

**FATHER CONNELL, BY
THE O'HARA FAMILY. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Father Connell, by the O'Hara Family. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by John Banim

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JOHN BANIM

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FATHER CONNELL.

VOL. II.

Just Ready,

In Three Volumes Post 8vo.

THE M.D.'S DAUGHTER.

A NOVEL OF THE XIXTH. CENTURY.

FATHER CONNELL,

BY

THE O'HARA FAMILY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

1842.

FATHER CONNELL.

CHAPTER I

BUT, notwithstanding all his peculiarities, the master of the English Academy, was really a good and efficient master; and perhaps throughout all Ireland, at the time, there was not a better school of the kind, than his.

In it were taught, and well taught, along with reading, writing and arithmetic, history geography, English grammar, English composition, and the first principles of a certain kind of metaphysics, borrowed, perhaps, by James Charles, from his private reading of Locke and Harris, and arbitrarily interpreted

by him, in lectures to the boys of the head and second classes. And in all these branches of solid education, Ned Fennell, although an idle boy, soon made such progress as to become rather a favorite with his preceptor.

But it was in an additional branch—the ornamental one, namely, of declamation—Ned so excelled, in the estimation of James Charles Buchmahon, all his young rivals, that the pedagogue might be said to have grown, merely on that account, fond of the boy. For James Charles thought declamation a very fine thing himself, and imperturbably believed that he shone in it. And little Ned's close imitation of his master's conventual manner of "making points," in different dramatic scenes and passages, quite flattered the heart of James Charles Buchmahon.

Ned could repeat for instance, "my name is Norval," to the iota of what his teacher regarded as the excellence of theatrical recitation—and when he came to the words, "round as my shield," not James Charles himself could more

gallantly extend his left arm, and more expressively make the forefinger of his right hand revolve again, and again, and again, around an invisible shield, supposed to be buckled on the protruded limb. Again, in Richard's soliloquy on Bosworth field, when the tyrant says, "I'll try to sleep her into morn," Ned would pop, quite as naturally as his instructor ever did, on one knee, leaning his elbow on a form, and covering his face with his hand; and afterwards, when he started up, roaring out, "give me another horse—bind up my wounds," the shiver of both his hands—not a tiny shake, that might not perhaps be distinctly understood—but a good, palpable, palsy motion, that at a glance you knew betokened mortal terror—was, after himself, perfection in James Charles' eyes. And when Neddy Fennell became transformed into Hotspur, and was describing the fop, he would so closely copy his master's "stage business," in the situation, that once or twice James Charles nearly ap-

plauded him in an indecorous manner. For after covering the palm of his left hand with its proper fingers, to imitate the "pouncet box," he would tap the middle and third finger, by way of its lid, and then deliberately raising up these two, he would delve the finger and thumb of his right hand into the open space, and supply them with such a monstrous pinch of pouncet powder, and then dispose of it in the cavities of his nose with such a solemn and intense relish, that surely no other individual, one excepted, ever gave so faithful a picture of nature's self. As to his personification of Will Boniface, in which he had to thrust out his little person, in order to make a paunch, and keep one arm akimbo, and straddle and waddle in his walk, and speak down in his throat, and puff out his cheeks, and drink "his ale" from the fist of his disengaged hand, smacking his lips after each draught. In this character, James Charles almost admitted "a rival near the throne."

But the pleasure and admiration imparted by