shelter, we to me that we were simply going over and could hear the rising wind, for it moaned note of some salient point, and found that branches of the trees crashed together as we

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in Suddenly, away on our left, I saw a faint petted and soothed them, and whispered deceived me straining through the darkness. something in their ears, as I have heard of Then for a time there were no blue flames,

and we sped onwards through the gloom, chance was to try to break out through the

went farther afield than he had yet gone, as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. and during his absence the horses began to How he came there I know not, but I heard tremble worse than ever and to snort and his voice raised in a tone of imperious comscream with fright. I could not see any mand, and looking towards the sound, saw cause for it, for the howling of the wolves | him stand in the roadway. As he swept his appeared behind the jagged crest of a beet- | back farther still. Just then a heavy cloud around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth | we were again in darkness. and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy | When I could see again the driver was which held them than even when they howled. and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to | time seemed interminable as we swept on face with such horrors that he can under- our way, now in almost complete darkness, stand their true import.

though the moonlight had had some peculiar | periods of quick descent, but in the main effect on them. The horses jumped about always ascending. Suddenly I became conand reared, and looked helplessly round with | scious of the fact that the driver was in the come, for it seemed to me that our only against the moonlit sky.

with the howling of the wolves around us, as | ring, and to aid his approach I shouted and though they were following in a moving circle. | beat the side of the calèche, hoping by the At last there came a time when the driver | noise to scare the wolves from that side, so had ceased altogether; but just then the long arms, as though brushing aside some moon, sailing through the black clouds, impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and ling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw passed across the face of the moon, so that

limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hun- climbing into the calèche, and the wolves dred times more terrible in the grim silence | had disappeared. This was all so strange me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. All at once the wolves began to howl as | We kept on ascending, with occasional eyes that rolled in a way painful to see; but act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard the living ring of terror encompassed them of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black on every side, and they had perforce to re- windows came no ray of light, and whose main within it. I called to the coachman to | broken battlements showed a jagged line

REV. RICHARD O'KENNEDY.

[Father O'Kennedy was born on the 17th] of April, 1850. He was educated in Limerick, and studied at Maynooth for the priesthood. He is parish priest of Fedamore, near Bruff. Father O'Kennedy has been for a long time a contributor to various Irish and American magazines. He knows his people intimately, and knows how to interest us in the simple pains and pleasures of the poor. To be in his company is to go the rounds of his parish with the soggarth, and, because we are with him, to be admitted into the sacred intimacies of the people. His style is charming. He has an eye for the simplicities of life; and his work often recalls a book beloved of our youth, The Near and the Heavenly Horizons, of Madame de Gasparin.

A ROUND OF VISITS.1

(FROM "COTTAGE LIFE IN IRELAND".)

As we are so near, we will step across the water-course to see a poor little invalid, Bridgie Hanlon. Bridgie's mother is a widow, and after the death of her husband things went greatly against her. She met with accidents in cattle and loss of crops, and, one way or other, the family came to be very poor. Indeed, were it not for the good parish priest they would be—elsewhere. He went to the rent officer, and obtained for them time and abatements, and little by little they have risen again; for "God is good", as poor Mrs. Hanlon would say, and they are

¹ By kind permission of the author.

